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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXV.—NUMBER 387

JANUARY, 1890

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THE

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SIDNEY.

I.

"YES," said Mrs. Paul, "they are really the most extraordinary people. Mortimer Lee began to be queer as soon as he was married, and Sidney's mother was a silly sort of woman. She was born here in Mercer, you know; that house they live in now was left her by her grandfather. After her death her husband came back to it with Sidney. Naturally, he wanted the child to be brought up near her mother's people, though they 've all died out now. But I knew him before, he was married. Ah, he was very different in those days. Marriage ruined him. Marriage has more effect upon a man's character than upon a woman's. Just remember that, sir!"

Alan Crossan laughed. "And always for the worse?" he suggested.

"Some men cannot be worse," said Mrs. Paul significantly; "but for Major Lee, all these absurd ideas came into his head after he met his wife."

"They were the effect of her death, though, were n't they?" the doctor asked.

"Of course," answered his hostess sharply; "but if he had n't had such a wife to die, he would not have been so affected. She was a woman of absolutely no sense, I tell you, — some people called her handsome, though I never could see it; but that he grieved so wickedly for her shows the result of having lived with her for ten years. For really, you know, by nature, Mortimer Lee is no fool?"

"Well, no," said the young man, smiling.

"I did n't see him while she was alive," proceeded Mrs. Paul, — "they lived somewhere in the South; but he came back as soon as she died. I've sometimes thought it was her doing that he did n't come before. Sidney must have been about three years old then; let me see, — yes, they have been here twenty-two years, certainly. Dear me! I did not realize that Sidney was so old. He took her education in hand as soon as she could talk; and you see the result. She is her father over again."

"Is she?" the doctor said. "I remember that she was unlike anybody else when we were children, before I went abroad; but that was fifteen years ago."

Alan Crossan sighed. There had been many changes in these fifteen years; scarcely anything remained as he had known it then. Only the two old houses, Mrs. Paul's and Major Lee's, looked as they had looked when he and his mother had come to say good-by, before they sailed for Germany, where he was to be educated, and where his mother had died, leaving him at twenty to drift down into Italy, where the years had wrapped him in a lazy dream, and where he had studied a little, painted a little, and fancied that he had thought a great deal. Indeed, this sunny life might have gone on indefinitely, if the sharp distress of another man had not aroused him to

the thought of coming back to America. With that thought came an amused realization of the uselessness of his life, and a desire for the new interest of action. To be sure, he had practiced his profession in the little Italian town where he had first met Robert Steele; but it had never absorbed him any more than his violin had absorbed him, or his wood-carving, or his painting. He was at heart a dilettante, he told himself; but this reflection did not disturb him, for he declared that he was no more responsible for his disposition than for the color of his eyes, and he was almost as powerless to change the one as the other. But when he came to observe, curiously, though with sympathy, Robert Steele's pain, he began to be half ashamed of himself, because he had never suffered, and never very greatly cared about anything.

"Odd," he thought, "that it is the sight of trouble which makes me want to live more earnestly; for the deeper you live the more trouble you have. But I suppose trouble is a man's birthright, and instinct makes him seek it. Well, I am going home, and I am going to do some work in the world before I die."

Such an impulse was amusing, he said, but that did not change his purpose. "I shall go back to America with you," he announced to Mr. Steele. "I shall make a well man of you yet, Bob. I shall be your physician: all rich men have a physician at their elbow, and, thank Heaven, you 're a rich man now. Don't groan. It 's a good thing. But if it distresses you too much, why, my fees will doubtless be a comfort. Yes, we 'll go back to Mercer. There are half a dozen families there who will have to employ me, out of sentiment. That 's the advantage of being the son of your father, — it creates sentiment. And they all know you, of course. I tell you, old man, you 'll be a coward if you don't go back there and live it down. Come, now, when shall we start?"

There was a cheerful certainty about this young man's determinations which made people incapable of resisting them. His friends yielded to his wishes with protestations which were not often serious, because they were known at the outset to be useless. Robert Steele was too sad and too indifferent to protest; and so it came about that they found themselves, that autumn, settled in Mercer, in a house that belonged to Alan, which an obliging tenant had just vacated. The doctor had to admit, however, that sentiment did not move the half dozen families as it should have done, and patients came very slowly.

But Mr. Steele, at least, had not been forgotten. The young man who had invested trust money in a certain company of which he was himself a director, and then, seeing that values were about to fall, had refused to sell without proclaiming the future depreciation of the stock, was too extraordinary a person to be forgotten. If Robert Steele had embezzled fifty thousand dollars, the community could scarcely have been more startled and horrified than when it learned of his abnormal honesty which had permitted fifty thousand shares of stock to become worthless in his hands. The money he had invested had been his mother's, and that Mrs. Steele's death was hastened by her bitter and futile anger at her son's wicked quixotism could not be doubted, least of all by her son. The misery of that time left its imprint upon his soul, and it was the sarcasm of fate that at the end of two years the stock which had been thought worthless slowly regained its value. What did he want with money, while his mother's reproaches still rang in his ears?

It was at this crisis that Alan had found him in the little sunshiny Italian town, sick in mind and body, and blurring the misery of memory by a certain daily prick in the arm. He had begun this use of morphine to make bodily pain endurable, for he had been very ill.

and after that the tortured mind demanded it. To the doctor Robert Steele had been at first merely an interesting case. A man strong enough to perform an act of moral heroism, but weak enough to seek relief in morphine, was an anomaly which suggested defective cerebration to the physician. But after a while, the sweetness of Robert's nature, his noble ideality, appealed to the doctor with a demand for respect which grew into reverence.

"I cannot understand it," he acknowledged frankly to the sick man. "You were a fool about that stock beyond a doubt, but it was a glorious folly; and you are a coward now, with nothing glorious about it. But here I am, going back to America with you. Well, such capacity for enthusiasm proves that I am still young."

This dull November afternoon the doctor had been telling Mrs. Paul of certain noble traits in Robert Steele, for whom she had nothing but contempt, and he had spoken of Major Lee's kindness to the sick man, to which she replied that that was only because Mortimer Lee was himself unintelligible; and from that their talk had drifted to those theories which had been developed in the life and education of the major's daughter.

A chill mist had brought an early dusk into the garden outside, but there was a fire smouldering on the hearth, which made a little halo of brightness, in which Mrs. Paul sat. The room was full of shadows, although the Venetian blinds had been drawn up to the very tops of the long windows, so that the gray afternoon light might delay Davids with the lamps as long as possible. That John Paul, sitting close to one of the windows, his big head showing like a silhouette against the pale background of the sky, could not see to read his paper did not trouble his mother at all. Of course he had not protested; to John Paul's mind there were very few occasions that were worthy of protest. But his mother was aware that he had put his paper down, and was waiting for the lights. Indeed, it would have been hard to name any circumstance in her own house of which Mrs. Paul was not aware. She made no comment upon it, however; instead, she repeated Alan's words.

"Fifteen years ago!" she said, lifting one delicate hand to shield her face from the fire. "Is it possible that you have been away fifteen years? Shame on you! You deserve to find yourself forgotten. Indeed, I should have forgotten you ten times over, except that I knew your father so well. Yes, you are right in saying that Sidney was different from other children; perhaps it was because she knew so few of them. That was another of Mortimer Lee's beautiful ideas, — that she should not know girls of her own age. I suppose he was afraid she might acquire some healthy notions. But he need n't have been. Good sense is not catching. Look at Sally Lee. I 've done my best for her. I suppose I 've seen her nearly every day for twenty years, — but she will always be a goose. She can't develop brains in her old age. I call Sally old, in spite of her ringlets. Dear me! why is it that an unmarried woman does not know how to grow old?"

The flicker of the fire showed a glimmering smile in Alan's eyes. He was standing with his elbow on the high mantelpiece, looking down at the keen old face before him.

"I am very fond of Miss Sally," he said. "She belongs to the salt of the earth."

Mrs. Paul lifted her hands impatiently. "Good?" she said, — "of course; but, Lord, how uninteresting goodness can be!" Her careless glance rested on his face, and lengthened into a steady look. "Alan," she declared, "you are really a very handsome man. You remind me of your father."

The doctor smiled, — and amusement

will always save a man from embarrassment. "I thought I looked like my mother," he answered.

"Oh, your mother?" she said carelessly. "I'm sure I don't remember her well enough to say. Yes, you have a beautiful face; but there is nothing behind it. It is the face of a dreamer. It would serve Mortimer Lee right if Sidney fell in love with you; but she sha'n't. I suppose you have about two cents to live on? But, seriously, I hope great things from Robert Steele's being in town."

"Great things?" said Alan lightly. "For whom? Sidney?"

"Of course for Sidney," returned the other. "For whom else?"

"Well, there 's Miss Sally; and as Sidney is never to marry" —

"Oh, fudge! Sally! Don't talk to me about Sally," interrupted Mrs. Paul. "If the young man has lost his wits, you had better never take him to the major's again, — that 's all I have to say. And as for Sidney, certainly she will marry. We all know what theories amount to when a girl falls in love," — she seemed to brush aside an invisible feather. "Beside, she must marry. What is going to support her when her father 's gone? And he can't live forever. He 's quite old now; sixty-five, at least. Yes, Robert Steele's money is just the thing that family needs. I hope you will make him call there often."

"If you remember Robert Steele," returned the doctor, "you will know that you can't arrange things for him. And if you decide that he is to fall in love with Sidney, it will be the very thing he 'll not do."

"Fudge!" cried Mrs. Paul again. "My dear Alan, you don't know what you are talking about. He can't help it. Neither could you, if you had anything to support a wife upon."

"But poor Steele," protested the doctor, — "why should you want his heart broken? If the major is in earnest that Sidney shall not marry, and if she agrees with him" —

"Of course he is in earnest, and of course Sidney agrees with him," Mrs. Paul broke in; "but a theory cannot change the order of nature, my young friend. Really, I almost lose my patience when I think of it. Of all ridiculous notions! A girl must not marry, forsooth, because her husband may die, and so she may be unhappy. As though to be a widow with plenty of money were the hardest thing in the world!"

"You have not found it so?" inquired Alan amiably.

"You are impertinent, young man!" declared his companion, and then she laughed. "I suppose that is the reason I like you. But these notions of Mortimer Lee's, — I am sure that they grew out of some disappointment after his wife's death. I shall never believe that such a man as he could blast his whole life because of a chit of a girl, though I have no doubt that he was really attached to her. He may have loved some one else, for instance, but thought, because he was a widower, — a man is really settled when he is a widower, — or perhaps — But why do I talk to you? You don't know anything about Mortimer Lee; I do. I watched him in those days, I can tell you. Johnny's father had just died, and I — understood him, naturally. Lord! how little sense men have!" She drew her eyebrows together, and frowned, absently, at the fire. The room was quite dark now, and under cover of the shadows John Paul yawned. He had risen, and stood like a spot of burly darkness against the fading oblong of the window. He was not interested in the conversation about the Lees: perhaps because the topic was far from new; perhaps because he was wondering how that speech upon the tariff, which he had put down when it grew too dark to read, had ended. With his hands behind him, he stood, while his mother talked, staring out into the forlorn and frosted garden,

which lay in shivering nakedness under the cold sky. This garden, inclosed by its brick wall, extended behind the house, as well as in a narrow strip on each side of it. In front, below the drawing-room windows, there were no flower-beds; only a bit of decorous lawn, ending in three terraces, and then a hedge along the low stone wall upon the street, which some twenty years ago had been a country road. The street had been graded, so that the old house was left high above its level. The dreary outskirts of the bustling little manufacturing town had pushed closer and closer upon the house; a mill loomed up in the street below, and now and then a belching flame from a giant chimney sent a flare of light through the fan-shaped window above the white front door, or a fitful gleam across its brass knocker and knob. The hall within was wide and cheerless, although it had plenty of light; the leaded windows on either side of the door threw two lines of fluctuating brightness across the old Turkey carpet; and opposite the drawing-room door — for the house was not double — there was a wide, low window, full of many small panes of glass. To be sure, it looked only upon the blank of the garden wall, dark with ivy, and across a small grass plot, on which, upon a pedestal, was a sadly rusted iron Magdalen, with a cross upon her knees. The sunshine poured through this window in the morning, and the dimity curtains were always pushed back, that the hall might have as much light as possible all day long. Yet it was never anything but gloomy. Dark family portraits in tarnished frames followed the wide staircase, and a faded engraving of the Trial of Effie Deans, hanging between the entrance to the dining-room and the green baize door of the drawing-room, added to its solemnity. Under the staircase stood a row of tall old fire-buckets, and a rosewood table for the candles and lamps, which, however, were never lighted until a certain hour, no matter how the late afternoon might darken with fog and mist.

Mrs. Paul's rules were not to be broken by such things as wind and weather. And as for cheerlessness, — her house suited her, she said, and other people were not obliged to live in it. It did suit her, although sometimes she resented the loud intrusion of the approaching town, but it was more with the petulance which is an occupation than because of any genuine annoyance. The felting in the windows, and the green baize door closing with noiseless tightness, shut out the clamor of the street below. Furthermore, there was always the consciousness that, if she wished, she could move away, as half a dozen other families had done; their estates being swallowed up by streets, and their dignified old houses turned into mills, or factories, or great tenements. When money is to be considered, human beings often display a curious indifference to the roofs which have sheltered their joys and sorrows and their sacred death-beds; but it was not any sentimental regard for her old house which kept Mrs. Paul here on the hill, nor was it altogether the feeling of superiority in being loyal to traditions to which her neighbors had been faithless.

Her sense of duty, she declared more than once, was really morbidly strong. "Of course," she said candidly to Miss Sally, "you and Sidney are no companions for me, and Mortimer Lee never sees fit to come to see me; but what would you do without me? Heaven knows what would become of Sidney if I were not here to teach her manners. No, I will not give you up."

Little by little, all her interests had centred upon the major's household. It was ten years since the last of her older neighbors had moved away; and although no one knew that they had ceased to remember, or were themselves forgotten, these friendships belonged only to the past.

"Yes," Mrs. Paul explained to the doctor, "my first thought is for Sidney. With a simpleton for an aunt and a wicked infidel for a father, what would become of her if it were not for me? And I mean that she shall be married, I can tell you that, — if it were only to teach Mortimer Lee a lesson! Everybody knows Robert Steele's folly, but it's all over and past. I'm not one to remember a man's sins against him. Besides, he has his money back again, and this time he'll keep it. Now, remember, you are to take him with you to the major's every chance you get. I shall invite him to meet Sidney here, too. It won't be the first time I've given Providence a hint. Johnny knows that. I was bound he should n't have her, for Sidney must marry a rich man, and Johnny has n't a cent, except what I choose to give him."

John Paul shrugged his shoulders in the dusk, but did not speak.

"It's a pity he is n't well," she continued. "What did you say was the matter with him?"

"I did not say," Alan answered briefly.

Mrs. Paul laughed, with an impatient gesture. "Oh, you young doctors!" she said, "your importance is most amusing. I suppose you use it instead of sense. There! go home. I'm tired of you. I wish you would see that that medicine is sent in for Scarlett. I hope you appreciate my friendship in letting you experiment upon my maid. Johnny!"

"Yes, mother," said her son, coming to her side, as the door closed behind the doctor.

"I will play a game of draughts with you," she said, pushing her straight-backed armchair a little farther from the fire; "there is time before tea. Just fetch the table, and ring for Davids to bring the lamps."

John Paul rang the bell, and silently brought the small table, with its inlaid checkerboard of ivory and ebony; as he did so, the baize door opened, and Davids stood like a lean shadow against the dusk of the hall behind him.

"You may fetch the lamps," said Mrs. Paul, beginning to arrange her men, the old-fashioned rings flashing upon her hands.

"It is not," said Davids, moving his shaven jaws with deliberation, "a quarter to six."

Mrs. Paul looked up. "I think you might as well bring them," she said half apologetically, "if they are ready."

"They are not yet lighted" — he began to say, with respectful stubbornness, but John Paul interrupted him quietly.

"Bring the lamps, Davids," he said, and the man went at once to get them.

"I can give my own orders, thank you!" cried Mrs. Paul angrily. "You take too much upon yourself, sir! Please remember that this is my house."

She was still frowning when Davids returned with two tall lamps, whose ground-glass globes faithfully imprisoned the light. He put one on either end of the mantel, and then, with a noiseless step, brought a footstool, and arranged a screen between his mistress and the fire, which had brought a delicate flush to her soft old cheek. After that he lit the candles in the sconces and put another lamp on a table at Mrs. Paul's elbow, so that in a moment the room was flooded with soft light.

This drawing-room of Mrs. Paul's was handsome, and almost interesting; but the wainscoting above the bookcases built into the wall made the corners dark, and there was no cheerful litter of home life about it. A bust of the late Mr. Paul stood between the further windows, and over the mantel there was a painting of a very young girl in a white gown and pink ribbons. This was Annette, the child who had died, and for whom, it was said, Mrs. Paul had not grieved. Indeed, she had seemed angry at the child rather than at fate. She

never spoke of her, but silence is sometimes more bitter than words.

All this was more than twenty-five years ago, when John Paul was less than twelve years old, and had been sent away to boarding-school that he might not be a nuisance to his mother. Mrs. Paul did not often look up at this picture, even when she was alone, and she had been heard to say carelessly that a woman could live her youth over again in her daughter, whereas a son —

But Providence arranged those things, she supposed.

II.

When Mrs. Paul's door closed behind Alan Crossan, he stood a moment upon the steps thinking. A bell had rung in one of the factories, and down in the street a group of tired girls chattered shrilly as they turned toward their homes. Alan, looking through the arbor which covered the flight of stone steps down the terraces to the gate, could see them, and the cobble-stones of the street, and the dingy doorways opposite. It was only through the arbor one caught a glimpse of it all, for on either side of the gate, along the wall, was the high blackthorn hedge.

Just now, heavy drays, loaded with rattling iron rods or bales of dirty cotton, rumbled slowly past. A hand-organ, a block away, broke into a sharp jingling tune; one of the mill-girls began to dance, and there was a shout of noisy laughter from her companions. Alan Crossan frowned. It set his teeth on edge, he said to himself, — the bleak skies, the bald and vulgar streets, and the shrewd wind clattering through the branches of the trees. The doctor was tired. He had been in the almshouse infirmary all the morning, and then had come home to find Robert Steele sunk in the deepest depression.

Of course Alan understood its cause. As his friend made a better and better fight against his controlling weakness; as, steadily, he pushed his morphine further from him, he not only suffered physically, but he grew more aware of his cowardice, and the burden of that thought seemed to fling his soul into the dust of shame. Ordinarily, Alan's glad courage was quick to cheer and comfort the sick man, but this dark afternoon he had felt incapable of the exertion of cheerfulness, and so had wandered out, rather aimlessly, and had found himself, towards dusk, in Mrs. Paul's drawing-room. She amused him, and that, he declared, was good for his moral nature, so it had been a duty to call upon her. As he stood now watching the jostling crowd in the street, Robert's loneliness oppressed him; but he found himself thinking of Major Lee's library and Miss Sally's kindness, rather than of his own power to help his friend. He was in that frame of mind where a man likes to be made much of. "I will go and ask Miss Sally to give me a cup of tea," he said.

He thought again of Robert, as he opened the heavy iron gate and found himself in the street, and he declared that he was a brute to leave his friend alone. But he did not turn back.

Major Lee's house was on the other side of Mrs. Paul's garden wall. Its long-unused driveway (for the major kept no carriage) circled about a little lawn before the porch, and then opened upon a side street, which was really only a lane. Back of the house there was a great tangled garden, inclosed, like Mrs. Paul's, by a brick wall, — it was much larger than hers; and beyond it was a pasture, and then a hillside crowned by sparse, open woods; beyond that were the rolling hills of the tranquil country, untouched as yet by the taint of trade.

The confusion of the bustling town did not intrude here, as it did at Mrs. Paul's. Perhaps this was because of that large silence which seemed to hold the life within.

"How little the major talks!" Alan thought, as he came through the lane, and looked up at the great gray house, set back in its walled courtyard, "and Sidney only listens. How gracious that bend of her head is, when she listens! Miss Sally talks, of course, but she does not say anything, and her voice is so pleasant."

The Lees' house was larger than Mrs. Paul's, being double and with low wings on either side. The veranda, with its four white pillars reaching above the second story, gave it a certain stateliness, in spite of a look of dilapidation and neglect.

"The fact is," Mrs. Paul had once explained to Robert Steele and the doctor, "Mortimer Lee has no money for repairs. He saves every cent for Sidney, Sally tells me. But I believe he grows poorer and poorer each year. I don't understand it, unless Sally is wasteful about her housekeeping, which I am sure is very likely, for she has less sense than any one I know. She tries to make both ends meet, but" — Mrs. Paul closed her lips with decision, though with the look of being able to say more, if she chose; which indeed was true, but, frank as she was in expressing her opinion of the major's sister, she would have been incapable of parading her arrangements with Miss Sally, whereby she listened every day to a French novel, or history, or the newspaper, and Miss Sally, in consequence, accumulated a little fund, which she called — although Mrs. Paul did not know it — her "poor money." Sidney, quite unconscious of payment being made, sometimes took her aunt's place, although only when it was history or the news.

"French novels won't hurt *you*, Sally," Mrs. Paul declared frankly; "you are too old and too silly."

So Miss Sally, with her delicate and gentle face tingling with blushes, read many strange things to the handsome old woman in the carved armchair. That Miss Sally often went home and washed her little hands with vigorous and tearful protest and with a burning sense of degradation Mrs. Paul never knew, but she would have been delighted had she discovered it.

Housekeeping for Mortimer Lee, with his Virginia ideas of living and his narrow income, was not easy; but Miss Sally was always joyfully content, for was not money being put aside, little by little, for Sidney's future support? Beside, the pleasure of having her allowance for household expenses go always a little further than she had dared to hope, in making her brother and her niece comfortable, filled her faithful life with a reason for being. They were so patient with her, she thought, these two shining ones; they let her love them all she could, though she was so different and so dull. How often she thanked God, with tears, for the blessing of being able to give them all her humble life!

The doctor walked across the sharp cobble-stones of the courtyard, up between the two ailantus-trees which guarded the wide flight of steps, and rang the bell. He could hear its echoing jangle through the long hall, and then, a moment later, Miss Sally Lee's light, hurrying step. The premonition of cheerfulness inside made him shiver in the raw wind. Some wet leaves drifted heavily down from the ivy which had matted thick across the lintel of the window, and a shutter banged drearily on the other side of the house. He was glad to take Miss Sally's cordial hand, and then follow her along the hall and into the library. As they opened the door a gush of firelight danced out, and lit two sudden stars in Sidney's eyes, as she glanced up from her seat in the corner of the old sofa by the hearth.

The room was full of the dusky glow of the fire, for the lamps had not yet been lighted; it glimmered on the bindings of the books which lined the walls and on the heavy furniture, and it lit a

mimic flame in the darkness against the window-panes.

"Sit down, dear Alan!" cried Miss Sally, pushing a chair toward the fire before the doctor could prevent her. "How is poor Mr. Steele, and won't you tell Sidney she must not try to read by firelight? I was just going to fetch her a lamp when you rung."

Miss Sally's small, anxious face and timid manner always caused Alan to think of a deprecating bird, and made him want to stroke the somewhat ruffled plumage of her hair and dress, and bid her never fear. Instead, he remonstrated with Sidney. "By this flickering light?" he said. "Why, I am astonished at you!"

She had been bending down, so that the fire could shine on the page of her book, and her smooth cheek was scorched in spite of her protecting hand.

"I just wanted to finish a paragraph," she explained, smiling at his reproaches and closing the book quietly.

"What is it?" said the doctor. "What! Von Hartmann, and in German? To ruin your eyes for that sort of thing, Sidney, reflects upon your judgment."

"I did n't understand it very well," she said, "and I did n't like to give it up."

"Of course you did n't understand it," Alan declared, with the instant irritation of a man who sees a charming young woman do a thing which is not charming. Sidney Lee and German pessimism were not compatible; it was like running a steam-engine through a flower garden for a girl to study that sort of thing, he had said to himself more than once. "Nobody understands it who has a healthy mind," he continued. Sidney only smiled. "At least no one ought to want to understand it," he amended, beginning to be good-natured again.

The lazy sweetness of Alan Crossan's temper forbade annoyance for any length of time, so, as he began to talk to Miss Sally, he dropped his solicitude for Sidney's brown eyes, and banished her unpleasant course of reading from his mind.

The cordial firelight, the faint scent of many leather-covered books, mingling with Miss Sally's mild chatter, rested and comforted him. He began to think — for it was not necessary to follow her words — of how he would brace Robert Steele when he went home, and his intention was so genuine that it made him forgive himself for leaving his friend alone all the afternoon. From a word caught now and then, he knew that Miss Sally was saying kindly things about Mr. Steele. That she did not know the secret of his illness did not trouble Alan; he was quite certain that her sympathy for suffering did not depend upon the cause of the suffering; and so, sure of her interest, he burst out into praises of Robert which made him forget that he had been selfish in leaving the sick man.

"I admit," he said, his face full of charming animation, "that his action about that money was absurd; we all acknowledge that. But the motive was noble. And after all, it 's the motive that counts, — yes, it excuses the individual, even if it wrecks a community. He threw away trust money, and the world calls that sort of thing dishonorable; but he did it from a strained idea of honor. Think how brave a man has to be to turn the world's standards upside down! When you come to think of it, though, that 's what all great men have done. Yes, Bob is a man capable of greatness. I 'm so glad you and the major are good to him, Miss Sally. His own people are very cold, you know. Those Townsends on the other side of the river are relatives of his, and Kate Townsend is civil to him, though no one else is. The Draytons in Ashurst are his cousins, but the colonel has n't noticed him since he returned, and of course Steele won't go there without an invitation. As for me, I am that anomaly a man without relatives, — except

the Pauls; they are third cousins, I believe, — so I have no one who will show him kindness and appreciation, and that sort of thing. But the fact is, there are not many people big enough to appreciate Steele, anyhow. Not that I believe much in relations," he went on, amused by Miss Sally's horror of such a sentiment; "the tie of blood is purely conventional. Sometimes people are friendly in spite of it, but not often. I am convinced that if Mrs. Paul should recollect that her husband was my grandfather's cousin she would treat me as badly as she does John, so pray don't mention it, Miss Sally?"

"Oh, I won't, Alan," she responded, in an anxious flutter; "but I 'm sure you are wrong. Dear Mrs. Paul would only love you more. But you must always feel sure that we love you. Your mother was a dear friend of mine, although I was so much younger than she. I shall always remember how kind she was when I came here first, just a girl, and so distressed at my brother's unhappiness."

Alan did not speak. The reference to his mother silenced him. Her memory was the one deep and sacred thing in his life, the one sorrow of his cloudless years, whereby he was a richer and better man. He felt the pity in Sidney's eyes, although he did not look at her, and he almost forgave her Von Hartmann; or rather, he almost forgave the major, who was responsible for Von Hartmann. The reality of Alan's own sorrow revealed his unconscious flippancy when he once told Mrs. Paul that Major Lee's grief of twenty-two years was like a fly in amber: it might be perfect, but it had no vitality. He could not let Miss Sally speak of his mother again.

"Do you know Katherine Townsend?" he said to Sidney, in a changed voice. She was staring into the fire, her chin resting in her hand and her elbow on her knee.

She shook her head. "No," she said.

"You don't know many girls of your own age, do you?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "You see, all the people we used to know have moved away, except Mrs. Paul. Not that I ever knew any children very well. Somehow, I did not need to know children, when I had father; and now there are nothing but tenements around us."

Miss Sally sighed. "Dear me!" she said, "and what dreadful places they are, the tenement-houses! There is so much suffering among the mill people."

"You enjoy it, dear," interposed Sidney, smiling a little, with her serious eyes on Miss Sally's troubled face. "What would you do without your sewing-school and your visits to your sick people? She will make you go to see them, too, Alan."

"Do you go?" he said, watching the firelight shine in her eyes.

"Oh, no!" cried Miss Sally deprecatingly; "no, indeed, Sidney could n't go. You don't know how sad it is, Alan."

Sidney shook her head, with a shiver. "No," she said. "It is dreadful to know that there is suffering, — but to go to see it!"

"But if by going you make it less?" Alan persisted, too interested to be displeased.

"But you know it cannot really be helped," she answered gently. "The facts of life are not to be changed by a bowl of soup or a bottle of medicine. Of course there is the pleasure of giving, — to the giver; but that is really all there is."

"Altruism is another word for selfishness, then?" Alan said, laughing. "Do you go all the way with Spencer, Sidney?"

"No; I am only glad the walls are high, and shut such things out. I — I saw a baby's funeral to-day, aunty; and oh, the poor father and mother were taking the baby's little rocking-horse out to the grave with them, to leave it there, I suppose."

"What pathos there is in that," said the doctor, — "that putting things on the grave! It is a sort of compromise with death."

Sidney nodded, but Miss Sally was full of interest. "Did you notice where the funeral came from, my dear? Was it from Mary Allen's, do you think? But you don't know where she lives. It came out of Dove's Lane, you say? Oh, yes, — yes, I 'm afraid it was her baby. I heard that it was sick. I must go to see her, to-morrow; poor, poor thing!"

Sidney looked up at the doctor and smiled. "That is the way she does," she said.

They did not talk of the pitiful little funeral any longer, for Miss Sally's kind eyes were full of tears, and Sidney shrank from any mention of pain. The sight of her aunt's concern seemed to fill her with silent impatience; she frowned at the fire, and for a while no one spoke.

The logs had smouldered into a dull glow, when Miss Sally rose to bring the lamps. Alan sprang to his feet to help her, but Sidney, lifting her eyes from the red ashes, only glanced back into the shadows, and said she had not realized that it was so dark. Miss Sally, however, refused Alan's aid, and the two young people fell again into silence, until a step in the hall made a sudden gladness flash into Sidney's face, and she rose to welcome her father. Alan could hear the murmur of their voices in the hall, and then they entered together; the major standing for a moment in the doorway, like a wavering shadow, while he put his glasses astride his nose, and peered through them at the guest in the chimney corner. Then he extended his hand to the young man, in silent and friendly greeting.

His eyes were only for Sidney, but he smiled at Alan when he heard Miss Sally, as she came in with the lamps, tell the doctor that he must stay to tea, and he said gently, "Yes, surely, surely." From the hollows under his shaggy brows, eyes as dark and shining as Sidney's own watched her as Alan talked. It seemed as though every motion and glance of hers fell upon the shrine of his heart; he smiled when she did, for very joy of seeing his darling pleased. He did not listen to what the young man said to her, although sometimes he bent his white head in gracious attention; he took no part in the conversation, and did not speak again until they rose to go in to tea.

Then he said, "I called upon Mr. Steele this afternoon, Alan."

"Did you?" cried the doctor, his face brightening with surprise and pleasure. But the major did not pursue the subject just then.

"Will you give my sister your arm, sir?" he said courteously.

As he spoke, he offered his own to his daughter, and gravely followed Alan and Miss Sally to the dining-room. This formality was as much a part of the major's precise and silent life as was his daily walk to the bank or his cigar at seven. Family rudeness, which goes by the name of affection, was impossible in Mortimer Lee's household; that the stately walk through the wide, bare hall was to a most frugal tea-table was of no importance, and could have no effect upon these decencies of life, — at least in the major's mind.

The doctor had taken tea here frequently since his return to Mercer; for when he had called first, the major, holding his hand silently for a moment, had said, "Let us see you often, Alan. I loved your father, sir." There was something in the old man's voice which made Alan's eyes sting for an unaccustomed instant, and he had come, very often. Sometimes, as he went home, after having taken a great deal of tea from Miss Sally's little thin blue cups, and eaten many slices of bread, he would secretly satisfy his appetite at a convenient shop; for there was a marked

absence upon the major's tea-table of those things which appeal best to a hungry man, although, to be sure, there was a great show of silver, and plenty of glass dishes cut into wide, unequal stars. But it was a pleasure to Alan to be there, even if he stopped at an eating-house afterwards.

The dining-room was behind the library; its corners were cut off to make convenient closets for Miss Sally's jellies, thereby turning the room into an octagon. It was large, and always seemed dark because of the heavy sideboard, the big armchairs, and the bare and shining mahogany table, although the walls were covered with a light paper in a wide, faint pattern of green palm leaves, and the chintz hangings in the windows were pale and faded.

The major and Miss Sally were at either end of the table, and Sidney sat opposite the doctor; as usual the group was very silent. The major had but few interests; Miss Sally had no opinions; and Sidney's serene indifference to the world needed no words. So, the doctor, eating his bread and drinking his tea, could, without the interruption of conversation, look at Sidney and enjoy himself very much for a whole hour, for Mortimer Lee did not understand haste.

Sidney had a habit, which delighted Alan, of looking up at a person from under her level brows; thinking her own thoughts all the while, but smiling with a grave, impersonal kindliness. Alan could even forget German pessimism when she looked at him in this way. That he ventured sometimes to return her calm, wide-eyed gaze never disconcerted her, which made him perhaps less happy. Now, in a gown of some vague color, that shimmered a little when she moved, and was darned faintly in one or two places (one cannot expect one's grandmother's frocks to wear overwell), Sidney sat dreaming over her bread and honey, quite unconscious of the young man's eyes; her cup, with a quaint little rosy garland about it, or the Chinese pagoda on her plate, interested her as much as he did. The soft color on her cheek was like the flush of clover; the shadows from her shining hair rested on a smooth white forehead; the two lamps on the sideboard and the candles at either end of the table did not light the dining-room very well, so there were many shadows on the young face.

Miss Sally's little maid, who always looked as anxious as her mistress, waited on them as noiselessly as though she were only a small gray and white shadow herself; it was in one of the pauses, while she removed the plates, that the major said again, "Yes, I called this afternoon upon Robert Steele. I am sorry that he does not look better."

"Yet he is improving," Alan answered. "But you know it is hard lines, Major Lee. There are plenty of people to call him a fool; though a man can bear that, for who is going to decide what is wisdom and what is folly, in this world? But when it comes to being called a rogue" —

"True," said the major, — "true."

"Oh, how can any one be so wicked as to think that he meant to do anything wrong!" cried Miss Sally warmly.

"It occurred to me," said the major, "that it might perhaps be painful for the young man to be alone so much" — He paused abruptly. It struck him that this might seem to indicate that he thought Alan neglectful of his friend, so he hastened to say, "And you are, of necessity, absent occasionally, needing recreation from your professional duties," — Alan smiled, — "so I ventured to ask Mr. Steele to make us a little visit. My sister will, I am sure, see that he is made comfortable; and with my household and your frequent calls he will be at least less lonely."

"I hope he said he would come," said Alan joyously. "Ah, he is a good

fellow! I know you will like him and find him delightful."

"Most certainly," returned the major, lifting his eyebrows a little. He had not asked Robert Steele for his own pleasure.

Miss Sally, however, was saying to herself in dismay, "A visitor, and eggs thirty-five cents a dozen!"

"He did not say definitely that we might expect him," proceeded the host. "Doubtless he wishes to consult his physician. I depend upon you to present my request in more attractive terms than I was able to do."

"Oh, I shall insist upon his coming," answered the doctor cheerfully; "it will be the best thing in the world for him. Miss Sally, you will rob me of a patient!"

"Pray," Major Lee protested, "pray do not make my invitation insistent. The young man must not be driven into it. I could not refrain, however, from asking him to come, he was apparently in such a sad state."

That suggestion of a "sad state" sobered the doctor. Perhaps before urging him to come to his house, the major ought to know of Mr. Steele's struggle with himself! So, afterwards, when his host had risen to open the door for his sister and daughter, and then had returned to the table for his single small glass of wine, Alan spoke of the cause of Robert's illness with some lightness, but with much tenderness towards his friend. Major Lee made no comment; he only said again, as he pushed the decanter towards Alan, "I shall depend upon you, sir, to tell Mr. Steele how much pleasure it will give me to see him in my house."

It was evident that he meant to forget the doctor's explanation.

III.

"So the major has invited your Steele to visit him?" said John Paul. "Do you realize what an effort that is to him? I suppose he did it because everybody is so down on Mr. Steele. I am myself, — confound him! — though I don't think him anything but a crank."

Alan laughed and frowned. "You can't appreciate him, Paul, — that's what's the matter with you. But the invitation is odd. Mrs. Paul has an idea — But I fancy the very fact of the major's taking Bob into his house shows the strength of his theories?"

The doctor wanted to be contradicted, but his companion, after a moment's pause to guess the meaning of the unfinished sentence, nodded, and said, "Yes, exactly. Mortimer Lee would not hesitate to bring all the attractive men in the world into Sidney's presence. She's safe, — more's the pity for the girl."

Alan looked at him with lazy annoyance. To have Paul assume so positively that Sidney's unnatural training would certainly spoil her life irritated him; and yet it gave him a vague assurance, too. The thought of Robert's probable intimacy with the major's family had not been entirely pleasant to the doctor; indeed, the more he had reflected upon it, the less certain he became that such a visit would benefit the sick man. But all the while he was thoroughly aware of the fear which lay behind this thought, and even amused by its pretense, so it did not prevent him from using his utmost influence to persuade his friend to go to the major's; though when, at last, after much urging, Robert consented, Alan took up his violin, and spent an hour, with knitted brows, picking out a difficult movement.

He reflected now that there was no reason why John Paul's assurance that Sidney was safe should be comforting, but it was, at least so far as Mr. Steele was concerned.

The two men had met upon the little covered bridge that spanned the hurrying river, upon either side of which lay the manufacturing town of Mercer, and

now they were walking on together: Alan to the house of an unexpected patient, and John Paul —

"I am going," he had explained, with unnecessary frankness, and with a dull flush upon his brown cheek, — "I am going out to Red Lane to see a little boy. He has some pups. It 's Ted Townsend, — brother of Miss Katherine Townsend, you know: nice boy; nice pups."

"Nice girl?" Alan observed, stopping to light a cigarette, his eyes smiling over the sputtering match in his hollow hand.

"Oh!" returned the older man hastily; "yes, quite so. Don't see much of her, of course. She has pupils, and that sort of thing. She has to earn her own living, you know. Steele is her cousin, is n't he?"

"Yes, but she would n't permit him" — Alan began to resent.

"No," interrupted John impatiently, "she won't permit any one, — that 's just it. And she has those sisters to look after, and Ted."

"And the pups?" suggested Alan, but John did not notice him.

"Why, think of it, Crossan," he said, taking his hands out of his pockets to gesticulate: "here she is, — Katherine Townsend, a woman who is worth any ten I ever saw in my life (I 'm just an outsider, and unprejudiced; you 'd say the same thing if you knew her), — here she is, giving music lessons to this little Eliza Jennings in the toll-house. Eliza Jennings is a nice little thing, no doubt, but" —

John Paul wore a fur cap, and as he spoke his forehead seemed to disappear under it in two big wrinkles.

"Does Mrs. Paul know Miss Townsend?" inquired the doctor, after a moment's pause; and his companion's abrupt "No" made Alan's eyes dance. Robert Steele, and the smallness of his own practice, and all the little worries of life could be forgotten when he found anything droll. It was a happy temperament, this, which could banish an unpleasant thought by a merry one. "With it, a man does n't live on a mountain-top," Alan had said gayly, "but he finds the foot-hills amazingly pleasant."

John had no more to say of the sister of the boy with the pups; although, as they went past the toll-house, he looked searchingly into the window from which it was Mrs. Jennings' habit to extend one tight, plump hand for a penny. But the small room within was empty, in John's eyes, although, indeed, Eliza Jennings sat in a big chair, with a crocheted antimacassar on its back, rocking comfortably. There was a row of geraniums on the window-sill beside her, which strained the wintry sunshine through a net of scarlet blossoms and broad, vigorous leaves.

"Was it Mr. Paul, ma?" she said, with a sort of gasp, as the fur cap vanished from the small horizon of the toll-window. Eliza's freckled little face grew quite intent as she spoke. It is curious how lasting is the interest in a question of this nature. Eliza Jennings had kept a half look, which meant hope and expectation, upon the small window of the toll-house for many months. Yes, it was almost a year since Mr. John Paul had begun to take these frequent walks towards Red Lane, and in that time Eliza had had many a pleasant nod, or a word or two about the weather, as he handed her a penny for the toll.

With a view to this interest of her life, Eliza could not have lived in a better place than the toll-house. The pedestrian could not come from Old Mercer to Little Mercer save across this bridge. Then, too, as he returned, he must stop long enough to extract a penny from the pocket of his breeches, and where a man is tall and stout this is not done hastily.

The gray toll-house at the end of the covered bridge did not seem to belong among the smart new houses of Little Mercer, but rather as if it had been

pushed out of the older town when the bridge first crossed the river, and now looked back with regret. There was a yard around it, inclosed by high palings, which were always dazzling with fresh whitewash. In summer, poppies, and bouncing-bets, and bachelor's-buttons pushed between the bars, and gazed with honest sweetness at the foot-passengers, for the garden was always full of riotous color and perfume. Now, only a few brown stalks stood straight and thin in the snow. The wooden arbor in the middle was reached by a tiny graveled walk, which curled about among the flower-beds to make a respectable length. On this cold November morning its seats were piled with powdery snow, which rose in a gleaming dust when the wind blew from up the river, and then settled in small icy ripples along the floor.

This arbor, in which, during the summer, it was the custom of Mrs. Jennings to serve tall glasses of ice-cream to hot wayfarers, had, even in November, a certain sacredness for Eliza. Was it not here that she had first talked to Mr. John Paul? It was a July day, — ah, how well she remembered it! He had brought little Ted Townsend into the summer-house, through the hot sweetness of the blazing garden, and had begged Eliza to fetch him two glasses of ice-cream.

"Every fi' cents Kitty gives me," Ted said, breathless with anticipation, "I spend here, don't I, Miss Eliza?"

John, in a look across Ted's curly head, good-naturedly shared his amusement with Eliza, who felt her heart beat with pleasure.

"He's just grand!" she told her mother, and Mrs. Jennings agreed with her daughter. "It was real good in him to treat Master Ted," she said, "though I should have thought a gentleman like him would 'a' brought the boy's sister along too; for it would seem right nice to her, workin' all day like she does, teachin' this one or that one;" and Mrs. Jennings was glad that her Eliza could stay at home, like a lady, with only a bonnet to trim now and then for a neighbor.

But the little milliner had resented even this small criticism upon the grand gentleman in the garden.

Mrs. Jennings, except where love made her shrewd, was a woman of slow, dull thought, but she began to connect her daughter's sudden desire for improvement in one way or another with that scene in the garden. Not long afterwards, seeing Eliza so faithful in her blundering practice upon the melodeon, she had suggested that her daughter should take music lessons from Miss Townsend, "an' really be a musician, 'Liza," she explained. "Besides, they ain't real well off, you know, and I like to help a body along."

"And pray why not?" Katherine had demanded of Mr. John Paul, as he stood indignant and aghast in her small parlor.

"But, Miss Townsend," he stammered, "you — you are" —

"Delighted to have a new pupil," she finished, and laughed.

Katherine Townsend was always cordial and occasionally sincere. This time, she was both. "Don't you see," she said, "it would be absurd in me to say I would not instruct little Eliza how to play upon her organ with twenty-two stops. I want pupils, and she wants lessons. Why should we both be disappointed?"

"I — I could find you some pupils; there are lots of people who would be glad" — he began; but there was nothing more to say. Miss Katherine Townsend was a young woman who managed her own affairs. Her little house was quite out of sight of any wistful eyes at the toll-house window which might follow Mr. John Paul's figure to the turn by the big barberry bush, which hid the footpath along Red Lane. To be sure, it was plain enough that Mr.

Paul often happened to be going in or coming out from Old Mercer just when Miss Townsend did, but he never paid the toll for her; she always put down her own money in the most matter-of-fact way, and what could be more natural than for Eliza to say, "Well, ma, they ain't hardly friendly. A young gentleman who was waiting on a young lady would n't let her pay her own toll." And Mrs. Jennings assured her that she was right. Indeed, Mrs. Jennings would have assured Eliza of almost anything, so truly did the heart in her large bosom feel all her daughter's joys and griefs. It was not necessary that Eliza should confide in her. Although she had never seen the diary in which was recorded, in violet ink, the emotions of an empty and harmless little life, Mrs. Jennings knew all, with that maternal instinct which is not dependent upon knowledge. Perhaps the only thing she had not guessed was her daughter's desire for a confidante. Eliza had often thought how happy she would be if she could only "tell" some one, — granted, of course, that the day should come when there would be anything more to "tell" than that there had been a cheery good-morning or a laugh about Ted's passion for ice-cream, and granted also that the confidante should not be her mother. With such indifference is maternal devotion too often received! Sometimes, in a pleasant dream, while she trimmed a bonnet behind the geraniums in the window, or watched the light from the river ripple upon the low ceiling, she thought how much she should like to tell Miss Katherine Townsend that she had "given away her heart." She often pictured the scene to herself, as she sat rocking and sewing, in that delightful misery which only the sentimental young woman knows; and she would sometimes drop a tear upon her ribbon, which always brought her back to practical life with anxious haste. But although Miss Townsend was most kind during the weekly music lesson, this confidential talk never seemed possible. There was a look behind those gray eyes which forbade intimacy, and sometimes made Eliza's thick little fingers tumble over each other on the keys, and her heart beat with a sort of fright.

"It 's perfectly ridiculous in you, 'Liza," said Mrs. Jennings impatiently; "she ain't got any more money than we have, so I tell you! Yes, and them three children to bring up, too. It was different enough when her pa was alive. There! I 'm sorry for her. But you do make me real pervoked at you, when you act as if you were more 'n half afraid of her. She ain't situated so as to be proud."

And indeed Miss Katherine Townsend would have been apt to agree with the mistress of the toll-house. There was much anxiety and hard work in her plain and quiet life, much keen disgust, and weariness with many things. But below all this, which may be forgotten, there was a dull regret which she never put into words. It was in her mind this cold, bright afternoon, when the doctor and John Paul had come over the bridge, and then out along the turnpike into the country.

Katherine had come home from a lesson, tired, she said to herself, of everything; which was but another way of saying that she was feeling the lack of some absorbing occupation of mind. These music lessons were necessary, but never pleasant; Katherine had too much self-consciousness ever to find teaching a delight for its own sake. Ted had run down the lane to welcome her. He had forgotten his coat, in excess of affection, and Ted's colds were a constant anxiety to his sister. Carrie and Louise were squabbling in the upper hall; and the one maid-of-all-work came with heavy, slip-shod tread to the foot of the stairs, to say that the flour was out and the coal low.

Why did the girls squabble? Why did

Ted cough? Why were Maria's aprons always dingy? "Father's house ought not to be like this; father's children ought not to have such voices." Something seemed to come up into Katherine's throat, but she only stopped to kiss Ted, and break up the small quarrel by asking her sisters to see that his shoes were not wet. Then she dropped down upon her bed until tea-time. She hid her tired eyes in the cool pillow, although with no thought of tears. Miss Katherine Townsend was not one of those women to whom can come the easy relief of tears. Beside, she had nothing to cry about. This thought of John Paul, she said to herself, was too familiar for emotion, and too impersonal. She was only sorry that he was not a braver and a stronger man.

"And yet he is so good," she said, with that same feeling in her throat, — "so good, and honest, and kind. Oh, what shall I do if I cannot make Ted a brave man!"

Of course this young woman understood John's attentions to Ted; she knew what those accidental meetings on the bridge meant to the big, slow, simple man; but what was she to infer if he never put his meaning into words? What she did infer, and what made her manner such that these unspoken words seemed more and more impossible to John, was, that he was unwilling to marry upon the small income which Mrs. Paul gave him; and that he was too indolent or too cowardly to take his life out of his mother's hands, and live it as he chose, in poverty if necessary, and love. For, knowing the sort of life which John Paul led, and knowing too that it was not the natural bent of the man, her conclusion was that he led it because it was easiest. She knew just how his day was passed. There was the warehouse in the morning, where he sat in a little glass office, but where the old head clerk never dreamed of going for assistance or advice. She "preferred to give her own advice," Mrs. Paul had declared contemptuously. John read the letters, but Murray answered them as he saw fit; his ostensible employer, meanwhile, studying his English newspaper, or writing scholarly and stupid articles upon free trade ("which would be the ruin of the house," grumbled Murray, "if anybody ever read them, and they should help the other party"). Besides this, the mornings were good times to look up the pedigrees of favorite dogs. One of these researches among kennel-books resulted in a present to Ted of the mastiff puppies, which greatly inconvenienced Ted's sister. In the afternoon, John could walk, or ride, or read more newspapers, and dream much of Katherine Townsend.

But she, here alone in the cold November dusk, thinking of this lazy, comfortable life, said to herself that it served him right that, after such a day, he had to spend his dull evening until nine listening to his mother's tongue, while they played at draughts by the drawing-room fire, "and just because he has not the courage to break away from it all!" Although in her heart she added "and love me," yet her indignation was that which every earnest mind feels at the sight of neglected possibilities, and not at all the smaller pain of wounded self-esteem. Perhaps her inner consciousness, however, that he did love her made this finer attitude of mind possible.

But Katherine, in her bitter thoughts, was not just. She did not understand that this sort of life may begin in a sense of duty, and end in the habit of content. John Paul had gone into the warehouse for his mother's sake. How glad he would have been to do the work there heartily and earnestly, and how completely his mother had pushed his desires aside, Katherine did not know, and would hardly have respected him more had she known. She could not guess the gentleness of this silent man, or imagine that he shrank from disap-

pointing his mother, even though he hurt his self-respect by the sacrifice.

But little by little, habit had blurred that pain. John was thirty-six, and for years he had been living on the very small allowance which his mother chose to make him. He had never felt that he earned it, unless indeed he earned it by sitting in silence beneath her gibes, to which he had become so accustomed that he could think his own thoughts all the while. One of the best things he had ever written upon the tariff had been thought out during a game of draughts, while Mrs. Paul had railed about Miss Sally Lee until she was white with anger.

One other thing Katherine overlooked: John had no motive for action greater than this self-sacrifice upon which he was throwing away his soul.

"If she cared anything about me," he said to himself, "if she would even look at me, I 'd fling the whole thing over in a minute."

So this makeshift of life went on, and John Paul made no effort to do anything but endure. He wished he had known Miss Townsend before; perhaps she would have cared for him when he was younger. John felt very old and very steady now, and the only thing he could do was to comfort himself by seeing Ted often, and hearing him talk about Kitty; which was certainly not very satisfactory for a lover.

Margaret Deland.

THE UNITED STATES PENSION OFFICE.

As the United States was the outcome of the Revolutionary War, one of the first duties of the government was the care of the soldiers of that war. Almost as soon as there was any Congress of the United States, and some years before the adoption of the Constitution, pension claims were presented for payment. The general government was not prepared, however, to assume the whole responsibility, and, by a resolution of June 7, 1785, Congress referred to the different States the right of judging who of their citizens were entitled to be placed on the list of invalid pensioners. The States refused to take any action, and the very next Congress found itself confronted with the whole subject again. The general government has assumed the burden of adjudication and payment of pension claims ever since. The appropriations were made for individual cases until 1790, when the first general appropriation of $96,979.72 was made. There was no general pension law until 1792, when it was enacted that, "if any person, whether officer or soldier, belonging to the militia of any State, and called out in the service of the United States, be wounded or disabled while in actual service, he shall be taken care of at public expense." This law is the foundation stone upon which our general pension system has been built. The yearly appropriations under it averaged about $90,800 up to 1800. It was not until 1818 that a service pension was granted to the veterans of the Revolution, and then only to those who had served for nine consecutive months, and who were, "from reduced circumstances, . . . in need of assistance from the country for support." Under this act, up to 1858, over $22,320,000 had been disbursed, and a subsequent law, removing the property qualification, cost $2,601,000.

In 1814, after the close of the War of 1812, the whole amount paid to army

pensioners was $90,164.36. There is no tabulated statement attainable, showing the actual sum paid in pensions on account of this war, until the year 1871, when pensions were granted to all who had served sixty days. From that date up to 1888, 60,670 claims had been allowed. The disbursements have decreased from $2,313,409.47 in 1872 to $1,670,264.44 in 1888.

The Mexican War has not proved an expensive one. A service pension was not granted until 1887. About 8000 claims were allowed under this act last year, the payment being eight dollars per month in each case.

The foregoing facts are interesting merely as history. They relate to *res adjudicata*, and pension legislation may be considered as completed so far as our old wars are concerned. But in the enormous expenditure for pensions which the Civil War has involved, the increasing demands of its survivors, the apparent willingness of Congress to comply with their most extravagant proposals, — here, indeed, we have a question which demands earnest attention.

It is estimated that there were 289,715 men engaged in the Revolutionary War, 527,654 in the War of 1812, 100,460 in the Mexican War, and 2,780,176 in the War of the Rebellion.

It was, therefore, only natural that the business of the Pension Bureau should increase enormously after the close of the Civil War. In 1865, 72,684 claims were allowed, the disbursements being $8,525,123.11. There was a diminution after this, until the passage of the notorious Arrears Act, in 1879, when 141,466 claims were filed. The appropriation was insufficient, but the disbursements were $57,240,540.14. The law granting pensions has been substantially the same ever since the provisions of the Arrears Act ceased to be operative, June 30, 1880; the only changes of consequence having been made in the ratings of certain specific disabilities. The number of claims filed has, however, increased. From the last report of the Commissioner of Pensions we learn that 75,726 claims were filed in the year ending June 30, 1888, as against 72,465 in 1887, and 31,116 in 1881. For the past few years the number of claims filed by survivors of the War of 1812 has been insignificant, and need not be taken into account. For the Mexican War, 7853 claims were filed in 1888, and 18,718 in 1887. This would make the number of claims filed in 1887 on account of the Civil War 53,747, and in 1888, 67,873, as against less than 30,000 filed in 1881.

The causes which operate to produce the filing of such a large number of claims so many years after the war are several. First among them is the activity of the claim agent.

"The country," said Commissioner Bentley, in his annual report, over ten years ago, "is being constantly advertised and drummed, from one end to the other, by claim agents in pursuit of persons who have honest claims, or those who are willing, in consideration of the fact that it will cost them nothing unless they win their pension, to file claims which have no merit, leaving it to the ingenuity or cupidity of their agent to 'work' the case through."

The numbers and the activity of the claim agents have materially increased since Mr. Bentley's time, and so has the number of claims filed increased also.

A second cause is the belief, based upon party platforms and bills introduced at each session of Congress, that the benefits of the Arrears Act will be extended. As the new act may contain a limitation against claims filed after a certain date, and as it is impossible to say when that date may be, the soldiers, or their widows, argue that it is safest to send in their applications as soon as possible. This condition of affairs is carefully fostered by the claim agents.

Nor must the large number of meri-

torious claims be overlooked. There are many bodily infirmities peculiar to military life which cause little inconvenience to a man in the prime of life, but which break forth more or less violently in old age. Application for a pension is then made, and the fact that it has not been made before is no reason for suspecting its honesty.

The number of claims allowed in 1887 on account of the Civil War was 46,380, and in 1888, 46,750, as against about 25,000 in 1881. There is no part of the Commissioner of Pensions' report more significant than the table which shows the number of invalid claims filed each year, and the percentage allowed of each year's filing: —

Years in which the claims were filed.	Number of invalid claims filed each year.	Percent. of claims allowed of each year's filing.
1862	1,362	80.1
1863	26,380	74.8
1864	20,263	79.9
1865	27,299	88.7
1866	35,799	87.2
1867	15,905	82.5
1868	7,292	84.7
1869	11,035	81.6
1870	12,991	80.9
1871	8,837	77.0
1872	8,857	76.3
1873	8,728	82.7
1874	9,302	75.7
1875	11,926	75.4
1876	17,030	70.9
1877	16,532	74.7
1878	18,812	74.2
1879	36,835	78.8
1880	110,673	67.8
1881	18,455	48.4
1882	29,004	46.2
1883	35,039	42.4
1884	28,962	39.8
1885	27,959	38.8
1886	35,202	34.2
1887	36,204	21.7
1888	47,349	4.7[1]

"Invalid" claims are those of soldiers who apply in their own behalf. The claims of widows of soldiers, and of relatives who were dependent upon soldiers for support, are generally more difficult to prove and require a longer time in their adjudication than the invalid claims. It is a pity, therefore, that the table does not include these claims. It is also to be regretted that the table does include claims on account of wars previous to the Civil War, which are based upon mere service and are easily and quickly established. If the former were included, and the latter excluded, the result would be even more noteworthy than it now is.

From this statement of facts, it is evident that there must be something wrong in the method of proving claims. The labors of the Pension Office, at this rate, would seem to be interminable. The force of clerks employed is as large as it ever was, and consists of 1500 employees, at a cost of over $2,000,000 a year. The number of claims filed, as we have seen, increases annually, and the delay involved in their adjudication increases *pari passu* with the increase of claims. The fault lies in the system followed in proving claims under the law.

There is a volume published by the government, entitled A Digest of the Pension Laws, Rulings, Decisions, etc., and in the first edition of this work is to be found a treatise on the practice of the Pension Office. This "practice" is based upon the orders, rulings, and decisions of the Secretaries of the Interior and the Commissioners of Pensions for many years back. New decisions rescind old decisions, new points are being constantly ruled upon, and the system has become elaborate and complex. Under it, all the facts necessary to establish a claim, which are not shown by the official record in the War Department, are proved by the *ex parte* documentary evidence submitted by the claimant, or his attorney, to the Pension Office. Whether this evidence is good or bad, truthful or untruthful, the Pension Office must find out as best it can. It sees neither the claimant nor his witnesses. The whole case is conducted in writing.

[1] Up to June 30th.

To prove a pension claim under the law, it must be shown, in the first place, that the disability alleged originated in the service and in the line of the soldier's duty. Not in one case out of twenty is there any record at the War Department showing this. In the absence of such record, the Pension Office requires the testimony of the regimental surgeon who treated the soldier, and of the commissioned officer whose business it was to have cognizance of his condition. If the testimony of neither can be procured, — and this is generally the case, — after the claimant has shown why he cannot procure their testimony, the evidence of two of his comrades is considered.

If the claim is on account of disease, as most of the claims are, it must next be shown that the claimant was disabled by the disease at the time he left the army, and that it has continued to disable him up to the present time. This must be proved by physicians who have treated the claimant. If physicians' testimony cannot be procured, the testimony of employers and neighbors is considered. If he satisfies these demands, and if the United States Examining Surgeon declares he is disabled for performance of manual labor by the ailment he claims for, his claim is proved, and his name is added to the pension roll.

A claim filed shortly after the war was not hard to prove, under these requirements. The witnesses who had served with the soldier in the army were easily found, and their recollection of events was fresh. Similarly, the continued existence of a disease after service could be shown for a short period of years without a long and arduous search for the necessary proof. But with the passage of years the obstacles in the way of proving a claim have largely increased. Regimental officers and surgeons have died, or have forgotten; fellow-soldiers, when any can be found, testify indefinitely and unsatisfactorily. To show that a particular disease has existed continuously for twenty-five years is a task of ever-increasing difficulty.

In considering the testimony produced in accordance with its requirements, the Pension Office has no direct means of ascertaining when an imposition is being attempted. The claimant is not likely to give information against himself, nor are the witnesses whom he selects likely to do so. It is his business to collect evidence to further his interests, and it is nobody's business to discover evidence on the other side. The temptation to perpetrate fraud is strong. The probability of detection is slight. The fear of local public opinion is no restraint upon a dishonest claimant, because his neighbors need never know what proof he has procured. Sometimes a volunteer informer sends word to the Pension Office that the claim is fraudulent; sometimes the postmaster of the town, when written to by the Department, pronounces the character of the witnesses to be bad. But informers are not popular in a community, and postmasters are in no hurry to declare their fellow-townsmen untruthful. The public opinion that would restrain a soldier from openly attempting to defraud the government operates with equal strength in preventing any one from officiously standing in the light of his neighbor's interests.

The delays which inevitably follow the endeavor of the Pension Office to discover the truth are endless. Witnesses are slow to answer the written questions sent them, and sometimes entirely neglect to do so; and to explain to the claimant, or his lawyer, wherein the proof is lacking requires a correspondence covering a long period of time, and in the end attended by unsatisfactory results. In cases of exceptional complications, or where fraud is suspected, a clerk is sent by the Pension Office to the residence of the claimant and his witnesses to examine them.

This "special examination" is provided for by law, and but few of the claims adjudicated have had the benefit of it. Even when it is instituted, the truth is not always reached. A solitary government clerk, with an extremely limited knowledge of law, is not always a match for the claimant and his sharp attorney. It is hardly necessary to point out the disadvantages of the present system of proving claims to an honest applicant, or its advantages to a dishonest one. The latter, secure from the probability of detection, gets witnesses of the same character as himself, willing to swear to anything, while the honest man's witnesses can testify only to the limited knowledge they possess.

Mr. J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions under Presidents Grant and Hayes, was certainly the most disinterested, if not the ablest, commissioner who has held the office since the Civil War. He, and he alone, seems to have appreciated the evils of the practice of the Pension Office. As a remedy, he advocated the establishment of numerous local commissions, each one to consist of a lawyer and a surgeon. The commission was to examine claimants and their witnesses openly, in the community in which they lived, and pass upon the merits of the claims; the surgeon attending to the medical aspects of the case, and the lawyer to the points of law involved. Since Mr. Bentley's suggestion, there have been established, under congressional enactment, many local medical boards, each composed of three competent surgeons, for the purpose of making a medical examination of all applicants for invalid pensions. Their examinations have been found to be thorough, and it is difficult to devise any better method for dealing with the medical side of the claim.

No material change has, however, been made in the system followed in proving the legal side of the case. A single legal officer would not be competent to attend to this satisfactorily. He would have to act as attorney for the government and as a judge; and, moreover, the matter is too important to be placed in the hands of one man, for, while the sum of money involved in each case may be small, the aggregate sum is enormous. A better plan would seem to be the establishment of local pension courts, holding their sessions publicly at the points most convenient for the parties concerned. The court, having been furnished with the soldier's army record by the War Department, and the certificate of medical examination by the Board of Surgeons, should notify the claimant to appear with his witnesses, when ready to try the case, and should have power to summon witnesses on its own account, and to punish for contempt. The interests of the government should be protected by the proper legal officer, whose duties should consist, not in a causeless opposition to the claim presented, but in a careful vigilance to discover fraud. The claimant's attorney would attend to his client's interests, and the judge could easily decide in a few hours upon the merits of a claim thus presented.

The nature of the testimony required to prove a claim should remain substantially the same as it now is, but the court should be allowed a certain latitude in accepting less proof. A decision having been reached in a case, the findings and proceedings should be forwarded to the Commissioner of Pensions for his review and approval.

The grounds upon which are based a majority of the special pension acts passed by Congress are that, while the claimant has not been able to obtain the proof necessary to establish his claim under the rules of the Pension Office, it is, nevertheless, a just claim. This is the theory of special pension legislation. The abuses to which it has been carried in practice are too familiar to require any comment. The establishment of

pension courts would do away with the excuse for this species of legislation, since the proof necessary to establish a claim would be subject to modification in special instances.

The fact that the proceedings would be open and among the claimant's neighbors would cause a dishonest man to hesitate before attempting a fraud on the government; and if a fraud were attempted, the probability would be strong that it would be discovered, — neither of which guarantees of honesty now exists. On the other hand, the fact that the applicant would have speedy justice, and that the court would have power to pass favorably on his claim on less evidence than is now required, would accrue largely to the benefit of the honest claimant.

The details of the plan I have proposed cannot be discussed here. The number of courts necessary would depend upon the soldier population of the States. They would be numerous in the North and West; for the whole South two or three would suffice. After the large accumulation of old claims had been disposed of, the number of courts might be materially lessened. The Pension Office at Washington would consist of a mere handful of clerks, and the most liberal calculation in the number of courts and their expenses hardly results in so large a sum as the present gigantic Pension Office costs; and while this cost cannot be lessened materially for years to come, it would, under the new method, become less and less each year. The appropriations for payment of pensions, now so enormous, would, under the stimulus of quick justice and detection of fraud, also decrease materially.

Gaillard Hunt.

ENGLISH LOVE-SONGS.

In a fair and far-off country, hidden to none, though visited by few, dwell a little band of lovely ladies, to whose youth and radiance the poets have added the crowning gift of immortality. There they live, with faint alluring smiles that never fade; and at their head is Helen of Troy, white-bosomed, azure-eyed, to whom men forgave all things for her beauty's sake. There, too, is Lesbia, fair and false; laughing at a broken heart, but holding close and tenderly the dead sparrow

> "That, living, never strayed from her sweet breast."

She kisses its ruffled wings and weeps, she who had no tears to spare when Catullus sung and sued. And there is Myrto, beloved by Theocritus, her naked feet gleaming like pearls, a bunch of Coan rushes pressed in her rosy fingers; and the nameless girl who held in check Anacreon's wandering heart with the magic of dimples, and parted lips, and thin purple floating garments. With these are later beauties: Fiammetta the ruddy-haired, whom death snatched from Boccaccio's arms, and the gentle Caterina, raising those heavy-lidded eyes that Camoens loved and lost; Petrarch's Laura, robed in pale green spotted with violets, one golden curl escaping wantonly beneath her veil; the fair blue-stocking, Leonora d'Este, pale as a rain-washed rose, her dress in sweet disorder; and Beatrice, with the stillness of eternity in her brooding eyes. If we listen, we hear the shrill laughter of Mignonne, a child of fifteen summers, mocking at Ronsard's wooing; or we catch the gentler murmur of Highland Mary's song. She blushes a little, the low-born lass, and sinks her graceful head, as though abashed by the fame

her peasant lover brought her. Barefooted, yellow-haired, she passes swiftly by; and with her, hand in hand, walks Scotland's queen, sad Jane Beaufort, "the fairest younge floure" that ever won the heart of royal captive and suffered the martyrdom of love. England sends to that far land Stella, with eyes like stars, and a veil of gossamer hiding her delicate beauty, and Celia, and false Lucasta, and Castara, tantalizingly discreet, in whose dimples Cupid is fain to linger sighing, exiled, poor frozen god, from the

"Chaste nunnery of her breasts."

Sacharissa, too, stands near, with a shade of listlessness in her sweet eyes, as though she wearied a little of Master Waller's courtly strains. A withered rose droops from her white fingers, preaching its mute sermon, and preaching it all in vain; for rose and lady live forever, linked to each other's fame. And by her side, casting her fragile loveliness in the shade, is one of different mould, a sumptuous, smiling woman, on whom Sacharissa's blue eyes fall with a soft disdain. We know this indolent beauty by the brave vibration of her tempestuous silken robe, by the ruby carcanet that clasps her throat, the rainbow ribbon around her slender waist, the jewels wedged knuckle-deep on every tapering finger, and even — oh, vanity of vanities! — on one small rosy thumb. We know her by the scented beads upon her arm, and by the sweet and subtle odors of storax and spikenard and galbanum that breathe softly forth from her brocaded bodice, and from her hair's dark meshes caught in a golden net. It is she to whom the glow-worms lent their eyes, and the elves their wings, and the stars their shooting fires, as she wandered through the dewy woods to meet her lover's steps. It is Herrick's Julia whom we see so clearly through the mist of centuries, that cannot veil nor dim the brightness of her presence.

To ask how many of these fair dames have gone through the formality of living, and how many exist only by the might of a poet's breath, is but a thankless question. All share alike in that true being which may not be blown out like the flame of a taper; in that true entity which Cæsar and Hamlet hold in common, and which reveals them side by side. Mr. Gosse, for example, assures us that Julia really walked the earth, and even gives us some details of her mundane pilgrimage; other critics smile, and shake their heads, and doubt. It matters not; she lives, and she will continue to live when we who dispute the matter lie voiceless in our graves. The essence of her personality lingers on every page where Herrick sings of her. His verse is heavy with her spicy perfumes, glittering with her many-colored jewels, lustrous with the shimmer of her silken petticoats. Her very shadow, he sighs, distills sweet odors on the air, and draws him after her, faint with their amorous languor. How lavish she is with her charms, this woman who neither thinks nor suffers; who prays, indeed, sometimes, with great serenity, and dips her snowy finger in the font of blessed water, but whose spiritual humors pale before the calm vigor of her earthly nature! How kindly, how tranquil, how unmoved, she is; listening with the same slow smile to her lover's fantastic word-play, to the fervid conceits with which he beguiles the summer idleness, and to the frank and sudden passion with which he conjures her, "dearest of thousands," to close his eyes when death shall summon him, to shed some true tears above the sod, to clasp forever the book in which he writes her name! How gently she would have fulfilled these last sad duties had the discriminating fates called her to his bier; how fragrant the sighs she would have wafted in that darkened chamber; how sincere the temperate sorrow for a remediable loss! And then, out into the

glowing sunlight, where life is sweet, and the world exults, and the warm blood tingles in our veins, and, underneath the scattered primrose blossoms, the frozen dead lie forgotten in their graves.

What gives to the old love-songs their peculiar felicity, their undecaying brightness, is this constant sounding of a personal note; this artless candor with which we are taken by the hand and led straight into the lady's presence, are bidden to admire her beauty and her wit, are freely reminded of her faults and her caprices, and are taught, with many a sigh and tear, and laughter bubbling throughout all, what a delicious and unprofitable pastime is the love-making of a poet.

"I lose but what was never mine,"

sings Carew with gay philosophy, contemplating the perfidious withdrawal of Celia's kindness; and after worshiping hotly at her shrine, and calling on all the winds of heaven to witness his desires, he accepts his defeat with undimmed brow, and with melodious frankness returns the false one her disdain: —

"No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find naught but pride and scorn.
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou."

From which heroic altitude we see him presently descending to protest with smiling lips that love shall part with his arrows and the doves of Venus with their pretty wings, that the sun shall fade and the stars fall blinking from the skies, that heaven shall lose its delights and hell its torments, that the very fish shall burn in the cool waters of the ocean, if ever he forsakes or neglects his Celia's embraces.

It was Carew, indeed, who first sounded these "courtly amorous strains" throughout the English land; who first taught his fellow-poets that to sing of love was not the occasional pastime, but the serious occupation of their lives. Yet what an easy, indolent suitor he is! What lazy raptures over Celia's eyes and lips; what finely poised compliments, delicate as rose-leaves, and well fitted for the inconstant beauty who listened, with faint blushes and transient interest, to the song! "He loved wine and roses," says Mr. Gosse, "and fair florid women, to whom he could indite joyous or pensive poems about their comeliness, adoring it while it lasted, regretting it when it faded. He has not the same intimate love of detail as Herrick; we miss in his poetry those realistic touches that give such wonderful freshness to the verses of the younger poet; but the habit of the two men's minds was very similar. Both were pagans, and given up to an innocent hedonism; neither was concerned with much beyond the eternal commonplaces of bodily existence, the attraction of beauty, the mutability of life, the brevity and sweetness of enjoyment."

These things are quite enough, however, to make exceedingly good poets, Mrs. Browning to the contrary, notwithstanding. "I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet," wrote the authoress of Aurora Leigh, and we quail before the deadly earnestness of the avowal. But pleasure and leisure between them have begotten work far more complete and artistic than anything Mrs. Browning ever gave to an admiring world. Pleasure and leisure are responsible for L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, for Kubla Khan and The Eve of St. Agnes, for Tam O'Shanter, and A Dream of Fair Women, and The Bells. There is so much talk about Herrick's paganism that it has become one of the things we credit without inquiry; shrugging our shoulders over Corinna and her May blossoms, and passing by that devout prayer of thanksgiving for the simple blessings of life,

for the loaf and the cup, the winter hearthstone and the summer sun. There is such a widely diffused belief in the necessity for a serious and urgent motive in art that we have grown to think less of the outward construction of a poem than of the dominant impulse which evoked it. Mrs. Browning, with all her noble idealism and her profound sense of responsibility, was most depressingly indifferent about form, and was quite a law to herself in the matter of rhymes. Carew, whose avowed object was to flatter Celia and Celia's fair rivals, proved himself "enamored of perfection," and wrought with infinite care and delicacy upon his fragile little verses. If he only played at love-making, he was serious enough as a poet; and, amid the careless exuberance of his time, he came to be regarded, like Flaubert some generations later, as a veritable martyr to style. He brought forth his lyrical children, complained Sir John Suckling, with trouble and pain, instead of with that light-hearted spontaneity which distinguished his contemporaries, and which made their poetry so deliciously easy to write and so generally unprofitable to read. Suckling himself, and Lovelace, and the host of courtly writers who toyed so gracefully and so joyously with their art, ignored for the most part all severity of workmanship, and made it their especial pride to compose with gentlemanly ease. The result may be seen in a mass of half-forgotten rubbish, and in a few incomparable songs which are as fresh and lovely to day as when they first rang the praises of Lucasta, or the fair Althea, or Chloris, the favorite daughter of wanton Aphrodite. They are the models for all love-songs and for all time, and, in their delicate beauty, they endure like fragile pieces of porcelain, to prove how light a thing can bear the weight of immortality. We cannot surpass them, we cannot steal their vivacious grace, we cannot feel ourselves first in a field where such delicious and unapproachable things have been already whispered.

"Ah! frustrés par les anciens hommes,
Nous sentons le regret jaloux,
Qu'ils aient été ce que nous sommes,
Qu'ils aient eu nos cœurs avant nous."

The best love-poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries amply fulfill the requirements suggested by Southey: their sentiment is always "necessary, and voluptuous, and right." They are no "made-dishes at the Muses' banquet," but each one appears as the embodiment of a passing emotion. In those three faultless little verses, Going to the Wars, a single thought is presented us, — regretful love made heroic by the loyal farewell of the soldier suitor: —

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I flee.

"True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And, with a stronger faith, embrace,
A sword, a horse, a shield.

"Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore, —
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

In the still more beautiful lines, To Althea from Prison, passion, made dignified by suffering, rewards with lavish hand the captive, happy with his chains:

"If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."

In both poems there is a tempered delicacy, revealing the finer grain of that impetuous soul which wrecked itself so harshly in the stormy waters of life. Whether we think of Lovelace as the spoiled darling of a voluptuous court, or as dying of want in a cellar; whether we picture him as languishing at the feet of beauty, or as fighting stoutly for his country and his king; whether he is winning all hearts by the resistless charm of his presence, or returning broken from

battle to suffer the bitterness of poverty and desertion, we know that in his two famous lyrics we possess the real and perfect fruit, the golden harvest, of that troubled and many-sided existence. A still smaller gleaning comes to us from Sir Charles Sedley, who for two hundred years has been preserved from oblivion by a little wanton verse about Phillis, full of such good-natured contentment and disbelief that we grow young and cheerful again in contemplating it. Should any long-suffering reader desire to taste the sweets of sudden contrast and of sharp reaction, let him turn from the strenuous, analytic, half-caustic, and wholly discomforting love-poem of the nineteenth century — Mr. Browning's word-picture of A Pretty Woman, for example — back to those swinging and jocund lines where Phillis,

"Faithless as the winds or seas,"

smiles furtively upon her suitor, whose clear-sightedness avails him nothing, and who plays the game merrily to the end:

"She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more?"

We who read are very far from wishing for anything more. With the Ettrick Shepherd, we are fain to remember that old tunes, and old songs, and well-worn fancies are best fitted for so simple and so ancient a theme: —

"A' the world has been in love at ae time or ither o' its life, and kens best hoo to express its ain passion. What see you ever in love-sangs that 's at a' new? Never ae single word. It 's just the same thing over again, like a vernal shower patterin amang the buddin words. But let the lines come sweetly, and saftly, and a wee wildly too, frae the lips of Genius, and they shall delight a' mankind, and womankind too, without ever wearyin them, whether they be said or sung. But try to be original, to keep aff a' that ever has been said afore, for fear o' plagiarism, or in ambition o' originality, and your poem 'ill be like a bit o' ice that you hae taken into your mouth unawares for a lump o' white sugar."

Burns's unrivaled songs come the nearest, perhaps, to realizing this charming bit of description; and the Shepherd, anticipating Schopenhauer's philosophy of love, is quite as prompt as Burns to declare its promise sweeter than its fulfillment: —

"Love is a soft, bright, balmy, tender, triumphant, and glorious lie, in place of which nature offers us in mockery, during a' the rest o' our lives, the puir, paltry, pitiful, fusionless, faded, cauldrified, and chittering substitute, Truth!"

This is not precisely the way in which we suffer ourselves nowadays to talk about truth, but a few generations back people still cherished a healthy predilection for the comfortable delusions of life. Mingling with the music of the sweet old love-songs, lurking amid their passionate protestations, there is always a subtle sense of insecurity, a good-humored desire to enjoy the present, and not peer too closely into the perilous uncertainties of the future. Their very exaggerations, the quaint and extravagant conceits which offend our more exacting taste, are part of this general determination to be wisely blind to the ill-bred obtrusiveness of facts. Accordingly there is no staying the hand of an Elizabethan poet, or of his successor under the Restoration, when either undertakes to sing his lady's praises. Sun, moon, and skies bend down to do her homage, and to acknowledge their own comparative dimness.

"Stars, indeed, fair creatures be,"

admits Wither indulgently, and pearls and rubies are not without their merits; but when the beauty of Arete dawns upon him, all things else seem dull and vapid by her side. Nay, his poetry, even, is born of her complaisance, his talents are fostered by her smiles, he gains distinction only as her favor may permit.

"I no skill in numbers had,
More than every shepherd's lad,
Till she taught me strains that were
Pleasing to her gentle ear.
Her fair splendour and her worth
From obscureness drew me forth.
And, because I had no muse,
She herself deigned to infuse
All the skill by which I climb
To these praises in my rhyme."

Donne, the most ardent of lovers and the most crabbed of poets, who united a great devotion to his fond and faithful wife with a remarkably poor opinion of her sex in general, pushed his adulations to the extreme verge of absurdity. We find him writing to a lady sick of a fever that she cannot die because all creation would perish with her, —

"The whole world vapors in thy breath."

After which ebullition, it is hardly a matter of surprise to know that he considered females in the light of creatures whom it had pleased Providence to make fools.

"Hope not for mind in women!"

is his warning cry; at their best, a little sweetness and a little wit form all their earthly portion. Yet the note of true passion struck by Donne in those glowing addresses, those dejected farewells to his wife, echoes like a cry of rapture and of pain out of the stillness of the past. Her sorrow at the parting rends his heart; if she but sighs, she sighs his soul away.

"When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste;
Thou art the life of me."

Again, in that strange poem A Valediction of Weeping, he finds her tears more than he can endure; and, with the fond exaggeration of a lover, he entreats forbearance in her grief: —

"O more than moon,
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere;
Weep me not dead in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the sea what it may do too soon.
Let not the wind example find
To do me more harm than it purposeth;
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er sighs most is cruellest, and hastes
the other's death."

There is a lingering sweetness in these lines, for all their manifest unwisdom, that is surpassed only by a pathetic sonnet of Drayton's, where the pain of parting, bravely borne at first, grows suddenly too sharp for sufferance, and the lover's pride breaks and melts into the passion of a last appeal: —

"Since there 's no helpe, — come, let us kisse
and parte.
Nay, I have done, — you get no more of me;
And I am glad, — yea, glad with all my
hearte,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever! — cancel all our vows;
And when we meet at any time againe,
Be it not seene in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retaine.

"Now — at the last gaspe of Love's latest
breath —
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless
lies;
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now! if thou would'st — when all have given him over —
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover."

Here, at least, we have grace of sentiment and beauty of form combined to make a perfect whole. It seems strange indeed that Mr. Saintsbury, who gives such generous praise to Drayton's patriotic poems, his legends, his epistles, even his prose prefaces, should have no single word to spare for this most tender and musical of leave-takings.

As for the capricious humors and overwrought imagery which disfigure so many of the early love-songs, they have received their full allotment of censure, and have provoked the scornful mirth of critics too staid or too sensitive to be tolerant. We hear more of them, sometimes, than of the merits which should win them forgiveness. Lodge, dazzled by Rosalynde's beauty, is ill disposed indeed to pass lightly over the catalogue

of her charms. Her lips are compared to budded roses, her teeth to ranks of lilies; her eyes are

"sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink,"

her cheeks are blushing clouds, and her neck is a stately tower where the god of love lies captive. All things in nature contribute to her excellence: —

"With Orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft to touch, and sweet in view."

But when this fair representative of all flowers and gems, "smiling to herself to think of her new entertained passion," lifts up the music of her voice in that enchanting madrigal, —

"Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet," —

we know her at once for the kinswoman and precursor of another and dearer Rosalind, who, with boyish swagger and tell-tale grace,

"like a ripe sister,"

gathers from the trees of Arden the first-fruits of Orlando's love. It was Lodge who pointed the way to that enchanted forest, where exiles and rustics waste the jocund hours, where toil and care are alike forgotten, where amorous verse-making represents the serious occupation of life, and where the thrice fortunate Jaques can afford to dally with melancholy for lack of any cankering sorrow at his heart.

William Habbington, who sings to us with such monotonous sweetness of Castara's innocent joys, surpasses Lodge alike in the charm of his descriptions and in the extravagance of his follies. In reading him we are sharply reminded of Klopstock's warning, that "a man should speak of his wife as seldom and with as much modesty as of himself;" for Habbington, who glories in the fairness and the chastity of his spouse, becomes unduly boastful now and then in vaunting these perfections to the world. He, at least, being safely married to Castara, feels none of that haunting insecurity which disturbs his fellow-poets.

"All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me,"

he says complacently, and then stops to assure us in plain prose that she is "so unvitiated by conversation with the world that the subtle-minded of her sex would deem it ignorance." Even to her husband-lover she is "thrifty of a kiss," and in the marble coldness and purity of her breast his glowing roses find a fitting sepulchre. Cupid, perishing, it would seem from a mere description of her merits, or, as Habbington singularly expresses it,

"But if you, when this you hear,
Fall down murdered through your ear,"

is, by way of compensation, decently interred in the dimpled cheek which has so often been his lurking-place. Lilies and roses and violets exhale their odors around him, a beauteous sheet of lawn is drawn up over his cold little body, and all who see the "perfumed hearse" — presumably the dimple — envy the dead god, blest in his repose. This is as bad in its way as Lovelace's famous lines on Ellinda's Glove, where that modest article of dress is compelled to represent in turn a snow-white farm with five tenements, whose fair mistress has deserted them, an ermine cabinet too small and delicate for any occupant but its own, and a fiddle-case without its fine-tuned instrument. Dr. Thomas Campion, who, after rhyming delightfully all his life, was pleased to write a treatise against that "vulgar and artificial custom," compares his lady's face, in one musical little song, to a fertile garden, and her lips to ripe cherries, which none may buy or steal because her eyes, like twin angels, have them in keeping, and her brows, like bended bows, defend such treasures from the crowd.

"Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of Orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow;
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry."

This dazzling array of mixed metaphors with which the early poets love to bewilder us, and the whimsical conceits which must have cost them many laborious hours, have at least one redeeming merit: they are for the most part illustrative of the lady's graces, and not of the writer's lacerated heart. They tell us, seldom indeed with Herrick's intimate realism, but with many quaint and suspicious exaggerations, whether the fair one was false or fond, light or dark, serious or flippant, gentle or high-spirited; what fashion of clothes she wore, what jewels and flowers were her adornment: and these are the things we take pleasure in knowing. It is Mr. Gosse's especial grievance against Waller that he does not enlighten us on such points. "We can form," he complains, "but a very vague idea of Lady Dorothy Sidney from the Sacharissa poems; she is everywhere overshadowed by the poet himself. We are told that she can sleep when she pleases, and this inspires a copy of verses; but later on we are told that she can do anything but sleep when she pleases, and this leads to another copy of verses, which leave us exactly where we were when we started." Indeed, those who express surprise at Sacharissa's coldness have perhaps failed to notice the graceful chill of her lover's poems. "Cupid might have clapped him on the shoulder, but we could warrant him heart-whole." For seven years he carried on his languid and courtly suit without once warming to the passion point; and when Lady Dorothy at last made up her mind to marry somebody else, he expressed his cordial acquiescence in her views in a most charming and playful letter to her young sister, Lady Lucy Sidney, — a letter containing just enough well-bred regret to temper its wit and gayety. He had fulfilled his part in singing the praises of his mistress, in lecturing her sweetly through the soft petals of a rose, and in sighing with gentle complacency over the happy girdle which bound her slender waist.

"A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

Here we have the prototype of that other and more familiar cincture which clasped the Miller's Daughter; and it must be admitted that Lord Tennyson's maiden, with her curls, and her jeweled ear-rings, and the necklace rising and falling all day long upon her "balmy bosom," is more suggestive of a court beauty, like the fair Sacharissa, than of a buxom village girl.

The most impersonal, however, of all the poet-lovers is Sir Philip Sidney, who, in the hundred and eight sonnets dedicated to Stella, has managed to tell us absolutely nothing about her. The atmosphere of haunting individuality which gives these sonnets their half-bitter flavor, and which made them a living power in the stormy days of Elizabethan poetry, reveals to us, not Stella, but Astrophel; not Penelope Devereux, but Sidney himself, bruised by regrets and resentful of his fate. They are not by any means passionate love-songs; they are not even sanguine enough to be persuasive; they are steeped throughout in a pungent melancholy, too restless for resignation, too gentle for anger, too manly for vain self-indulgence. In their delicacy and their languor we read the story of that lingering suit which lacked the elation of success and the heart-break of failure. Indeed, Sidney seems never to have been a very ardent lover until the lady was taken away from him and married to Lord Rich, when he bewailed her musically for a couple of years, and then consoled him-

self with Frances Walsingham, who must have found the sonnets to her rival pleasant reading for her leisure hours. This is the bald history of that poetic passion which made the names of Stella and Astrophel famous in English song, and which stirred the disgust of Horace Walpole, whose appreciation of such tender themes was of a painfully restricted nature. In their thoughtful, introspective, and self-revealing character, Sidney's love-poems bear a closer likeness to the genius of the nineteenth than to that of the sixteenth century. If we want to see the same spirit at work, we have but to take up the fifty sonnets by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, called The House of Life, wherein the writer's soul is clearly reflected, but no glimpse is vouchsafed us of the woman who has disturbed its depth. Their vague sweet pathos, their brooding melancholy, their reluctant acceptance of a joyless mood, are all familiar features in the earlier poet. Such verses as those beginning,

"Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell,"

are of the self-same mintage as Sidney's golden coins, only more modern, and perhaps more perfect in form, and a trifle more shadowy in substance. If Sidney shows us but little of Stella, and if that little is, judged by the light of her subsequent career, not very accurately represented, Rossetti far surpasses him in unconscious reticence. He is not unwilling to analyze, — few recent poets are, — but his analysis lays bare only the tumult of his own heart, the lights and shades of his own delicate and sensitive nature.

It was Sidney, however, who first pointed out to women, with clear insistence, the advantage of having poets for lovers, and the promise of immortality thus conferred on them. He entreats them to listen kindly to those who can sing their praises to the world. "For so doing you shall be most fair, most wise, most rich, most everything! You shall feed upon superlatives." Carew, adopting the same tone, and less gallant than Wither, who refers even his own fame to Arete's kindling glances, tells the flaunting Celia very plainly that she owes her dazzling prominence to him alone.

"Know, Celia! since thou art so proud,
'T was I that gave thee thy renown;
Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties lived unknown,
Had not my verse exhaled thy name,
And with it impt the wings of fame."

What wonder that, under such conditions and with such reminders, a passion for being berhymed seized upon all women, from the highest to the lowest, from the marchioness at court to the orange-girl smiling in the theatre! — a passion which ended its fluttering existence in our great-grandmothers' albums. Yet nothing is clearer, when we study these poetic suits, than their very discouraging results. The pleasure that a woman takes in being courted publicly in verse is a very distinct sensation from the pleasure that she expects to take when being courted privately in prose. She is quick to revere genius, but, in her secret soul, she seldom loves it. Genius, as Hazlitt scornfully remarks, "says such things," and the average woman distrusts "such things," and wonders why the poet will not learn to talk and behave like ordinary people. It hardly needed the crusty shrewdness of Christopher North to point out to us the arrant ill-success with which the Muse has always gone a-wooing. "Making love and making love-verses," he explains, "are two of the most different things in the world, and I doubt if both accomplishments were ever found highly united in the same gifted individual. Inspiration is of little avail either to gods or men in the most interesting affairs of life, those of the heart. The pretty maid who seems to listen kindly

'Kisses the cup, and passes it to the rest,'

and next morning, perhaps, is off before breakfast in a chaise-and-four to Gretna Green, with an aid-de-camp of Wellington, as destitute of imagination as his master."

It is the cheerful equanimity with which the older poets anticipated and endured some such finale as this which gives them their precise advantage over their more exacting and self-centred successors.

For what is the distinctive characteristic of the early love-songs, and to what do they owe their profound and penetrating charm? It is that quality of youth which Heine so subtly recognized in Rossini's music, and which, to his world-worn ears, made it sweeter than more reflective and heavily burdened strains. Love was young when Herrick and Carew and Suckling went a-wooing; he has grown now to man's estate, and the burdens of manhood have kept pace with his growing powers. It is no longer, as at the feast of Apollo, a contest for the deftest kiss, but a life-and-death struggle in that grim arena where passion and pain and sorrow contend for mastery.

> "Ah! how sweet it is to love!
> Ah! how gay is young desire!"

sang Dryden, who, in truth, was neither sweet nor gay in his amorous outpourings, but who merely echoed the familiar sentiments of his youth. That sweetness and gayety of the past still linger, indeed, in some half-forgotten and wholly neglected verses which we have grown too careless or too cultivated to recall. We harden our hearts against such delicious trifling as

> "The young May moon is beaming, love,
> The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love."

We will have none of its pleasant moral,

> "'T is never too late for delight my dear,"

and we will not even listen when Mr. Saintsbury tells us with sharp impatience that, in turning our backs so coldly upon the poet who enraptured our grandfathers, we are losing a great deal that we can ill afford to spare. The quality of youth is still more distinctly discernible in some of Thomas Beddoes' dazzling little songs, stolen straight from the heart of the sixteenth century, and lustrous with that golden light which set so long ago. It is not in spirit only, nor in sentiment, that this resemblance exists; the words, the imagery, the swaying music, the teeming fancies of the younger poet, mark him as one strayed from another age, and wandering companionless under alien skies. Some two hundred years before Beddoes' birth, Drummond of Hawthornden, he who sang so tenderly the praises of his sweet mistress, dead on her wedding-day, wrote these quaint and pretty lines entreating for her favor:

> "I die, dear life, unless to me be given
> As many kisses as the Spring hath flowers,
> Or there be silver drops in Iris' showers,
> Or stars there be in all-embracing heaven.
> And if displeased, you of the match remain,
> You shall have leave to take them back again."

In Beddoes' unfinished drama of Torresmond, we find Veronica's maidens singing her to sleep with just such bright conceits and soft caressing words, and their song rings like an echo from some dim old room where Lesbia, or Althea, or Celia lies a-dreaming: —

> "How many times do I love thee, dear?
> Tell me how many thoughts there be
> In the atmosphere
> Of a new-fall'n year,
> Whose white and sable hours appear
> The latest flake of Eternity:
> So many times do I love thee, dear.
>
> "How many times do I love again?
> Tell me how many beads there are
> In a silver chain
> Of evening rain,
> Unraveled from the tumbling main,
> And threading the eye of a yellow star:
> So many times do I love again."

It is not in this playful, unreal, and self-neglectful fashion that the truly modern poet declares his passion; it is not thus that Wordsworth sings to us of

Lucy, the most alluring and shadowy figure in English poetry, — Lucy, richly dowered with a few short verses of unapproachable delicacy and beauty. To the lover of Wordsworth her death is a much keener hurt than it appears to have been to the poet himself. We cannot endure to think of her as he thinks of her, —

> "Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
> With rocks, and stones, and trees."

The musing manner in which he turns from her fair image back to a consideration of his own emotions, the deliberate sadness with which he records her loss,

> "But she is in her grave, and oh!
> The difference to me!"

exasperates us by its dispassionate regret, its tranquil self-communing. Imagine Herrick telling us that Julia is dead, and that he feels the difference! Browning, too, who has been termed the poet of love, who has revealed to us every changeful mood, every stifled secret, every light and shade of human emotion, — how has he dealt with his engrossing theme? Beneath his unsparing touch, at once burning and subtle, the soul lies bare, and its passions rend it like hounds. All that is noble, generous, suffering, shameful, finds in him its ablest exponent. Those strange, fantastic sentences in which Mr. Pater has analyzed the inscrutable sorcery of Mona Lisa, beneath whose weary eyelids "the thoughts and experiences of the world lie shadowed," might also fitly portray the image of Love as Browning has unveiled him to our sight. He too is older than the rocks, and the secrets of the grave and of the deep seas are in his keeping. He too expresses all that man has come to desire in the ways of a thousand years, and his is the beauty "into which the soul with its maladies has passed." The slumbering centuries lie coiled beneath his feet, their hidden meaning is his to grasp, their huge and restless impulses have nourished him, their best results are his inheritance. But he is not glad, for the maladies of the soul have stilled his laughter, and the brightness of youth has fled.

Agnes Repplier.

A PRECURSOR OF MILTON.

THE bookworm has hidden wings, on which he makes aerial journeys, with chosen spirits for his guides, and besides these happy flights, the love of letters carries him into many pleasant earthly by-ways. All students have not the ardor which led the Frenchman Ampère, on his Voyage Dantesque, to every spot on the terrestrial ball named in the Divina Commedia; but how many pilgrims have sought Stratford-on-Avon, George Herbert's country parsonage, the church at Clevedon with its sublime monument of In Memoriam, Petrarch's fountain at Vaucluse, Horace's Fons Bandusiæ, Lamartine's lake, Goethe's Thuringian forest, and countless nooks in Scotland beloved of Burns and Scott, or in England's classic lake country, to whom those lovely scenes would be unknown if they were not associated with hours of delight or consolation drawn from a cherished volume! Sometimes these shrines are not on by-ways, but on high-roads of travel, and people pass them, in haste to reach the great city to which they are bound. Do not the great majority of tourists, who have no object but pleasure, look wistfully at the spires of Canterbury and Amiens without stopping, merely because Paris or London is on their ticket? A human interest

would make many stop who rush past the glorious cathedrals with only a backward glance.

On the great Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean line there is a station called Vienne, at which express trains do not stop and at which few passengers get in or out: these are soldiers or priests whose duty holds them to the place, or small citizens going to or from Lyons, the neighboring capital, on business or pleasure, which are not active pursuits at Vienne. At long intervals of years, perhaps, a traveler comes to honor the memory of a man, once powerful and celebrated, who lived and died there more than thirteen centuries ago, and who would be forever famous if his immortal bequest to literature had not been kept secret by his heirs. Twenty years ago, by chance, and no credit to myself, I became familiar with his name and works, laid up safe from disturbance in a fine copy of the Bibliothecæ Veterum Patrum (ed. Gallandus), in the Astor Library.[1] My interest in him has only grown stronger with time, and lately, finding myself within an hour's journey of his home and burial-place, I gave a day to pay him the tribute of a visit.

The railway follows the Rhone as it emerges from the granite embankments which keep it within bounds at Lyons, and rushes along, wide, swift, and brimful, but not imposing. The level strips on each bank are disfigured by the rich industries of Lyons, silk manufactories and glass-works, and by the common necessities of a large town, brick-yards, lime-kilns, gravel-pits, and with iron sidings and switches, freight-cars, rails, sleepers, and other material and refuse of a railway. Nature survives only in cabbage gardens, pollard willows, and poplar-trees clipped into liberty-poles. As in most of the main river-valleys of France, the land on each side rises in regular ridges, parallel with the stream, called *côtes;* below Lyons they are far withdrawn from the Rhone, and their surface is treeless, broken up into small properties, and thickly peppered with insignificant modern towns and villages. As the distance from Lyons increases the scenery improves. There are spongy meadows, where the poplars and willows flourish unshorn, composing those landscapes of which a school of French painters have found the picturesque and poetic view. Osier islands rise in the eddies of the river. The sharp, horizontal line of the *côte* dips now and then, giving outlet to a pretty valley, behind which faint, opaque mountain slopes are to be divined. Two long tunnels shut out the light, and then the train stops at the unpretending station of Vienne. Here, on one side, the hills overhang the railway, so that they require to be propped by huge granite bulwarks like fortifications; but the grapes ripen peacefully above them on the sun-baked steeps, yielding the generous, fruity wine called Côte Rôti.

While the train, in no haste to be gone, blocked the way, I looked at my fellow-travelers on the platform. They were for the most part humdrum, rustic or provincial; but a touch of the picturesque and unforeseen is seldom wanting in any group on the continent of Europe, and in this there were two fresh-faced, black-robed young priests, and two bronzed, careworn Arabs in dingy white burnooses and dark red leather leggings, gilt and embroidered. The

[1] The Astor Library also contains the same author's works in J. P. Migne's Patrologia Cursus Completus, wherein it is stated that they were "edited with great care and pains *Jacobi Sirmondi Parisiis Anno 1653.*"

Mr. W. H. Kirk, of Philadelphia, to whom the writer is indebted for valuable assistance, found an old volume of the fourth edition of the Bib. Vet. Pat., published in Paris 1624, in the Ridgway Library. It contains some of Avitus's poems, in which, however, many passages read differently from this edition of 1653, and is so full of typographical errors as to suggest the probability that the later edition, though not wholly free from them, was corrected from original manuscripts.

sons of Ishmael were climbing into a third-class compartment, with no help from the occupants, who protested by word and deed against the Oriental luggage, a big, coarse sack which looked as if it might hold a decapitated body. When the track was clear, I found that there were no cabs at the station, or in all Vienne, and that the only omnibus was for the exclusive service of the one hotel. However, it was easy to see that the town was not large, and might, with a few directions, be visited on foot. I accosted the young priests, and the venerable name which had brought me there served as a passport and letter of introduction. One of them spoke English, and he said that they were professors at a seminary, where the professor of rhetoric would be glad to tell me all that there was to know. The professor received me in the monastic parlor, with the usual ugly carpet and devotional colored prints on the walls. He was kind and obliging. The visit was short but friendly, and I set forth to see the town under the guidance of the young professor of geometry, who spoke English well enough, but whose unpracticed ear soon forced us to fall back upon French.

Vienne is one of those ancient theatres of great dramas which, deserted by actors and audience, have not only fallen into decay, but shrunk in dimensions. It was a place of note when Julius Cæsar invaded Gaul, and Roman poets of later times called it "opulenta Vienna" and "pulchra Vienna;" its streets were then paved with mosaic, and its stately limits reached far into the fields and vineyards of the present day, where vestiges of them are to be found. It was the nursery of Western Christianity, and the cathedral town of an archiepiscopal see; in the middle of the fifth century it was a seat of learning. The conquering Burgundians made it their capital when they were little better than a horde of barbarians, and in the Middle Ages it was the residence of the Dukes of Burgundy, whose eldest son was styled Dauphin, with the second title of Count du Viennois. In the middle of the fourteenth century, after more than three hundred years of independent sovereignty, Humbert II., then Count du Viennois, saw his line cut off by the death of his only son, a baby, who jumped from his nurse's arms, out of a window, into the river below. The father, heart-broken, made over his fair province to the kingdom of France, stipulating that the heir to the throne should bear the title of Dauphin. Though Vienne ceased to be a ducal court, its ecclesiastical importance was undiminished; the council which abolished the order of the Knights Templars sat there in 1311 and 1312, and it remained an archbishopric until the Revolution. To-day it is a staid little provincial town, with no church magnate except a *curé*, and in which the state is probably represented by no higher dignitary than a mayor. In three directions it looks on vine-clad slopes tufted with bunches of trees, and in the fourth towards the Rhone, bending broadly under wooded hillsides with the suave dignity of the Hudson. A wide walk, shaded by sycamores, in the middle of the principal streets is the only modern attempt at embellishment. Here and there a fragment of old building juts out from the commonplace architecture, old-fashioned without being old, and marks periods of past grandeur. There is a handsome Gothic doorway and part of a stately old portal belonging to the former archiepiscopal palace. At another point, a deep-vaulted arch and gateway, over which projects a round turret from an adjoining wall, recall some of the picturesque remnants of old Paris; this effect is accidentally due to the juxtaposition of an old abbatial edifice and the ancient entrance to the forum of Roman times. Of the Gallic origin of Vienne I saw but one reminiscence, — a drinking-shop with the sign Bar des Allobroges. Beside the nineteenth-century

suspension bridge over the Rhone, where the tributary Gère pours in its waters, a ruined tower rises in mid-flood, of the same epoch as a castle on the hill-top above the town. They are morsels of Vienne's mediæval accoutrement, mere shells, in which even legend scarcely finds foothold.

A Grecian temple, built by Latin masons and dedicated to Augustus and Livia, has fared better than the less ancient remains, though it is not in perfect preservation; the Ionic portico and pediments sculptured against the hot blue sky thrill one with a sudden vision of imperial Rome. She is represented, too, in the museum, by some relics of newly christened paganism, such as are to be found throughout Gallo-Roman towns, and of which the chief collection is in the Lateran: broken mosaics of familiar designs, — Ganymede and the eagle, a crane swallowing a serpent, a stag browsing, a greyhound in a leash framed in a pattern of a double cord intertwined; common Roman pottery and iridized glass vessels; capitals of pillars; tragic masks in stone; imperfect inscriptions; bronzes cankered by rust and verdigris, — nothing of much value or merit. The best work of art is a beautiful Renaissance bust, in *alto-rilievo*, of a woman sleeping or in a gentle swoon.

These treasures are well lodged in the light, roomy apartments of a long, low, gray building, apparently a former convent, which had entirely lost the Roman science of drainage, with a two-story arcade running the whole length of the front. I summoned the janitor from his midday meal, that second breakfast so prized by Latin races. He came with so much alacrity and good-will that I expressed a hope that he was not often called from table to show the museum. "Only yesterday," he said, with a smile. "Indeed! And were they foreigners or Frenchmen?" "Americans," he said. Americans! bless their hearts — and heads! Who were they, what brought them there?

The museum forms one side of a square in which there is a monument with a bronze sitting figure. Grateful at not being confronted by an allegorical female or by a rampant Napoleonic marshal, I stopped to read the inscription. The statue was of Ponsard, the poet and playwright, a Viennois, author of Honneur et Argent, Lucrèce, and other plays, who will be hailed by any reader old enough, if such there be, to remember Mademoiselle Rachel in Horace et Lydie, a bewitching little piece dramatized from Horace's Ode IX. Book 3. He has a refined and pensive face, and looks as if he had previsions of oblivion.

The ecclesiastical monuments of Vienne are still her greatest ornaments. The cathedral is dedicated to the warlike St. Maurice. It is a fine specimen of sixteenth-century Gothic, nobly placed at the head of a wide street sloping to the river, and approached by a very high, broad, triple granite staircase leading to a spacious stone terrace with an open-work parapet, on which the main doors of the cathedral open. This beautiful church, which would be the boast of many a capital city, has had a hard fate. A quarter of a century after it was completed it fell into the rough hands of the Baron des Adrets, and was abominably mutilated by his Huguenot soldiery. What they spared, or what was restored by the piety and pride of the Viennois, underwent harder usage a hundred years ago from the *sans-culottes*. Statues and carving have been mercilessly torn away, mullioned windows plugged with brick and mortar, the rich, sculptured surfaces ground down by desecration. A feature which struck my uneducated eye as unusual and very pleasing was an exterior colonnade along the side wall, with windows opening into the church, corresponding to the clerestory within; above it there is a cornice of tracery and heads, of the utmost variety of grotesque type

and grimace. The interior is Pointed Gothic of the finest proportions, soaring and solemn, with an effect of closing in towards the choir, which seems to symbolize the withdrawal of the soul into its sacred places of meditation and prayer.

St. Maurice, though beautiful and impressive, is a work of comparatively modern times. The real Christian landmark of Vienne is St. Pierre, one of the oldest Romanesque churches in France, if not the very oldest, parts of which date from the Merovingian era. The preference for one architectural style over the rest is eminently a question of temperament. To many people the Romanesque, with its large simplicity and unity of design, its solid front and rectangular towers, its round arches and widely spaced pillars, seems better fitted for worship than any other. To one of this mind the lofty massiveness of St. Pierre, its well-lighted breadth, deep, rich color, fine, serious decoration, with its tradition of earliest antiquity, will appeal profoundly as the truest expression of a religious purpose, and give it rank, even in its dilapidation and desecration, by that grand example of Christian building, St. Ambrose at Milan. The desecration is at an end; the much-abused atheistical government, notwithstanding its empty treasury, is restoring the church for a museum of the Christian relics which have been found in Vienne, and the tombs and mural tablets of which St. Pierre was full. The most memorable of these, with its inscription, has disappeared, but a walled-up chapel beside the apse is known to contain the dust and ashes of a great man and a genius, to whom posterity owes Paradise Lost.

The accusation of making free with other people's verse has often been brought against England's greatest poet. The charge was last made by the Rev. George Edmundson, who in his very interesting volume on Milton and Vondel has brought to light another unacknowledged debt. The passages given from the Dutch author, which are translated with spirit and felicity, and generally with fidelity, establish Vondel's title to genius of the first order; they set him beside Milton, and there is no higher place in modern poetry. They also annul the claims of many of Milton's supposed creditors, transferring them to the list of Vondel's debtors. It is incomprehensible that in all which had hitherto been written about Milton and his borrowing Vondel should practically have been overlooked, but it is still more strange that nobody has yet named the original source whence the poets of the seventeenth century drew, who sang the revolt of the angels or the fall of man, — a source to which Vondel owed more than any of them.

The clue to its discovery was tangled among the skeins of truth from which Lauder wove his web of lies; but he missed the thread, nor has Mr. Edmundson found it. Lauder made his attacks upon the memory of Milton nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, and there are probably few readers of Paradise Lost in the present generation who have even heard of those once notorious forgeries. Lauder was a Scotchman, born early in the last century, who, after holding positions in the University of Edinburgh and the public school of Dundee, went to London about 1746, and became editor of the Gentleman's Magazine. In that periodical he published a number of articles accusing Milton of plagiarism, with a long list of sixteenth and seventeenth century authors, British, Dutch, German, French, Italian, and Spanish, from whom the ideal plan and chief beauties of Paradise Lost had been borrowed. These essays he subsequently published collectively under the title of Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns. Most of the works referred to by Lauder were poems, and in Latin, according to the custom of the times, but some of them had been

translated into English. Lauder gave analyses of them, with extracts and the dates of publication, beginning at 1514 and coming down to 1655, ten years before the first appearance of Paradise Lost.

At first Lauder's accusations gained credit, the more readily that Milton's free, unacknowledged use of the ancients had been brought to notice in print not long before. It was incontestable that a great many poems or dramas on the fall of the angels and man, and kindred subjects, had been composed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and that some of Lauder's pretended quotations corresponded word for word with passages in Paradise Lost. But doubts soon arose. Lauder was challenged to show the books which he cited. He produced several of them, but the most important author, Masenius, was missing, and Lauder could only assert that he must have dropped the volume in the street. Startling inaccuracies and interpolations were discovered in his extracts from the authors at hand, however, and the story of the lost book was repeated with derision. The tide turned against him, and he was overwhelmed by the testimony of contemporary scholars, from the elegant animadversions of Hayley to the fulminations of Dr. Johnson, originally a victim to the fraud. Lauder was crushed and silenced for the moment, but after a time he began to opine that his case was not so bad as it had seemed, — which was true in so far as Milton was concerned. He renewed his attack in a pamphlet entitled The Grand Impostor Detected, or Milton's Forgery against Charles I. He did himself no good by this, and was forced to leave England. He went to Barbadoes, where he opened a school, and died there obscurely in 1771.

The contempt into which Lauder has fallen may be gauged by the fact that while the Rev. John Henry Todd, in his early editions of the Poetical Works of John Milton, devotes above twenty pages to exposing the forgeries, Professor David Masson, in the preface to his edition of Milton's poems, does not even name Lauder's pamphlet, and dismisses other investigations of Milton's indebtedness to previous authors, ancient or modern, with one or two exceptions, as "laborious nonsense." Lauder's ingenious and learned libel has been relegated to the cabinet of literary curiosities, and his memory to the shelf for the fossils of venomous reptiles. Yet there once lived a sacred poet, of whom Lauder never heard, the knowledge of whose works would have supplied him with a more formidable weapon against Milton than those which he altered to his hand to give his stabs more force.

This writer was Avitus, Bishop of Vienne at the close of the fifth century. He was known throughout Christendom during his life and for a hundred years or more afterwards, but his fame was lost in the abyss of the dark ages. It was recovered, by scholars at least, as early as the sixteenth century, for Grotius, Du Bartas, and Masenius certainly were familiar with his poems; so, probably, were all the authors on the long list compiled by Lauder, except perhaps the imitators of Vondel; but the latter has followed Avitus so closely that it is difficult to say who copied the Dutch poet and who copied his master. Not one of them appears to have given Avitus credit for their inspiration, and the silence of Milton consigned him a second time to oblivion. His very name is almost lost: I have not found it in any English biographical dictionary, nor in the learned Bayle, nor in Châteaubriand's Génie du Christianisme, nor in any edition of Milton, English, French, German, or Italian, except the Rev. Mr. Todd's, of 1809, who quotes a single passage from the poems, second hand from Bowles, with one or two inaccurate details, on the same authority. His allusion to Avitus as a poet is the only one I have found

in any English writer except Dean Milman, who mentions his compositions in a manner which betrays little acquaintance with them. He is not named in the eight volumes of Professor David Masson's noble study of the Life of Milton, nor in the late Professor Mark Pattison's book on the same subject. M. Guizot gives a short account of the man and his writings in the Histoire de la Civilisation en France, with which the gentlemen just named, professors of rhetoric and literature in English universities, might have been expected to be familiar. Mr. Hodgkin, who in his leisure hours writes tomes on the Invaders of Italy, heavy only to the hand, knows Avitus as churchman and statesman, but says nothing about him as a man of letters; yet it is as such that he has the highest claim to be remembered.

Alcimus Ecdicius Avitus was born in Auvergne about 450 A. D., of a noble senatorial family, the members of which for generations had held important posts at Rome and in Gaul. He was probably a near kinsman of the Emperor Avitus, whose short, inglorious reign belied his early promise. Sidonius Apollinaris, prefect of Rome and afterwards Bishop of Clermont, a dignified figure among the politicians and poetasters of the decadence, was apparently his brother-in-law. The villa of Sidonius in Auvergne was called the Avitiacum. The owner has left a charming description of it, with the life he led there, translated for us by Mr. Hodgkin in his Invaders of Italy. Miss Preston made an excursion thither a year or two ago, and told of it in her scholarly, graceful style in these pages. Whatever the degree of relationship between Alcimus Avitus and these magnates, he was the fourth bishop of his family, and succeeded to the see of Vienne about the year 490.

The bishop of such a place at such a time could not fail to have his hands full. At this period Gaul was gathering herself together after the ravages of barbarous hordes, and was about to grow into a kingdom under the warlike domination of the first Merovingians; the great chiefs who have become heroes of legend and epic — Attila the Hun, Theodoric the Goth, Clovis the Frank — were sweeping over Europe, pulling down and setting up monarchies; the expiring power of Rome was being revived by Justin and Justinian in the East; the blood of the martyrs had scarcely dried from the arenas of Lyons, Orange, Nîmes, and Arles; royal brides, Clotilde, Radegonde, Bathilde, moved like celestial apparitions among the fierce courts they had come to christianize; the schisms of the Church were already setting up pope and antipope; the great theological parties of Arianism and orthodoxy, descending to the use of political recruits and material weapons, were seeking a battle-field on which the creed of Christendom was to be decided for a thousand years. No man of the time was more identified with the cause of orthodoxy than Avitus. He shared with St. Remigius the glory of converting Clovis, and had the undivided honor of bringing Sigismund, king of the Burgundians, from the errors of Arianism into the pale of the Church. He exerted his utmost powers to convert Gundobald, the father and predecessor of Sigismund, and to that end wrote him many controversial epistles. He was long in friendly communication with the elder king, who, although a heretic, was by no means indifferent to doctrinal questions; and at his request Avitus composed treatises against the Nestorian and Eutychian heresies and the errors of Faustus of Riez. But the unyielding heterodoxy of the Burgundian wore out the patience of the churchman, strong in the support of Clovis. A deputation of bishops, with Avitus at their head, held a conference with Gundobald at Lyons, hoping to overwhelm him by their united arguments. The king, a man of great intelligence, met the reasoning of his learned visitors

with a shrewdness and subtlety equal to their own: the discussion lasted for days. He remained contumacious, and they threatened him, as a last resort, with an invasion by the Franks. The old chronicle dwells on the humility of demeanor, the angelic sweetness of face and speech, of the Beatus Avitus during the interview; but as the king's firmness was not shaken by menaces, the bishop put his last argument into force, and hurled the victorious Franks upon the kingdom of Burgundy, into which they carried the true form of faith with fire and sword. Gundobald refers to this with cutting irony in a short letter to Avitus, remarkable from a man of his age and nation, not to say life, for in some respects Gundobald was a mere savage: —

"Lord Gundobald, the king, to Avitus, Bishop of Vienne.

"I have thought it expedient to consult your holiness as to the right reading of an extract from the prophets, which I subjoin. Will you deign to declare whether the times referred to are past or to come? 'The law shall go forth of Zion and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem: and He shall judge among many people and rebuke strong nations afar off: and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree: and none shall make them afraid.'"

Gundobald remained true to his convictions, and he became tributary to the Franks; but his son and successor, Sigismund, publicly renounced the faith of his father, and Arianism was subdued in Burgundy.

Meanwhile, the Bishop of Vienne was exerting his energy in other directions, and leading a life of extraordinary activity in ecclesiastical affairs, politics, and literature. Nearly a hundred letters are extant among his published works, addressed to popes, bishops, and prelates of less degree, to emperors, kings, prefects, senators, and other *viri illustres*. Some of these epistles were written by him for Sigismund and other distinguished persons to the Pope, the Emperor, and various potentates, temporal and spiritual. Among his correspondence are several letters to the rebel Vitalianus, the orthodox rival of Anastasius, Emperor of the East; for Avitus, like many other saints, had no scruples about stirring up a believing servant against an unbelieving master, showing how early the practice of the Church diverged from apostolic teaching on this head, at least. He assisted at the baptism of Clovis, and wrote an account of it which was pronounced to be *elegantissimus*. He wrote constantly against the heresies of which the age was so prolific; he used his influence, all-powerful in Gaul and potent at Rome, against the antipope Laurentius, and to good purpose; and he devoted himself to a grand task, the reconciliation of the Eastern and Western branches of the Church. Complimentary letters from two popes, Symmachus and Hormisdas, attest the value which was set upon his services. Yet he was as active in his own diocese as if he had no broader interests; fulfilling his episcopal duties, visiting the different towns and preaching in their churches, convening councils and presiding over them. In the midst of this full and busy existence he found time for writings which would be thought a good life's work had the author spent his days in a cloister. Besides the letters above mentioned, he has left sermons; the canons of the Council of Epaona, which he drew up; a mass of controversial matter; homilies on St. Paul's Epistles, which might have been entitled Tracts for the Times, being chiefly directed against the growth of liberal ideas; poems on portions of the Old and New Testament, and a poem in praise of virginity dedicated to one

Fuscina. "Dignissima virgo, soror Fuscina," he styles her; himself, "Frater Alcimus." Whether the titles sister and brother are to be taken literally is rendered doubtful by the introduction of one word, "Deo," — "Fuscina, my sister in God;" just as his relationship to Sidonius Apollinaris, to whom his poem on Genesis is dedicated, is made uncertain by the words "frater Domino Sancto in Christo." There are letters from St. Avitus, as it is proper to call him, to an Apollinaris who seems to have been his brother in the flesh, but it is not clear whether this last and Sidonius Apollinaris, the author, prefect, patrician, and Bishop of Clermont, who died about the date of Avitus's accession to the mitre, were one and the same person. The question is more interesting as regards Fuscina, because of the tender and touching manner in which St. Avitus commonly speaks of Eve throughout his poem on Genesis, although once, in a hasty moment, he terms her "primæva virago." Perhaps he knew women only through this beloved sister, for, whatever their relationship, the dedication of the poem declares that she was beloved. It is not impossible that he was married, like his father and grandfather, both Bishops of Vienne, though it is improbable, as he had been destined to holy orders from childhood. But his private life has disappeared in the publicity which involved him. He died A. D. 525, aged, it is supposed, seventy three or four.

This is all that can be gathered about Avitus, as a man, from the published documents to which I have had access, and it is time to come to the poem which justifies the title of the present article. It is divided into five books, upon the creation, the fall of man, his punishment, the deluge, and the departure of Israel from Egypt. The first three constitute a trilogy, and are more interdependent than the rest. De Initio Mundi begins with an apostrophe to Adam, very different, on the whole, from Milton's sublime exordium, yet with obvious similarity of thought and expression. Resisting the temptation of rendering the Latin hexameters into English blank verse, which, however poor, enhances the resemblance to Paradise Lost unfairly, I give a literal prose translation: —

"I lay to thy charge, O first father, who didst engraft the seeds of death on the vital germ of thy lapsing progeny, whatever drives the human race to its manifold labors, the brief duration of mortal existence, whatsoever taint vitiates our first impulses, the strange doom that overtook our first parent, and all the evil which is added by our own act to his guilt, with loss of his pristine rank. And albeit Christ in himself freed the offshoots from that which it had contracted from the smitten stock, yet the crime of our progenitor abides, who brought on us the penalty of death and transmitted disease and dissolution to his posterity, a fatal sore in sinful flesh."

We have here, as in Milton, man's first disobedience, death, and all our woes and loss of Eden, and the antithesis between Adam and Christ.

In Paradise Lost, two books are devoted to the fallen angels and their council. Avitus proceeds at once to the creation: —

"Already the almighty Father, by the weight of his word, as in a balance, divided the assembled waters from the dry land, compelling the ocean within its shores, the rivers to their banks."

"The Eternal . . .
Flung forth in Heav'n his golden scales,
. . . . . .
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd."

To follow the parallel paths of Milton and Avitus where both are following the narrative of Genesis might seem unfair, unless every coincidence of phrase and metaphor could be given. This is not within my limits, and one or two

examples must stand for scores. I cite a few passages in the original to show the constant use which Milton, in his latinized style, made of the very words of Avitus: —

"Protinus in varias animalia multa figuras
Surgurent, et vacuum discurrunt bruta per orbem:
Elatæ in altum volucres, motuque citato
Pendentes secuere vias, et in aëre sudo
Præpetibus librant membrorum pondere pennis.
Post etiam clausi vasto sub gurgite pisces
Respirant lymphis, flatuque sub æquore ducunt.
. . . . . .
Nec minus in pelago viviscunt grandia cete
Accipiuntque cavis habitacula digna latebris
Et quæ monstra soret rarus nunc prodere pontus,
Aptat ad informes condens sollertia formas.
. . . . . .
Tum pater omnipotens æterno lumine lætum
Contulit ad terras sublimi ex æthere vultum,
Illustrans quodunque videt: placet ipse menti
Artifici factura suo, laudatque creator
Disposito pulchra quem condidit ordine mundum."

"Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown; out of the ground uprose,
As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild."
"The egg, that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime
With clang despis'd the ground. . . .
. . . . . .
. . . The air
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumbered plumes.
. . . . . .
. . . They . . .
. . . rising on stiff pennons tower
The mid aerial sky."

"Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish . . .
. . . . . .
. . . The seal
And bended dolphins play; part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean. There Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures . . .
. . . . . .
. . . at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea."

"Here finished he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold, all was entirely good:
. . . . . .
Up to the Heav'n of heav'ns, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea."

St. Avitus's account is more succinct than Milton's, and sometimes follows a different order; but notwithstanding the occasional inversion, the latter's descriptions are paraphrases when they are not literal translations. Milton never misses a happy expression; if he passes it in its place, he makes use of it afterwards. The bishop gives the creation of grass in one beautiful line: —

"Pulchra repentimo vestita est gramine tellus;"

of which Milton's lovely version is, —

"Earth
. . . . . .
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green."

Like the cunning workman that he is, inlaying and encrusting his handicraft with every precious bit that comes in his way, Milton embodies the same line and another equally charming, —

"Perpetuo viret omne solum, terræque tepentis
Blanda nitet facies," —

in this, and in a less exquisite passage:

"Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smiled."

It may be objected that both poets have a common model, which would account for these resemblances, but there are many where no hint is taken from the Biblical text, as will be shown.

Milton's digressions begin sooner than the bishop's, who proceeds from the creation of the world immediately to the

formation of man, according to Genesis, but the parallel continues in the seventh book of Paradise Lost. Man's prerogative of walking erect is made a point of by both Milton and his precursor, his gift of reason, and his power to read the signs of the weather and changes of the season, none of which are specified in Genesis.

"Who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest."

"Heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works."

To avoid the slow march of Latin hexameters, I revert to the literal prose translation: "To whom it is permitted, erect, to dominate the prone beasts with his visage, . . . he shall receive the privilege of lifting his face toward the sky. . . . He shall number the stars and know the lights and paths of heaven. . . . Imbued with wisdom, he shone with the pure light of reason." Avitus has a singular and remarkable touch in his rendering of the divine project for Adam's creation: he is to be formed in the image of the Highest and in his likeness, "inwardly in his beautiful soul." There was ground in this, as in other of the bishop's fancies, for impeaching his orthodoxy, if he had not been above attack. More than fifty lines are devoted to the making of man, with an ingenuous display of anatomical knowledge, no doubt uncommon for the times. Then man inhales the breath of life and becomes a living soul, his first act being to get upon his feet. "He rose, steadied his feet on their even soles, then wondered at the various earthly species and at the heavenly bodies."

"By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
. . . . . .
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd or flew."

The Creator tells man that the realm he beholds and its inhabitants are subject to him, and bids him be thankful and adore. "All they shall pay service to thee, but thou to me," — a fine sentence, suggesting by its form several of Milton's. A deep sleep falls upon Adam, which Avitus describes in measures too melodious to omit: —

"Interea sextus noctis primordia vesper
Retulit, alterno depellens tempore lucem:
Dumque petunt dulcem spirantia cuncta quietem,
Solvitur et somno laxati corporis Adam.
Cui pater omnipotens pressum per corda soporem
Jecit et immenso tardavit pondere sensus,
Vis ut nulla queat sopitam solvere mentem.
Non si forte fragor securas verberat aures
Nec si commoto cœlum tunc intonet arx,
Sed nec pressa manu rupuissent membra quietem."

Every school-boy will remember the analogous passages in Paradise Lost, in the seventh and eighth books. The first twilight descends and the first stars arise upon mortal vision. The thought of sleep and repose was intimately blessed to the bishop; his poem abounds in soothing lines and sweet verses which convey the grateful sense of quiet, calm, and rest, and exhale like sighs from the turmoil of a perpetual activity. He does not linger by the sleeping Adam, but briefly relates the creation of woman. This event he illustrates by a startling comparison, the first of many, betraying the rage for symbols and parallels which began with the earliest writers on Christianity, derived probably from the Neoplatonists, and which unhappily has not yet abated among theologians. St. Avitus likens the sleep of Adam, in which he gained Eve, to the death of Christ, who was wounded in his side, and after a short sleep in the tomb arose to wed his bride, the Church. The nuptial benediction on the first human pair, the invitation to use and enjoy everything in the garden except one forbidden tree, occur as in Genesis, Avitus and Milton

both marking the impression made on Adam by the interdiction uttered "voce terribili." The paraphrast here breaks into a eulogy upon marriage, which rouses curiosity as to whether it was the result of fortunate experience or of the proverbial *omne ignotum*. It winds up as follows: "He ordained joyful marriage, and commanded the angelic hymn to be sung, wedded to harmony. Paradise was their bridal chamber, the world was given them in dower, and the stars rejoiced with gladsome flames."

"And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence . . .
. . . . . .
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan sung."

The remainder of the first book, De Initio Mundi, is devoted to the site of Eden, to the garden, and to the race whose later habitation Avitus places near that lost abode. As he leaves the Old Testament for a while, to indulge his imagination, the similarity to Milton is more striking and significant, and holds through at least a hundred lines. The skeptical reader is referred to the fourth, fifth, and seventh books of Paradise Lost for a metrical translation of the following extracts, which might be extended to thrice their length, if space allowed, without losing the beauty or the likeness. Throughout Milton's Eden we are wandering in a blissful maze, constantly meeting Avitus or his footprints. "There is a garden beneath the eastern zenith, hidden by Nature deep in her secret holds, where the dawn rising with the birth of the sun strikes on the neighboring Ind. . . . There is the brow of the world, where it is said earth and sky meet. There stands a grove shut within an everlasting barrier on a height inaccessible to mortals. . . . There no fog rises with the season's change, nor do scorching suns return after frost when the high zodiac brings back fierce summer, nor do the fields grow hoary with thickening rime. The clemency of heaven maintains perpetual spring; the stormy north wind keeps aloof, but in the limpid atmosphere the melting clouds disperse beneath the vault. Nature neither seeks nor gains relief from showers, but the contented plants receive their share of dew. The universal soil is always green, and the bland face of earth forever smiles. . . . Whatsoever growth is missed by us, as the year speeds its course, here blooms or ripens every month. Here grow the spices by false report misnamed Sabæan. . . . Here the boughs distill fragrant balm. . . . Here, if perchance the wind should sigh lightly with gentle breath and soft whisper, the thick-leaved forest trembles, and hardy bloom and sweet odors are scattered abroad. Here a resplendent fountain rises from a transparent depth, brighter than silver, nor does crystal sparkle with a cooler sheen. The banks glitter with green pebbles, and what the vain mind of man esteems as jewels are here strewn about like stones. The meadows have varied hues. . . . A river flows down from the forest, and divides the fields with its fourfold stream. . . . These, men call Tigris and Euphrates, which set a boundary to the far-reaching frontier of the arrow-bearing Parthian."

The onward river leads the learned bishop into "many a famous realm and country," a long way from his subject, "whereof here needs no account," says Milton, for once shunning the snare. Avitus undeniably inclines too much to what has been termed geographical poetry in his imitator. In the present instance the temptation comes from the Nile, one of the four rivers of Paradise: he gives a spirited and graphic description of the annual inundation, with many striking lines and incidents, which Milton transfers to his vision of the deluge. After this excursion he returns to Eden, where Adam and Eve are listening to God's paternal instructions as to their mode of life; these being ended, "the Father joyfully remounted to heaven's starry court."

The first book of the Latin poem closes with God's ascent to heaven. The second, De Originali Peccato, opens with the happy life of the new human creatures. They do not find the necessity for work to enhance their enjoyment which Milton ascribes to them, a noteworthy difference between the plain-bred English Puritan and the Gallo-Roman prelate. The luxury, rank, and culture to which Avitus was born had no doubt taught him, industrious as he was, a truth rediscovered by Mr. Lowell, — that the highest proof of civilization is to do nothing gracefully; and this grace he bestows on our first parents in their simplicity. But not Milton's first parents were more diligent in their culling and grafting than he in picking out and appropriating every charming word in which their innocent idleness is described.

"Facilis custodia recti est," said the Creator, as he laid the one restriction, but the eternal mystery of the fall remains unexplained. The bishop, in the midst of his sonorous numbers and flowing measures, bursts into a diatribe against wedlock, which he avers to be the cause of "grumbling, strife, fear, guile, wrath, grief, deceit, complaints, jealousy, discord." In Paradise Lost Adam charges to it "anger, hate, mistrust, suspicion, discord." Milton's prejudice against matrimony is well known, though it did not prevent his trying the experiment three times; the causes of the bishop's are recondite, and made more perplexing by his previous panegyric on the holy estate. He nearly loses breath in the vehemence of his objurgations; but there is no time to dwell on the inconsistency, for Satan now comes upon the scene.

"He had once been an angel . . . who shone first in the rank of created beings."

> "His form had not yet lost
> All her original brightness, nor appear'd
> Less than Archangel ruin'd."
>
> "Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
> Myriads."

Having lost his high place in heaven by pride and presumption, he has turned his celestial powers to working evil. He can assume any shape at will, from his original angelic semblance to that of a wild beast, — a suggestion Milton did not forget in making Satan disguise himself first as a lion, then as a tiger. All forms of seduction are at his disposal; women and gold are specially mentioned, — a hint which was turned to account in Paradise Regained. Envy is the predominating passion of his fallen and vitiated nature, even above hatred or revenge. "He saw in that calm abode the new race leading a safe and happy life, serving the Lord of the universe under accepted law, enjoying tranquil pleasure, all things being subject to them: a spark of jealousy ignited his wrath, and his burning envy kindled a fierce flame. . . . He uttered his complaint from his breast, and gave vent to his murmurs in these words: 'Oh, grief! this hateful race of moulded clay has risen and come forth upon our ruin. I once held the highest rank; now behold me rejected, cast forth, and this clod succeeds to my angelic honors. Earth possesses heaven, kneaded mud reigns in its vile compaction, and the power transferred from us perishes. Yet it has not wholly perished; a mighty portion retains its native force and still preserves the highest power, — to harm. Let me not delay; . . . let the race perish at its source; . . . a withered root will not bear living buds. This wretched comfort still remains to me. If I be unable to scale the heavens again, they shall be barred to these. If this new stuff be destroyed by a like mischance, let it be a comrade in my cutting off, a partner in my punishment. Let it share with me those fires which I foresee.' So spake he, grieving, and groans choked his voice." The familiar parallel pas-

sages are to be found in Paradise Lost, books first, fourth, and ninth.

Satan assumes the form of a serpent, subtlest of the beasts of the field, and Milton's description of his metamorphose is compared by Lauder with portions of a poem by Grotius, published at the Hague fifty years before Paradise Lost. The identity of both with the corresponding passage in Avitus loses its force from the resemblance of all three to Virgil's monstrous snakes; for the bishop also knew when to borrow. This circumstance would relieve Milton of the charge in this particular instance, if it were not for the stress laid by Avitus as well as by himself on the devil's flattery. The holy man, notwithstanding his tenderness and indulgence to woman, was as thoroughly convinced of her inferiority to man as was the harsh Puritan; they both allege it as Satan's motive for assailing Eve rather than Adam. He accosts her "blandita voce," "fallaci susurro," — a thing so monstrous and portentous in itself that Avitus wonders she was not shocked and forewarned, while Milton adopts the idea, and makes her express surprise at the prodigy.

The serpent's address to Eve in the Latin poem, with the exception of some compliments and the needful adherence to Genesis, differs from the long rhetorical discourse in Paradise Lost, and is very superior to it in beauty and simplicity. The brevity and ingenuousness of Avitus are among his marked advantages over the Puritan, whose personages are all long-winded and casuistical, from the Creator to the snake. The dialogue between Eve and the tempter is direct and natural. "Wrapped about the trunk of a lofty tree with his far-reaching coils,"

("About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches,")

he begins: "'O most beauteous maid, blessed ornament of the world, whose radiant presence is adorned by blushing modesty, future parent of a race, the great globe looks to thee as its mother, thou first, best comfort and delight of man, without whom he would not live: the greater he is, the more he is subject to thy love.'" He asks why she and her husband abstain from the most delicious fruit of the garden, when all that air, earth, and ocean produce belong to them. "'I fain would know who predicts disasters, who envies you those gifts. . . . Thou art terrified, O woman, by an empty name of dread. This penalty of death shall not overtake you; the envious Father could not tolerate an equal lot.'"

"Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
In heavenly breasts?"

Eve listens silently, and answers simply that no one denies or restrains them, but that if they eat they will die; though what to die may be she knows not, and begs her interlocutor, "doctissime serpens, suavibus O pollens coluber dulcis dictis, callidus draco," to explain. The "spirited sly snake" goes on to tell her that it boots her little to behold and possess the world, "yet to dwell imprisoned in the wretched dungeon of a blind mind." The brute creation, he continues, share with her the enjoyment of the senses, the sun shines upon them alike, and eyesight is no distinction between man and beast. Take his counsel, and at the moment that her lips taste the celestial flavor of the forbidden fruit her eyes will become clear, her vision like that of the gods, and she will discern good from evil, right from injustice, truth from falsehood. Eve takes the deadly fruit, turns it over, touches it to her nostrils and to her lips, and "ignorantly trifles with death to come. Oh, how many times did she brush it against her mouth and draw back reluctant! Her hand, shaking with its sinful burden, sometimes drops tremulous and flees before the crime. Yet she desired to be like the gods, and the hurtful venom slowly crept on, with ambition. Contrary impulses snatch her mind this way and that, between desire and fear." A

simple, pretty picture, such as only a master can give. She does not go through a Puritanical process of ratiocination, but struggles with temptation like a child. The serpent continues to urge and tempt her. "She is beguiled, the deadly venom enters her ears, she accedes to the evil. To satisfy the serpent, she bites the apple and tastes the sweet poison." At this moment she sees Adam "coming joyfully through the grassy fields," and runs to meet him with the bitten apple, "semesum pomum," in her hand, — another touch of masterly simplicity. Instead of the long speeches which Adam and Eve interchange in Paradise Lost, where the man yields not to his own desire, but to a tender and magnanimous resolve to share her fate, the bishop's Eve utters a few words of persuasion, and, childlike still, almost dares him to do it. Adam tastes without much demur. "Then a sudden lightning broke upon them, and shed a mournful glare on their altered gaze. Nature had not made them blind, . . . but now indeed they will be blind."

> "Their eyes how open'd, and their minds
> How darken'd."

St. Avitus concurs with Milton in naming carnal desire as the immediate result of eating the forbidden fruit; but Milton, following the natural order of events, goes on to describe the revulsion and remorse and first estrangement of the guilty pair, while the bishop plunges into an extraordinary dissertation on the remote consequences of the deed. He ascribes to our first parents' fatal curiosity the diseased appetite for all sorts of mysteries and secrets which possesses mankind. Astrology (which Milton makes Gabriel denounce in a discourse of a hundred lines), soothsaying, serpent-charming, even prophecies as to the weather and harvest, are adduced as instances of this sinful and presumptuous tendency. He alludes with great severity to the practice of raising spirits, whereby some dupes imagine that their inquiries can be satisfied, whereas "they are deceived here below, and will be damned hereafter." Still dwelling on the iniquity of inquisitiveness, as the learned bishop himself would say, — for he had the Latin trick of playing upon words, which his illustrious imitator did not escape, — he gives a long account of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. There are fine passages, which for want of space cannot be quoted; among others, the description of Lot's wife, in the act of turning to look back, slowly stiffening to a rigid, translucent image of her living self, "a shining horror," well deserves to be given. The secondary moral of the tale is the fallibility of woman; for in this case also the tempter betrayed a daughter of Eve to her doom, but durst not tamper with her husband. The bishop admits, however, that it was probably lucky for Lot that his wife had no time to run forward and tell him what she saw, or he too might have turned back. Avitus was imbued with rabbinical theories of the devil's peculiar influence over the female sex which had been transmitted to the early Church. He closes his digression by an allusion to "the serpent, wont to move the female mind," which brings him back with a twist to Paradise. The ancient enemy is exulting over his victims in an outburst of defiant power: "'Lo, the divine glory of the promised privilege is now yours. Whatever is mine to know, believe me, is now yours. I have led your mind through secret holds. . . . I have taught you to use your left hand as well as your right. Henceforth ye are dedicated to me by a perpetual fate, nor has God more right in you than I. . . . Let him keep what he formed; what I have taught is mine, mine is the larger part. You owe much to the creator, but more to the master.' So saying, he left them shuddering, amid a thick mist, and departed through the vapor, quitting his assumed body."

"I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth."

"Satan involv'd in rising mist."

"Thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapor glides obscure."

So ends the second book of the Latin poem. The third, De Sententia Dei, opens with this exquisite prelude: —

"Tempus erat quo sol medium transcenderat axem
Pronus et excelsi linquens fastigia centri.
Vicina jam nocte leves præmiserat auras."

"Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,
To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in
The evening cool."

Adam and Eve, hiding from their shame, seek for covering: the fig-tree

"Umbrosis propter stabat ficulnea ramis,
Frondentes diffusa comes,"

"Spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long,"

and supplies them with raiment. The blessed Avitus, unable to hold his hand, continues to point out coincidences: their nakedness came from a tree; a tree furnishes covering for their nakedness; in time to come the wood of a tree will heal the wound made by a tree, for when Christ shall be lifted up, the tree, from being the source of death, will become the cross, the tree of life. It is evident that the legendary history of the cross had already taken shape.

"Meanwhile, the Father was breathing the dewy breezes of the clear air in the mossy ways of the green grove." He calls Adam and Eve, and then man first feels what all mankind must feel when "struck suddenly by lightning from the universal skies, with clanging trump whereby the herald of judgment alarms the smitten globe." This fine sentence is followed by twenty-five lines descriptive of the everlasting fires of hell, — more than enough to prove that from what source soever that doctrine was introduced into Christianity, it was well burnt in before the sixth century. The Judge arraigns Adam, who breaks into an angry complaint against the Creator, the woman, and the married state. The speech is short, but bitter, and contains the germ of Adam's soliloquy after his fall, and of his imprecation on Eve in Paradise Lost, tenth book. The Judge turns to the woman, who humbly owns her temptation and her sin. He then pronounces their sentence. First on the serpent, "to drag along after itself in flexible coils and be bound by living fetters," to be banished from the upper earth for part of the year, to be feared and hated by everybody, to be bruised by the heel of the woman and to bruise her in turn, until at last she shall vanquish the victor, — "victoremque ultima vincat."

"Then verified
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
. . . . . .
. . . rising from his grave
. . . . . .
Captivity led captive."

The woman's turn comes next, in the terms of Genesis, her sentence ending with the pathetic words: "'Woman, when exhausted by sore travail thou hast brought forth thy cherished offspring with much labor, childless often shalt thou mourn thy fruitless pangs.'" Adam's condemnation is given last, — the curse on the soil, the life of toil, the bestial needs, the doom of death, and a heavier doom: "'Before thy own death thou shalt see thy child perish, and shalt witness thy punishment on thy progeny, that thou mayest better understand the appalling image of death. Thou shalt know what it is to have sinned, what to die, what to weep thy dead.'" The murder of Abel is foretold, which in Paradise Lost Adam beholds in a vision. Thus man learns the full penalty of sin. "The terrified earth heard and was shaken," —

"Earth trembled from her entrails," —

and by the overcasting of the sky, the untimely disappearance of the sun, Nature gives signs of fear and sympathy

which Milton did not forget. St. Avitus makes short work of the expulsion from Paradise: the guilty pair are clothed in skins and driven forth without more words. Their entrance into the outer world, their homesickness for Eden, their strangeness, their grief with its hitherto unknown burden of tears and sobs, are told in beautiful and moving verses. "They wander through the empty world with hurried steps. Though they see the verdant herbage, the flowery fields, the springs and rivers, they deem the aspect of the earth vile, after the face of Paradise; all that they behold affrights them, according to the wont of man to love what he has lost. . . . The world seems narrow to them, lamenting their forbidden country; . . . they groan for the stars hanging in a remote sky. . . . Then in their grief mingled with angry pain they felt a new sensation, and sobs broke from their throbbing hearts in unexpected torrents, and unbidden tears overflowed their straining cheeks." "Some natural tears they shed," says Milton, but his narrative is cold; Adam's discourse and demeanor are too philosophical, Eve is too elegiac, for the circumstances. In his picture of our first parents leaving Eden, Avitus is truer to nature, to their childlike, inexperienced condition, to their uncontrolled despair. In this episode and elsewhere in the course of the poem, he evinces a repressed melancholy, a sympathy with sinful humanity, a sadness for its fate, restrained by faith, — the moral dejection which has oppressed believing souls in all ages.

He follows Adam and Eve no further. He tells us how the earth straightway brought forth thorns and thistles; how the sky learned to lower and thunder, to pour down rain and hail; how the wild beasts, heretofore gentle and harmless, grew fierce and savage; how disease, war, and violence in every form invaded the world. (*Vide* Paradise Lost, tenth and eleventh books.) The poet adds he could not fitly sing it all, "no, not if one with a hundred tongues or an iron throat should try to recount them, or Mæonius, or him whom Mantua sent should sing with diverse voice," friends whom Milton is fond of mentioning.

After this the bishop sermonizes a little, and introduces the parables of Lazarus and Dives, the Prodigal Son, the Good Shepherd, and the Good Samaritan. The first is a fine paraphrase of a hundred lines or more; it opens with a banquet, which is served up again in Paradise Regained. "When the hour invited to the jovial board the meats came quickly, and all that earth can proffer was brought. The foreign granary sent its wheat; the old Falernian glowed in the cool crystal. Moist cinnamon and incense mixed with aromatic essences perfume the house. Whatever sea or land produces, or the rivers bring forth, the pale and weary slave with a golden rod brings by turn in dishes from every side."

"A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
And savor. . . .
. . . All fish from sea or shore
Freshest or purling brook, or shell or fin.
. . . . . .
. . . And winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd
From their soft wings."

St. Avitus moralizes on the parables, and draws a warning from that of Lazarus, connecting it with man's first transgression: "But we, while life lasts, while we are strengthened by light, let us take warning by our forerunner, Adam; while there is a place for repentance, nor yet we vainly beat against gates barred with iron. For we all know the regret of the first man driven from his native home, to which he could never find the way back. He suffered a form of death even in his fall, since by no tears or prayers could he regain that which he had lost." After the parable of the Good Samaritan the bishop finally prays: "Thus, Almighty Father, stretch

forth thy right hand to us, and let life seek us also out for eternal welfare; may thy prevailing grace restore to the ancient abode those misled by the guile of a perjured malefactor, whom the envious wrath of the enemy drove from Paradise."

With this gentle supplication the story of man's fall comes to an end. But Milton and Avitus do not part company so soon: the former utilizes the magnificent description of the deluge from the fourth book of the Latin poem by bringing it, with happy anachronism, into Adam's vision. There is a strong likeness in both to passages in Virgil and Ovid. Avitus knew his Roman poets well; but there are original strokes in De Diluvio Mundi and in the foregoing inundation of the Nile, not one of which Milton has missed: the sea monsters taking refuge from their ocean homes in the submerged haunts of man; the sun coming forth and reflecting his hot splendor in the water as in a glass, and drinking up the waves "as after thirst;" the receding torrents which turn into an ebbing lake; and last, the dove, a Bible picture which becomes an old mosaic of the Catacombs in the bishop's hands, and which Milton copies faithfully: —

"Illa, memor jussi, rapido petit arva volatu
Paciferumque videns ramum viridantis olivæ.
Decerpit mitique refert rostro."

"A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign."

The passage of the Red Sea, also witnessed by Adam in his vision, is the subject of Avitus's fifth book. The crowning event is thus related: "The mass, built up by a framework of hanging water, kept the waves suspended in air. God's race elect fleeing, the conqueror pursuing, pass through the midst, planting their feet on land within the borders of the sea, treading on the stones of the deep, and the chariot-wheel crushed the bare clay."

"Pursuing whom he late dismissed, the sea
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls,
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand.
. . . . . .
. . . The race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance."

In the same book, De Transitu Maris Rubri, there is a grand apparition of the angel of death on the Passover night: "It was night, and all things took their midnight rest, for darkness now divided the measured hours, when, lo, from out the dread silence, with noiseless tread, came the avenging angel with unsheathed sword."

To quote all the remarkable passages, or even the striking single lines, of the poem would require a volume. The above extracts are enough to illustrate its beauty and power and its simplicity, which is a beauty and power in itself. There are proofs in plenty of the bishop's familiarity with the ancients; he made as free with them as later poets have done with him, but in his case it was not done secretly. We do not meet Pan dancing with the Graces in his Garden of Eden, but there is mythological allusion in abundance to certify the churchman's culture centuries after the taste for classic letters had died out in Europe, nearly a thousand years before the Revival, at a time when, as he says, "the pipes resounding the praise of Christ were mute to Apollo." Yet with all that he owed to these masters and to the Old Testament, his poem in its vigor, beauty, pathos, and occasional sublimity is his own. For the conception of this tremendous theme and for his mode of treating it he had no model.

De Initio Mundi is the first of a long series, in every one of which there is internal evidence of the author's acquaintance with it, at least if Lauder's quotations are to be trusted in the least;

and inasmuch as he knew nothing of that poem they may be trusted as far as regards Avitus. In the Triumphum Pacis, by Staphortius, published at Dort, 1655, there is a eulogy on marriage, in which some of the lines are transcripts from that in De Initio Mundi. Ramsay, whose poem on the fall was published in Edinburgh, 1633, has lines which recall some of Avitus's too strongly for mere coincidence. In the Adamus Exul of Grotius, the similarities are even more frequent and striking to the latter than to the passages in Paradise Lost with which Lauder compares them. But the analogy is most astonishing in Masenius, the poet whom Lauder considered to have been the special model and pattern of Milton, whose existence has been indignantly called in question by his editors. Two lines from Masenius's monologue of Satan suffice to prove that he knew Avitus. "'Heu dolor!'" his Lucifer begins, and after uttering his rage and grief he says: —

> "'Quid moror? apta dolus pugnanti subgeret arma,
> Simplicitas paret insidiis, via fraudis aperta est.'"

"'Pro dolor!'" cries the bishop's archfiend, and concludes: "'Let me not delay, for now I can encounter them with gentle strife, while pristine innocence and simplicity, ignorant and inexpert in guile, lie open to my weapons.'"

Mr. Edmundson's book makes it probable that the later Dutch and German poets of the seventeenth century followed Vondel, not Avitus, but the point cannot be decided without a comparison of their entire works. At any rate, they were a pack of thieves. At times, before I laid down the volume, I was almost persuaded that Milton knew nothing of De Initio Mundi, but, as in the quotations from Masenius just given, there are situations and locutions too identical to be fortuitous resemblances, such as those in Satan's monologue and in his dialogue with Eve. Stronger still is the evidence gathered from the descriptions of the deluge and of the passage of the Red Sea, of which Mr. Edmundson gives no parallels from Vondel, and which point directly back to the older epic. Had Vondel written in Latin, and not in his mother tongue, the question would be more doubtful, but Milton constantly pays tacit tribute to the bishop's use of language by anglicizing his exact words. The excess of latinity in Paradise Lost over the other poems is most likely due to this freedom. The main difference between the epics of Avitus, Vondel, and Milton is the prominence given to Lucifer and to the war in heaven by the last two. But on the whole, after getting over the surprise of making Vondel's acquaintance, one cannot collate the Latin and English poems, observing the similarity of subject, plan, and treatment, the correspondence of important incidents, descriptions, speeches, phrases, the skillful introduction into Paradise Lost of episodes from De Initio Mundi and the succeeding books which do not belong to the story of the fall, and yet doubt Milton's thorough knowledge of the works of Avitus. They relieve Lauder of the charge and deprive him of the credit of inventing Masenius. Moreover, they explode Voltaire's shallow hypothesis, which has obtained such wide and easy credence, that Milton got the idea and inspiration of his epic from a sacred drama by Andreini, a Florentine playwright.

Yet when the utmost has been admitted of Milton's debt to Avitus, no one who reads the whole of De Initio Mundi will attempt to establish its superiority over Paradise Lost as a work of genius. The former contains altogether but about twenty-five hundred lines, while a single book of the other has nearly that number; and although Milton is often cumbrous, prolix, and verbose, which St. Avitus very seldom is, the scope of the English poem is far broader and bolder than that of the Latin

one. We find there none of the magnificent marshaling of the spirits of light and darkness, nor the sublime portrayal of heaven and hell; not a word of the celestial and infernal hierarchies, nor the delineation of character in angels and demons. The marvelous power of expression which presents at once a vivid picture and a startling idea, such as, —

"On his crest sat horror plumed;"

the axioms condensing the experience of profound wisdom and a devout life; the mastery of language which makes melody of the mere names of men and places, — all these and much more belong to Milton in his own right, unless Vondel can dispute it. His style lacks the simplicity and straightforwardness of the bishop's, who compares fairly well with the classics in this respect; but Avitus sometimes becomes coarse and grotesque in his candor, falling into crudities like those of the early painters. Milton's verse is strung with pearls of phrase, language of such surpassing perfection as no other English author has attained. This is never seen to more advantage than in the passages where the resemblance to Avitus is most striking; paraphrase or translation, it is always felicitous.

Milton had a lofty, serene consciousness of supremacy. Why did he announce himself as undertaking

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme"?

In view of his familiarity with Avitus, the claim is audacious, not to say mendacious. He considered, perhaps, that the ground was covered by his observation in Eiconoclastes: "Borrowing, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among authors is accounted plagiarie." M. Guizot, in reference to Avitus, says that Milton could afford to imitate, for he could create. In this view there may be a Protestant's indulgence for the great Puritan poet; a Roman Catholic would probably judge him more severely. Without theological partiality, one cannot but ask, How could he stoop to rob the forgotten dead? He has rifled a venerated tomb. Let us forbear to push the accusation. Mr. Edmundson takes the right stand in calling his book "a curiosity of literature." It is enough for one man to have tried to blacken and belittle the author of Paradise Lost; and inasmuch as Lauder never heard of De Initio Mundi in this life, there can be no more fitting punishment for his fraud and malignity than to lift up his eyes and behold the blessed Avitus in Abraham's bosom.

There is consolation in remembering that although posterity has been ungrateful to the memory of the Bishop of Vienne, he was famous, revered, and beloved in his own time. His position was second to none except the Pope's throughout Christendom. When he died, full of years and honors, his praises were sounded by his contemporaries, and numerous writers of the next century sustained the eulogium. Gregory of Tours, Fortunatus in his life of St. Martin, St. Isidore of Seville, and other illustrious ecclesiastical authors extol the eloquence, piety, orthodoxy, talents, learning, keen wit, and poetical gifts of Avitus. Adonis, Bishop of Vienne in the sixth century, refers to his predecessor's epitaph as the best summary of his life and works. That long laudatory versified composition concludes thus: "He overcame by his wit, virtue, and wisdom, by exhortation, by warnings. He was pre-eminent in everything that he did. No orator was equal to him, nor any poet. His voluminous writings proclaim that he lived, that he lives yet, and that he shall live through all ages to come."

Alas for the blessed Avitus and his elegist! But there is satisfaction in reviving his memory for an hour.

ECHO-SONG.

I.

Who can say where Echo dwells?
In some mountain-cave, methinks,
Where the white owl sits and blinks;
Or in deep sequestered dells,
Where the foxglove hangs its bells,
Echo dwells.
Echo!
Echo!

II.

Phantom of the crystal Air,
Daughter of sweet Mystery!
Here is one has need of thee;
Lead him to thy secret lair,
Myrtle brings he for thy hair —
Hear his prayer,
Echo!
Echo!

III.

Echo, lift thy drowsy head,
And repeat each charmèd word
Thou must needs have overheard
Yestere'en, ere, rosy-red,
Daphne down the valley fled —
Words unsaid,
Echo!
Echo!

IV.

Breathe the vows she since denies!
She hath broken every vow;
What she would she would not now —
Thou didst hear her perjuries.
Whisper, whilst I shut my eyes,
Those sweet lies,
Echo!
Echo!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XXXVIII.

Peter Sherringham would not for a moment have admitted that he was jealous of Nick Dormer, but he would almost have liked to be accused of it; for this would have given him an opportunity to declare, with plausibility, that so uncomfortable a passion had no application to his case. How could a man be jealous when he was not a suitor; how could he pretend to guard a property which was neither his own nor destined to become his own? There could be no question of loss when one had nothing at stake, and no question of envy when the responsibility of possession was exactly what one prayed to be delivered from. The measure of one's susceptibility was one's pretensions, and Peter was not only ready to declare over and over again that, thank God, he had none; his spiritual detachment was still more complete — he literally suffered from the fact that the declaration was but little elicited. He connected an idea of virtue and honor with his attitude; for surely it was a high example of conduct to have quenched a personal passion for the sake of the public service. He had gone over the whole question at odd, irrepressible hours; he had returned, spiritually speaking, the buffet administered to him, in a moment, that day in Rosedale Road, by the spectacle of the *crânerie* with which Nick could let worldly glories slide. Resolution for resolution, he preferred, after all, another sort, and his own crânerie would be shown in the way he should stick to his profession and stand up for British interests. If Nick had leaped over a wall he would leap over a river. The course of his river was already traced and his loins were already girded. Thus he was justified in holding that the measure of a man's susceptibility was a man's attitude: that was the only thing he was bound to give an account of.

He was perpetually giving an account of it to his own soul, in default of other listeners. He was quite angry at having tasted a sweetness in Miriam's assurance, at the carriage door, bestowed indeed with very little solemnity, that Nick did n't care for her. Wherein did it concern him that Nick cared for her or that Nick did n't? Wherein did it signify to him that Gabriel Nash should have taken upon himself to disapprove of a union between the young actress and the young painter, and to frustrate an accident that might perhaps be happy? For those had also been cooling words, at the hour, though Peter blushed, on the morrow, to think that he had perceived in them anything but Nash's personal sublimity. He was ashamed of having been refreshed, and refreshed by so sickly a draught, because it was his theory that he was not in a fever. As for keeping an eye on Nick, it would soon become clear to that young man and that young man's charming friend that he was too much engrossed with other matters to do anything of the sort. Nick and Miriam and Gabriel Nash could straighten out their complications according to their light. He would never speak to Nick of Miriam; he felt, indeed, just now as if he should never speak to Nick of anything. He had traced the course of his river, as I say, and the real proof would be the way he should fly through the air. It was a case for action — for vigorous, unmistakable action. He had done very little since his arrival in London but moon round a *fille de théâtre* who was taken up partly, though she bluffed it off, with another man, and partly with arranging new petticoats for a beastly

old "poetic drama;" but this little waste of time should instantly be made up. He had given himself a certain rope, and he had danced to the end of his rope, and now he would dance back. That was all right — so right that Sherringham could only express to himself how right it was by whistling gayly.

He whistled as he went to dine with a great personage, the day after his meeting with Nick in Balaklava Place; a great personage to whom he had originally paid his respects — it was high time — the day before that meeting, the Monday of that week. The sense of omissions to repair, of a superior line to take, perhaps made him study with more intensity to please the personage, who gave him ten minutes and asked him five questions. A great many doors were successively opened before any palpitating pilgrim who was about to enter the presence of this distinguished man; but they were discreetly closed again behind Sherringham, and I must ask the reader to pause with me at the nearer end of the momentary vista. This particular pilgrim fortunately felt that he could count upon being recognized not only as a faithful if obscure official in the great hierarchy, but as a clever young man who happened to be connected by blood with people his lordship had intimately known. No doubt it was simply as the clever young man that Peter received the next morning, from her ladyship, a note asking him to dine on the morrow. He had received such cards before, and he always responded to the invitation they embodied: he did so, however, on the present occasion, with a sense of unusual intention. In due course his intention was translated into words: before the gentlemen left the dining-room he took the liberty of asking his noble host if during the next few days there would be three minutes more that he might, in his extreme benevolence, bestow upon him.

"What is it you want? Tell me now," his lordship replied, motioning to the rest of the company to pass out and detaining Peter in the dining-room.

Peter's excellent training covered every contingency: he could be concise or diffuse, as the occasion required. Even he himself, however, was surprised at the quick felicity of the terms in which he was conscious of conveying that if it were compatible with higher conveniences he should peculiarly like to be transferred to duties in a more distant quarter of the globe. Indeed, though Sherringham was fond of thinking of himself as a man of emotions controlled by training, it is not impossible that there was a greater candor than he knew in the expression of his face and even the slight tremor of his voice as he presented this petition. He had wished extremely that his manner should be good in doing so, but perhaps the best part of it, for his interlocutor, was just the part in which it failed — in which it confessed a secret that the highest diplomacy would not have confessed. Sherringham remarked to the minister that he did n't care in the least where the place might be, nor how little coveted a post; the further away the better, and the climate did n't matter. He would only prefer, of course, that there should be really something to do, although he would make the best of it even if there were not. He stopped in time, or at least he thought he did, not to appear to suggest that he covertly sought relief from the misery of a hindered passion in a flight to latitudes unfavorable to human life. His august patron gave him a sharp look which, for a moment, seemed the precursor of a sharper question; but the moment elapsed and the question did not come. This considerate omission, characteristic of a true man of the world, and representing quick guesses and still quicker indifferences, made Sherringham from that moment his lordship's ardent partisan. What did come was a good-natured laugh and the ex-

clamation, "You know there are plenty of swamps and jungles, if you want that sort of thing." Sherringham replied that it was very much that sort of thing he did want; whereupon his lordship continued, "I 'll see — I 'll see: if anything turns up, you shall hear."

Something turned up the very next day: our young man, taken at his word, found himself indebted to the post for a large, stiff, engraved official letter, in which the high position of minister to the smallest of Central American republics was offered to him. The republic, though small, was big enough to be "shaky," and the position, though high, was not so exalted that there were not much greater altitudes above it to which it was a stepping-stone. Sherringham took one thing with another, rejoiced at his easy triumph, reflected that he must have been even more noticed at headquarters than he had hoped, and, on the spot, consulting nobody and waiting for nothing, signified his cordial acceptance of the place. Nobody with a grain of sense would have advised him to do anything else. It made him happier than he had supposed he should ever be again; it made him feel, professionally, in the train, as they said in Paris; it was serious, it was interesting, it was exciting, and Sherringham's imagination, letting itself loose into the future, began once more to scale the crowning heights. It was very simple to hold one's course if one really tried, and he blessed republics and the torrid zone. A further communication informed him that he would be expected to return to Paris, for a short interval, a week later, and that he would before that time be advised of the date at which he was to proceed to his remoter duties.

XXXIX.

The first thing Peter now did was to go and see Lady Agnes Dormer; it is not unworthy of note that he took, on the other hand, no step to make his promotion known to Miriam Rooth. To render it more probable he should find her he went at the luncheon-hour; and she was indeed on the point of sitting down to that repast with Grace. Biddy was not at home — Biddy was never at home now, her mother said: she was always at Nick's place, she spent her life there, she ate and drank there, she almost slept there. What she found to do there, in so many hours, or what was the irresistible spell, Lady Agnes could not pretend that she had succeeded in discovering. She spoke of this baleful resort only as "Nick's place," and she spoke of it at first as little as possible. She thought it very probable, however, that Biddy would come in early that afternoon: there was something or other, some common social duty, that she had condescended to promise she would perform with Grace. Poor Lady Agnes, whom Sherringham found in a very grim yet very tremulous condition (she assured her visitor her nerves were all gone), almost abused her younger daughter for two minutes, having evidently a deep-seated need of abusing some one. I must add, however, that she did n't wait to meet Grace's eye before recovering, by a rapid gyration, her view of the possibilities of things — those possibilities from which she still might squeeze, as a mother, the drop that would sweeten her cup. "Dear child," she had the presence of mind to add, "her only fault is, after all, that she adores her brother. She has a capacity for adoration, and must always take her gospel from some one."

Grace declared to Peter that her sister would have stayed at home if she had dreamed he was coming, and Lady Agnes let him know that she had heard all about the hour he had spent with the poor child at Nick's place, and about his extraordinary good-nature in taking the two girls to the play. Peter lunched in

Calcutta Gardens, spending an hour there which proved at first unexpectedly and, as it seemed to him, unfairly dismal. He knew from his own general perceptions, from what Biddy had told him and from what he had heard Nick say in Balaklava Place, that Lady Agnes would have been wounded by her son's apostasy; but it was not till he saw her that he appreciated the dark difference this young man's behavior had made in the outlook of his family. Evidently that behavior had, as he phrased it, pulled the bottom out of innumerable private calculations. These were things that no outsider could measure, and they were none of an outsider's business; it was enough that Lady Agnes struck him really as a woman who had received her death-blow. She looked ten years older; she was white and haggard and tragic. Her eyes burned with a strange intermittent fire which made him say to himself that her children had better look out for her. When they were not filled with this unnatural flame they were suffused with comfortless tears; and altogether the afflicted lady was very bad — very bad indeed. It was because he had known she would be very bad that he had, in his kindness, called upon her in exactly this manner; but he recognized that to undertake to be kind to her in proportion to her need might carry one very far. He was glad he himself had not a wronged, mad mother, and he wondered how Nick Dormer could endure the home he had ruined. Apparently he did n't endure it very much, but had taken definitive and highly convenient refuge in Rosedale Road.

Peter's judgment of his young kinsman was considerably confused, and a sensible element in it was the consciousness that he was perhaps just now not in the best state of mind for judging him at all. At the same time, though he held, in general, that an intelligent man had a legible warrant for doing as he liked, he could scarcely help asking himself whether, in the exercise of a manly freedom, it had been absolutely indispensable that Nick should work such domestic woe. He admitted, indeed, that this was an anomalous vision of Nick, as the worker of domestic woe. Then he saw that Lady Agnes's grievance (there came a moment, later, when she asserted as much) was not quite what Nick, in Balaklava Place, had represented it — with questionable taste, perhaps — to a mocking actress; was not a mere shocked quarrel with his adoption of a "low" career, or a horror, the old-fashioned horror, of the strange licenses taken by artists under pretext of being conscientious: the day for this was past, and English society thought the brush and the fiddle as good as anything else, with two or three exceptions. It was not what he had taken up, but what he had put down, that made the sorry difference, and the tragedy would have been equally great if he had become a wine-merchant or a horse-dealer. Peter had gathered at first that Lady Agnes would not trust herself to speak directly of her trouble, and he obeyed what he supposed to be the best discretion in making no allusion to it. But a few minutes before they rose from luncheon she broke out, and when he attempted to utter a word of mitigation there was something that went to his heart in the way she returned, "Oh, you don't know — you don't know!"

He perceived Grace's eyes fixed upon him at this instant with a look of supplication, and he was uncertain as to what she wanted — that he should say something more to console her mother or should hurry away from the subject. Grace looked old and plain and (he had thought, on coming in) rather cross, but she evidently wanted something. "You don't know," Lady Agnes repeated, with a trembling voice — "you don't know." She had pushed her chair a little away from the table; she held her

pocket-handkerchief pressed hard to her mouth, almost stuffed into it, and her eyes were fixed upon the floor. She made him feel as if he did know — knew what towering piles of confidence and hope had been dashed to the earth. Then Lady Agnes finished her sentence, unexpectedly: "You don't know what my life with my husband was." Here, on the other hand, Peter was slightly at fault — he did n't exactly see what her life with her husband had to do with it. What was clear to him, however, was that they literally had looked for the very greatest things from Nick. It was not quite easy to see why this had been the case — it had not been precisely Sherringham's own prefigurement. Nick appeared to have had the faculty of communicating that sort of faith to women; he had originally given Julia a tremendous dose of it, though she had since shaken off the effects.

"Do you really think he would have done such great things, politically speaking?" Peter inquired. "Do you consider that the root of the matter was in him?"

Lady Agnes hesitated a moment, looking rather hard at her visitor. "I only think what all his friends — all his father's friends — have thought. He was his father's son, after all. No young man ever had a finer training, and he gave, from the first, repeated proof of having the highest sort of ability, the highest sort of ambition. See how he got in, everywhere. Look at his first seat — look at his second," Lady Agnes continued. "Look at what every one says at this moment."

"Look at all the papers!" said Grace. "Did you ever hear him speak?" she asked. And when Peter reminded her that he had spent his life in foreign lands she went on, "Well, you lost something."

"It was very charming," said Lady Agnes quietly.

"Of course he is charming, whatever he does," Peter rejoined. "He 'll be a charming artist."

"Oh, heaven!" groaned Lady Agnes, rising quickly.

"He won't — that 's the worst," Grace amended. "It is n't as if he 'd do things people would like. I 've been to his place, and I never saw such a horrid lot of things — not at all clever or pretty."

"You know nothing whatever about the matter!" Lady Agnes exclaimed, with unexpected asperity. Then she added, to Peter, that, as it happened, her children did have a good deal of artistic taste; Grace was the only one who was totally deficient in it. Biddy was very clever — Biddy really might learn to do pretty things. And anything the poor child could learn was now no more than her duty — there was so little knowing what the future had in store for them all.

"You think too much of the future — you take terribly gloomy views," said Peter, looking for his hat.

"What other views can one take, when one's son has deliberately thrown away a fortune?"

"Thrown one away? Do you mean through not marrying" —

"I mean through killing, by his perversity, the best friend he ever had."

Sherringham stared a moment; then, with laughter, "Ah, but Julia is n't dead of it!"

"I 'm not talking of Julia," said Lady Agnes, with a good deal of majesty. "Nick is n't mercenary, and I 'm not complaining of that."

"She means Mr. Carteret," Grace explained. "He would have done anything, if Nick had stayed in the House."

"But he 's not dead?"

"Charles Carteret is dying," said Lady Agnes — "his end is very, very near. He has been a sort of providence to us — he was Sir Nicholas's second self. But he won't stand such nonsense, and that chapter 's closed."

"You mean he nas dropped Nick out of his will?"

"Cut him off utterly. He has given him notice."

"The old scoundrel! But Nick will work the better for that — he 'll depend on himself."

"Yes, and whom shall *we* depend on?" Grace demanded.

"Don't be vulgar, for God's sake!" her mother ejaculated, with a certain inconsequence.

"Oh, leave Nick alone — he 'll make a lot of money," Peter declared cheerfully, following his two companions into the hall.

"I don't in the least care whether he does or not," said Lady Agnes. "You must come up-stairs again — I 've lots to say to you yet," she went on, seeing that Peter had taken his hat. "You must arrange to come and dine with us immediately; it 's only because I 've been so steeped in misery that I did n't write to you the other day — directly after you called. We don't give parties, as you may imagine, but if you 'll come just as we are, for old acquaintance' sake" —

"Just with Nick — if Nick will come — and dear Biddy," Grace interposed.

"Nick must certainly come, as well as dear Biddy, whom I hoped so much to find," Peter rejoined. "Because I 'm going away — I don't know when I shall see them again."

"Wait with mamma. Biddy will come in, now, at any moment," Grace urged.

"You 're going away?" asked Lady Agnes, pausing at the foot of the stairs and turning her white face upon him. Something in the tone of her voice showed that she had been struck by his own tone.

"I have had promotion, and you must congratulate me. They are sending me out as minister to a little hot hole in Central America — five thousand miles away. I shall have to go rather soon."

"Oh, I 'm so glad!" Lady Agnes breathed. Still she paused, at the foot of the stair, and still she gazed.

"How very delightful, because it will lead, straight off, to all sorts of other good things!" Grace exclaimed.

"Oh, I 'm crawling up, and I 'm an excellency," Peter laughed.

"Then, if you dine with us, your excellency must have great people to meet you."

"Nick and Biddy — they are great enough."

"Come up-stairs — come up-stairs," said Lady Agnes, turning quickly and beginning to ascend.

"Wait for Biddy — I 'm going out," Grace continued, extending her hand to her kinsman. "I shall see you again — not that you care; but good-by now. Wait for Biddy," the girl repeated, in a lower tone, fastening her eyes on his with the same urgent, mystifying gleam that he thought he had perceived in them at luncheon.

"Oh, I 'll go and see her in Rosedale Road," he answered.

"Do you mean to-day — now?"

"I don't know about to-day, but before I leave England."

"Well, she 'll be in immediately," said Grace. "Good-by to your excellency."

"Come up, Peter — *please* come up," called Lady Agnes, from the top of the stairs.

He mounted, and when he found himself in the drawing-room with her, with the door closed, she told him that she was exceedingly interested in his fine prospects, that she wished to hear all about his new position. She rang for coffee, and she indicated the seat he would find most comfortable; he had for a moment an apprehension that she would tell him he might, if he liked, light a cigar. For Peter Sherringham had suddenly become restless — too restless to occupy a comfortable chair; he seated himself in it only to jump up again,

and he went to the window — while he communicated to his hostess the very little that he knew about his prospective post — on hearing a vehicle drive up to the door. A strong light had just been thrown into his mind, and it seemed to grow stronger when, looking out of the window, he saw Grace Dormer issue from the house in a bonnet and jacket which had all the air of having been assumed with extraordinary speed. Her jacket was unbuttoned, her gloves were dangling from her hand, and she was tying her bonnet-strings. The vehicle into which she hastily sprang was a hansom-cab which had been summoned by the butler from the doorstep, and which rolled away with her after she had given the cabman an address.

"Where is Grace going in such a hurry?" he asked of Lady Agnes; to which she replied that she had not the least idea — her children, at the pass they had all come to, knocked about as they liked.

Peter sat down again; he stayed a quarter of an hour, and then he stayed longer, and during this time his appreciation of what Lady Agnes had in her mind gathered force. She showed him clearly enough what she had in her mind, although she showed it by no clumsy nor reprehensible overtures. It looked out of her sombre, conscious eyes and quavered in her preoccupied, perfunctory tones. She manifested an extravagant interest in his future proceedings, the probable succession of events in his career, the different honors he would be likely to come in for, the salary attached to his actual appointment, the salary attached to the appointments that would follow — they would be sure to, would n't they? — and what he might reasonably expect to save. Oh, he must save — Lady Agnes was an advocate of saving; and he must take tremendous pains, and he must get on and be clever and ambitious; he must make himself indispensable and rise to the top. She was urgent and suggestive and sympathetic; she threw herself into the vision of his achievements and emoluments as if to satisfy a little the sore hunger with which Nick's treachery had left her. This was touching to Peter Sherringham, and he did not remain unmoved even at those more importunate moments when, as she fell into silence, fidgeting feverishly with a morsel of fancy-work that she had plucked from a table, her whole presence became an intense repressed appeal to him. What that appeal would have been had it been uttered was: "Oh, Peter, take little Biddy; oh, my dear young friend, understand your interests at the same time that you understand mine; be kind and reasonable and clever; save me all further anxiety and tribulation and accept my lovely, faultless child from my hands."

That was what Lady Agnes had always meant, more or less, that was what Grace had meant, and they meant it with singular lucidity on the present occasion. Lady Agnes meant it so much that from one moment to another Peter scarcely knew what she might do; and Grace meant it so much that she had rushed away in a hansom to fetch her sister from the studio. Grace, however, was a fool, for Biddy certainly would n't come. The news of his promotion had set them off, adding brightness to their idea of his being an excellent match; bringing home to them sharply the sense that if he were going away to strange countries he must take Biddy with him — that something at all events must be settled about Biddy before he went. They had suddenly begun to throb with the conviction that they had no time to lose.

Strangely enough, the perception of all this had not the effect of throwing Peter on the defensive, or at least of making him wish to bolt. When once he had discovered what was in the air he recognized a propriety, a real felicity in it; could not deny that he was, in certain

ways, a good match, since it was quite probable he would go far; and was even generous enough (as he had no fear of being dragged to the altar) to enter into the conception that he might offer some balm to a mother who had had a horrid disappointment. The feasibility of marrying Biddy was not exactly augmented by the idea that his doing so would be a great offset to what Nick had made Lady Agnes suffer; but, at any rate, Peter did not dislike his strenuous companion so much as to wish to punish her for being strenuous. He was not afraid of her, whatever she might do; and though he was unable to grasp the practical relevancy of Biddy's being produced on the instant he was willing to linger for half an hour on the chance of her turning up.

There was a certain contagion in Lady Agnes's appeal — it made him appeal sensibly to himself. For, indeed, as it is time to say, the glass of our young man's spirit had been polished for that reflection. It was only at this moment that he became really candid with himself. When he made up his mind that his only safety was in flight, and took the strong measure of asking for assistance to flee, he was very conscious that another and probably still more effectual safeguard (especially if the two should be conjoined) lay in the hollow of his hand. Julia Dallow's words in Paris had come back to him, and had seemed much wiser than when they were spoken: "She 'll save you disappointments; you would know the worst that can happen to you, and it would n't be bad." Julia had put it into a nutshell — Biddy would probably save him disappointments. And then she was — well, she was Biddy. Peter knew better what that was since the hour he had spent with her in Rosedale Road. But he had brushed away the sense of it, though he was aware that in doing so he took only half measures, was even guilty of a sort of fraud upon himself. If he was sincere in wishing to put a gulf between his future and that portion of his past and present which was associated with Miriam Rooth, there was a very simple way to do so. He had dodged that way, dishonestly fixing upon another which, taken alone, was far from being so good; but Lady Agnes brought him back to it. She held him in magnanimous contemplation of it, during which the safety, as Julia had called it, of the remedy became fascinating to his mind, especially as that safety appeared not to exclude a concomitant sweetness. It would be simple and it would swallow up his problems; it would put an end to all alternatives, which, as alternatives were otherwise putting an end to him, would be an excellent thing. It would settle the whole question of his future, and it was high time this should be settled.

Peter took two cups of coffee while he made out his future with Lady Agnes, but though he drank them slowly he had finished them before Biddy turned up. He stayed three quarters of an hour, saying to himself that she would n't come — why should she come? Lady Agnes said nothing about this; she really, in vulgar vocables, said nothing about any part of the business. But she made him fix the next day but one for coming to dinner, and her repeated declaration that there would be no one else, not another creature but themselves, had almost the force of a legal paper. In giving his word that he would come without fail, and not write the next day to throw them over for some function that he should choose to dub obligatory, Peter felt quite as if he were putting his name to such a document. He went away at half past three; Biddy, of course, had n't come, and he had been certain she would n't. He could n't imagine what Grace's idea had been, nor what pretext she had put forward to her sister. Whatever it had been, Biddy had seen through it and hated such machi-

nations. Peter could only like her the better for that.

XL.

Lady Agnes would doubtless have done better, in her own interest or in that of her child, to have made sure of Peter's company for the very next evening. This she had indeed attempted, but the plan had succumbed to difficulties. Peter had a theory that he was inextricably engaged; moreover her ladyship could not take upon herself to answer for Nick. Of course they must have Nick, though, to tell the truth, the hideous truth, she and her son were scarcely upon terms. Peter insisted on Nick; he wished particularly to see him; and he gave his hostess notice that he would make each of them forgive everything to the other. Lady Agnes declared that all her son had to forgive was her loving him more than her life, and she would have challenged Peter, had he allowed it, on the general ground of the comparative dignity of the two arts of painting portraits and governing nations. Peter declined the challenge; the most he did was to intimate that he perhaps saw Nick more vividly as a painter than as a governor. Later he remembered vaguely something Lady Agnes had said about their being a governing family.

He was going, by what he could ascertain, to a very queer climate, and he had many preparations to make. He gave his best attention to these, and for a couple of hours after leaving Lady Agnes he rummaged London for books from which he might extract information about his new habitat. It made apparently no great figure in literature, so that Peter could reflect that he was perhaps destined to find a salutary distraction in filling the void with a volume of impressions. After he had gathered that there were no books he went into the Park. He treated himself to an afternoon or two there when he happened to drop upon London in the summer; it refreshed his sense of the British interests he would have to stand up for. Moreover, he had been hiding more or less, and now all that was changed, and this was the simplest way not to hide. He met a host of friends, made his situation as public as possible, and accepted on the spot a great many invitations; all subject, however, to the mental reservation that he should allow none of them to interfere with his being present the first night of Miriam's new venture. He was going to the equator to get away from her, but, to break with the past with some decency of form, he must show an affected interest, if he could muster none other, in an occasion that meant so much for her. The least intimate of her associates would do that, and Peter remembered that, at the expense of good manners, he had stayed away from her first appearance on any stage. He would have been shocked if he had found himself obliged to go back to Paris without giving her his personal countenance at the imminent crisis, so good a right had she to expect it.

It was nearly eight o'clock when he went to Great Stanhope Street to dress for dinner and learn that a note which he found on the hall table, and which bore the marks of hasty dispatch, had come in three or four hours before. It exhibited the signature of Miriam Rooth and informed him that she positively expected him at the theatre at eleven o'clock the next morning, for which hour a dress rehearsal of the revived play had been hurriedly determined upon, the first night being now definitely fixed for the impending Saturday. She counted upon his attendance at both ceremonies, but she had particular reasons for wishing to see him at the rehearsal. "I want you to see and judge and tell me," she said, "for my mind 's like a flogged horse — it won't give another kick." It was for the Satur-

day he had made Lady Agnes his promise; he had thought of the possibility of the play in doing so, but had rested in the faith that, from valid symptoms, this complication would not occur till the following week. He decided nothing on the spot in relation to the conflict — it was enough to dash off three words to Miriam to the effect that he would sooner perish than fail her on the morrow.

He went to the theatre in the morning, and the episode proved curious and instructive. Though there were twenty people in the stalls it bore little resemblance to those *répétitions générales* to which, in Paris, his love of the drama had often attracted him, and which, taking place at night, in the theatre closed to the public, are virtually first performances with invited spectators. They were, to his sense, always settled and stately, and were rehearsals of the *première* even more than rehearsals of the play. The present occasion was less august; it was not so much a concert as a confusion of sounds, and it took audible and at times disputatious counsel with itself. It was rough and frank and spasmodic, but it was vivid and strong, and, in spite of the serious character of the piece, often exceedingly droll; and it gave Sherringham, oddly enough, a livelier sense than he had ever had of bending over the hissing, smoking, sputtering caldron in which an adequate performance is cooked. He looked into the gross darkness that may result from excess of light; that is, he understood how knocked up, on the eve of production, every one concerned in the preparation of a play might be, with nerves overstretched and glasses blurred, awaiting the test and the response, the echo to be given back by the big, receptive, artless, stupid, delightful public. Sherringham's interest had been great in advance, and as Miriam, since his arrival, had taken him much into her confidence he knew what she intended to do and had discussed a hundred points with her. They had differed about some of them, and she had always said, "Ah, but wait till you see how I shall do it at the time!" That was usually her principal reason and her most convincing argument. She had made some changes at the last hour — she was going to do several things in another way. But she wanted a touchstone, she wanted a fresh ear, and, as she told Sherringham when he went behind after the first act, that was why she had insisted on this private performance, to which a few fresh ears were to be admitted. They did n't want to let her have it — they were a parcel of donkeys; but as to what she meant, in general, to have, she had given them a hint which she flattered herself they would n't soon forget.

Miriam spoke as if she had had a great battle with her fellow-workers and had routed them utterly. It was not the first time Sherringham had heard her talk as if such a life as hers could only be a fighting life, and as if she frankly recognized the fine uses of a faculty for making a row. She rejoiced that she had this faculty, for she knew what to do with it; and though there might be arrogance and swagger in taking such a stand in advance, when one had done the infinitely little that she had done, yet she trusted to the future to show how right she should have been in believing that a pack of idiots would never hold out against her, would know that they could n't afford to. Her assumption, of course, was that she fought for the light and the right, for the good way and the thorough, for doing a thing properly if one did it at all. What she had really wanted was the theatre closed for a night, and the dress rehearsal, put on for a few people, given instead of Yolande. That she had not got, but she would have it the next time. She spoke as if her triumphs behind the scenes, as well as before, would go by

leaps and bounds, and Sherringham perfectly believed, for the time, that she would drive her coadjutors in front of her like sheep. Her tone was the sort of thing that would have struck one as preposterous if one did n't believe in her; but if one did believe in her it only seemed thrown in with the other gifts. How was she going to act that night, and what could be said for such a hateful way of doing things? She asked Sherringham questions that he was quite unable to answer; she abounded in superlatives and tremendously strong objections. He had a sharper vision than usual of the queer fate, for a peaceable man, of being involved in a life of so violent a rhythm; one might as well be hooked to a Catharine-wheel and whiz round in flame and smoke.

It was only for five minutes, in the wing, amid jostling and shuffling and shoving, that they held this conference. Miriam, splendid in a brocaded anachronism, a false dress of the beginning of the century, and excited and appealing, imperious and reckless and good-natured, full of exaggerated propositions, supreme determinations, and comical irrelevancies, showed as radiant a young head as the stage had ever seen. Other people quickly surrounded her, and Sherringham saw that though she wanted a fresh ear and a fresh eye she was liable to tell those who possessed these advantages that they did n't know what they were talking about. It was rather hard with her (Basil Dashwood let him into this, wonderfully painted and in a dress even more beautiful than Miriam's — that of a young dandy of the ages of silk): if you were not in the business you were one kind of donkey, and if you *were* in the business you were another kind. Sherringham noted with a certain displeasure that Gabriel Nash was not there; he preferred to believe that it was from this observation that his annoyance happened to come when Miriam, after the remark just quoted from Dashwood, laughing and saying that at any rate the thing would do because it would just have to do, thrust vindictively but familiarly into the young actor's face a magnificent feather fan. "Is n't he too lovely," she asked, "and does n't he know how to do it?" Basil Dashwood had the sense of costume even more than Sherringham supposed, inasmuch as it now appeared that he had gone profoundly into the question of what his clever comrade was to wear. He had drawn patterns and hunted up stuffs, had helped her to try on her clothes, had bristled with ideas and pins. It is not perfectly easy to explain why Sherringham grudged Gabriel Nash the cynicism of his absence; it may even be thought singular that he should have missed him. At any rate he flushed a little when Miriam, of whom he inquired whether she had n't invited her oldest and dearest friend, exclaimed, "Oh, he says he does n't like the kitchen fire — he only wants the pudding!" It would have taken the kitchen fire to account, at that moment, for the red of Sherringham's cheek; and he was indeed uncomfortably heated by helping to handle, as he phrased it, the saucepans.

This he felt so much after he had returned to his seat, which he forbore to quit again till the curtain had fallen on the last act, that, in spite of the high beauty of that part of the performance of which Miriam carried the weight, there was a moment when his emancipation led him to give a suppressed gasp of relief, as if he were scrambling up the bank of a torrent after an undue immersion. The girl herself, at any rate, as was wholly right, was of the incorruptible faith; she had been saturated to good purpose with the great spirit of Madame Carré. That was conspicuous as the play went on and she watched over the detail with weary passion. Sherringham had never liked the piece itself; he thought that, as clumsy in form and false in feeling, it did little

honor to the British theatre; he hated many of the speeches, pitied Miriam for having to utter them, and considered that, lighted by that sort of candle, the path of fame might very well lead nowhere.

When the rehearsal was over he went behind again, and in the rose-colored satin of the *dénoûment*, the heroine of the occasion said to him, "Fancy my having to drag through that other stuff to-night — the brutes!" He was vague about the persons designated in this allusion, but he let it pass; he had at the moment a kind of detached foreboding of the way any gentleman familiarly connected with Miriam in the future would probably form the habit of letting objurgations and some other things pass. This had become, indeed, now, a frequent state of mind with him; the instant he was before her, near her, next her, he found himself a helpless subject of the spell which, so far at least as he was concerned, she put forth by contact and of which the potency was punctual and absolute; the fit came on, as he said, exactly as some esteemed express train on a great line bangs at a given moment into the station. At a distance he partly recovered himself — that was the encouragement for going to Central America; but as soon as he entered her presence his life struck him as a thing disconnected from his will. It was as if he had been one thing and his behavior another; he had glimpses of pictures of this difference, drawn, as they might be, from the coming years — little illustrative scenes in which he saw himself in strange attitudes of resignation, always rather sad and still, with a slightly bent head. Such images should not have been inspiring, but it is a fact that they were decidedly fascinating. The gentleman with the bent head had evidently given up something that was dear to him, but it was exactly because he had got his price that he was there. "Come and see me three or four hours hence," Miriam said — "come, that is, about six. I shall rest till then, but I want particularly to talk with you. There will be no one else — not the end of any one's nose. You'll do me good." So of course Peter drove up to Balaklava Place about six.

XLI.

"I don't know — I have n't the least idea — I don't care — don't ask me," he broke out immediately, in answer to some question which she put to him, with little delay, about his sense of the way she had done certain things at the theatre. Had she not, frankly, better give up that way and return to their first idea, the one they had talked over so much? Sherringham declared that it was not *his* idea; that, at any rate, he should never have another as long as he lived; and that, so help him heaven, they had talked such things over more than enough.

"You 're tired of me — yes, already," said Miriam, sadly and kindly. They were alone, her mother had not peeped out, and she had prepared herself to return to the theatre. "However, it does n't matter, and of course your head is full of other things. You must think me ravenously selfish — perpetually chattering about my little shop. What will you have when one 's a shop-girl? You used to like it, but then you were n't a minister."

"What do you know about my being a minister?" Sherringham asked, leaning back in his chair and gazing at her from sombre eyes. Sometimes he thought she looked better on the stage than she did off it, and sometimes he thought the exact contrary. The former of these convictions had held his mind in the morning, and it was now punctually followed by the other. In general, as soon as she stepped on the boards a great

and special alteration took place in her — she was in focus and in her frame; yet there were hours, too, in which she wore her world's face before the audience, just as there were hours when she wore her stage face in the world. She took up either mask as it suited her humor. To-day Sherringham was seeing each in its order, and he thought each the best.

"I should know very little if I waited for you to tell me — that 's very certain," Miriam answered. "It 's in the papers that you 've got a high appointment, but I don't read the papers unless there 's something in them about myself. Next week I shall devour them, and think them driveling too, no doubt. It was Basil Dashwood told me, this afternoon, of your promotion — he has seen it announced somewhere. I 'm delighted if it gives you more money and more advantages, but don't expect me to be glad that you 're going away to some distant, disgusting country."

"The matter has only just been settled, and we have each been busy with our own affairs. Even if you had n't given me these opportunities," Sherringham went on, "I should have tried to see you to-day, to tell you my news and take leave of you."

"Take leave? Are n't you coming to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, I shall see you through that. But I shall rush away the very moment it 's over."

"I shall be much better then — really I shall," the girl said.

"The better you are the worse you are."

Miriam returned his gaze with a beautiful charity. "If it would do you any good I would be bad."

"The worse you are the better you are!" laughed Sherringham. "You 're a kind of devouring demon."

"Not a bit! It 's you."

"It 's I? I like that."

"It 's you who make trouble, who are sore and suspicious and supersubtle, not taking things as they come and for what they are, but twisting them into a torment and a misery. Oh, I 've watched you enough, my dear friend, and I 've been sorry for you — and sorry for myself; for I 'm not so taken up with myself as you think. I 'm not such a low creature. I 'm capable of gratitude, I 'm capable of affection. One may live in paint and tinsel, but one is n't absolutely without a soul. Yes, I 've got one," the girl went on, "though I do practice my intonations. If what you are going to do is good for you, I 'm very glad. If it leads to good things, to honor and fortune and greatness, I 'm enchanted. If it means your being away always, forever and ever, of course that 's serious. You know it — I need n't tell you — I regard you as I really don't regard any one else. I have a confidence in you — ah, it 's a luxury. You 're a gentleman, *mon bon* — ah, you 're a gentleman! It 's just that. And then you see, you understand, and that 's a luxury too. You 're a luxury altogether, Mr. Sherringham. Your being where I shall never see you is not a thing I shall enjoy; I know that from the separation of these last months — after our beautiful life in Paris, the best thing that ever happened to me or that ever will. But if it 's your career, if it 's your happiness, I can miss you and hold my tongue. I *can* be disinterested — I can!"

"What did you desire me to come for?" Sherringham asked, attentive and motionless. The same impression, the old impression, was with him again; the sense that if she was sincere it was sincerity of execution, if she was genuine it was the genuineness of doing it well. She did it so well now that this very fact was charming and touching. When she asked him, at the theatre, to grant her the hour in the afternoon, she wanted, candidly (the more as she had not seen him at home for several days), to go

over with him once again, on the eve of the great night (it would be for her second attempt the critics would lie so in wait — the first success might have been a fluke), some of her recurrent doubts; knowing from experience what good ideas he often had, how he could give a worrying alternative its quietus at the last. Then she had heard from Dashwood of the change in his situation, and that had really, from one moment to the other, made her think sympathetically of his preoccupations — led her open-handedly to drop her own. She was sorry to lose him and eager to let him know how good a friend she was conscious that he had been to her. But the expression of this was already, at the end of a minute, a strange bedevilment: she began to listen to herself, to speak dramatically, to represent. She uttered the things she felt as if they were snatches of old play-books, and really felt them the more because they sounded so well. This, however, did n't prevent them from being as good feelings as those of anybody else, and at the moment Sherringham, to still a rising emotion — which he knew he should n't still — articulated the challenge I have just recorded, she seemed to him to have at any rate the truth of gentleness and generosity.

"There 's something the matter with you — you 're jealous," said Miriam. "You 're jealous of Mr. Dormer. That 's an example of the way you tangle everything up. Lord, he won't hurt you, nor me either!"

"He can't hurt me, my dear, and neither can you; for I have a nice little heart of stone and a smart new breastplate of iron. The interest I take in you is something quite extraordinary; but the most extraordinary thing in it is that it 's perfectly prepared to tolerate the interest of others."

"The interest of others need n't trouble it much!" Miriam declared. "If Mr. Dormer has broken off his marriage to such an awfully fine woman (for she is that, your swell of a sister), it is n't for a loud wretch like me. He 's kind to me because that 's his nature, and he notices me because that 's his business; but he 's away up in the clouds — a thousand miles over my head. He has got something 'on,' as they say; he 's in love with an idea. I think it 's a shocking bad one, but that 's his own affair. He 's quite *exalté;* living on nectar and ambrosia — what he has to spare for us poor crawling things on earth is only a few crumbs. I did n't even ask him to come to the rehearsal. Besides, he thinks you 're in love with me, and that it would n't be honorable to cut in. He 's capable of that — is n't it charming?"

"If he were to relent and give up his scruples, would you marry him?" asked Sherringham.

"Mercy, how you talk about marrying!" the girl laughed. "You 've all got it on the brain."

"Why, I put it that way to please you, because you complained to me last year precisely that that was not what seemed generally to be wanted."

"Oh, last year!" Miriam murmured. Then, differently, "Yes, it 's very tiresome!" she exclaimed.

"You told me, moreover, in Paris, more than once, that you would n't listen to anything but that."

"Well, I won't, but I shall wait till I find a husband who 's bad enough. One who 'll beat me, and swindle me, and spend my money on other women — that 's the sort of man for me. Mr. Dormer, delightful as he is, does n't come up to that."

"You 'll marry Basil Dashwood," Sherringham replied.

"Oh, marry? — call it marry, if you like. That 's what poor mother says — she lives in dread of it."

"To this hour," said Sherringham, "I have n't managed to make out what your mother wants. She has so many ideas, as Madame Carré said."

"She wants me to be a tremendous sort of creature — all her ideas are reducible to that. What makes the muddle is that she is n't clear about the kind of creature she wants most. A great actress or a great lady — sometimes she inclines for one, and sometimes for the other; but on the whole she persuades herself that a great actress, if she 'll cultivate the right people, may *be* a great lady. When I tell her that won't do, and that a great actress can never be anything but a great vagabond, then the dear old thing has tantrums, and we have scenes — the most grotesque: they 'd make the fortune, for a subject, of some play-writing fellow, if he had the wit to guess them; which, luckily for us, perhaps, he never will. She usually winds up by protesting — *devinez un peu quoi!*" Miriam added. And as her companion professed his complete inability to divine, "By declaring that rather than take it that way I must marry *you*."

"She 's shrewder than I thought. It 's the last of vanities to talk about it, but I may mention in passing that if you would marry me you should be the greatest of all possible ladies."

"Heavens, my dear fellow, what natural capacity have I for that?"

"You 're artist enough for anything. I shall be a great diplomatist; my resolution is firmly taken. I 'm infinitely cleverer than you have the least idea of, and you shall be a great diplomatist's wife."

"And the demon, the devil, the devourer and destroyer, that you are so fond of talking about: what, in such a position, do you do with that element of my nature? *Où le fourrez-vous?*"

"I 'll look after it, I 'll keep it under. Rather, perhaps, I should say, I 'll bribe it and lull it — I 'll gorge it with earthly grandeurs."

"That 's better," said Miriam; "for a demon that 's kept under is a shabby little demon. Don't let us be shabby." Then she added, "Do you really go away the beginning of next week?"

"Monday night, if possible."

"That 's to Paris. Before you go to your new post they must give you an interval here."

"I sha'n't take it — I 'm so tremendously keen for my duties. I shall insist on going sooner. Oh, I shall be concentrated now."

"I 'll come and act there," said Miriam, with her handsome smile. "I 've already forgotten what it was I wanted to discuss with you: it was some trumpery stuff. What I want to say now is only one thing: that it 's not in the least true that because my life pitches me in every direction and mixes me up with all sorts of people — or rather with one sort, mainly, poor dears! — I have n't a decent character, I have n't common honesty. Your sympathy, your generosity, your patience, your precious suggestions, our dear, sweet days last summer in Paris, I shall never forget. You 're the best — you 're different from all the others. Think of me as you please, and make profane jokes about my matrimonial prospects — I shall think of *you* only in one way. I have a great respect for you. With all my heart I hope you 'll be a great diplomatist. God bless you!"

Miriam got up as she spoke, and in so doing she glanced at the clock — a movement which somehow only added to the noble gravity of her discourse: it was as if she were considering his time, not her own. Sherringham, at this, rising too, took out his watch and stood a moment with his eyes bent upon it, though without in the least perceiving what the needles marked.

"You 'll have to go, to reach the theatre at your usual hour, won't you? Let me not keep you. That is, let me keep you only long enough just to say this, once for all, as I shall never speak of it again. I 'm going away to save myself," Sherringham went on, deliber-

ately, standing before her and soliciting her eyes with his own. "I ought to go, no doubt, in silence, in decorum, in virtuous submission to hard necessity — without asking for credit or sympathy, without provoking any sort of scene or calling attention to my fortitude. But I can't — upon my soul I can't. I can go, I can see it through, but I can't hold my tongue. I want you to know all about it, so that over there, when I 'm bored to death, I shall at least have the exasperatingly vain consolation of feeling that you do know."

He paused a moment, upon which Miriam asked, "That I do know what?"

"That I have a consuming passion for you, and that it 's impossible."

"Ah, impossible, my friend," she sighed, but with a quickness in her assent.

"Very good; it interferes, the gratification of it would interfere, fatally, with the ambition of each of us. Our ambitions are odious, but we are tied fast to them."

"Ah, why ain't we simple?" Miriam quavered. "Why ain't we of the people — *comme tout le monde* — just a man and a girl liking each other?"

Sherringham hesitated a moment; she was so tenderly mocking, so sweetly ambiguous, as she said this. "Because we are precious asses! However, I 'm simple enough, after all, to care for you as I have never cared for any human creature. You have, as it happens, a personal charm for me that no one has ever approached, and from the top of your splendid head to the sole of your theatrical shoe (I could go down on my face — there, abjectly — and kiss it!) every inch of you is dear and delightful to me. Therefore good-by."

Miriam stared, at this, with wider eyes; he had put the matter in a way that struck her. For a moment, all the same, he was afraid she would reply as if she had often heard that sort of thing before. But she was too much moved — the pure color that had risen to her face showed it — to have recourse to this particular facility. She was moved even to the glimmer of tears, though she gave him her hand with a smile. "I 'm so glad you 've said all that; for from you I know what it means. Certainly, it 's better for you to go away. Of course it 's all wrong, is n't it? — but that 's the only thing it can be: therefore it 's all right, is n't it? Some day when we are great people we 'll talk these things over; then we shall be quiet, we shall be at peace — let us hope so, at least — and better friends than people will know." She paused a moment, smiling still; then she said, while he held her hand, "Don't, *don't* come tomorrow night."

With this she attempted to draw her hand away, as if everything were settled and over; but the effect of her movement was that, as he held her hand tight, he was simply drawn toward her and close to her. The effect of this, in turn, was that, releasing her only to possess her more, he seized her in his arms, and breathing deeply, "I love you!" clasped her in a long embrace. It was so long that it gave the door of the room time to open before either of them had taken notice. Mrs. Rooth, who had not peeped in before, peeped in now, becoming in this matter witness of an incident she could scarcely have expected. The unexpected, indeed, for Mrs. Rooth, had never been an unpardonable element in things; it was her system, in general, to be too harmonious to be surprised. As the others turned round they saw her standing there and smiling at them, and heard her ejaculate, with wise indulgence —

"Oh, you extravagant children!"

Miriam brushed off her tears, quickly but unconfusedly. "He 's going away — he 's bidding us farewell."

Sherringham — it was perhaps a result of his general agitation — laughed

out at the "us," and Mrs. Rooth returned, "Going away? Ah, then I must have one too!" And she held out both her hands. Sherringham stepped forward and, taking them, kissed her, respectfully, on each cheek, in the foreign manner, while she continued, "Our dear old friend — our kind, gallant gentleman!"

"The gallant gentleman has been promoted to a great post — the proper reward of his gallantry," Miriam said. "He 's going out as minister to some impossible place — where is it?"

"As minister — how very charming! We *are* getting on." And the old woman gave him a curious little upward interrogative leer.

"Oh, well enough. One must take what one can get," he answered.

"You 'll get everything now, I 'm sure, sha'n't you?" Mrs. Rooth asked, with an inflection that called back to him, comically (the source was so different), the very vibrations he had noted the day before in Lady Agnes's voice.

"He 's going to glory, and he 'll forget all about us — forget that he has ever known such people. So we shall never see him again, and it 's better so. Good-by, good-by," Miriam repeated; "the brougham must be there, but I won't take you. I want to talk to mother about you, and we shall say things not fit for you to hear. Oh, I 'll let you know what we lose — don't be afraid," she added to Mrs. Rooth. "He 's the rising star of diplomacy."

"I knew it from the first — I know how things turn out for such people as you!" cried the old woman, gazing fondly at Sherringham. "But you don't mean to say you are not coming to-morrow night?"

"Don't — don't; it 's great folly," Miriam interposed; "and it 's quite needless, since you saw me to-day."

Sherringham stood looking from the mother to the daughter, the former of whom broke out to the latter, "Oh, you dear rogue, to say one has *seen* you yet! You know how you 'll come up to it; you 'll be transcendent."

"Yes, I shall be there — certainly," said Sherringham, at the door, to Mrs. Rooth.

"Oh, you dreadful goose!" Miriam called after him. But he went out without looking round at her.

Henry James.

JOHN DICKINSON.

On the second of December, 1767, the Pennsylvania Chronicle and Universal Advertiser produced a sensation among the staid citizens of Philadelphia. To those acquainted with the reputation of its editor, William Goddard, there was less surprise, though greater interest. In New York, immediately before the meeting of the Stamp Act Congress, he had incensed the Royal Council and excited the people by scattering broadcast the Constitutional Courant, purporting to be printed "by Andrew Marvel, at the sign of the Bribe refused, on Constitutional Hill, North America." Coiled about the title of "that incendiary paper" was the representation of a snake in eight parts, denoting New England and the other sections of the American colonies, together with the motto "Join or die." But the existence of the Constitutional Courant, like its object (to promote union against the Stamp Act), had been transitory. It had had but a single issue; and its bold publisher, moving to Philadelphia, had started the Pennsyl-

vania Chronicle and Universal Advertiser.

In the issue above referred to, this paper contained a letter, addressed To my Dear Countrymen, and signed A Farmer, the tone and aspect of which aroused much curiosity and excitement. Who this Farmer might be many were asking, but no one could tell. The chief evidence presented by the letter itself was in its opening, which appeared to be a description of the writer, and was as follows: "I am a farmer, settled, after a variety of fortunes, near the banks of the river Delaware, in the province of Pennsylvania. I received a liberal education, and have been engaged in the busy scenes of life, but am now convinced that a man may be as happy without bustle as with it. My farm is small; my servants are few and good; I have a little money at interest; I wish no more; my employment in my own affairs is easy; and with a contented, grateful mind, undisturbed by worldly hopes or fears relating to myself, I am completing the number of days allotted to me by divine goodness."

Before speculation as to the identity of this wise, contented old "farmer" could take definite shape, there appeared a second letter, with the same address and signature, upon the same general subject and with a similar treatment; and during the ensuing ten weeks ten more were published, the last on February 17, 1768. With the advent of each successive letter the popular interest and excitement increased and spread. It was dispatched and copied throughout the thirteen provinces. As soon as the series was completed, it was issued and disseminated as a pamphlet, entitled Letters from a Farmer of Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies; and soon the name and words of John Dickinson — for the author was early discovered — were known and read from Massachusetts Bay through Georgia. Indeed, it may be said that prior to the Revolution no American composition was so widely read and admired. Its fame and circulation were not restricted to the British colonies. In May, 1768, it was reprinted in London, with a preface written by Benjamin Franklin, and in 1769 it was published in French at Paris.

This sudden and widespread popularity of the Letters from a Farmer was largely due to the efficiency of the means employed for their circulation. In the American colonies, the newspaper, though of recent origin and crude form, had already become an important circulating medium. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the public duty of news-vender was attached to the office of postmaster, and was performed through correspondence, by circular letters, with neighboring towns and provinces. In 1704, John Campbell, postmaster of Boston, tiring of this clumsy and laborious method, instituted a novel substitute. He started the Boston News-Letter, the first newspaper in America to survive its first issue. Printed on a single sheet, — more often on a half-sheet, — of foolscap size, with two columns on each side, it contained, first, extracts from recent London papers, and then an odd mixture of more important local events with striking incidents and rumors of other places and provinces. Though for fifteen years the Boston News-Letter existed without a rival in America, by 1766 it had been the model for at least forty-three newspapers. Most of them were issued once a week, and were filled chiefly with news and advertisements. But as rumors arose and increased of the designs of the mother country to tax America, the newspapers became more and more the vehicles of public opinion. It was thus that the Letters from a Farmer, as they successively appeared, were taken up and passed on by these public sentinels guarding the common welfare.

These Letters were welcomed by the people because they revealed the startling

nature of the political situation. The storm of resistance that disturbed the whole seaboard upon the passage of the Stamp Act had been almost allayed by the repeal of that measure. Directly, the conviction had spread that Great Britain had yielded the point in dispute, the right to tax the colonies; and there had been a signal reaction in public sentiment toward gratitude, loyalty, and confidence. But this feeling was unfounded. The impossibility of enforcement, not a yielding of the principle, had brought about the repeal of the Stamp Act; and the new ministry, under the lead of Charles Townshend, imputing the failure to a defect in method and a lack of policy, had already begun a second and more subtle attempt to attain the primary object. Under the pretense of exercising its acknowledged right to regulate commerce, Parliament had in June, 1767, substituted for a direct tax — the feature so obnoxious in the Stamp Act — an indirect duty on imports; had imposed a tariff on all importations into the colonies of tea, paints, paper, glass, and lead, — the income therefrom to be used, so far as needed, in supporting the government, not of Great Britain, but of the colonies themselves. Surely, for finesse and boldness this new plan of attack was quite worthy of the brilliant and versatile Townshend; and it might have been successful had it not been for the Letters from a Farmer of Pennsylvania. They sounded the alarm throughout the colonies, and aroused the slumbering people to prompt and vigorous resistance.

Indeed, one can readily understand the remarkable influence of these Letters after noting their style. They abound in direct, incisive statement, cogent reasoning, keen sarcasm, and impassioned appeal; and withal they are infused with a moderate judicial spirit, and are enriched and strengthened by extensive legal and political learning. By a brief, pungent analysis of the recent Townshend Act, the writer revealed an object essentially the same with that of the Grenville Stamp Act, — to appropriate the money of the colonies without their consent. "It is a bird," he declared, "sent out over the waters to discover whether the waves that lately agitated this part of the world with such violence are yet subsided. If this adventurer gets footing here, we shall quickly find it to be of the kind described by the poet, — '*infelix vates*,' — a direful foreteller of future calamities." Reflecting upon the consequences of submission, he intimated: "Some future historian may thus record our fall: 'The eighth year of this reign was distinguished by a very memorable event, the American colonies then submitting for the first time to be taxed by the British Parliament. . . . From thence the decline of their freedom began, and its decay was extremely rapid; for as money was always raised upon them by the Parliament, their assemblies grew immediately useless, and in a short time contemptible; and in less than one hundred years the people sunk down into that tameness and supineness of spirit by which they still continue to be distinguished.'"

The fineness of this sarcasm is no less remarkable than are the dignity, fervor, and force of the final appeal in the twelfth and concluding letter of the series: "Let us with a truly wise generosity and charity banish and discourage all illiberal distinctions which may arise from differences in situation, forms of government, or modes of religion. Let us consider ourselves as men — freemen — Christian freemen, separated from the rest of the world, and firmly bound together by the same rights, interests, and dangers. . . . Let these truths be indelibly impressed on our minds: that we cannot be happy without being free; that we cannot be free without being secure in our property; that we cannot be secure in our property if, without our consent, others may, as by right, take it

away; that taxes imposed on us by Parliament do thus take it away; that duties laid for the sole purpose of raising money are taxes; that attempts to lay such duties should be instantly and firmly opposed; that this opposition can never be effectual unless it be the united effort of these provinces; that therefore benevolence of temper towards each other and unanimity of counsels are essential to the welfare of the whole; and lastly, that, for this reason, every man amongst us who in any manner would encourage either dissension, diffidence, or indifference between these colonies is an enemy to himself and to his country."

Here is, indeed, a masterly summary of the political situation and of the needs of the time, and as such it was everywhere welcomed by the patriots. John Dickinson, the Farmer of Pennsylvania, became the hero of the hour. Within a month after the last letter was published, the citizens of Boston, in town-meeting, voted "that the thanks of the town be given to the ingenious author of a course of letters published at Philadelphia and in this place, and signed A Farmer;" and at the same time the meeting appointed Benjamin Church, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, and John Rowe a committee to prepare and publish a letter of thanks. When prepared, it was accepted by the town and published in the several newspapers. After an elaborate panegyric, it begged leave to "salute the Farmer as the friend of Americans and the common benefactor of mankind." The Society of Fort Saint David's — a company of young men in Pennsylvania, mainly of Welsh descent, associated for the purpose of fishing in the Schuylkill, and possessed of much local prestige — presented Dickinson with an address in a box of heart of oak, ornamented with gold letters, emblems, mottoes, and inscriptions. These are but examples of the many marks of public favor bestowed on Dickinson by his grateful countrymen. It is probable that at this time no man, Franklin possibly excepted, was more widely or more favorably known in the American colonies.

As a natural result, Dickinson was immediately called into politics, both local and intercolonial, a work for which he had varied and peculiar qualifications. Not the least of these were his parentage and his social connections. He was born in 1732. His parents then resided at their country-seat, Crosia, in Talbot County, Maryland; but, a few years later, they removed to Dover, Delaware. At Dover, his father, Samuel Dickinson, a rich Quaker, purchased a large tract of land, and held several important public offices. His mother, Mary Cadwalader, came from a good family of Welsh descent, and was the sister of Dr. John Cadwalader, distinguished in Philadelphia prior to the Revolution as a physician, philanthropist, and man of affairs. After a careful training at home, Dickinson was sent abroad, according to a custom prevalent among wealthy families, especially of the Middle and Southern colonies. Before going abroad he had studied law with John Moland, a barrister of the Inner Temple and a prominent lawyer in Philadelphia, and while in England he continued his legal studies at the Temple, London. On his return to America he began the practice of law, and soon achieved marked success.

In 1770, shortly after the publication of his Letters from a Farmer, Dickinson, then thirty-eight years of age, was married to Mary Norris, the sole surviving child of Isaac Norris, Jr., and of Sara Logan. By this alliance he added to his own large property the control of the Norris estate, and became connected with two of the first Quaker families in Pennsylvania. Both the Logan and the Norris families had long been prominent in politics and in society. James Logan, the maternal grandfather of Mary Norris, came to America with William Penn,

and held successively the important offices of secretary of the Council, trustee of the Penn estate, and chief justice of the province. Withal he gained some distinction in science and literature, and he established a free public library in Philadelphia. Isaac Norris, Jr., like his father, was early in life a successful merchant, greatly increasing his paternal fortune. They both became distinguished in public life. A few years before his death, Isaac Norris, Sr., built and adorned the beautiful country-seat of Fair Hill, situated just outside the town of Philadelphia, upon an estate of over five hundred acres. This was the favorite residence of Isaac Norris, Jr., also, till his death, in 1766; and here John Dickinson lived after his marriage to Mary Norris, then its sole mistress.

Prior to the Revolution Fair Hill was reputed to be one of the most beautiful country residences in America. The mansion itself was a large square structure, with dormer windows and a recessed porch. The spacious halls and parlors were wainscoted in oak and red cedar polished with wax. A flight of broad steps descended from the porch to a wide carriage-way that, bordered with lofty trees and dense shrubbery, led over the lawn to the Germantown road. Several acres were laid out in walks, fish-ponds, and gardens. The last, intersected by graveled paths with clipped hedges, contained many costly exotics, besides a variety of native plants.

But of far more interest to Dickinson was the library which he found at Fair Hill. It included many rare and valuable books, collected mainly by his wife's father, a man of taste, education, and scholarly attainment. It is said to have been, next to that of James Logan, the most extensive in the province. With this added to a large library of his own, Dickinson undoubtedly possessed an equipment for study and research excelled by few, if any, contemporary Americans. Even before going to Fair Hill he wrote of himself: "Being generally master of my time, I spend a good deal of it in a library which I think the most valuable part of my small estate; and being acquainted with two or three gentlemen of abilities and learning, who honor me with their friendship, I have acquired, I believe, a greater knowledge in history and the laws and constitution of my country than is generally attained by men of my class, many of them not being so fortunate as I have been in the opportunities of getting information."

His knowledge of history and government was at this time supplemented by eight years of political experience. In 1762, at thirty years of age, he had entered the Assembly, and since then had been most of the time connected with that body. This period was a stormy one in local politics. The standard of equity recognized by the first Proprietor, William Penn, had not been maintained by his successors. In 1763, John Penn, the lieutenant-governor of the province and the representative of the Proprietaries, by insisting upon a considerable diminution of taxes on Proprietary lands, stirred up a large and vigorous opposition in the Assembly, led by Benjamin Franklin and Joseph Galloway. The latter were so incensed that they endeavored, by petition to the king, to transform the Proprietary government into a royal province. But a large minority, chiefly Quakers, in the Assembly would not go to this extreme, and of this party John Dickinson, who had recently taken his seat, became the leader. He did not countenance the unjust and arbitrary exactions of the Proprietors, but their rule, as a whole, he much preferred to that of royal favorites or emissaries. He therefore resisted to the utmost the revolutionary designs of Franklin and Galloway. But for the time he was defeated. The petition to the king for a change of government was voted by the Assembly, and Frank-

lin was sent to England to advocate it at court.

Franklin gone, Dickinson easily became the first statesman in Pennsylvania, — a fact evident from his part in the stirring events following the passage of the Stamp Act. Under the imminence of foreign oppression local dissension was put aside, and, led by Dickinson, the Assembly adopted and executed a policy of firm but temperate resistance; and this moderation was in such contrast with the violence of Massachusetts and other colonies that it was publicly recognized in a letter from General Conway, Secretary of State. As a delegate from Pennsylvania, Dickinson attended the Stamp Act Congress, and drew its most important measure, the Resolves, called the American Bill of Rights; and on his return he published an able pamphlet, discussing the situation and outlining the policy of non-importation presently executed. To his culture, wealth, social position, and political experience the popularity of the Letters from a Farmer now added an inter-colonial reputation, and their author was hailed throughout America as a leader of the first importance.

This expectation was not disappointed. The Farmer of Pennsylvania had not only revealed the true import of the Townshend Act, but had also suggested a plan for obtaining its repeal. This was, in brief, to withhold American trade with Great Britain. It was not a new plan. Two years before, it was executed against the Stamp Act, and with success. Hence it was now adopted with the greater alacrity, and along the whole seaboard merchants, spurred by public sentiment, entered into agreements not to import the goods recently made dutiable.

At first this policy was successful. It brought such enormous losses upon English merchants that they induced Parliament to repeal the Townshend Act. But from this concession there was one reservation which maintained the principle: the duty on tea was retained. Accordingly, colonial merchants, modifying their agreements, refused to import tea. But they did not persist in unanimity and zeal. Greed warred with patriotism. The merchants of Rhode Island and New York withdrew from the agreement, and the friends of the movement apprehended ultimate failure.

To avert this catastrophe, Dickinson and his associates devised an ingenious and comprehensive extension of the plan. They proposed that its execution be entrusted no longer to the faithless merchants, but henceforth to the more patriotic farmers, the consumers themselves. Should the latter form associations pledged not to consume the article taxed, then, it was believed, the merchants, deprived of a market, would, at least for their own interest, refrain from importations.

Had the greed of colonial merchants been the only obstacle, it might have been overcome by this new scheme, so intense at this time was the spirit of patriotism in the masses. But the policy of peaceful resistance met another and more serious difficulty, — the violence of the people. Foreseeing this, the Farmer of Pennsylvania had given earnest warning. "The cause of liberty," he had written, "is a cause of too much dignity to be sullied by turbulence and tumult." He had urged his countrymen "immediately, vigorously, and unanimously to exert themselves, in the most firm but most peaceful manner, for obtaining relief;" and in Pennsylvania, where he held the reins of power, this policy had been fully and uniformly executed. But in other colonies, guided by men of a different temperament, not the same consistency and moderation had been manifested. In Massachusetts, particularly, the spirit of resistance had been, from the first, rather active than passive. The fierce denunciations and passionate appeals of James Otis, the "impetuous

ardor and restless activity" of Samuel Adams, had begotten in the people a temper toward the British authorities which it was hard to control. Several times, when suddenly and intensely excited, it had given way even to riot and pillage.

Of course in England these acts of violence had greatly injured the cause of the Americans. In fact, they had distracted attention from its real merit. The considerable sympathy for colonial grievances had been quickly overborne. Determined first of all to enforce the law and to secure order, the British public had sanctioned the quartering of troops in the colonies, and at last, thoroughly exasperated by the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, had approved the passage of the Boston Port Bill. Thus mainly by her own impetuosity and violence, Massachusetts, impatient of the accepted policy of peaceful commercial retaliation, had brought herself to the dread alternative of abject submission or of severe punishment. She would not submit; and she could endure to be punished, provided she were sustained by her sister colonies. Accordingly, to secure this support, she speedily dispatched circulars to the public bodies, and private letters to the leading men, in the several colonies, soliciting coöperation in council and in action at this crisis of her affairs.

Assistance was sought in particular from Pennsylvania; for in 1774 this was the most populous province, and Philadelphia the largest city, on the continent. Situated as she was midway among the thirteen colonies, Pennsylvania possessed great importance in the execution of an intercolonial policy or movement. Furthermore, by her conduct thus far in the pending controversy, she had gained the confidence of the neighboring colonies and the respect of the mother country. As Joseph Reed wrote at this time to the Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state for the colonies, "This city has been distinguished for its peaceable and regular demeanor; nor has it departed from it on the present occasion, as there have been no mobs, no insults to individuals, no injury to private property."

While, therefore, the support of Pennsylvania was indispensable, the Boston patriots sought it in uncertainty; for they had reason to think that their recent course was not generally approved. A large and influential part of the population were Quakers, a sect opposed to violent or extreme action of any kind, and especially averse to active opposition to the mother country. Without their participation the coöperation of the province could hardly be secured. There was also the Proprietary party, devoted to the support of the existing government, and hence looking askance at anything savoring of revolution. Yet both this and the Quaker element were disposed, after a fashion, to resist the aggression of Great Britain, and if properly approached could be brought to the assistance of Boston. To effect this result, however, the ardent Whigs were quite incompetent. They knew that this lay in the power of but one man, — John Dickinson. No man surpassed him in influence among the Quakers. He was attached to them by birth and education and connected with them by marriage, and his well-known caution and moderation attracted and retained their confidence. At the same time he was the recognized leader of the Proprietary party. Thus generally trusted and obeyed, of high professional standing and of great wealth, he more than any other had for several years guided the course of Pennsylvania, and thereby moulded the prevailing policy of the colonies. It was plain, therefore, that to secure their end the Whigs must have the aid of Dickinson; but whether they could win him over was quite uncertain.

Evidently, Dickinson was chagrined at the recent turn of events in Boston.

In a letter to Josiah Quincy, about this time, he wrote: "Nothing can throw us in a pernicious confusion but one colony's breaking the line of opposition, by advancing too hastily before the rest. The one which dares to betray the common cause, by rushing forward contrary to the maxims of discipline established by common sense and the experience of ages, will inevitably and utterly perish." Massachusetts, rushing forward, had dared "to betray the common cause," and was now facing the consequences. Would Dickinson, nevertheless, interpose to save her?

The circumstances required immediate action. Urged by letters from Hancock and Adams, the leading Whigs, Joseph Reed, Thomas Mifflin, and Charles Thomson, issued a call for a meeting of the principal citizens in the long room of the City Tavern, hoping to elicit an expression of sentiment favorable to Boston. But they knew that if Dickinson should quietly ignore the meeting or should publicly antagonize their purpose they could not succeed. Immediately, therefore, with much anxiety, they waited upon him at his country-seat, Fair Hill.

This conference occupied most of the day, and must have covered the whole political outlook; for the course now taken by Philadelphia would be the one followed by the whole province, and probably by all the Middle and Southern colonies. The Whigs gained over Dickinson to their cause; and, such was the crisis, they entrusted that cause to his superior judgment and leadership. Toward evening they took their departure from Fair Hill, assured of success; for they had come to a complete understanding and acquired a competent leader, as ensuing events made plain.

At the City Tavern they found the long room crowded with representatives of all classes, — officers of the government, adherents of the Proprietaries, Quakers, Moderates and Whigs, awaiting with much excitement and some hostility the opening of the meeting. After the reading of the Boston letter, Reed, Mifflin, and Thomson spoke in turn, all warmly urging immediate and outspoken approval of Boston; but their proposition was received in uproar and confusion. As soon as order could be restored, Dickinson, probably as prearranged, in a conciliatory tone, recommended that a more guarded reply be made to the Boston circular, and the governor be petitioned, in view of the crisis, to call the Assembly, — his design being to make the governor's refusal, which he anticipated, an excuse for calling a conference of the people independent of the hostile Assembly. The ruse was successful throughout. His recommendations, appearing non-committal and inoffensive, were at once adopted by the meeting, and he was made chairman of a committee for their execution. The governor rejected the petition as an insult to the authorities, and directly a provincial convention was assembled by the Whigs, with the concurrence of Dickinson. The latter now took the chief control of the Whig movement, and his mastery as a politician became evident. This popular convention in its important acts did little more than to register his will. Its statement of grievances and its instructions to the members of Assembly, both written by him, evinced, in decided but respectful language, a determination to resist taxation by Parliament on the one hand, and on the other an aversion to a separation from the mother country. He was made chairman of the committee delegated to correspond with the other colonies; and, later, he was appointed a representative of Pennsylvania in the First Continental Congress.

In this first general assemblage of American statesmen no one exerted more influence or did better service than Dickinson. In fact, no one brought greater prestige or fitter talents. Few of them

had any reputation outside their respective colonies. But he, known and admired by all as the author of the Letters from a Farmer, was at once singled out with eager curiosity and regarded with much deference. This predilection was confirmed upon a personal acquaintance. His personality was singularly impressive and attractive. John Adams thus writes of Dickinson's appearance at this time: "Just recovered from an illness, he is a shadow, tall but slender as a reed, pale as ashes." A more satisfactory description is that given by William T. Read in his Life of George Read, and is the picture of Dickinson in his later years cast clear and full upon the sensitive mind of a youth: "I have a vivid impression of the man, — tall and spare, his hair white as snow, his garb uniting with the severe simplicity of his sect a neatness and elegance peculiarly in keeping with it; and his manners beautiful emanations of the great Christian principle of love, with the gentleness and affectionateness . . . combining the politeness of a man of the world familiar with society in its most polished forms, with conventional canons of behavior. Truly he lives in my memory as a realization of my beau-ideal of a gentleman." In speech he was easy, fluent, and earnest, though temperate, exhibiting rare tact and self-control. His whole conduct was stamped with culture and courtesy. At the same time, the graces of his person were set off by a fitting background of hospitality. The sober Quaker city had never received so large and distinguished a company of guests; and she quite exhausted herself, and them, in their entertainment; but it is safe to say that few entertained with more gracious or more generous hospitality than did the master of Fair Hill.

But what most gave Dickinson influence in the First Continental Congress was his acknowledged and unrivaled success as a politician of the highest class. Though in the guise of a Farmer of Pennsylvania he had exposed and refuted the shrewdest English leaders, still he had given a more recent and equally great evidence of his power. By his patriotism and adroitness he had attached to the common cause the great pivotal province of Pennsylvania, — long the arena of contending factions, and often the source of chilling indifference, — and thereby had greatly influenced in the same direction the other Middle and the Southern colonies. In short, probably he had done more than any other man toward the present realization of the dream of an intercolonial union.

Moreover, Dickinson's moderate, conciliatory spirit, by which chiefly he had accomplished these results, was generally commended by his fellow-delegates. Many of them were wealthy, conservative land-owners; nearly all were still warmly attached to the mother country; and the great majority, though determined to relieve the Boston patriots in their distress, were, nevertheless, disposed to restrain them from further excesses, and to make an earnest effort at accommodation with England. To effect this object had now become a delicate matter, demanding just the method and the policy that had been so successful in Pennsylvania. Hence it was substantially the plan urged by the delegates from that province which the Congress finally adopted.

"It is at present," Joseph Reed had written to the Earl of Dartmouth in July, 1774, "the sense of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania that no measure of opposition to the mother country should be adopted until other modes have failed of success." Two months having passed, this now became the sentiment of the First Continental Congress. Accordingly, that body, while resolving to support and relieve the inhabitants of Boston, at the same time strictly enjoined them to be patient. It mainly devoted itself to "redressing American grievances, ascertaining American rights, and re-

storing harmony between Great Britain and her colonies;" and to this end it prepared and issued a series of papers that reflect alike the eminence of its statesmanship and the justice of its cause. Indeed, no further praise is needed for this work than that bestowed in the ensuing January by the Earl of Chatham in the House of Lords: "When your lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow that in all my reading and observation — and it has been my favorite study — I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-states of the world — that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia."

The paper which may well have been most prominent in the mind of the Earl of Chatham when he spoke these remarkable words was the First Petition to the King. This was intended to present to King and Parliament the plea of the colonies for justice and reconciliation. Its rejection would certainly inaugurate retaliation, and might lead to war; while its favorable reception would be at least an augury of a better understanding. Its terms and spirit, therefore, engaged the earnest solicitude of the Congress. The drafting of this instrument was first assigned to Patrick Henry, whose wonderful eloquence had made him conspicuous; but his work, when completed, was not acceptable. Meanwhile, Dickinson had been admitted as a delegate, and at once added to the committee on the petition. To him the task was given anew, and his draft met the approval of his associates. He also wrote the important Address to the Inhabitants of Canada, an eloquent appeal for sympathy and cooperation against a common oppression. In some respects these have few equals among American state papers. They merit the earnest study alike of students of our history and of leaders in our politics. They contributed in a great degree to that eminent reputation for statesmanship enjoyed by the leading patriots of the Revolutionary era.

The merit of these papers is seen equally in the salutary effect which they had in the colonies. They calmed excitement, spread confidence, and encouraged moderation. In a firm but reasonable spirit America awaited the answer to her prayers. Had a similar spirit controlled Great Britain, the magnanimous efforts of Dickinson and his fellow-conservatives might have brought about reconciliation.

But neither the pleas of the colonies nor the warnings of Burke and Chatham could turn the British ministry and the parliamentary majority from their fatal purpose of requiring unconditional submission. The petition to the king was rejected, and a rebellion was declared to exist in Massachusetts. As prearranged, the colonies retaliated by a total suspension of commercial intercourse with Great Britain, and the Second Continental Congress assembled to deliberate upon the changing outlook. In this body, Dickinson, again a delegate from Pennsylvania, found a temper far different from that of its predecessor. Stirred to exasperation by the recent affairs at Lexington and Concord, the delegates began to lose hope, and even desire, of reconciliation with England. This feeling was zealously promoted by the New England delegates, led by John Adams. In the preceding Congress these men had with difficulty repressed their vehemence and radicalism. They had borne with ill-disguised impatience what Josiah Quincy called "the refinements, delays, and experiments of the Philadelphians." Now they came out frankly and stoutly. They were rapidly

gaining sympathy and following. They were known already to be meditating independence; and if not checked, they might soon effect its declaration.

This idea of a total separation from the mother country was intolerable to Dickinson. It antagonized his temperament and his convictions. It could be realized, if at all, only through a fratricidal war, awful in its consequences; and from this he shrunk with a revulsion due partly to his Quaker training, partly to his delicate, sensitive organization. At the same time, he believed such a separation to be impolitic. Seven years before, in his Letters from a Farmer, he had written: "If I am an enthusiast in anything, it is in my zeal for the perpetual dependence of these colonies on their mother country." "The prosperity of these colonies is founded in their dependence on Great Britain." "I regard Great Britain as a bulwark happily fixed between these colonies and the powerful nations of Europe."

To these convictions he still adhered, and with them his present policy was thoroughly consistent. From the beginning he had urged that oppressive measures of Parliament should be resisted at first peacefully, by suspension of commercial intercourse. Should this policy of peace fail, he had suggested an obvious alternative: "If at length it becomes undoubted that an inveterate resolution is formed to annihilate the liberties of the governed, the English history affords frequent examples of resistance by force." Accordingly, on hearing of the inroad to Lexington and Concord, Dickinson, in spite of his religious scruples, became colonel of the first Pennsylvania battalion of militia raised for defense; and for the same purpose — the resistance of invasion — he approved the assumption by the Second Continental Congress of full control of the Continental army before Boston. At the same time, he expected and desired that ultimately the total failure of coercion would bring about a reconciliation upon a constitutional basis.

Hence, conscious of the purity of his motives and convinced of the wisdom of his policy, Dickinson set himself squarely against the rapid drift toward independence. In the first place, he advocated the policy and expediency of a second and final petition to the king, couched in respectful though firm language. Thereupon it first became evident that two extremes of opinion had been forming in the Congress. The radicals, led by John Adams, opposed the petition as useless, calling it "that measure of imbecility;" while under the name of the Olive Branch it was supported by Jay and other conservative minds. Being finally voted by the Congress, it was drafted by Dickinson, signed by all the delegates, and sent to England. But it was in vain: the ministry had gone too far to recognize any olive branch other than a tender of complete submission.

Meanwhile, Dickinson, at the request of his associates, drew the declaration of "the causes and necessity of their taking up arms," — a paper rarely equaled for lofty sentiment and chaste diction. "We are reduced to the alternative," it declares, "of choosing an unconditional submission to the tyranny of irritated ministers or resistance by force. The latter is our choice. We have counted the cost of this contest, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery. . . . We have not raised armies with ambitious designs of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent States. We fight not for glory or for conquest. . . . In our native land, in defense of the freedom that is our birthright, and which we ever enjoyed till the late violation of it; for the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our forefathers and ourselves, against violence actually offered, we have taken up arms. . . . With an humble confidence in the mercies of the

supreme and impartial Judge and Ruler of the universe, we most devoutly implore his divine goodness to protect us happily through this great conflict, to dispose our adversaries to reconciliation on reasonable terms, and thereby to relieve the empire from the calamities of a civil war."

In July, 1775, this declaration of Congress was proclaimed at the head of the several divisions of the Continental army; and it is recorded that "as soon as these memorable words were pronounced to General Putnam's division, which he had ordered to be paraded on Prospect Hill, they shouted in three huzzas a loud Amen." Thus, still the acknowledged and unrivaled spokesman of the thirteen colonies, John Dickinson strove with all his tact, force, and eloquence to mould the sentiment and to guide the action of the people away from independence toward the attainment of an American Magna Charta.

But it was inevitable that this resort to arms should embitter the combatants, — should cause them to disregard or impel them to destroy the bonds of fraternity. Under oppression, in the midst of war, the colonists would not reason, — they could only feel; and an irresistible impulse, arising in Massachusetts, swept down the Atlantic seaboard through Georgia, — an impatient determination, without regard to the consequences, to throw off all connection with the unnatural mother country. Against this gathering mighty voice of the people, of what avail was the calm, temperate, earnest protest of John Dickinson! He soon felt his weakness, but he could not change his mind.

John Adams was not slow to read the times and to seize his opportunity. He was instant, in and out of season declaring that all was ripe for independence. For a time its declaration was staved off by the conservatives, on the ground that sentiment in its favor was not yet unanimous. This was the case particularly in Pennsylvania, truly called the battle-field of independence. Only by the exercise of great tact and patience had Dickinson drawn this province into the general resistance to British aggression; and of course the New England scheme of independence was even less acceptable to the Quakers and Proprietaries. These two parties, ill-mated though they were, now led by Dickinson in the opposite direction, controlled the Assembly, and ignored the growing popular approval of separation. In November, 1775, they instructed the Pennsylvania delegates in Congress to "dissent from and utterly reject any propositions, should such be made, that may cause or lead to a separation from our mother country, or a change in the form of this government." Hence resistance to independence was associated with the maintenance of the Proprietary government. Indeed, the former depended on the latter, — a fact soon perceived by the more zealous advocates of separation. Hence, led by Benjamin Franklin and encouraged by John Adams and his New England associates, they strove, by overthrowing the government, to commit the province to a declaration of independence. Thus, with Franklin's return to America, after a lapse of more than ten years, his old struggle against Dickinson for the destruction of the Proprietary government was renewed. This time it had better chances for success.

In this struggle John Adams was not content with giving advice. He induced Congress, on May 15, 1776, to declare that all authority under the Crown should be suppressed, and all powers of government should be drawn from the people. Under this powerful impulse, the popular party in Pennsylvania immediately assembled a provincial conference directly from the people, which authorized the delegates in Congress to vote for independence, and organized itself into a convention for framing a new state government. With this final blow

the Proprietary government ceased to exist.

Though beaten thus upon his own field, Dickinson still adhered to his convictions in Congress. In the great final debate over the Declaration of Independence, he was its most formidable opponent, and John Adams and Richard Henry Lee its ablest advocates. The last two, in orations of great fervor and force, appealed especially to the passions and the imaginations of their associates; reciting the injuries America had received, together with her failures to obtain redress, and painting the glory and the felicity that would attend the birth and the progress of the new republic. But Dickinson deprecated all excitement and precipitation. He calmly but earnestly appealed to reason. His argument was: To substitute the attainment of independence for the resistance of aggression as the object of the war would, on the one hand, destroy the union of the people, since all could see the necessity of opposing the pretensions of ministers, but not all that of fighting for independence; and, on the other hand, as aiming at the dismemberment of the empire rather than at the revocation of obnoxious laws, it would unite the British nation in support of their ministers and in the suppression of rebellion. At any rate, only a long succession of victories by the Americans — which was improbable in such an inequality of power — could induce Great Britain to recognize American independence. "Prudence," he declared, "requires that we should not abandon certain for uncertain objects. Two hundred years of happiness and present prosperity, resulting from English laws and the union with Great Britain, demonstrates that America can be wisely governed by the King and Parliament. It is not as independent but as subject states, not as a republic but as a monarchy, that the colonies have attained to power and greatness. What, then, is the object of these chimeras, hatched in the days of discord and war? Shall the transports of fury sway us more than the experience of ages, and induce us to destroy, in a moment of anger, the work which has been cemented and tried by time? The restraining power of the King and Parliament is indispensable to protect the colonies from discord and civil war."

Dickinson was outvoted. Was he outargued? Whether he was or was not, the great majority of the Continental Congress, together with an overwhelming majority of the American people, were at length resolved to be free and independent, and so they declared. But, in justice to Dickinson's understanding, it should be borne in mind that independence was ultimately achieved largely because difficulties predicted by him, and realized in fact, were offset by occurrences which no one foresaw, — notably the meagreness of the British forces and the incompetency of British generals; and the casting off of "the restraining power of the King and Parliament" was followed by a disgraceful and disastrous period of state selfishness and jealousy. It actually brought "discord," if it did not eventually lead even to "civil war."

In regard to his integrity throughout this memorable contest, that should no longer be questioned. At the last he stood almost alone; yet he never faltered. Nothing could have sustained him but the honesty of his purpose and the strength of his convictions. For a time his course cost him his seat in Congress and his influence in public life. Nevertheless, he was conscious of his own rectitude. "If the present day," he said, "is too warm for me to be calmly judged, I can credit my country for justice some years hence."

The reaction of public sentiment in his favor began sooner than was to be expected, considering the extremity to which he had gone and the criticism he had encountered. His sincerity and patriotism soon became evident from his

abiding by the decision of Congress and his serving for a time in the Continental army. In 1780 he was chosen president of Delaware, whither he had retired from public life. Two years later, resuming his residence in Philadelphia, he was elected to the supreme executive council, and almost immediately made president, of Pennsylvania. In the Constitutional Convention of 1787, a representative of Delaware, he, together with Oliver Ellsworth, led the smaller States in their great struggle to secure in the new national government a recognition of the principle of equality among the States. In fact, it was mainly through their efforts that this became the fundamental principle in constituting the Senate of the United States; and when the new government was submitted to the people, Dickinson advocated its ratification in his Letters of Fabius, his last political pamphlet.

Thus he lived to assist in the embodiment and establishment of that American independence which he had discouraged and opposed in its inception and declaration. In both cases he was actuated by the same noble principles, — fidelity to his convictions and devotion to his country. He declared himself to be "a trustee for my countrymen to deliberate upon questions important to their happiness;" and eminently faithful was he to that trust through an unusually long and varied public service. Prior to the Revolution his aim was to secure for Americans the constitutional rights enjoyed by Englishmen. And to this end he uniformly approved those measures only that were warranted by English precedents. The danger was that those precedents would be disregarded, in the excitement and the license of the times. Much praise, then, is due to him who, in spite of the public clamor and at the sacrifice of his popularity, stood firmly and consistently for law and moderation. His great work was first to stimulate, then to moderate, the incipient spirit of nationality till it should reach a consciousness of its destiny. That he believed this destiny to be the attainment of an American Magna Charta rather than of a national independence does not lessen the value of his service. It should not cloud the lustre of his fame. Few contemporary patriots understood so well the issue between Great Britain and her colonies. Surely no one could state it better. His statement was acceptable to the people because it was temperate, forcible, and comprehensive. He must be recognized not only as the chief political writer, but also as the great conservative of the Revolutionary era.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

THE QUEST OF MR. TEABY.

The trees were bare on meadow and hill, and all about the country one saw the warm brown of lately fallen leaves that lingers awhile before the cold gray of winter. There was still a cheerful bravery of green in sheltered places, — a fine, live green that flattered the eye with its look of permanence; the first three quarters of the year seemed to have worked out their slow processes to make such perfect late-autumn days. In such weather I found even the East Wilby railroad station attractive, and waiting three hours for a slow train became a pleasure; the delight of idleness and even booklessness cannot be properly described.

The interior of the station was bleak and gravelly, but it would have been possible to find fault with any interior

on such an out-of-doors day; and after the station-master had locked his ticket-office door and tried the handle twice, with a comprehensive look at me, he went slowly away up the road to spend some leisure time with his family. He had ceased to take any interest in the traveling public, and answered my questions as briefly as possible. After he had gone some distance he turned to look back, but finding that I still sat on the baggage truck in the sunshine, just where he left me, he seemed to smother his natural apprehensions, and went on.

One can spend a good half hour in watching crows as they go southward resolutely through the clear sky, and then waver and come straggling back as if they had forgotten something; one can think over all one's immediate affairs, and learn to know the outward aspect of such a place as East Wilby as if born and brought up there. But after a while I lost interest in my past and future; there was too much landscape before me at the moment, and a lack of figures. The weather was not to be enjoyed merely as an end, yet I felt no temptation to explore the up-hill road on the left or the level fields on the right; I sat still on my baggage truck and waited for something to happen. Sometimes one is so happy that there is nothing left to wish for but to be happier, and just as the remembrance of this truth illuminated my mind I saw two persons approaching from opposite directions. The first to arrive was a pleasant-looking elderly country woman, well wrapped in a worn winter cloak with a thick plaid shawl over it, and a white worsted cloud tied over her bonnet. She carried a well-preserved bandbox, — the outlines were perfect under its checked gingham cover, — and had a large bundle beside, securely rolled in a newspaper. From her dress I felt sure that she had made a mistake in dates, and expected winter to set in at once. Her face was crimson with undue warmth and what appeared in the end to have been unnecessary haste. She did not take any notice of the elderly man who reached the platform a minute later, until they were near enough to take each other by the hand and exchange most cordial greetings.

"Well, this is a treat!" said the man, who was a small and shivery-looking person. He carried a great umbrella and a thin, enameled-cloth valise, and wore an ancient little silk hat and a nearly new greenish linen duster, as if it were yet summer. "I was full o' thinkin' o' you day before yisterday; strange, wa'n't it?" he announced impressively, in a plaintive voice. "I was sayin' to myself, if there was one livin' bein' I coveted to encounter over East Wilby way, 't was you, Sister Pinkham."

"Warm to-day, ain't it?" responded Sister Pinkham. "How 's your health, Mr. Teaby? I guess I 'd better set right down here on the aidge of the platform; sha'n't we git more air than if we went inside the depot? It 's necessary to git my breath before I rise the hill."

"You can't seem to account for them foresights," continued Mr. Teaby, putting down his tall, thin valise and letting the empty top of it fold over. Then he stood his umbrella against the end of my baggage truck, without a look at me. I was glad that they were not finding me in their way. "Well, if this ain't very sing'lar, I never saw nothin' that was," repeated the little man. "Nobody can set forth to explain why the thought of you should have been so borne in upon me day before yisterday, your livin' countenance an' all, an' here we be to-day settin' side o' one another. I 've come to rely on them foresights; they 've been of consider'ble use in my business, too."

"Trade good as common this fall?" inquired Sister Pinkham languidly. "You don't carry such a thing as a good palm-leaf fan amon'st your stuff, I expect? It doos appear to me as if I had n't been more het up any day this year."

"I should ha' had the observation to offer it before," said Mr. Teaby, with pride. "Yes, Sister Pinkham, I 've got an excellent fan right here, an' you shall have it."

He reached for his bag; I heard a clink, as if there were bottles within. Presently his companion began to fan herself with that steady sway and lop of the palm-leaf which one sees only in country churches in midsummer weather. Mr. Teaby edged away a little, as if he feared such a steady trade-wind.

"We might ha' picked out a shadier spot, on your account," he suggested. "Can't you unpin your shawl?"

"Not while I 'm so het," answered Sister Pinkham coldly. "Is there anythin' new recommended for rheumatic complaints?"

"They 're gittin' up new compounds right straight along, and send sights o' printed bills urgin' of me to buy 'em. I don't beseech none o' my customers to take them strange nostrums that I ain't able to recommend."

"Some is new cotches made o' the good old stand-bys, I expect," said Sister Pinkham, and there was a comfortable silence of some minutes.

"I 'm kind of surprised to meet with you to-day, when all 's said an' done; it kind of started me when I see 't was you, after dwellin' on you so day before yisterday," insisted Mr. Teaby; and this time Sister Pinkham took heed of the interesting coincidence.

"Thinkin' o' me, was you?" and she stopped the fan a moment, and turned to look at him with interest.

"I was so. Well, I never see nobody that kep' her looks as you do, and be'n a sufferer too, as one may express it."

Sister Pinkham sighed heavily, and began to ply the fan again. "You was sayin' just now that you found them foresighted notions work into your business."

"Yes 'm; I saved a valu'ble life this last spring. I was puttin' up my vials to start out over Briggsville way, an' 't was impressed upon me that I 'd better carry a portion o' opodildack. I was loaded up heavy, had all I could lug of spring goods, salts an' seny, and them big-bottle spring bitters o' mine that folks counts on regular. I could n't git the opodildack out o' my mind noway, and I did n't want it for nothin' nor nobody, but I had to remove a needed vial o' some kind of essence to give it place. When I was goin' down the lane t'wards Abel Dean's house, his women folks come flyin' out. 'Child 's a-dyin' in here,' says they; 'tumbled down the sullar stairs.' They was like crazy creatur's, an' I give 'em the vial right there in the lane, an' they run in an' I followed 'em. Last time I was there the child was a-playin' out; looked rugged and hearty. They 've never forgot it an' never will," said Mr. Teaby impressively, with a pensive look toward the horizon. "Want me to stop over night with 'em any time, or come an' take the hoss, or anythin'. Mis' Dean, she buys four times the essences an' stuff she wants; kind o' gratified, you see, an' did n't want to lose the child, I expect, though she 's got a number o' others. If it had n't be'n for its bein' so impressed on my mind, I should have omitted that opodildack. I deem it a winter remedy, chiefly."

"Perhaps the young one would ha' come to without none; they do survive right through everythin', an' then again they seem to be taken away right in their tracks." Sister Pinkham grew more talkative as she cooled. "Heard any news as you come along?"

"Some," vaguely responded Mr. Teaby. "Folks ginerally relates anythin' that 's occurred since they see me before. I ain't no great hand for news, an' never was."

"Pity 'bout *you*, Uncle Teaby! There, anybody don't like to have deaths occur an' them things, and be unawares of 'em, an' the last to know when folks calls in." Sister Pinkham laughed at first, but said her say with spirit.

"Certain, certain, we ought all of us

to show an interest. I did hear it reported that Elder Fry calculates to give up preachin' an' go into the creamery business another spring. You know he 's had means left him, and his throat 's kind o' give out; trouble with the pipes. I called it brown caters, an' explained nigh as I could without hurtin' of his pride that he 'd bawled more 'n any pipes could stand. I git so wore out settin' under him that I feel to go an' lay right out in the woods arterwards, where 't is still. 'T won't never do for him to deal so with callin' his cows; they 'd be so aggravated 't would be more 'n any butter business could bear."

"You had n't ought to speak so light now; he 's a very feelin' man towards any one in trouble," Sister Pinkham rebuked the speaker. "I set consider'ble by Elder Fry. You sort o' divert yourself dallying round the country with your essences and remedies, an' you ain't never sagged down with no settled grievance, as most do. Think o' what the Elder 's be'n through, a-losin' o' three good wives. I 'm one o' them that ain't found life come none too easy, an' Elder Fry's preachin' stayed my mind consider'ble."

"I s'pose you 're right, if you think you be," acknowledged the little man humbly. "I can't say as I esteem myself so fortunate as most. I 'm a lonesome creatur', an' always was; you know I be. I did expect somebody 'd engage my affections before this."

"There, plenty 'd be glad to have ye."

"I expect they would, but I don't seem to be drawed to none on 'em," replied Mr. Teaby, with a mournful shake of his head. "I 've spoke pretty decided to quite a number in my time, take 'em all together, but it always appeared best not to follow it up; an' so when I 'd come their way again I 'd laugh it off or somethin', in case 't was referred to. I see one now an' then that I kind o' fancy, but 't ain't the real thing."

"You must n't expect to pick out a handsome gal, at your age," insisted Sister Pinkham, in a business-like way. "Time 's past for all that, an' you 've got the name of a rover. I 've heard some say that you was rich, but that ain't everythin'. You must take who you can git, and look you out a good home; I would. If you was to be taken down with any settled complaint, you 'd be distressed to be without a place o' your own, an' I 'm glad to have this chance to tell ye so. Plenty o' folks is glad to take you in for a short spell, an' you 've had an excellent chance to look the ground over well. I tell you you 're beginnin' to git along in years."

"I know I be," said Mr. Teaby. "I can't travel now as I used to. I have to favor myself. I do' know but I be spoilt for settlin' down. This business I never meant to follow stiddy, in the fust place; 't was a means to an end, as one may say."

"Folks would miss ye, but you could take a good long trip, say spring an' fall, an' live quiet the rest of the year. What if they do git out o' essence o' lemon an' pep'mint! There 's sufficient to the stores; 't ain't as 't used to be when you begun."

"There 's Ann Maria Hart, my oldest sister's daughter. I kind of call it home with her by spells and when the travelin' 's bad."

"Good King Agrippy! if that 's the best you can do, I feel for you," exclaimed the energetic adviser. "She 's a harmless creatur' and seems to keep ploddin', but slack ain't no description, an' runs on talkin' about nothin' till it strikes right in an' numbs ye. She 's pressed for house room, too. Hart ought to put on an addition long ago, but he 's too stingy to live. Folks was tellin' me that somebody said to him how he 'd got a real good, stiddy man to work with him this summer. 'He 's called a very pious man, too, great hand in meetin's, Mr. Hart,' says they; an' says he, 'I 'd

have you rec'lect he 's a-prayin' out o' my time!' Said it hasty, too, as if he meant it."

"Well, I can put up with Hart; he 's near, but he uses me well, an' I try to do the same by him. I don't bange on 'em; I pay my way, an' I feel as if everythin' was temp'rary. I did plan to go way over North Dexter way, where I 've never be'n, an' see if there wa'n't somebody, but the weather ain't b'en settled as I could wish. I 'm always expectin' to find her, I be so," — at which I observed Sister Pinkham's frame shake.

I felt a slight reproach of conscience at listening so intently to these entirely private affairs, and at this point reluctantly left my place and walked along the platform, to remind Sister Pinkham and confiding Mr. Teaby of my neighborhood. They gave no sign that there was any objection to the presence of a stranger, and so I came back gladly to the baggage truck, and we all kept silence for a little while. A fine flavor of extracts was wafted from the valise to where I sat. I pictured to myself the solitary and hopeful wanderings of Mr. Teaby. There was an air about him of some distinction; he might have been a decayed member of the medical profession. I observed that his hands were unhardened by any sort of rural work, and he sat there a meek and appealing figure, with his antique hat and linen duster, beside the well-wadded round shoulders of friendly Sister Pinkham. The expression of their backs was most interesting.

"You might express it that I 've got quite a number o' good homes; I 've got me sorted out a few regular places where I mostly stop," Mr. Teaby explained presently. "I like to visit with the old folks an' speak o' the past together; an' the boys an' gals, they always have some kind o' fun goin' on when I git along. They always have to git me out to the barn an' tell me, if they 're a-courtin', and I fetch an' carry for 'em in that case, an' help out all I can. I 've made peace when they got into some o' their misunderstandin's, an' them times they set a good deal by Uncle Teaby; but they ain't all got along as well as they expected, and that 's be'n one thing that 's made me desirous not to git fooled myself. But I do' know as folks would be reconciled to my settlin' down in one place. I 've gathered a good many extry receipts for things, an' folks all calls me somethin' of a doctor; you know my grand'ther was one, on my mother's side."

"Well, you 've had my counsel for what 't is wuth," said the woman, not unkindly. "Trouble is, you want better bread than 's made o' wheat."

"I 'm 'most ashamed to ask ye again if 't would be any use to lay the matter before Hannah Jane Pinkham?" This was spoken lower, but I could hear the gentle suggestion.

"I 'm obleeged to *you*," said the lady of Mr. Teaby's choice, "but I ain't the right one. Don't you go to settin' your mind on me; 't ain't wuth while. I 'm older than you be, an' apt to break down with my rheumatic complaints. You don't want nobody on your hands. I 'd git a younger woman, I would so."

"I 've be'n a-lookin' for the right one a sight o' years, Hannah Jane. I 've had a kind o' notion I should know her right off when I fust see her, but I 'm afeard it ain't goin' to be that way. I 've seen a sight o' nice, smart women, but when the thought o' you was so impressed on my mind day before yisterday" —

"I 'm sorry to disobleege you, but if I have anybody, I 'm kind o' half promised to Elder Fry," announced Sister Pinkham bravely. "I consider it more on the off side than I did at first. If he 'd continued preachin' I 'd favor it more, but I dread havin' to 'tend to a growin' butter business an' to sense them new machines. 'T ain't as if he 'd 'stablished it. I 've just begun to have things

easy; but there, I feel as if I had a lot o' work left in me, an' I don't know 's 't is right to let it go to waste. I expect the Elder would preach some, by spells, an' we could ride about an' see folks; an' he 'd always be called to funerals, an' have some variety one way an' another. I urge him not to quit preachin'."

"I 'd rather he ondertook 'most anythin' else," said Mr. Teaby, rising and trying to find the buttons of his linen duster.

I could see a bitter shade of jealousy cloud his amiable face; but Sister Pinkham looked up at him and laughed. "Set down, set down," she said. "We ain't in no great hurry;" and Uncle Teaby relented, and lingered. "I 'm all out o' rose-water for the eyes," she told him, "an' if you 've got a vial o' lemon left that you 'll part with reasonable, I do' know but I 'll take that. I 'd rather have caught you when you was outward bound; your bag looks kind o' slim."

"Everythin' 's fresh-made just before I started, 'cept the ginger, an' that I buy, but it 's called the best there is."

The two sat down and drove a succession of sharp bargains, but finally parted the best of friends. Mr. Teaby kindly recognized my presence from a business point of view, and offered me a choice of his wares at reasonable prices. I asked about a delightful jumping-jack which made its appearance, and wished very much to become the owner, for it was curiously whittled out and fitted together by Mr. Teaby's own hands. He exhibited the toy to Sister Pinkham and me, to our great pleasure, but scorned to sell such a trifle, it being worth nothing; and beside, he had made it for a little girl who lived two miles further along the road he was following. I could see that she was a favorite of the old man's, and said no more about the matter, but provided myself, as recommended, with an ample package of court-plaster, "in case of accident before I got to where I was going," and a small bottle of smelling-salts, described as reviving to the faculties.

Then we watched Mr. Teaby plod away, a quaint figure, with his large valise nearly touching the ground as it hung slack from his right hand. The greenish-brown duster looked bleak and unseasonable as a cloud went over; it appeared to symbolize the youthful and spring-like hopes of the wearer, decking the autumn days of life.

"Poor creatur'!" said Sister Pinkham. "There, he doos need somebody to look after him."

She turned to me frankly, and I asked how far he was going.

"Oh, he 'll put up at that little gal's house an' git his dinner, and give her the jumpin'-jack an' trade a little; an' then he 'll work along the road, callin' from place to place. He's got a good deal o' system, an' was a smart boy, so that folks expected he was goin' to make a doctor, but he kind o' petered out. He 's long-winded an' harpin', an' some folks prays him by if they can; but there, most likes him, an' there 's nobody would be more missed. He don't make no trouble for 'em; he 'll take right holt an' help, and there ain't nobody more gentle with the sick. Always has some o' his nonsense over to me."

This was added with sudden consciousness that I must have heard the recent conversation, but we only smiled at each other, and good Sister Pinkham did not seem displeased. We both turned to look again at the small figure of Mr. Teaby, as he went away, with his queer, tripping gait, along the level road.

"Pretty day, if 't wa'n't quite so warm," said Sister Pinkham, as she rose and reached for her bandbox and bundle, to resume her own journey. "There, if here ain't Uncle Teaby's umbrilla! He forgits everythin' that belongs to him but that old valise. Folks would n't know him if he left that. You may as

well just hand it to Asa Briggs, the depot-master, when he gits back. Like 's not the old gentleman 'll think to call for it as he comes back along. Here 's his fan, too, but he won't be likely to want that this winter."

She looked at the large umbrella; there was a great deal of good material in it, but it was considerably out of repair.

"I don't know but I 'll stop an' mend it up for him, poor old creatur'," she said slowly, with an apologetic look at me. Then she sat down again, pulled a large rolled-up needlebook from her deep and accessible pocket, and sewed busily for some time with strong stitches.

I sat by and watched her, and was glad to be of use in chasing her large spool of linen thread, which repeatedly rolled away along the platform. Sister Pinkham's affectionate thoughts were evidently following her old friend.

"I 've a great mind to walk back with the umbrilla; he may need it, an' 't ain't a great ways," she said to me, and then looked up quickly, blushing like a girl. I wished she would, for my part, but it did not seem best for a stranger to give advice in such serious business. "I 'll tell you what I will do," she told me innocently, a moment afterwards. "I 'll take the umbrilla along with me, and leave word with Asa Briggs I 've got it. I go right by his house, so you need n't charge your mind nothin' about it."

By the time she had taken off her gold-bowed spectacles and put them carefully away and was ready to make another start, she had learned where I came from and where I was going and what my name was, all this being but poor return for what I had gleaned of the history of herself and Mr. Teaby. I watched Sister Pinkham until she disappeared, umbrella in hand, over the crest of a hill far along the road to the eastward.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

SONNET.

THEY say — I count it truth — a master's hand
That swept the strings of his loved instrument,
While all the mighty soul of him was bent
To catch the inspiration, in one grand,
Supreme attempt to answer the demand
Of Spirit, snapped the chords whereon it leant
Too heavily, save one; yet through that went
Unstayed the message all might understand!

So when the Almighty breathes upon his seer
And fain would speak to men, with awful pain
The heartstrings thrilling, ringing loud and clear,
Snap one by one, unequal to the strain:
But God's a Master-Player, — ye shall hear
His truth though only one weak chord remain.

David W. M. Burn.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER

XXVII.

Vrouw Lysbeth Wickoff was, in her own way, as interesting as her cousin, Madam Van Cortlandt, although, being but a farmer's wife, she lacked something of the grand air of her kinswoman. Let it not be thought, however, that the good widow was wanting in presence. Credible tradition represents her as of a strictly imposing personality: her ample figure, aside from the impressiveness which belongs to mere area-displacement, had a suggestion of seasoned energy; her rounded shoulders, of fardels borne; her big seamed hands, of the plough-handle, which at need she had not shrunk from griping, and of the lesser mattock; while her shrewd, resolute face, with its ingrained weather-worn bloom, was saved from hardness by touches of womanly sympathy and mother-kindliness.

If these various marks of individuality be thought insufficient to justify her high standing as a leader in the little village of Vlacktebos, where she lived, let it be added that Vrouw Wickoff was mistress of a comfortable estate, comprising a snug homestead and a large farm under good cultivation.

That Dame Lysbeth dwelt alone was no fault of her own; for her husband had died in the course of nature, and of her two children, Grietje, her daughter, had married a young minister, whom the Classis had recently called back to Amsterdam, while Marten, her son, had gone to be a sea-captain in command of a goodly bark which his fond mother had built for him with her own dowry increased by years of hoardings.

But the widow did not suffer herself to mope under this desertion of kith and kin. There was in her none of the fibre that gathers moss. She was not of the sort to let her limbs stiffen, her blood stagnate, and her feelings grow morbid, knitting stockings in the chimney-nook, while there was so much stirring work at hand to be done.

Seldom need the born toiler go in search of a vineyard, and Vrouw Lysbeth found ample scope for her energies in lending a helpful hand to Dominie Varick with his struggling little church, in works of benevolence among her neighbors, and in the care of her own people and estate.

In this last field she had already gained an enviable repute, not only as a prudent huysvrouw, but as a cunning tiller of the soil. There was an air of order, industry, and thrift about the widow's messuage which roiled the gall of divers small-minded fellow-cultivators in the town, who were loath to confess that a woman could outstrip them in good husbandry. Whether it was from prodigality in manuring, judgment in planting, or care in harvesting, there was no gainsaying the result. It was common talk that the Wickoff farm was better managed than during old Marten's life; it was plain enough, too, that its owner was beforehand with the world, and no thanks to anybody but herself.

Notwithstanding this bustling and successful life, Dame Lysbeth did not suffer her social interests and sympathies to languish. She was a woman and a mother, and it may be safely assumed that many a stifled yearning stirred her ample bosom, unknown by the world, as she sat of an evening by her well-winged hearth.

Deep and genuine was the good woman's joy, therefore, on receiving one day a letter from cousin Gertryd, saying that Steenie, who had been lying for weeks at death's door from a lung fever, brought on by reckless exposure at the

time of the late executions, was now convalescent, that the doctor had ordered him sent to the country and turned out to pasture like a colt, and that thereupon nothing would serve the junker's whim but going to Vlacktebos.

Cousin Lysbeth, be it said, lost no time in sending back a cordial answer, and straightway bestirred herself to make ready for the invalid, who had been aforetime a frequent visitor at her house, and who, indeed, after her own little brood, stood highest in her favor.

The widow's dwelling, without and within, had a winning air of homeliness. The house looked not so much like something built as like something which had grown out of the ground. Long, low, and rambling, it had a grotesque resemblance to a big mushroom, with its heavy roof sweeping in a curved line from the ridge-pole almost to the ground, save where, in front, it was poked up, visor-fashion, to give place to the broad front stoop, which, with its comfortable benches and riot-running vines, seemed to woo the dusty wayfarer to rest and coolness. The heavy wooden shutters, pierced with crescent-shaped slits to let in the light, were, day-times, swung back and fastened by long, twisted, S-shaped irons. In the gable abutting upon the highway might be found evidences of the solidity and age of the homestead in the massive stone masonry supporting the base of the chimney, and in the rude iron figures, giving the date of construction, imbedded in the rough-cast of the upper wall. At the corners stood two large casks to catch the rain-water. Over against the back door was a detached kitchen for the slaves, while on a plateau below the level of the house a line of out-buildings, including two roomy barns, surrounded an ample cow-yard, in one corner of which bubbled a never-failing spring.

It was early summer; the bustle of planting was over, the house had been cleaned from cellar to garret, and the widow was in the best possible trim for company.

The visitor did not wait for a second bidding. He came riding up to the door on a pillion one afternoon, accompanied by one of his father's clerks and his old negro nurse.

Notwithstanding the care taken in his removal, he was a good deal shaken by the undue exertion. The hospitable look of the old house, the motherly figure of cousin Lysbeth in her white cap and homespun petticoat, standing in the doorway, with both her arms extended in widest welcome, brought a smile to his tired eyes, and he suffered himself to be lifted down like a child and led into the cozy parlor, where he could scarcely walk upright without bumping his towering head.

He looked around the room with a convalescent gleam of satisfaction to find nothing displaced from its old-time order: the wide fireplace filled with fresh oak-boughs; the shining andirons; the pale pink hearth-tiles; the two snowy goose-wings standing upright on either hand; the floor sanded in the familiar waving pattern; the dark old cupboard in the corner on its huge ball-feet; the low, straight-backed chair at the window with its puffy feather cushion, and the silk patchwork bag hanging from the back filled with unfinished knitting; the little table holding the big Amsterdam Bible with its burnished clasps; the two old prints on the wainscoted wall, depicting terrific naval battles won by noted Dutch admirals, which no doubt inspired young Marten with his wild longing for a seafaring life; the sacred guest-bed, in a deep niche at the end of the room, supporting, on its four fluted posts, a tester hung with gay chintz to match the counterpane and the covering of the padded old comfort-chair standing hard by in the corner.

At the first glance of her experienced eye, cousin Lysbeth saw the state her patient was in, and assumed masterful

control of him. Asking no questions, she took off his wraps, settled him in the big chair, peremptorily forbade him to move or to talk, and, beckoning his attendants, went away to the kitchen. Coming back after a little with a glass of wine and a toothsome morsel, and finding the junker too tired to eat, she promptly put him to bed, darkened the room, and left him to sleep. Finding, on a second visit, a half hour afterward, that he was staring awake and in a high fever, she posted off one of her slaves to New Utrecht for Dr. Staats, and in the mean time administered an herb draught of her own brewing.

Although nominally in the next village, the Staats farm was, in point of fact, not far away; for Vrouw Lysbeth herself lived close upon the boundary line. Near or far, the doctor took his time, and chose not to come until the next day, when he found the junker somewhat revived after a good night's sleep.

While studying his patient's symptoms, the doctor talked in a neighborly way with Vrouw Wickoff about the planting of corn, the promise of calves, the fattening of pigs, and the like farmer's gossip. The patient listened with an air of deep content. It was part of the cure, this country talk; he assimilated it as a tonic; its earthy, out-of-door tone accorded so perfectly with notes of crowing cocks, of lowing cattle, with snatches of bird-song and the whole full-throated chorus of field and barn-yard.

In due time the doctor took his leave, promising to send some medicine of his own compounding; vastly better, of course, than cousin Lysbeth's draught, for it had a villainous taste and a Latin name rotundly accented on the antepenult.

Cousin Lysbeth cared not a fig for the Latin or the doctor's wise look, only in the case of Gertryd's child she chose not to take any chances. She failed not, however, to vent sundry sarcasms on doctors in general when the medicine failed to arrive, and she perforce had recourse again to the despised herb tea.

Next day, thanks to nature and cousin Lysbeth, the patient was so much improved that he begged to be taken out; and his nurse, being happily a believer in fresh air and sunshine, lost no time in bringing forth the big chair to the most sheltered corner of the stoop, where, having tucked in her charge with the responsible air of one conscious of skill and well content at having an occasion to display it, went away to her dairy.

Entrance to Vrouw Wickoff's dairy was forbidden to all the world save one or two discreet women-servants. Naturally, this spot more than any other in the house was the object of her jealous care, as it was the source of her highest triumph as a huysvrouw. The very approach to it on a summer's day was refreshing, with its cool air, its delicious fragrance of fresh butter and new curds. Once past the threshold, the widow gave herself up with professional gravity to its cares and duties: skimming the thick yellow cream with her own hands; peeping with jealous eye, from time to time, into the deep churn which a stout negress pumped up and down; adjusting the press upon the green cheeses; scanning with sharp eye the stone-flagged floor, the whitewashed walls, the well-scrubbed shelves, lest haply a stray insect or floating speck of dirt smirch the awful purity of the odorous cell.

Meantime, Steenie, left to himself upon the stoop, watched the white clouds sail up the sky, watched the waving tree-tops, or followed the humming-birds among the flower-beds; listening the while to the chit-chat of the robins in the orchard, the tinkling warble of the bobolink in the distant meadow, the crickets in the blooming clover, and through all and over all the soughing accompaniment of the summer breeze.

Soothed by these combined influences,

the junker was fast nodding off to sleep, when he was aroused by the sharp clatter of a horse's feet close by in the highway. The noise stopped at his kinswoman's gate. Then followed a murmur of voices and a burst of laughter, and the next minute, with romping step, a girl came dashing around the corner, cleared with a bound the three broad stone doorsteps, and was about to lay hold of the knocker, when she saw him and drew back.

"Catalina!"

The smile faded from her lips; she caught anew her spent breath, and with swift hand adjusted her disordered dress.

"I thought you were in bed," she said, and looked away with an air of embarrassment.

"I am sorry not to be sick enough to suit you."

Casting a look askance at his wasted figure, she reddened at the reproach.

"I am come — my father sent me — to bring you some medicine."

"So! You are very good. Stay! draw up yonder bench. Medicine! Sit you down now, and tell me about it."

It was still the same old tone of good-humored condescension, as to a child. The little frown and slight drawing up of her figure, by which she mutely protested against this persistent insinuation of infancy, were lost upon the languid junker.

"Vrouw Wickoff is within?" she asked, ignoring the invitation.

"Yes," he answered, with a look of amusement at the little snub, "but she likes not to be interrupted at her butter-making. See, here is a bench."

"I — my sister is waiting at the gate, on a pillion."

"Go fetch her in straightway. Cousin Lysbeth will be glad to have you at dinner. You may tie the horse."

"Thank you much, but we have to go to the dominie's. I cannot stay," moving away, then stopping and hesitating. "Here is the medicine."

"You may put it on the bench, since you will not stay."

"These powders are to be taken once in four hours, and" —

The junker shook his head peevishly.

— "and a spoonful of this," holding out a vial, "on going to bed."

"I cannot remember all that," closing his eyes wearedly.

"'T is to be well shaken before using, and" —

"Go tell it to cousin Lysbeth," moving impatiently in his chair, and groaning as if in pain.

"You want something?"

"If I had anybody to attend me."

She stood looking at him with a comical mixture of compassion and irritation.

"If it be — I will — what is it?"

"A draught of syllabub."

"I will call Vrouw Wickoff."

"There is no need; 't is on the table within, — the blue jug."

She went quickly and brought the draught, which he barely tasted.

"Is that all?" she asked, as he handed back the jug.

"No."

She looked a little exasperated.

"The flies are biting me."

"If I knew where a fan was to be had!"

He waved his hand toward the parlor. She hastened away, and came back directly with a partridge-tail, spread, and finished at the node with a bit of ribbon.

What with her impatience and his nerveless grasp, the fan fell between them; whereupon, reaching forward to pick it up, he lost his balance and toppled forward in a heap to the floor. With a look of alarm and sympathy she sprang to help him, which she could do only by actually lifting him in her arms. Hardly was he seated in the chair, however, when, with a deep blush, she cleared herself from this involuntary embrace, darted into the house, found the pantry, handed the medicine to the astonished

Vrouw Wickoff, repeated the directions in a breathless tone, and was away around the back of the house like a whirlwind.

The clatter of horse's feet in the road was the first notice Steenie had of her going.

Breathing the pure country air and fed upon cousin Lysbeth's goodies, Steenie presently began to pick up. A very unexpected token of good-will came to him one morning in the shape of a note from the begum, tendering him, with many superfluous compliments, the use of her palanquin during his convalescence. On the heels of the bearer of the note, that there might be no room for declining, came the airy little vehicle itself.

Cousin Lysbeth was at first in much doubt about trusting her patient's neck in such an outlandish conveyance, but one or two trial trips silenced her objections.

Thenceforth, accordingly, Steenie took an outing every day. Lying at length, with the curtains thrown back, and borne along by two stout men, he visited all his favorite haunts in the country-side.

More from habit than the expectation of bagging any game, he took along his gun, and swept with roving eye the side-way coverts on the march.

One day, having had the good luck to shoot an overbold rabbit, and coming soon after to a pretty opening in the woods, the fancy seized him to picnic on the spot and cook his own dinner.

So sending home one of his bearers for a basket of necessaries and the other in search of water, he busied himself in making a fire and dressing the rabbit.

Wearied by the unaccustomed effort, he threw himself down on the palanquin to watch the flames curl and crackle among the dry boughs he had heaped together. In this quiet pastime he was presently disturbed by outcries for help, mingled, as it seemed, with the snarling of enraged beasts.

Without thought of the consequences, he loudly replied. Encouraged by his answer, the cries turned in his direction; they sounded nearer and nearer, and directly, with a prodigious rustling of leaves and snapping of twigs, out from a neighboring thicket rushed Catalina and her shepherd dog closely pursued by a bristling wolf. Although covered with blood and much worsted by the fray, the dog turned back at every few steps to renew the contest, thus giving his mistress a chance to gain ground which she failed not to improve.

Next to the French and the Indians, wolves ranked as the greatest pest of the early colonists. They were, however, held in contempt rather than dread, inasmuch as they seldom or never attacked human beings save where, as in this case, they were baited into a pursuing rage by dogs or sportsmen.

Like other youths of the day, Steenie had often hunted them, and now without alarm sat up on his couch, reached for his gun, and leveled it at the approaching beast. Directly he remembered that the precious charge had been wasted upon the rabbit. It was too late to mend the matter. Failing other missiles, he discharged at the enemy an ineffectual oath.

Meantime, Catalina, in an agony of fright, came rushing towards him, and took refuge behind the palanquin. The plucky dog, making a last stand in defense of his mistress, was overpowered and disabled, while, with an intent and unamiable expression, the wolf came bounding towards the palanquin.

Clubbing his gun, Steenie made a show of resistance, but, staggered by the onset of the beast, he was thrown back upon the couch, where he saved his throat only by the intervention of a plump cushion.

This, however, was but a makeshift; he had no strength to struggle with the brute; there was no help at hand; it was in all respects an unpleasant moment.

Happily, like other moments, it proved of limited duration. Directly he was

vaguely conscious of an odor of smoke and singed hair in the palanquin. With a howl of pain the wolf dashed out. The junker feebly raised himself. There stood Catalina, quaking with terror, yet holding the exasperated beast at bay with a flaming brand. Again the unwary sportsman aimed a feeble blow with the butt of his flint-lock. Again the wolf turned upon him. Again Catalina interposed with her brand; whereupon, taking the hint, Steenie snatched a brand himself from the coals. Thus making common cause, they backed upon the fire and kept the wolf at bay. Opportunely, the slave sent for water appeared, bearing a dripping birch-bark measure. Steenie shouted to him. The man dropped his water, crept up softly behind, and with a powerful blow from a stout club laid the beast lifeless.

Exhausted by excitement and unusual exertion, Steenie, without a word, threw himself on the palanquin.

"You are hurt — he tore you — you are bleeding! Oh, I was the cause of it!" cried Catalina, rushing to his side. "Cato, where is Kouba? Kouba! Kouba! How dare you bring him so far from home? Get water — do you see how white he is? Kouba! Kouba, I say! Where is Kouba?"

The slave explained that his fellow had been sent back on an errand.

"I will take his place, then."

The man stared.

"Come, get to your poles! We must carry him home!"

"Stop! Hold, I say! I am not hurt. You shall not."

The feeble voice from within was unheeded.

In obedience to an imperative gesture from his mistress, the slave took his place, and despite all objections, protests, and threats from their passenger they set forth.

The road was none of the best, but happily the distance was not great, and by dint of frequent stops — during which the passenger showed symptoms of violence — the inexperienced young bearer stuck to her task with a staying power one would scarcely have expected, till they reached the highway, where the returning Kouba met and relieved her of the task.

Next day, what with the fatigue and excitement, the convalescent showed himself the worse for the adventure, and cousin Lysbeth accordingly kept him in bed.

To this hard discipline the patient yielded with sorry grace, as he lay among his pillows sniffing the fresh air which floated in through the open window, listening with eager ears to the varied sounds of life from without, and watching with wistful eyes the sunbeams which, streaming through the casement, lighted up here and there a tiny cresset among the grains of sand, and left a track of splendor along the jeweled floor.

In the course of the morning cousin Lysbeth was called to the door by a visitor, who would not heed the slave's bidding to enter. Through the open window the junker overheard, without scruple, bits of their talk.

"I trust he is none the worse for it?"

"Yes, but he is," answered downright Dame Lysbeth.

"Surely he is not brought to bed again?"

The patient's face wore a look of amused interest at the anxious tone of the inquiry.

"That is he."

"But — 't is not for long, think you?"

"God knows!"

The patient well-nigh betrayed himself by laughing aloud at this gloomy description of his state, thereby losing several sentences which followed. The next words that came to him were in the firm tones of cousin Lysbeth.

"You had best come in and see him yourself."

"No, no!" was the nervous answer.

"What message will you please to leave?"

"I — I — none at all."

"I will say only you came to ask."

"I am come to do nothing of the sort."

The sharp tone of this retort clearly puzzled the matter-of-fact huysvrouw not a little, who asked bluntly, —

"For what, then, do you call me from my work and waste my time here?"

"I was passing, and — and stopped to — ask after your health."

"For me! best thanks! I never had a sick hour since Martie was born."

"I am glad, and I hope your family will soon be as well. Good-day, huysvrouw."

Uttering her parting salutation in a tone of stilted dignity, the visitor went her way.

Steenie, as it proved, suffered no lasting ill-effects from his adventure; it was only cousin Lysbeth's love of discipline which kept him housed for a day or two. He was soon on his feet, stronger than ever; so strong, in fact, that he declined the further use of the palanquin in a polite note which speedily brought the owner herself to wait upon him.

This visit proved, on more accounts than one, a notable experience. The begum had been invested with a new and indefinable interest ever since the wedding feast. Nor was her behavior on this occasion of a sort to lessen the impression.

For the first few minutes Steenie busied himself studying her very striking physical traits, as she exchanged greetings with his cousin. The two, as they sat before him, were at the poles of contrast. The delicacy of build, the elegance of dress and manner, the suggested subtlety of mind in every look and tone of the Oriental, could not on the round earth have found a better foil than in the massive bulk, the steady dignity, the simplicity of garb, and the uncompromising straightforwardness of the Dutch huysvrouw.

The junker's musings were presently interrupted by his visitor.

"And you, Mynheer, — I am glad from the heart to see you win back your health."

Steenie bowed and murmured thanks.

"But when you are quite well, then," insinuatingly, "you will fly away."

"That will not be for a good while yet," spoke up cousin Lysbeth, "if he shows not better sense in taking care of himself."

"Your cousin would like well to keep you, I am sure."

"No, she will be glad to be rid of me; I make too much trouble."

The visitor directed a puzzled, inquiring look at Vrouw Wickoff.

Cousin Lysbeth wagged her head, but would not be drawn into a disclaimer.

"You should rather come to live with her forever," went on the visitor, turning with watchful eyes from one to the other. "'T is sad to be alone, and here there is land, good land for fine plantations, where a junker may come and make a home of his own."

"'T is a good place to visit," said Steenie, with mock reserve, but directing at the same time a grateful glance at his kinswoman.

"But you have always the thought of going back?"

Steenie nodded.

"It must be, then, the heart is left yonder." The suggestion was accompanied by a searching glance and a quick withdrawal of the eyes.

A look of pain crossed the junker's face, and he became abstracted. Cousin Lysbeth noted the effect of the remark upon her patient, and, however much at a loss to account for it, instantly changed the subject.

"Your daughter is well, after all that the other day?"

"She is well," answered the begum, with a perplexed look.

"'T is a mercy they were not both torn in pieces," went on cousin Lysbeth.

The begum turned from one to the other, with eyes full of the curiosity she thought it not polite to put into words.

"And carrying that — that thing such a distance, — 't was the work of a man!"

The listener bowed, with a blank expression.

"And after all she did, I warrant me the heedless boy yonder has not thanked her yet."

Aroused from his musings by this direct reference to himself, Steenie reviewed with a mind-flash the words which had been passing through his ears, and said quickly, —

"She would give me no chance."

By this time the begum's curiosity had reached a painful pitch, when cousin Lysbeth, suddenly fathoming her bewildered look, cried, —

"She did not tell you!"

The begum shook her head.

"Go on you, now, and tell her," said the dame to her cousin.

The story lost nothing in the grateful junker's recital. The begum's dark skin flushed as she listened; her breathless interest in the account constantly belying the affected indifference of her comments.

"It is nothing; but what danger for you! So! you then saved *her* life as well. You were weak, yes, yes — Catalina pitied you, she has a good heart — 't is nothing — yes, Catalina is brave — you were an old friend, she knew you yonder — 't is nothing — yet I am glad — yes, she is so shy — I will tell her — yes — all your thanks, but you must come yourself. Good-by — I keep you too long — I forget — forgive me! Madam, I await a visit from you; you will bring Mynheer. He should stay by you yet for a good while. I hope we shall see you many times. Good-by."

Steenie stared after their strange visitor, as deeply perplexed as cousin Lysbeth herself at her sudden agitation and abrupt departure.

XXVIII.

The begum had made a shrewd guess as to the drift of Steenie's yearnings. Long before cousin Lysbeth pronounced him well enough to go, his thoughts were plainly turning homeward, as appeared by divers toilfully composed and carefully sealed letters which he found means of sending up to town by the hands of neighboring farmers going to market. Getting back not a single word in return, he presently fell to moping. Vigilant cousin Lysbeth took alarm, and cast about for ways and means to distract his thoughts. She set him to mending tools and harness, sent him on ready-made errands, took him afield when overlooking the slaves, made him cast up farm accounts gathered here and there from chalked memoranda on the kitchen wall and the barn doors. Not that her own faithful memory needed any such mechanical aid, but because she was hard pushed to find fit work for a town-bred junker. Driven to straits, she one day took him to wait upon the Staatses, where the begum's marked chagrin at her daughter's absence greatly puzzled both her visitors.

All resources having been exhausted to content her homesick guest, cousin Lysbeth was fain at last to let him go, which she did with much reluctance and repeated warnings against youthful imprudence.

Arriving home, Steenie found in the outward aspect of the town an air of bustle and prosperity which it had never worn under Leisler; but from certain remarks exchanged between his father and mother at the supper-table, he drew a moral not to take for gold all that glittered.

The new governor, as it appeared, far from fulfilling the high hopes which his coming had aroused, had already slipped from the heroic niche in which he had been too hastily enshrined; while from

certain dark hints let drop by his father, the watchful junker surmised that the violent measures wherewith the new administration had been inaugurated, instead of proving of wholesome efficacy, had spread far and wide the poison of a deeper disaffection.

The following morning, Madam Van Cortlandt stood upon the stoop when her son came out and passed down the steps. As a woman of the world, she let no trace of any thought or feeling stir her impassive face while noting the carefulness of his toilet, — his holiday coat, silk small-clothes, lace ruffles, and shining shoe-buckles. Whatever conclusions, indeed, she may have formed from his premature return home, from the loss of his habitual cheerfulness or the object of his present errand, she kept her own counsels, and with wise restraint bided her time.

As for Steenie, he was too preoccupied to think of small politics at the moment, to think of any disguise of his mood or purposes. Greeting his mother, therefore, dutifully yet mechanically, he went his way to the well-known brick house in the Strand.

Arrived at the door, however, he was seized with a passing agitation, — a natural result, perhaps, of some weeks of doubts and misgivings. Pausing at the bottom of the steps, he seemed not able to summon resolution to go in. After a moment's hesitation he turned and walked along to the Waterpoort, where he again came to a halt. Lingering here for several moments, he presently whirled about as if with a sudden return of firmness, briskly retraced his steps, mounted the stairs, and nervously sounded the knocker.

On being shown in, he found the little parlor empty; the windows shut, and the room darkened. An ominous silence, indeed, brooded over the whole house, as though the shadow of the late tragedy still lay dark and heavy upon the once bustling and happy home.

It seemed an age to the impatient junker before Hester appeared. He was shocked into uttering an exclamation at the change in her. It was not only that her bloom was gone, that she had lost contour, that her old look of serenity was wanting; here was another individuality. He was not of an age or experience for subtle theorizing. That such a sudden and violent development of latent traits could take place in a flesh-and-blood fellow-creature as would dominate her known and normal characteristics was a thing as unknown in his experience as it was undreamed of in his philosophy. Happily or unhappily, the thought did not even occur to him. He hastened with outstretched arms to meet his sweetheart. Regarding him with lack-lustre eyes, in which was no gleam of welcome, she endured his embrace without returning it. Fondly, eagerly, pityingly, he looked into her eyes. Their glance was petrifying, the old stony stare of the dungeon-cell.

"Hester, poor child! dear girl!"

He repeated the phrases over and over again, with every appealing and tender inflection. It was all he seemed able to say.

He led her presently to a chair. She sat down with an air of sufferance, as if waiting for him to have done. He was painfully discomfited; he tried to speak, but his voice stuck in his throat. Indeed, it was plain he was at an utter loss what to say. With whatever doubts and misgivings, he had come clearly enough expecting to resume their old relations. He was bewildered at finding it impossible, — at finding that the physical contiguity from which he had hoped so much brought no nearness; that between himself and this young creature who had grown to seem a part of his very being there had mysteriously intervened a yawning gulf, across which his piping human voice availed not to reach, and his pigmy arms stretched forth in vain to grasp back his treasure.

Unconsciously he grew old in heart and brain, as he sat staring at his dumb companion, while the interminable minutes dragged along.

Had that blighting shadow fallen also upon him? Not unnaturally the thought occurred to him and haunted him, till it seemed as if he were indeed wrestling with some malign influence ambushed there in the darkened room.

"Hester, poor child! dear girl!" he kept repeating, as one who talks in sleep.

On a sudden impulse he took her hands; they rested cold and limp in his grasp, but it gave him courage to go on.

"I have been down with a fever. I was sent away to get well — down to cousin Lysbeth's — it was a long time — I wrote you letters."

She nodded, without raising her eyes from their fixed stare at the floor.

"And I thought of you, poor girl, all the time. It was hard to be so long away, but now I am well, now I am come back to stay; we shall be happy again. Do not shake your head, darling. Look at me; smile at me as you used to. Remember we have each other yet. Come, Hester, — listen to me, dear girl. Think how happy we used to be. We may be again, — why not? We have done no wrong to any one. When this — this awful — shall pass away, we may be happy again. Take comfort, Hester. Think not upon all *that* too much; think of the old times; think I am here, — that I am faithful to you, and" —

He stopped. Her lips moved; he leaned forward eagerly to catch her words, which came husky and grating, as from a voice unused for years.

"We are attainted!"

He studied her face with a puzzled look, as if she had spoken without sense. It was a full minute before he fathomed her meaning.

"And what then? Is it your fault? Is it for anything you have done? Does it make you anything other than what you were, — my own dear, faithful sweetheart!"

She shook her head, as if he were talking idly.

"It takes away your goods and estates. I am sorry for your mother, your brother and sisters, but *you* need think nothing of that; I shall have enough for both. Shake not your head, darling."

"We are attainted!" she said again, with the same barrenness of hope.

He released her hands, and cast himself back in his chair with a sigh of discouragement.

As they sat thus in silence, a door opened below-stairs, and the voice of her younger sister was heard softly calling to Hester. Realizing the uselessness of prolonging the interview, Steenie rose at once to go. She made no protest, but mechanically extended her hand. He put it aside, and took her tenderly in his arms.

"You are not well, poor child! You have not recovered from that — You will be better when I come again. I will come soon, darling. Good-by! Good-by!"

Pausing upon the stoop to shut the door gently behind him, the junker heard a strange voice in the garden, and, glancing over the wall, saw Barent walking with Cobus, among the vegetables. In the disturbed state of his feelings, it is doubtful whether the incident made even a passing impression upon his mind.

Next morning, overhearing his father express a purpose of sending a messenger to Hartford on important business, Steenie was somewhat startled at the suggestion of his own name by his mother, who urged it upon her husband with characteristic persistence. As for Steenie, he seemed at first not much pleased with the notion, but on a little reflection assented with a show of cheerfulness, not quite realizing the probable length of his absence.

He made no attempt to see Hester again before going; indeed, the impor-

tance and responsibility of his new duties distracted his mind for the moment from thoughts of her. It proved business of a sort to try his metal. Realizing now the cause of his father's hesitation in committing it to hands so young and unskilled, he resolved to justify the confidence reposed in him.

Without mishap or adventure, he reached his destination, and acquitted himself creditably of his errand. The result was duly made known at home. At the end of several weeks, expecting daily his recall, he was met by a courier from his father with congratulations upon his success, accompanied by minutes of some other matters of moment in the Massachusetts, confided to his management at his mother's instance.

Despite this flattering commendation and the natural gratification at succeeding in his first mission, it was nevertheless with a feeling of keen disappointment that the junker turned his face towards Boston; and in the answer sent back to his father there was, mingled with many dutiful expressions, an unconscious little touch of resentment at his mother's interference.

The matter in the Massachusetts, as it proved, admitted not of such dispatch as the former. He was delayed many weeks, chafing at obstacles which he had not foreseen and could not surmount, so that before he again reached home several months had elapsed.

As he neared the city, his impatience to arrive became quite uncontrollable. Outstripping his escort, he cruelly spurred his jaded horse, to gain, needlessly, as it seemed, a few useless hours, and enter the town before nightfall. So, too, without any more tangible excuse, he went a foolish, roundabout course, in order to go in by way of the Waterpoort and ride along the Strand.

Passing the little brick house, he came almost to a halt, scanning with painful eagerness the door, the jealously shut windows, and every dumb brick, for some intelligence of Hester. Seeing no sign of life, the remembrance of his last visit perhaps recurred to him, for he repressed a shudder as he looked away.

Turning into the dock, he was aroused from his gloomy preoccupation by a sight which sent the spurs into his horse's sides, so that the poor brute reared and cavorted, despite his spent condition. There, at a few paces distant, looking calmly towards him, stood Hester, attended by Barent Rhynders. She showed no surprise at his sudden appearance, but, returning his agitated greeting by a grave courtesy, passed along as if they had parted but yesterday.

Various adroit measures adopted by Madam Van Cortlandt, next morning, proved unavailing to keep her son at home. As soon as breakfast was over, without a minute's delay he proceeded to the Strand.

He found Hester in the garden with her sister. The latter ran away, but Hester came directly to meet him, with something of her old-time manner. His face brightened at once, its anxious look giving place to one of extreme agitation. He fairly stammered in his first hurried greeting.

"It is a long — long time — I thought not to be gone so far, else I — it was business of moment — I could not come — you understood, I hope, I could not — I wrote you by every hand — if you had the letters, you know why I was so neglectful, as it seemed."

"Yes," she said, with a little movement to free herself from his embrace, "I had the letters. I was glad to hear you were in health and well quit of your business."

He looked confounded at her tone. It was that of one who turns aside from an absorbing purpose to answer a child. It was many minutes before he could rally self-possession to go on, as they walked back and forth, back and forth, between the rows of currant bushes.

Breaking free at last from the constraint which seemed every moment weighing down upon him with deadlier force, he suddenly stopped, and cried with impetuous directness: —

"Hester, what is between us? What is it, I say? A terrible trial has come upon you. You suffered cruelly. I suffered too, in thinking of your pain, in seeing you crushed under such affliction. I have waited long for the wound to heal. It was a grievous wound, but I was not the cause of it. I have done you no wrong. I have been faithful to you through all. You are pledged to me. I am come at last to claim you!"

She made a movement as if to speak, but he went on with added vehemence:

"'T is time we stopped dwelling upon the past and turned to the future. We cannot amend the wrong that has been done; we must bethink us how to make the best of the life that is left us."

They had reached the bottom of the garden, and turned to come back. Her attitude, standing before him in the path as if barring the way; her utterance, slow at first, but gathering impetus as she went on; her controlled manner and measured tones, all combined to give a memorable emphasis to her answer. Meantime, to her astonished hearer, her expression seemed visibly to change, as she talked, from the callowness of youth to the maturity of middle age. It was as if a mask had dropped, showing how suffering had developed the woman, morally and mentally, with the ripening efficacy of years.

"Amend the wrong! No! Neither can we avenge crime, nor wash out the stain of blood-guiltiness that lies upon the heads of those yonder, nor call back martyred men from the grave! Vengeance is for God; He has said it!"

The tone in which the words were uttered might have startled her hearer, had he not been so impressed with the transformation wrought in the speaker herself that he scarcely heeded her words.

"Such part of the wrong we may not amend," she went on, "but we may amend such as lies in the power of man. We may wipe out the blot put upon the names of the dead. We may show their innocence to the world. We may have their memory restored to honor in men's mouths. We may wipe out the taint that has been put upon their innocent wives and children."

Awed by this sudden revelation of character, the junker stood for a space helplessly staring; it was only when the prolonged silence became painful that he made a blundering attempt to speak.

"I thought not that — that you would take the matter so much to heart, Hester — I — I" — he floundered, realizing, perhaps, that this was an unhappy beginning. "I hope you may gain your end, — 't is just you should; but — but touching yourselves, I hope this blow may not fall so heavily as you fear."

"'T is for mother we fear."

"Surely, after so grievous an affliction, she will be suffered to live in peace."

"How and where? She is driven from home already."

"You will quit this house?"

"What choice have we? They turn us out; 't is a favor we have been suffered to stay these few weeks while mother kept her bed, brought to the very door of death by their doings. Better for her she had died!"

"Good God! 't will surely not be pushed; 't is wanton cruelty; if it were but made known to his Excellency" —

"Think you we would ask mercy of that butcher?" she broke in, almost fiercely.

"What then, my poor girl, will you do?"

"Sister Walters will take us in till Cobus has a hearing of his Majesty. He has gone to England; he will make known all this wickedness to the king."

"But if he fail? Your brother is young and unused to courts."

"He will not fail; if his Majesty be

a man, and not a monster, he cannot but listen."

"My poor Hester, 't is hard to get speech with the king; one must have influence at court; there are a thousand difficulties in the way; his Majesty is plagued with much business."

"If he will not hear, he can read, at least. Cobus has it all writ down in petitions signed by a hundred names of good, God-fearing men."

"A flood of petitions pour into the royal closet every day; the king has not time for half of them. He hands them over to his ministers. These gentlemen are not fond of giving themselves pains. They take their own time; they hear all sides of the story; they put the business off from time to time; new matters arise, public needs which claim a preference. Years go by; suitors grow old and gray and faint-hearted, and give up the hopeless quest. I would not discourage you by this gloomy picture; I would but save you from disappointment."

"We shall bide our time," she said resolutely, "and give them no peace till our suit is granted."

"But I — we — where is my part in all this waiting? I might aid; I would fain help in anything I may," he added, in a halting way. "I might at least be of comfort to you. Surely *we* need not await the issue of all this. We are pledged for better or worse; not for one day, but for life. We may be married all the same; you will not be less dutiful as a daughter that you have become a wife."

She hesitated; for the first time, it seemed, a moment's thought of him crossed her mind. There was a touch of commiseration in the look she turned upon him; her voice softened, but in no whit abated its tone of inflexible resolution, as she answered, —

"Never will I give a thought to marriage until this wrong be amended."

A deep flush overspread his face. He stood looking steadily at her until it slowly faded, giving place to a pallor which made his sun-browned cheeks look russet-hued.

"Never?"

"Never!"

The word fell from her lips like an iron bolt, but no bolt ever moulded could have dealt him such a blow. Large beads of moisture gathered on his forehead, and slowly trickled over his temples, as he stood with clenched hands and lips tight pressed, like one controlling himself under some physical pang.

Her eyes were turned away, perhaps purposely, to avoid witnessing the effect of her words. Each must have felt there was no more to be said. The painful silence which ensued was broken by the sound of some commotion at the house, — the sound of hurrying feet and some one calling. Hester turned to look. Her sister came hurrying down the path, followed by Vrouw Leisler crying, with awe-stricken looks, —

"My child, my child, it has come at last! Your father is avenged!"

"What?"

"He is dead, — that wicked man."

"Who?"

"The governor!"

"God's hand is in it!"

XXIX.

The stir caused in the community by the death of Governor Sloughter was due not so much to grief felt for the defunct as to anxiety regarding the character and policy of his successor. This question, indeed, so engrossed the attention of all those in any way connected with the administration that for a while nothing else was thought of.

There is, therefore, less ground for surprise that Madam Van Cortlandt did not at once remark her son's sudden despondency. Once returned to home duties, however, the watchful matron was

not long blind to the matter. Without troubling herself overmuch to account for it, she recognized the need of some timely intervention, and with a mother's license took measures accordingly. No treatment, it would seem, could have been better suited to the case than that adopted, — of sending him off on a trip to the West Indies with his cousin, Captain Marten Wickoff.

Steenie made no objection, nor expressed any gratification. He merely assented, and looked on in apathy while his energetic mother made all the arrangements for the voyage. Bluff Captain Marten had many private interviews with his kinswoman, and was doubtless given a hint as to the trouble from her point of view. Between them they kept secret the day and hour of sailing, so that the unsuspicious junker was hustled on board the bark early one morning, before any "compunctious visitings of nature" could interfere with their resolve.

Captain Marten faithfully followed his private instructions. No leisure was given his young cousin for indulging in morbid fancies. He was kept hard at work and fed upon plain fare, until he came gradually to find in the free, wholesome life, so varied by chance and peril, the solace felt by many another world-sick wretch before him. Moreover, the voyage was destined to be savored by a sort of sea-spice he little dreamed of. Two days out from Sandy Hook a sail hove in sight, which behaved in a way not at all satisfactory to Captain Marten. After studying the stranger for a long time in silence, on a sudden he threw down his glass and flew about with very unusual activity. Ordering all sail on and the decks cleared, he presently directed the crew to make ready to throw over the cargo or stand to their guns, as the case required.

Steenie heard all this with a little creeping of the flesh. Heretofore a pirate had been merely a bugbear; he now saw the fabulous monster realized. As in the nursery tales pirates are always burned, sunk, or brought to some condign end, he felt no doubt of the issue in this case, and, arming himself with a cutlass, longed to come to close quarters. His enthusiasm, however, was somewhat dampened by the captain's blunt answer to his questioning as to the result of such a proximity.

"Do! damn 'em! They 'd sink the ship, and make every mother's son of us walk the plank!"

In view of this very uncomfortable probability, the valiant landsman straightway developed more interest in the captain's policy of "showing his heels."

Thanks to his stout vessel and good seamanship, the prudent captain at last succeeded in outstripping his enemy, and escaping with the loss of only a small part of his cargo.

Matters had come to such a pass that this experience, far from being unusual, was accepted as one of the ordinary perils of the sea; and although the rest of the voyage was accomplished in safety, they learned, on arriving at St. Kitt's, of a large Spanish galleon which had been sunk in plain sight of the town by the rakish stranger who had given them chase; and coming ashore, they found the most absorbing topic among sailors and merchants was the doings of these bold bandits, — all of which made a profound impression upon Steenie's mind, as will presently appear.

If no other gain came from the voyage, Madam Van Cortlandt noted with silent satisfaction its effect upon her son's health. Madam naturally enough concluded that one who could eat and sleep like this sun-bronzed junker was no longer a fit subject for anxiety. That she pushed further her conclusions, and founded upon this experience certain sweeping and unsafe generalizations, was the fault of her temperament. Lest any undue prejudice attach to her on account of it, let it be remembered that

dogmatism is for the most part harmless; that it is always amusing, and indeed, viewed aright, is not without a certain ethical value.

Nobody in the world, perhaps, was more perfectly aware of madam's limitations than her own silent and conservative husband. At the same time, nobody listened to her with greater deference. When, therefore, upon this occasion, she emphatically pronounced her conclusions upon youthful affairs of the heart, and the proper treatment of them after the fashion of croup and measles, he dryly coughed, without committing himself by an assent.

Steenie, meanwhile, unconscious of being an object of concern, felt himself under no obligation to confirm his mother's theories, but went his own gait, in a state of apathy not to be easily distinguished from content.

Returning in this listless mood from a long ride northward upon the island, about a week after his landing, he was aroused by a sound of somebody running after him, and presently a breathless voice was heard calling him by name:

"Mynheer — Mynheer Stephanus!"

Turning, he saw Tryntie hurrying with might and main to overtake him.

"You, vrouw? I'm glad to see you."

"Ei, Myn-Mynheer!" she gasped, coming up. "I thought never to see ye again. They — they said ye 'd gone beyond sea."

"So I did, and have come home again. How is Ripse these days?"

"The schelmje! — he grows like a weed."

"And Rip?"

"Ever the same; he is away at the market, or he 'd be glad of a sight o' ye. But I have n't run the breath out o' my body to tell my own affairs; I 've something for ye."

"So!"

"'T is yonder in the house; ye went so fast I could n't stay to bring it, but if ye 'll turn back" —

"What is it, then?"

The dame looked cautiously about, and lowered her voice.

"A letter!"

"For me?"

"Ye 'll need no help to guess who sends it."

It would have puzzled keener wits than Tryntie's to say whether the change which took place in the listener's countenance was due to pleasure or pain. Staring at her a moment while recovering from his astonishment, he said gravely,

"I will go."

Walking his horse to keep pace with the panting vrouw, he did not exchange another word with her, however, until they came to the house. Everything there looked much the same: the geese feeding on the green; the little stoop with its well-scrubbed benches; the tulip-beds, now filled with summer flowers; Ripse, much grown, in a little round cap, and a grotesque frock made from an old doublet of his father's, chasing the poultry with a stick, — all might have awakened old remembrances in the junker's bosom, if he had not been too preoccupied to take note of anything.

Tryntie did not keep him waiting; she came out unfolding a long piece of clean linen, from which she produced the precious letter.

Steenie took it, and, gazing at it a full minute in an abstracted way, rode off without breaking the seal, or even giving the little vrouw a word of thanks for her pains.

It was only when quite alone upon the highway that, dropping the reins upon his horse's neck, he read the letter. He read it, indeed, over and over again. Who will say he had not cause?

HONORED FREND, — It has come upon me sence seeing you I made an unfit answer to what you said to me meant in all love and kindness. Truely I have no cause to give any butt kind words as I have no other butt kind thouts

towards you. My mind as you know was full off other things as God our Heavenly Father knows full well it had call to be.

For that I was always a stubborn and undutifull child to that dere and blissed martyr we have lost I am now arroused to a sinse of my great sin and wickedness and from this out must ever strive to make what poor amends in me lye in following his example and heeding his counsells remembered in my mind.

After some note taken off my feelings I find them still turned towards you much as of old butt my sinses are benumbed as it where and all within me seems awry. I am like a plant trod to earth and lift myself feebly from the dust all bruised and warped as I must never again expect to stand upright. See then what need I have to commend myself to God's Mercy by putting away all weak and foolish desires off my own heart and yield my thouts and strenth to lifting up from the foul mire and making clear off smirch the memory of that blissed one I held in such small esteem whiles living. Praying you then to think me not so much unmindfull off your true affection as pledged to a duty which holds me heart and soul

Your humble ser't

HESTER LEISLER.

The reader was recalled to himself by his horse stopping before the city gate. Thrusting the letter into his pocket, he gathered up the reins, and, by the shortest way, proceeded to the little house in the Strand. He found it shut and deserted. He stared about in dismay. The house in its desolation rose before him a dumb but eloquent accuser, afflicting him with a sense of personal guiltiness.

He sat for a space as not knowing what to do; then bethinking him of Tryntie, turned and rode back to the bouwerie. The evening was warm, the door and windows stood open, and through the still air the discordant voice of the little huysvrouw was heard getting Ripse ready for bed.

Steenie stopped. Perhaps it was the song which reminded him of that time long ago when he first came to the bouwerie. Surely Tryntie's voice was one upon which to found a remembrance. Whatever the impulse, he yielded to it, and lingered at the door. Quite absorbed in her task, Tryntie held the fat, half-naked young one on her knee, beguiling him into spasms of laughter by some nursery trick, as she alternately slipped on and pulled off his bit of a night-gown, singing the while with unmodulated vigor, —

"Duur zat een Aapje op een stokje
Achter myn moeder's kenken deur
Hy had een gnatje in syn rokje
Duur stok dat schelmje syn kopje deur."

Waiting patiently until the game was ended and Ripse tucked into his cradle, Steenie presented himself, and, making known his errand, learned that Vrouw Leisler and her family were scattered among their friends and relatives, and that Hester was visiting Catalina at New Utrecht.

Madam Van Cortlandt was equally surprised and pleased, next morning, when Steenie announced his purpose of making a visit to Vlacktebos. She lost no time in making up a hamper of town delicacies, and sent him off with a redundancy of messages common to that time of infrequent intercourse.

The visit was a joyful surprise to cousin Lysbeth. She stood by chance on the stoop as Steenie came around the corner of the house, just before supper, and grasped him in her heartiest fashion. He was even more welcome than usual, for he brought the latest news from her darling Marten, and gave her, as they sat on the stoop in the evening, an account of his voyage, together with many details of her son's daily life, of which she had little notion.

Cousin Lysbeth was naturally interested and puzzled, next morning, when,

directly after breakfast, her kinsman announced his intention of going to New Utrecht. She kept her firm lips shut, however, and asked no question; and as for Steenie, if by chance it occurred to him that his doings might awaken curiosity, he showed no disposition to gratify it.

Arrived at the doctor's door, he beheld a well-known person sitting in the cool shadow of the stoop, whom, from his disconcerted look, it was plain he had not thought of encountering.

"You are very welcome, Mynheer," said the lady, with a profound obeisance, blinking away industriously her first look of surprise and curiosity. "Vrouw Wickoff is well, I hope? She must be greatly rejoiced to see you so restored to health."

Steenie murmured some commonplace as he took off his broad-brimmed hat, seated himself upon the bench opposite his hostess, and looked wistfully about.

"It is pleasant to come to the country in the warm season," went on the lady, much busier with her private thoughts than with those she saw fit to put into words.

Her visitor assented absently, with furtive looks cast hither and thither.

"Your worshipful father and mother, — I hope they are in health?"

"They are both well, I thank you much."

A word in Hindostanee whispered apart to an Indian servant who sat on a straw mat just within the open door, and a tray was brought, holding a cool drink and some cakes, of which the guest partook as knowing not what else to do.

"'T is far away from the world, here among our bouweries; we hear only the echoes; 't is like opening a book when some one comes from town to tell us what passes," continued the begum, keeping up the conversation as a running accompaniment to her thoughts, while she studied the junker askance, and accounted in her own way for his abstraction.

"There is not much to tell," he answered, with signs of restiveness.

"Is there not great stir of late on account of the pirates?"

"To be sure; that there is, madam, a prodigious stir," with a touch of interest. "They are become a great plague; they are sweeping our commerce from the sea; the Lords of Trade are busy with the matter."

"'T is whispered here by mischief-makers his Mightiness is in league with them."

"Governor Fletcher! 'T is a great scandal!" cried Steenie indignantly. "He is an honest man, and gives himself up heart and soul to the good of the province. His health is broken by overwork and newness to the climate."

"I believe you; yet some there be, and not a few, scruple not to say it boldly, together with many other evil things of his Excellency. You know well them I mean," returned the lady significantly, curbing her tongue just in time from a closer description of a class among whom her own husband was known to be a leader. "They never forgive it that he holds no fellowship with the followers of that monster who met his deserts so long ago."

Old memories stirred within the junker as he gazed at his singular hostess, noted her eyes flash and her vibrant voice deepen in intensity. Notwithstanding his astonishment, however, he failed not to take instant advantage of the opportunity she had given him to lead the conversation in the direction he wished.

"Whatever the crimes of that wretch, 't is time they were forgotten."

"And who, pray you, keeps the memory of them fresh but his own friends?"

"Poor creatures, they are to be pitied."

"How pitied, when they fill all Eng-

land and America with cries for vengeance?"

Leaning far forward, with her beady eyes fixed glaringly upon her visitor, the excited begum by turns tossed back the floating muslin head-gear from her heated face, and plucked with the vengeful movement of a bird of prey bits of down from a feather fan which she fluttered in her hands.

"Surely his family are innocent, yet are they branded with infamy, and cast out like beggars into the street."

"For the woman, for the children, give them back their poor belongings, — I would not have them suffer; but for *him*" — She finished her sentence with a violent gesture, and plucked again at her fan.

"I am glad to hear that you show kindness to the living, however you may feel towards the dead," said the junker significantly.

"'T is my husband does that," she rejoined, instantly and emphatically, as if to show her qualified approval of the act, "and Catalina, you know" —

Her hearer nodded, and while she still stuck at a word he came bluntly to the point towards which the whole conversation had tended.

"Hester is here. I would speak with her."

A look of mortification, quickly controlled, passed over the lady's tell-tale face.

"Yes, surely. 'T is most unlucky she is gone walking with my daughter, but they cannot be long; they will come back to dinner. You will wait?"

"With many thanks, no; if it please you, I will follow them."

"Ah, I am most wretched!" with an expression of mock despair. "If I but knew whither to send you!"

"Never fear! I shall not be long in finding them."

Seeing her visitor so determined, the lady made a show of catechising the slaves, and at last gained the information that the two girls had gone to a hill, not far off, overlooking the sea.

With a hurried leave-taking, the impatient junker strode off in the direction pointed out. Across some fields, through a wood, and up a gentle slope, and he was there.

The search was not a long one, for directly he came to the summit of the hill and looked about, there, under an oak-tree close at hand, sat the two maidens, busily engaged in closest talk.

Steenie coughed, and they both looked around. Catalina started up instantly, and a flush overspread her face. Hesitating a moment, she dropped a slight courtesy to the intruder, muttered a word to her friend, and turned to go.

Hester made a movement to clutch her by the petticoat, Steenie uttered a half-hearted protest, but the fugitive held her course, and was soon out of sight.

The two left behind found it an awkward meeting. It had been made worse, if possible, by Catalina's flight. Hester rose and gravely courtesied. Both stood silent for a space, not knowing what to say.

But the junker had come with a purpose, and he did not suffer it to grow cold. Making an impatient gesture as if to brush away the constraint which held them both dumb, he approached, and put forth his hand.

"I had your letter but yesterday," he said. "I am just come back from a voyage to the Antilles. I have been long away."

"I am glad to see you safe returned," she answered simply, but with a touch of consciousness which was wanting in their former interview.

"Your letter gave me great comfort," he went on, leaning against the tree, while she stood uneasily a little apart. "I know not why it should, unless it be that at our former meeting you" — he hesitated, stooped and picked up a dry twig, which he broke idly in his fingers — "you seemed not quite your real self."

She looked troubled, but did not answer.

"For myself, I was so downcast that I was long time quite without hope, until little by little the thought came to me that your great affliction had unsettled your good sense, and turned you aside from a right way of thinking."

"I have but one way of thinking," — she spoke calmly and with a touch of pride, — "which is ever as God gives direction to my thoughts."

"'T is not safe to take for God's doing what may more likely be the effect of evil counsels forever sounded in your ears," he retorted, with a little heat.

"One needs not evil counsels to think amiss," was the instant reply, delivered in a tone coldly significant.

Directly Steenie saw his mistake, and as if relieved at having freed his mind of some long-stored bitterness answered with an utter change of voice and manner, a reminiscence of his old masterful way with the girl.

"Let us have done with upbraiding! Let us have done once and for all with bygones which had best be forgotten! We have both had trouble enough; we have both carried about sad looks and heavy hearts till 't is time we cast them off. Come, Hester! Come, sit you down now, dear girl, beside me, and remember only you are my sweetheart yet, and bethink you it rests only with ourselves whether our lives are to run to waste and nothingness, or we are to find some cheer and comfort in the days that are left to us."

As he spoke he threw himself on the ground at the foot of the tree, and motioned her to a place at his side; but she, with a look very ill at ease, remained standing.

"Hester, I say, come, sit you down. Let us have a talk like the old times. Tell me your mind. Show me your whole heart. If I hold still my old place *there*, then all is right yet."

She hesitated, still much discomfited.

"See, here is your seat waiting. Come," he continued half playfully, "you shall not escape. Come, I say, will you wait to be haled hither?"

With an embarrassed flush and no very good grace, she at last sat down by his side.

"Now," he cried, taking her hand and burying it out of sight between his own big palms, "what shall ever come between us again? Are we not happy? Are we not, eh, little one? I feel at least a thousand years younger than yesterday, and my heart, or whatever it be within me which feels, weighs but a feather, which this morning was a ton. Did I not do well to come and seek you out? And all, too, on account of your precious letter, which had well-nigh missed me! What, tongue-tied still?" he asked, with an anxious glance at her downcast face. "Have you then no word for me?"

Her whole person showed by certain nervous movements that she was making ready to speak, and clearly with the greatest effort. His face clouded, perhaps with a premonition, as he watched her, and waited in almost breathless suspense for her words.

"Glad would I be to take part in your cheer and speak some word which would answer to your hope or give you comfort, but" — she stopped, and plainly had to call up all her resources of firmness to go on — "but what can I say? As I set forth in my letter, my heart is still bound to you, but I can give no ear to my own inclinings. I must go the way laid out for me, I must do the work appointed for my hands."

The junker held fast his tongue, although an impulse of impatience convulsed his whole person.

"'T is a voice out of the grave calls me to this work, friends and kindred unite in it, whiles a still, small whisper within, which I know no other but as the voice of God, swells the cry, till I find no peace day or night but in thinking how

best to compass this charge laid upon me."

"Listen, Hester," Steenie began, after a few minutes had passed in ominous silence, — began in a voice whose measured tone showed the restraint he had put upon himself. "Once more I say, Do all this that is required of you, do this which your conscience compels. I would not withhold you. But again I demand, What hinders you should be faithful to me as well? What makes it needful that whiles you are true to one you should be false to the other?"

"False!" she repeated, weighing the word a moment before proceeding; "'t is not a question of true or false; consider the matter only in a right light. What means the dominie when he reads out of the good book yonder that man cannot serve both God and Mammon? 'T is that a weak mortal cannot follow two paths at the same time. Either must he go the one shown of God, or that pointed out by his own selfish passions."

"Truly; and pray you tell me how long is it since I was exalted to the high post, in your esteem, of serving at need as type of greed and lust and all unrighteousness? There remains, it would seem, but the part of Beelzebub still unplayed."

Panoplied in that densest of all armor which turns the shafts of wit, she went on, without the least sense of smart, in a tone calmly controversial.

"Whiles I am true to a higher bidding I cannot well be *false* in any wise." That word plainly rankled in her mind, for she concentrated her attack upon it. "To be false to one's self is ofttimes to be true to God; 't is better, then, in that way to be false. What is false? 'T is but a word. I shall have no fear of any word whiles I have the sense of right action."

Starting up as if irritated beyond longer control, the junker made no answer, but paced swiftly up and down in the shadow of the tree. After a moment Hester rose also, and, carefully shaking the wrinkles out of her skirt, made a movement to go. He suddenly stopped in his feverish march.

"Is this, then, all the answer you would make?"

"What other can I give?" she asked, still shaking her skirt.

"You bid me wait for years as you would say, 'Wait till next Lord's Day morning!'"

"Why should you think 't will prove so long?" she asked, looking up from her adjusted drapery with untroubled eyes.

"What matter why? I have cause. I know after what manner they conduct these affairs. It will be for years, I say, for weary, hopeless years; it may be indeed for life itself. And all for what? What, tell me! A whim, a caprice. Oh, Hester, Hester," he cried, catching her passionately in his arms, "think what you are doing! Is my happiness nothing to you? Think of my misery! You will, you do, — I see it in your face." He covered her blooming cheek with kisses. "I knew you could not be so cruel. Say then you will come with me! Nay, you shall not go till you speak the word, — I swear you shall not! Now — now — there, I give you breath! Will you come with me, I say? There needs but one word to answer."

He released her. She was flustered by the embrace; her cheek was burning from the attack of his ardent lips. She smoothed back her disordered locks and adjusted her dainty cap, while her face settled slowly back into its old lines of calm inflexibility as she answered, —

"If it was but to follow my own heart" —

He saw the look, he heard the tone; it was enough. Waiting not for another word, he turned about and plunged out of view into the thicket.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

MENS SANA.

In the hoary wine-cave's mirk
Genii of the vintage lurk, —
Potent genii shrewd and merry:
Burgundy and laughing Sherry,
Sweet Tokay and Muscatel,
That of flowers do taste and smell
(Fit to pledge with Ariel);
Cloying Port and blithe Champagne,
Greekish wines and wines of Spain, —
Jovial all, and all unsteady!
Subtle *liqueurs* strange and heady, —
Curaçoa and Anisette,
And Absinthe wooing to forget.
These besiege you as you fare
Groping from the upper air;
Tap nor spigot do they ask
To set them free from hoopèd cask.
If you be an anchorite,
They will take your brain by sleight,
Enter with the breath you draw,
And each pore will be a flaw
To let in the vinous rout.
But if there you drink a bout,
While the winking candle-ray
Lights the wine upon its way,
And the ancient cellarer prates
Mellowly of names and dates, —
Of holitides when Bacchus bled,
Of revels and of revelers fled, —
If a pledge or two you quaff,
At these genii you may laugh,
For their cunning in your veins
Makes you proof to all their trains.

Prince, my counsel scan and muse;
In this life of glimmering clues,
Where the wisest ofttimes slip,
Fare you not with unwet lip.
Drink you must the potion rife
Of the olden vintage Life;
So shall you be more exempt,
When the juggling genii tempt,
Than the pale recluse whose cell
Harbors many a traitor fell.
Caution shall more peril meet

Than ardor borne on glowing feet.
Fiery spirit safe shall tent
Its own deathless element,
And the poet, mad from birth,
Is the sanest soul on earth!

Edith M. Thomas.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

II.

TO THE READER.

Personal and Confidential.

Some of my friends may remember that an article bearing the above title appeared in the number of this magazine for March, 1888. It was my hope to have continued my contributions to The Atlantic, under the same title, for a number of successive months. I made no positive engagements, but I hinted my hopes and intentions clearly enough, as I remember. The course of events interrupted all my plans, and it is only very recently that I have felt able or willing to resume any kind of literary labor.

I know that it is a hazardous experiment to return to these pages, where in days long past I have found a generous welcome. But my readers have been, and are, a very kind constituency. I think there are many among them who would rather listen to an old voice they are used to than to a new one of better quality, even if the "childish treble" should betray itself now and then in the tones of the over-tired organ. But there must be others, — I am afraid many others, — who will exclaim: "He has had his day, and why can't he be content? We don't want literary *revenants*, superfluous veterans, writers who have worn out their welcome and still insist on being attended to. Give us something fresh, something that belongs to our day and generation. Your morning draught was well enough, but we don't care for your evening slip-slop. You are not in relation with us, with our time, our ideas, our aims, our aspirations."

Alas, alas! my friend, — my young friend, for your hair is not yet whitened, — I am afraid you are too nearly right. No doubt, — no doubt. Tea-cups are not coffee-cups. They do not hold so much. Their pallid infusion is but a feeble stimulant compared with the black decoction served at the morning board. And so, perhaps, if wisdom like yours were compatible with years like mine, I should drop my pen and make no further attempts upon your patience.

But suppose that a writer who has reached and passed the natural limit of serviceable years feels that he has some things which he would like to say, and which may have an interest for a limited class of readers, is he not right in trying his powers and calmly taking the risk of failure? Does it not seem rather lazy and cowardly, because he cannot "beat his record," or even come up to the level of what he has done in his prime, to shrink from exerting his talent, such as it is, because he has outlived the period of his greatest vigor? A singer who is no longer equal to the trials of opera on the stage may yet please at a chamber concert or in the drawing-room. There is one gratification an old author can afford a certain class of critics: that, namely, of comparing him as he is with what he was. It is a plea-

sure to mediocrity to have its superiors brought within range, so to speak; and if the ablest of them will only live long enough, and keep on writing, there is no pop-gun that cannot reach him. But I fear that this is an unamiable reflection, and I am at this time in a very amiable mood.

I confess that there is something very agreeable to me in renewing my relations with the readers of this magazine. Were it but for a single number, it would give me a pleasant glimpse of the time when I was always to be found somewhere between its covers. Many of my readers — if I can lure any from the pages of younger writers — will prove to be the children, or the grandchildren, of those whose acquaintance I made something more than a whole generation ago. I could depend on a kind welcome from my contemporaries, — my coevals. But where *are* those contemporaries? *Ay de mi!* as Carlyle used to exclaim, — Ah, dear me! as our old women say, — I look round for them, and see only their vacant places. The old vine cannot unwind its tendrils. The branch falls with the decay of its support, and must cling to the new growths around it, if it would not lie helpless in the dust. This paper is a new tendril, feeling its way, as it best may, to whatever it can wind around. The thought of finding here and there an old friend, and making, it may be, once in a while a new one, is very grateful to me. The chief drawback to the pleasure is the feeling that I am submitting to that inevitable exposure which is the penalty of authorship in every form. A writer must make up his mind to the possible rough treatment of the critics, who swarm like bacteria whenever there is any literary material on which they can feed. I have had as little to complain of as most writers, yet I think it is always with reluctance that one encounters the promiscuous handling which the products of the mind have to put up with, as much as the fruit and provisions in the market-stalls. I had rather be criticised, however, than criticise; that is, express my opinions in the public prints of other writers' work, if they are living, and can suffer, as I should often have to make them. There are enough, thank Heaven, without me. We are literary cannibals, and our writers live on each other and each other's productions to a fearful extent. What the mulberry leaf is to the silk-worm, the author's book, treatise, essay, poem, is to the critical larvæ that feed upon it. It furnishes them with food and clothing. The process may not be agreeable to the mulberry leaf or to the printed page; but without it the leaf would not have become the silk that covers the empress's shoulders, and but for the critic the author's book might never have reached the scholar's table. Scribblers will feed on each other, and if we insist on being scribblers we must consent to be fed on. We must try to endure philosophically what we cannot help, and ought not, I suppose, to wish to help.

It is the custom at our table to vary the usual talks by the reading of short papers, in prose or verse, by one or more of The Teacups, as we are in the habit of calling those who make up our company. Thirty years ago, one of our present circle — "Teacup Number Two," the Professor — read a paper on Old Age, at a certain Breakfast-table, where he was in the habit of appearing. That paper was published in this magazine, and has since seen the light in other forms. He did not know so much about old age then as he does now, and would doubtless write somewhat differently if he took the subject up again. But I found that it was the general wish that another of our company should let us hear what he had to say about it. I received a polite note, requesting me to discourse about old age, inasmuch as I

was particularly well qualified by my experience to write in an authoritative way concerning it. The fact is that I — for it is myself who am speaking — have recently arrived at the age of threescore years and twenty, — fourscore years we may otherwise call it. In the arrangement of our table, I am Teacup Number One, and I may as well say that I am often spoken of as The Dictator. There is nothing invidious in this, as I am the oldest of the company, and no claim is less likely to excite jealousy than that of priority of birth.

I received congratulations on reaching my eightieth birthday, not only from our circle of Teacups, but from friends, near and distant, in large numbers. I tried to acknowledge these kindly missives with the aid of a most intelligent secretary; but I fear that there were gifts not thanked for, and tokens of good-will not recognized. Let any neglected correspondent be assured that it was not intentionally that he or she was slighted. I was grateful for every such mark of esteem; even for the telegram from an unknown friend in a distant land, for which I cheerfully paid the considerable charge which the sender knew it would give me pleasure to disburse for such an expression of friendly feeling.

I will not detain the reader any longer from the essay I have promised.

This is the paper read to The Teacups.

It is in A Song of Moses that we find the words, made very familiar to us by the Episcopal Burial Service, which place the natural limit of life at threescore years and ten, with an extra ten years for some of a stronger constitution than the average. Yet we are told that Moses himself lived to be a hundred and twenty years old, and that his eye was not dim nor his natural strength abated. This is hard to accept literally, but we need not doubt that he was very old, and in remarkably good condition *for a man of his age.* Among his followers was a stout old captain, Caleb, the son of Jephunneh. This ancient warrior speaks of himself in these brave terms: "Lo, I am this day fourscore and five years old. As yet, I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out and to come in." It is not likely that anybody believed his brag about his being as good a man for active service at eighty-five as he was at forty, when Moses sent him out to spy the land of Canaan. But he was, no doubt, lusty and vigorous *for his years,* and ready to smite the Canaanites hip and thigh, and drive them out, and take possession of their land, as he did forthwith, when Moses gave him leave.

Grand old men there were, three thousand years ago! But not all octogenarians were like Caleb, the son of Jephunneh. Listen to poor old Barzillai, and hear him piping: "I am this day fourscore years old; and can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? Wherefore, then, should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king?" And poor King David was worse off than this, as you all remember, at the early age of seventy.

Thirty centuries do not seem to have made any very great difference in the extreme limits of life. Without pretending to rival the alleged cases of life prolonged beyond the middle of its second century, such as those of Henry Jenkins and Thomas Parr, we can make a good showing of centenarians and nonagenarians. I remember Dr. Holyoke, of Salem, son of a president of Harvard College, who answered a toast proposed in his honor at a dinner given to him on his hundredth birthday.

"Father Cleveland," our venerated city missionary, was born June 21, 1772, and died June 5, 1872, within a little

more than a fortnight of his hundredth birthday. Colonel Perkins, of Connecticut, died this year after celebrating his centennial anniversary.

Among nonagenarians, three whose names are well known to Bostonians, Lord Lyndhurst, Josiah Quincy, and Sidney Bartlett, were remarkable for retaining their faculties in their extreme age. That patriarch of our American literature, the illustrious historian of his country, is still with us, his birth dating in 1800.

Ranke, the great German historian, died at the age of ninety-one, and Chevreul, the eminent chemist, at that of a hundred and two.

Some English sporting characters have furnished striking examples of robust longevity. In Gilpin's Forest Scenery there is the story of one of these horseback heroes. Henry Hastings was the name of this old gentleman, who lived in the time of Charles the First. It would be hard to find a better portrait of a hunting squire than that which the Earl of Shaftesbury has the credit of having drawn of this very peculiar personage. His description ends by saying, "He lived to be an hundred, and never lost his eyesight nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag till he was past fourscore."

Everything depends on habit. Old people can do, of course, more or less well, what they have been doing all their lives; but try to teach them any new tricks, and the truth of the old adage will very soon show itself. Mr. Henry Hastings had done nothing but hunt all his days, and his record would seem to have been a good deal like that of Philippus Zaehdarm in that untranslatable epitaph which may be found in Sartor Resartus. Judged by its products, it was a very short life of a hundred useless twelvemonths.

It is something to have climbed the white summit, the Mont Blanc of fourscore. A small number only of mankind ever see their eightieth anniversary. I might go to the statistical tables of the annuity and life insurance offices for extended and exact information, but I prefer to take the facts which have impressed themselves upon me in my own career.

The class of 1829 at Harvard College, of which I am a member, graduated, according to the triennial, fifty-nine in number. It is sixty years, then, since that time; and as they were, on an average, about twenty years old, those who survive must have reached fourscore years. Of the fifty-nine graduates ten only are living, or were at the last accounts; one in six, very nearly. In the first decade after graduation, when we were between twenty and thirty years old, we lost three members, — about one in twenty; between the ages of thirty and forty, eight died, — one in seven of those the decade began with; from forty to fifty, only two, — or one in twenty-five; from fifty to sixty, eight, — or one in six; from sixty to seventy, fifteen, — or two out of every five; from seventy to eighty, twelve, — or one in two. The greatly increased mortality which began with the fifth decade went on steadily increasing. At sixty we come "within range of the rifle-pits," to borrow an expression from my friend Weir Mitchell.

Our eminent classmate, the late Professor Benjamin Peirce, showed by numerical comparison that the men of superior ability outlasted the average of their fellow-graduates. He himself lived a little beyond his threescore and ten years. James Freeman Clarke almost reached the age of eighty. The sixth decade brought the fatal year for Benjamin Robbins Curtis, the great lawyer, who was one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States; for the very able chief justice of Massachusetts, George Tyler Bigelow; and for that famous wit and electric centre of social life, George T. Davis. At the last

annual dinner every effort was made to bring all the survivors of the class together. Six of the ten living members were there, — six old men in the place of the thirty or forty classmates who surrounded the long, oval table in 1859, when I asked, "Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?" — "boys" whose tongues were as the vibrating leaves of the forest; whose talk was like the voice of many waters; whose laugh was as the breaking of mighty waves upon the seashore. Among the six at our late dinner was our first scholar, the thorough-bred and accomplished engineer who held the city of Lawrence in his brain before it spread itself out along the banks of the Merrimac. There, too, was the poet whose National Hymn, "My Country, 't is of thee," is known to more millions, and dearer to many of them, than all the other songs written since the Psalms of David. Four of our six were clergymen; the engineer and the present writer completed the list. Were we melancholy? Did we talk of graveyards and epitaphs? No, — we remembered our dead tenderly, serenely, feeling deeply what we had lost in those who but a little while ago were with us. How could we forget James Freeman Clarke, that man of noble thought and vigorous action, who pervaded this community with his spirit, and was felt through all its channels as are the light and the strength that radiate through the wires which stretch above us? It was a pride and a happiness to have such classmates as he was to remember. We were not the moping, complaining graybeards that many might suppose we must have been. We had been favored with the blessing of long life. We had seen the drama well into its fifth act. The sun still warmed us, the air was still grateful and life-giving. But there was another underlying source of our cheerful equanimity, which we could not conceal from ourselves if we had wished to do it. Nature's kindly anodyne is telling upon us more and more with every year. Our old doctors used to give an opiate which they called "the black drop." It was stronger than laudanum, and, in fact, a dangerously powerful narcotic. Something like this is that potent drug in Nature's pharmacopœia which she reserves for the time of need, — the later stages of life. She commonly begins administering it at about the time of the "grand climacteric," the ninth septennial period, the sixty-third year. More and more freely she gives it, as the years go on, to her gray-haired children, until, if they last long enough, every faculty is benumbed, and they drop off quietly into sleep under its benign influence.

Do you say that old age is unfeeling? It has not vital energy enough to supply the waste of the more exhausting emotions. Old Men's Tears, which furnished the mournful title to Joshua Scottow's Lamentations, do not suggest the deepest grief conceivable. A little breath of wind brings down the raindrops which have gathered on the leaves of the tremulous poplars. A very slight suggestion brings the tears from Marlborough's eyes, but they are soon over, and he is smiling again as an allusion carries him back to the days of Blenheim and Malplaquet. Envy not the old man the tranquillity of his existence, nor yet blame him if it sometimes looks like apathy. Time, the inexorable, does not threaten him with the scythe so often as with the sand-bag. He does not cut, but he stuns and stupefies. One's fellow-mortals can afford to be as considerate and tender with him as time and nature.

There was not much boasting among us of our present or our past, as we sat together in the little room at the great hotel. A certain amount of self-deception is quite possible at threescore years and ten, but at threescore years and twenty Nature has shown most of those who live to that age that she is earnest, and means to dismantle and have done

with them in a very little while. As for boasting of our past, the *laudator temporis acti* makes but a poor figure in our time. Old people used to talk of their youth as if there were giants in those days. We knew some tall men when we were young, but we can see a man taller than any one among them at the nearest dime museum. We had handsome women among us, of high local reputation, but nowadays we have professional beauties who challenge the world to criticise them as boldly as Phryne ever challenged her Athenian admirers. We had fast horses, — did not "Old Blue" trot a mile in three minutes? True, but there is a three-year-old colt just put on the track who has done it in a little more than two thirds of that time. It seems as if the material world had been made over again since we were boys. It is but a short time since we were counting up the miracles we have lived to witness. The list is familiar enough: the railroad, the ocean steamer, photography, the spectroscope, the telegraph, telephone, phonograph, anæsthetics, electric illumination, — with such lesser wonders as the sewing-machine and the bicycle. And now, we said, we must have come to the end of these unparalleled developments of the forces of nature. We must rest on our achievements. The nineteenth century is not likely to add to them; we must wait for the twentieth century. Many of us, perhaps most of us, felt in that way. We had seen our planet furnished by the art of man with a complete nervous system: a spinal cord beneath the ocean, secondary centres — ganglions — in all the chief places where men are gathered together, and ramifications extending throughout civilization. All at once, by the side of this talking and light-giving apparatus, we see another wire stretched over our heads, carrying force to a vast metallic muscular system, — a slender cord conveying the strength of a hundred men, of a score of horses, of a team of elephants. The lightning is tamed and harnessed, the thunderbolt has become a common carrier. No more surprises in this century! A voice whispers, *What next?*

It will not do for us to boast about our young days and what they had to show. It is a great deal better to boast of what they could *not* show, and, strange as it may seem, there is a certain satisfaction in it. In these days of electric lighting, when you have only to touch a button and your parlor or bedroom is instantly flooded with light, it is a pleasure to revert to the era of the tinder-box, the flint and steel, and the brimstone match. It gives me an almost proud satisfaction to tell how we used, when those implements were not at hand or not employed, to light our whale-oil lamp by blowing a live coal held against the wick, often swelling our cheeks and reddening our faces until we were on the verge of apoplexy. I love to tell of our stage-coach experiences, of our sailing-packet voyages, of the semi-barbarous destitution of all modern comforts and conveniences through which we bravely lived and came out the estimable personages you find us. Think of it! All my boyish shooting was done with a flint-lock gun; the percussion lock came to me as one of those new-fangled notions people had just got hold of. We ancients can make a grand display of minus quantities in our reminiscences, and the figures look almost as well as if they had the plus sign before them.

I am afraid that old people found life rather a dull business in the time of King David and his rich old subject and friend, Barzillai, who, poor man, could not have told a teal from a canvas-back, nor enjoyed a symphony concert, if they had had those luxuries in his day. There were no pleasant firesides, for there were no chimneys. There were no daily newspapers for the old man to read, and he could not read them if there were,

with his dim eyes, nor hear them read, very probably, with his dulled ears. There was no tobacco, a soothing drug, which in its various forms is a great solace to many old men and to some old women, — Carlyle and his mother used to smoke their pipes together, you remember.

Old age is infinitely more cheerful, for intelligent people at least, than it was two or three thousand years ago. It is our duty, so far as we can, to keep it so. There will always be enough about it that is solemn, and more than enough, alas! that is saddening. But how much there is in our times to lighten its burdens! If they that look out at the windows be darkened, the optician is happy to supply them with eye-glasses for use before the public, and spectacles for their hours of privacy. If the grinders cease because they are few, they can be made many again by a third dentition, which brings no toothache in its train. By temperance and good habits of life, proper clothing, well-warmed, well-drained, and well-ventilated dwellings, and sufficient, not too much exercise, the old man of our time may keep his muscular strength in very good condition. I doubt if Mr. Gladstone, who is fast nearing his eightieth birthday, would boast, in the style of Caleb, that he was as good a man with his axe as he was when he was forty, but I would back him, — if the match were possible, — for a hundred shekels, against that over-confident old Israelite, to cut down and chop up a cedar of Lebanon. I know a most excellent clergyman, not far from my own time of life, whom I would pit against any old Hebrew rabbi or Greek philosopher of his years and weight, if they could return to the flesh, to run a quarter of a mile on a good, level track.

We must not make too much of such exceptional cases of prolonged activity. I often reproached my dear friend and classmate, James Freeman Clarke, that his ceaseless labors made it impossible for his coevals to enjoy the luxury of that repose which their years demanded. A wise old man, the late Dr. James Walker, president of Harvard University, said that the great privilege of old age was the *getting rid of responsibilities*. These hard-working veterans will not let one get rid of them until he drops in his harness, and so gets rid of them and his life together. How often has many a tired old man envied the superannuated family cat, stretched upon the rug before the fire, letting the genial warmth tranquilly diffuse itself through all her internal arrangements! No more watching for mice in dark, damp cellars, no more awaiting the savage gray rat at the mouth of his den, no more scurrying up trees and lamp-posts to avoid the neighbor's cur who wishes to make her acquaintance! It is very grand to "die in harness," but it is very pleasant to have the tight straps unbuckled and the heavy collar lifted from the neck and shoulders.

It is natural enough to cling to life. We are used to atmospheric existence, and can hardly conceive of ourselves except as breathing creatures. We have never tried any other mode of being, or, if we have, we have forgotten all about it, whatever Wordsworth's grand ode may tell us we remember. Heaven itself must be an experiment to every human soul which shall find itself there. It may take time for an earth-born saint to become acclimated to the celestial ether, — that is, if time can be said to exist for a disembodied spirit. We are all sentenced to capital punishment for the crime of living, and though the condemned cell of our earthly existence is but a narrow and bare dwelling-place, we have adjusted ourselves to it, and made it tolerably comfortable for the little while we are to be confined in it. The prisoner of Chillon

> regained his freedom with a sigh,

and a tender-hearted mortal might be

pardoned for looking back, like the poor lady who was driven from her dwelling-place by fire and brimstone, at the home he was leaving for the "undiscovered country."

On the other hand, a good many persons, not suicidal in their tendencies, get more of life than they want. One of our wealthy citizens said, on hearing that a friend had dropped off from apoplexy, that it made his mouth water to hear of such a case. It was an odd expression, but I have no doubt that the fine old gentleman to whom it was attributed made use of it. He had had enough of his gout and other infirmities. Swift's account of the Struldbrugs is not very amusing reading for old people, but some may find it a consolation to reflect on the probable miseries they escape in not being doomed to an undying earthly existence.

There are strange diversities in the way in which different old persons look upon their prospects. A millionaire whom I well remember confessed that he should like to live long enough to learn how much a certain fellow-citizen, a multimillionaire, was worth. One of the three nonagenarians specially referred to expressed himself as having a great *curiosity* about the new sphere of existence to which he was looking forward.

The feeling must of necessity come to many aged persons that they have outlived their usefulness; that they are no longer wanted, but rather in the way, drags on the wheels rather than helping them forward. But let them remember the often-quoted line of Milton, —

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

This is peculiarly true of them. They are helping others without always being aware of it. They are the shields, the breakwaters, of those who come after them. Every decade is a defence of the one next behind it. At thirty the youth has sobered into manhood, but the strong men of forty rise in almost unbroken rank between him and the approaches of old age as they show in the men of fifty. At forty he looks with a sense of security at the strong men of fifty, and sees behind them the row of sturdy sexagenarians. When fifty is reached, somehow sixty does not look so old as it once used to, and seventy is still afar off. At sixty the stern sentence of the burial service seems to have a meaning that one did not notice in former years. There begins to be something personal about it. But if one lives to seventy he soon gets used to the text with the threescore years and ten in it, and begins to count himself among those who by reason of strength are destined to reach fourscore, of whom he can see a number still in reasonably good condition. The octogenarian loves to read about people of ninety and over. He peers among the asterisks of the triennial catalogue of the University for the names of graduates who have been seventy years out of college and remain still unstarred. He is curious about the biographies of centenarians. Such escapades as those of that terrible old sinner and ancestor of great men, the Reverend Stephen Bachelder, interest him as they never did before. But he cannot deceive himself much longer. See him walking on a level surface, and he steps off almost as well as ever; but watch him coming down a flight of stairs, and the family record could not tell his years more faithfully. He cut you dead, you say? Did it occur to you that he could not see you clearly enough to know you from any other son or daughter of Adam? He said he was very glad to hear it, did he, when you told him that your beloved grandmother had just deceased? Did you happen to remember that though he does not allow that he is deaf, he will not deny that he does not hear quite so well as he used to? No matter about his failings; the longer he holds on to life, the longer he makes life seem to all

the living who follow him, and thus he is their constant benefactor.

Every stage of existence has its special trials and its special consolations. *Habits* are the crutches of old age; by the aid of these we manage to hobble along after the mental joints are stiff and the muscles rheumatic, to speak metaphorically, — that is to say, when every act of self-determination costs an effort and a pang. We become more and more automatic as we grow older, and if we lived long enough should come to be pieces of creaking machinery like Maelzel's chess-player, — or what that seemed to be.

Emerson was sixty-three years old, the year I have referred to as that of the grand climacteric, when he read to his son the poem he called Terminus, beginning, —

> "It is time to be old,
> To take in sail.
> The God of bounds,
> Who sets to seas a shore,
> Came to me in his fatal rounds
> And said, 'No more!'"

It was early in life to feel that the productive stage was over, but he had received warning from within, and did not wish to wait for outside advices. There is all the difference in the world in the mental as in the bodily constitution of different individuals. Some must "take in sail" sooner, some later. We can get a useful lesson from the American and the English elms on our Common. The American elms are quite bare, and have been so for weeks. They know very well that they are going to have storms to wrestle with; they have not forgotten the gales of September and the tempests of the late autumn and early winter. It is a hard fight they are going to have, and they strip their coats off and roll up their shirt-sleeves, and show themselves bare-armed and ready for the contest. The English elms are of a more robust build, and stand defiant, with all their summer clothing about their sturdy frames. They may yet have to learn a lesson of their American cousins, for notwithstanding their compact and solid structure they go to pieces in the great winds just as ours do. We must drop much of our foliage before winter is upon us. We must take in sail and throw over cargo, if that is necessary, to keep us afloat. We have to decide between our duties and our instinctive demand of rest. I can believe that some have welcomed the decay of their active powers because it furnished them with peremptory reasons for sparing themselves during the few years that were left them.

Age brings other obvious changes besides the loss of active power. The sensibilities are less keen, the intelligence is less lively, as we might expect under the influence of that narcotic which Nature administers. But there is another effect of her "black drop" which is not so commonly recognized. Old age is like an opium-dream. Nothing seems real except what is unreal. I am sure that the pictures painted by the imagination — the faded frescos on the walls of memory — come out in clearer and brighter colors than belonged to them many years earlier. Nature has her special favors for her children of every age, and this is one which she reserves for our second childhood.

No man can reach an advanced age without thinking of that great change to which, in the course of nature, he must be so near. It has been remarked that the sterner beliefs of rigid theologians were apt to soften in their later years. All reflecting persons, even those whose minds have been half palsied by the deadly dogmas which have done all they could to disorganize their thinking powers, — all reflecting persons, I say, must recognize, in looking back over a long life, how largely their creeds, their course of life, their wisdom and unwisdom, their whole characters, were shaped by the conditions which surrounded them. Little children they came from the hands of the Father of all; little children in

their helplessness, their ignorance, they are going back to Him. They cannot help feeling that they are to be transferred from the rude embrace of the boisterous elements to arms that will receive them tenderly. Poor planetary foundlings, they have known hard treatment at the hands of the brute forces of nature, from the control of which they are soon to be set free. There are some old pessimists, it is true, who believe that they and a few others are on a raft, and that the ship which they have quitted, holding the rest of mankind, is going down with all on board. It is no wonder that there should be such when we remember what have been the teachings of the priesthood through long series of ignorant centuries. Every age has to shape the Divine image it worships over again, — the present age and our own country are busily engaged in the task at this time. We unmake Presidents and make new ones. This is an apprenticeship for a higher task. Our doctrinal teachers are unmaking the Deity of the Westminster Catechism and trying to model a new one, with more of modern humanity and less of ancient barbarism in his composition. If Jonathan Edwards had lived long enough, I have no doubt his creed would have softened into a kindly, humanized belief.

Some twenty or thirty years ago, I said to Longfellow that certain statistical tables I had seen went to show that poets were not a long-lived race. He doubted whether there was anything to prove they were particularly short-lived. Soon after this, he handed me a list he had drawn up. I cannot lay my hand upon it at this moment, but I remember that Metastasio was the oldest of them all. He died at the age of eighty-four. I have had some tables made out, which I have every reason to believe are correct so far as they go. From these, it appears that twenty English poets lived to the average age of fifty-six years and a little over. The eight American poets on the list averaged seventy-three and a half, nearly, and they are not all dead yet. The list including Greek, Latin, Italian, and German poets, with American and English, gave an average of a little over sixty-two years. Our young poets need not be alarmed. They can remember that Bryant lived to be eighty-three years old, that Longfellow reached seventy-five and Halleck seventy-seven, while Whittier is living at the age of nearly eighty-two. Tennyson is still writing at eighty, and Browning seems in flourishing health and vigor at seventy-seven.

Shall a man who in his younger days has written poetry, or what passed for it, continue to attempt it in his later years? Certainly, if it amuses or interests him, no one would object to his writing in verse as much as he likes. Whether he should continue to write for the public is another question. Poetry is a good deal a matter of heart-beats, and the circulation is more languid in the later period of life. The joints are less supple; the arteries are more or less "ossified." Something like these changes has taken place in the mind. It has lost the flexibility, the plastic docility, which it had in youth and early manhood, when the gristle had but just become hardened into bone. It is the nature of poetry to writhe itself along through the tangled growths of the vocabulary, as a snake winds through the grass, in sinuous, complex, unexpected curves, which crack every joint that is not supple as india-rubber.

I had a poem that I wanted to print just here. But after what I have this moment said, I hesitated, thinking that I might provoke the obvious remark that I exemplified the unfitness of which I had been speaking. I remembered the advice I had given to a poetical aspirant not long since, which I think deserves a paragraph to itself.

My friend, I hope you will not write in verse. When you write in prose you say what you *mean*. When you write in rhyme you say what you *must*.

Should I send this poem to the publishers, or not?

"Some said, 'John, print it;' others said,
'Not so.'"

I did not ask "some" or "others." Perhaps I should have thought it best to keep my poem to myself and the few friends for whom it was written. All at once, my *daimōn* — that other Me over whom I button my waistcoat when I button it over my own person — put it into my head to look up the story of Madame Saqui. She was a famous *danseuse*, who danced Napoleon in and out, and several other dynasties besides. Her last appearance was at the age of seventy-six, which is rather late in life for the tight rope, one of her specialties. Jules Janin mummified her when she died in 1866, at the age of eighty. He spiced her up in his eulogy as if she had been the queen of a modern Pharaoh. His foamy and flowery rhetoric put me into such a state of good-nature that I said, I will print my poem, and let the critical Gil Blas handle it as he did the archbishop's sermon, — or would have done, if he had been a writer for the Salamanca Weekly.

It must be premised that a very beautiful loving cup was presented to me on my recent birthday, by eleven ladies of my acquaintance. This was the most costly and notable of all the many tributes I received, and for which in different poems I expressed my gratitude.

TO THE ELEVEN LADIES

WHO PRESENTED ME WITH A SILVER LOVING CUP ON THE TWENTY-NINTH OF AUGUST, M DCCC LXXXIX.

"Who gave this cup?" The secret thou
wouldst steal
Its brimming flood forbids it to reveal:
No mortal's eye shall read it till he first
Cool the red throat of thirst.

If on the golden floor one draught remain,
Trust me, thy careful search will be in vain;
Not till the bowl is emptied shalt thou know
The names enrolled below.

Deeper than Truth lies buried in her well
Those modest names the graven letters spell
Hide from the sight; but wait, and thou shalt
see
Who the good angels be

Whose bounty glistens in the beauteous gift
That friendly hands to loving lips shall lift:
Turn the fair goblet when its floor is dry, —
Their names shall meet thine eye.

Count thou their number on the beads of
Heaven, —
Alas! the clustered Pleiads are but seven;
Nay, the nine sister Muses are too few, —
The Graces must add two.

"For whom this gift?" For one who all too
long
Clings to his bough among the groves of song;
Autumn's last leaf, that spreads its faded wing
To greet a second spring.

Dear friends, kind friends, whate'er the cup
may hold,
Bathing its burnished depths, will change to
gold:
Its last bright drop let thirsty Mænads drain,
Its fragrance will remain.

Better love's perfume in the empty bowl
Than wine's nepenthe for the aching soul;
Sweeter that song than ever poet sung,
It makes an old heart young!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

We wonder if Mr. Crawford changed his mind when he came to write Sant' Ilario.[1] Certainly, we brought away from Saracinesca a pretty strong impression that he was clearing the ground for an historical novel, in which the house of Saracinesca was to play an important part in Italian politics and war; and we took up Sant' Ilario with the expectation of finding something more than a faintly sketched background of national life, while a few figures carried on their domestic drama in the foreground. Possibly, this slight disappointment has tinged our judgment of the book which Mr. Crawford has written. At any rate, we have an uneasy feeling that the proportions in which he first sketched his series have shrunken, and that instead of large movements of men and women the somewhat smaller figures of the conventional inhabitants of the world of fiction are playing their petty drama.

True, the central theme of the book cannot be called a mean one. The estrangement of a noble woman from a husband consumed by a passionate and horrible distrust, followed by the reconciliation of the pair, is, or may be under certain treatment, a great theme; and there are passages in this book which convince one that Mr. Crawford takes his hero and heroine very seriously. But the somewhat hard manner which characterizes Mr. Crawford's portraiture of men and women is rendered even more mechanical than usual by the reliance which he places, in Sant' Ilario, upon the machinery of fiction. In one of the first pages, the secondary hero of the story finds a small gold pin. He puts it in his pocket, but not more securely than the hardened novel-reader puts it away in his memory, in readiness for use at some future critical point in the narrative. This is but the first of a series of incidents on which the writer depends for building a plot against the happiness of Sant' Ilario and Corona. The reader is notified, at every step, of the process of entanglement, and he knows, therefore, that there is absolutely no basis in the reality of things for Sant' Ilario's suspicion of his wife's fidelity. If this were all, he might rest in cheerful confidence that the necessary disclosure would come at last, that some one of the carefully adjusted stones of this fancifully constructed prison of fate would fall out of place, and then that the whole ingenious fabric would come tumbling to the ground. This is what happens, and the novelist has his labor for his pains.

The essential weakness lies not so much in the flimsiness of the circumstantial web which enmeshes the characters as in the incredulity which possesses the reader regarding the power which these circumstances properly would have upon the mind of Sant' Ilario. A previous book has been devoted to an explication of the characters of the hero and heroine. The reader has made their acquaintance, as he thinks, yet he is obliged now to admit the presence of an element in Sant' Ilario's nature which disintegrates the previous conception of his character. Jealousy has its noble side, and Shakespeare and Salvini between them have shown that it is a most potent element in the fearful transmutation of a savage nature; but Sant' Ilario is no Othello, and, what is more to the point, there is no Iago in this book to arouse and inflame the sleeping intelligence. It becomes necessary to suppose this keen, fearless, and chivalrous Italian gentleman suddenly seized with a suspicion,

[1] *Sant' Ilario.* By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

on most trivial grounds, of a singularly high-bred, queenly, and Diana-like woman. It is a fatal artificiality of view, and the reader not only feels a cynical impatience with Sant' Ilario; he resents the whole scheme of the story which compels him to take part in so unworthy a means of displaying the torture of a man and his wife. He cannot help thinking: All this is waste energy; Sant' Ilario and Corona, in place of this miserable episode in their married life, might have been about some worthy business connected with the unification of Italy, and we could have had all the adventures of Gouache and Faustina and the futile machinations of Montevarchi to amuse us.

We are not finding fault with Mr. Crawford for using the good old-fashioned faculty of invention. It is one of the pleasures which he gives the reader that something constantly happens in his books, and one is not called on to watch a group of modern ladies and gentlemen merely fencing with words, turning all life into a modern Love's Labor Lost; and this book has plenty of action in it. We are merely asking that human nature shall have fair play, and a reasonable interpretation be given of the conduct of men and women, whose characters count for something. Indeed, while Mr. Crawford wrongs himself in doing violence to the hero of his book, he shows himself very clever in his rendering of some of the minor characters. San Giacinto, with his mixture of coarseness and sincerity, repelling one under ordinary circumstances, yet standing the test of a critical occasion, is capitally drawn; and so also is Meschini, though we would willingly be spared the excessive anatomizing of his experience after the murder; a few strong passages would have been more effective than the wearisome and dry detail of the symptoms of his case. The facility which Mr. Crawford shows in the manipulation of incident ought to relieve him from the necessity of analyzing character; that is the recourse of novelists who do not see their characters in action, and so are obliged to account for their behavior by a reference to their internal structure.

It is no wonder that Mr. Crawford avails himself of Italy in his stories. He is at home there, and, if his assertion is to be trusted, he knows the life and manners as other foreigners do not. Moreover, he intimates that the Italian character offers varieties which enlarge the scope of human mental and moral activity, as judged by the Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Astor, in his second novel,[1] either increases or diminishes his difficulties, as the reader may decide, by laying the scenes not merely in Italy, but in the Italy of the opening of the sixteenth century. There are many persons, English and American, who can test the accuracy of Mr. Crawford's pictures of life by a reference to their own experience in Italy; but here they have little advantage over the untraveled reader, especially if he has a historical sense. When asked to walk about among doges of Venice, Milanese nobles, French kings and cavaliers, we expect to part with all but the rudimentary experience of human nature, and to see characters very much as if they were in a museum of curiosities. We suspect that Mr. Astor himself has been more or less affected by this consideration in conceiving the figures of his tale. He has taken a few historic and semi-historic characters, and arranged them in a series of *tableaux vivants*, and he has contrived to bring together for decorative purposes a good deal of Italian bricabrac. The excellence of the work is seen in the detached scenes, not in the continuous narrative. In this latter respect, the book indeed shows an advance on the author's previous novel, Valentino; yet there is the

[1] *Sforza: a Story of Milan.* By WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1889.

same defect in both tales, by which the reader is left in doubt whether the author is trying to tell a story with an historic background, or is trying to place actual historic figures and scenes in such relation to each other that they shall disclose a drama of real life. The joints of the story are loose, and one passes from one scene or adventure to another without observing any real culmination. It is as if the author's historical knowledge were always getting the better of his art as a novelist. He makes use of a somewhat conventional trick in supplying a heroine, unknown either to hero or reader, by having an attendant of Sforza go through the book as a fencer, when in reality the personage is a girl in the disguise of a man. The reader, upon being apprised of this fact, goes back in his reading, and discovers a few facts which are elucidated by this disclosure; but they were not of much importance at the time, and after the girl is relieved of her masculine attire the author, who has thus cleverly avoided the bother of a heroine, apparently has very little use for her. He shuffles her and the hero out of the way, at the end of the book, with an amusingly faint and hurried pretense of passion and sentiment. If, as we have intimated, the reader will be content with isolated scenes, well set, he may extract a rational pleasure from the book; but he must be willing to have the several characters, as his interest is awakened in them, step aside, and reappear later without very close connection with their previous performances.

Of a somewhat other sort is a little historical romance,[1] which moves among less mighty names and on less classic ground, but somehow comes closer to human interest. With Mr. Astor we find ourselves curious as to the movements of his characters. They all belong to another period, another clime; they are playing for our entertainment, and we praise the skill with which their costumes are reproduced and the general accuracy of detail that is shown. With Mrs. Catherwood we witness an heroic deed set in the light of passionate love, and forget, while we are reading, to criticise or even to praise, for we live in the story. The distinction is one which goes to the bottom of things. It is not merely that in one case we have an intriguing Italian civilization, with the encounter of petty spirits, in the other a fresh, new-world experiment, with recourse to elemental activities of life; but the treatment in one case is superficial, in the other profound. In Sforza, the author has arranged scenes; in The Romance of Dollard, the author has imagined two or three persons, and they have wrought their drama. Mr. Astor, with his dexterous art, just pricks through the surface of things; Mrs. Catherwood, with her conception of what the human heart can do and can suffer, works from within outward, and her picture becomes vivid and full of color. But enough of this comparison, which is liable to be ungenerous. We wish only to emphasize our admiration for a writer who, when dealing with the past, is rather concerned with those eternal likenesses which abbreviate time than with the temporary dissimilarities which make us forget eternity. As Mrs. Catherwood says in her brief preface, "the phase is mediæval, is clothed in the garb of religious chivalry; but the spirit is a part of the universal man."

"The chief personages of the tale," says Mr. Parkman, in his corroborative preface, — "except always the heroine, — were actual men and women two and a quarter centuries ago, and Adam Dollard was no whit less a hero than he is represented by the writer; though it is true that as regards his position, his past career, and, above all, his love affairs, romance supplies some information which

[1] *The Romance of Dollard.* By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. New York: The Century Company. [1889.]

history denies us. The brave Huron Annahotaha also is historical. Even Jouaneaux, the servant of the hospital nuns, was once a living man, whose curious story is faithfully set forth; and Sisters Brésoles, Maçé, and Maillet were genuine Sisters of the old Hôtel-Dieu at Montreal, with traits much like those assigned to them in the story."

The story revolves about the exploit of Adam Dollard, who with a small band of companions, reinforced by a few Hurons, took up a position at the foot of the rapids of the Long Saut, and withstood the great body of Iroquois who were moving down with the intent to sweep New France out of existence. The brave men lost their lives, but they saved New France, and for a long while after 1660 the little colony had no fear of savage raids. The exploit itself is matter of history, and is kept alive in the minds of Canadians. Time has scarcely dimmed the glory of the heroic deed, but it remained for our artist to add just that touch of human love which makes the man and his deed swim in an atmosphere of beauty.

The heroine, Claire Laval, is a woman of the French *noblesse*, who has come to Quebec with a hidden passion for Dollard. Neither the hero nor the reader is admitted to the secret of this act until, in the crisis of the great sacrifice of the Saut, the confession can be made without loss of maidenly dignity. The author has chosen this point with unerring rightness, but no emphasis is laid on it, for it is only one of the many significant features of this lovely romance. The reader feels from the outset the sweet passion of the heroine's nature, but the revelation of her strength of will and intensity of purpose is gradually made. At the risk of raising an incredulous smile, we assert that there is something Shakespearean in this figure of Claire Laval, and when we have said this we have told the reader that the portraiture is the work of a poet rather than of a novelist. This exquisite creation, with the old-world art and the new-world nature, has a delightful counterpoise in the Indian maiden Massawippa, in whom the pride of a savage is so refined by the love of a daughter that we see the two figures stepping side by side without for a moment confusing them, yet perceiving their profound community. Each, too, complements the other, to the heightening of the general effect. The scene in the chapel, where the two women lie side by side at the foot of the altar, has a stillness of power which creates for the reader an entire circumstance. We mean that he is drawn to look at this dark and at this fair woman so steadily that the very objects about them gradually become more visible to him in the quiet night.

It may be said of the whole book that the concentration of interest in the chief figures and their drama, which moves forward with an acceleration of strength, indicates a fine power in the writer. She is so dominated by her theme that every little incident falls into its place with a prevision of the final event, so that once he has embarked upon the narrative the reader is borne along the current with an undefined sense of something very noble in the air. The reserve of the book is remarkable, and scarcely less so the freedom of the minute touches by which the action is humanized and brought close to a homely feeling without arousing any sense of mere triviality. We are not absolutely sure that the singular and striking Abbé de Granville is essential to the story, but the incident created through the character certainly enriches the tale by adding the relief of a slight grotesqueness; but every other figure, even the most subordinate, breathes the breath of this pure and lofty romance. That Mrs. Catherwood has studied minutely the substratum of historical and scenic fact is clear; indeed, we could have spared her foot-notes, which are modestly impertinent; but

after all, her success is due to her power of conceiving human life, her fidelity to the truth of that inner fact which is independent of time, place, and circumstance, yet becomes real to us when it is clothed by the imagination with its fitting exterior form.

Mr. Parkman touches a responsive chord when he concludes: "The realism of our time has its place and function; but an eternal analysis of the familiar and commonplace is cloying after a while, and one turns with relief and refreshment to such fare as that set before us in Mrs. Catherwood's animated story." We do not quote this as reflecting upon the art employed by Miss Woolson, for this writer, though closely occupied with the experience of men and women of her own day, has distinctly an adventurous spirit, and follows her heroes and heroines through the mazes of their minds only as some succession of incidents gives reason for such a pursuit. We have followed her writing with interest and pleasure heretofore, and our observations upon her art have been directed chiefly to what we may regard as due to an excess of literary conscience. Her latest book,[1] however, is a somewhat disturbing one. We do not find the best of Miss Woolson in it except in the portraiture of the minor characters and in one strong theme, which is indeed the central theme of the book, but so confused with other issues as to be less effective, we think, than if it had been allowed a simpler expression.

The story of Jupiter Lights is briefly as follows: Cicely Abercrombie, a little devil of a Southern girl, married John Bruce, a Northern soldier. He was madly in love with the girl, and carried her by storm after a brief siege. They had a child, and then Bruce died. In a few months the widow herself fell madly in love with a handsome, gay Southerner, Ferdinand Morrison, and married him with a willful perversity which was not in the least weakened when it turned out that Ferdie, as everybody in the book feels bound to call him, had an hereditary tendency to a mixture of insanity and delirium tremens. In one of his moments of aberration Ferdie struck Cicely, and slung little Jack out of his crib, breaking his arm. He then disappeared to the convenient remoteness of Valparaiso, to wait till the novelist wanted him for dark and dreadful purposes.

Not long after Ferdie had gone to South America, Eve Bruce, the sister of Ferdie's predecessor, arrived at Romney, the dilapidated home of the Abercrombies, on the coast of Georgia, with the intent of taking possession of Jack. She knew nothing of his early adventures with his step-father. She did not even know that he had a step-father, much less that Ferdie had gone, temporarily, out of sight. She was a willful young woman in her own right, who looked upon herself as ill used by this Southern girl who had stolen her brother, and she was drawn to Romney only by the hope of getting control of little Jack. She could not understand Cicely, — nobody can, — and found her sister-in-law even more of an enigma when she learned for the first time of Ferdie's behavior, and discovered that it seemed to intensify the wife's admiration and love.

It was now time, in the development of the novel, for Ferdie to reappear. He came. He was as handsome as he could be, but Eve, forewarned, discovered certain marks about the corners of his mouth which confirmed Cicely's tale. All went well for a time, but suddenly Cicely presented herself to Eve in the night, and advised her that the crisis had come. They dressed Jack and fled, the crazy Ferdie in full pursuit. Cicely with Jack succeeded in reaching a boat; Eve was behind, and Ferdie between her and his victims. She had a pistol, which she

[1] *Jupiter Lights.* By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1889.

fired, and saw the man fall. Cicely, meanwhile, had fainted in the bottom of the boat, and Eve, with the strength which terror imparts both in fiction and in real life, shoved the boat off, and rowed to a neighboring island. The fugitives made their way to Savannah, always with the fear of seeing Ferdie behind them, and thence fled to the shores of Lake Superior, to seek the protection of Paul Tennant, the half-brother and whole admirer of the reprobate Ferdie.

The moment Paul appears, the sagacious reader foresees that destiny has provided him for Eve. But Eve herself did not at first discover this, nor did Paul. Meanwhile, letters and dispatches kept the party informed regarding Ferdie's condition. He had been shot — so the word came — by two negroes, who had escaped, but his wound was healing. He grew better; then suddenly he died, and the whole party, without Paul, returned to Romney. Paul followed shortly after, insisting upon marrying Eve, who fled to avoid him. She took refuge finally in a religious house, and was about to take the veil, when Paul reached her with important information, broke through all the barriers which separated him from his love, "and took Eve in his arms."

This is, of course, but the dead shell of the story; the living animal is quite another matter. The real theme of the book may be stated succinctly as an aphorism: Woman's love is absolute abandonment of self. The illustration in Cicely's case is clear. She loved Ferdie with such blind devotion that though he were to slay her, yet would she trust him; it was only her other love for Jack and his little life that forbade her to be a sacrifice. The real torture is for Eve. It must be premised that the reader is not informed at the time that Eve shot Ferdie. He may surmise it, but for the purposes of the story it was necessary that for a long while Eve alone should know it. Until she reached Paul she did not know whether she had killed Ferdie or not. Then he began to recover, and her own spirits rose. When he died she was madly in love with Paul; in fact, she began to discover what Cicely's love for Ferdie meant. At last she told Paul of her act, as before she had told Cicely, and then fled. As we have seen, Paul pursued her. He loved her in spite of the fact that she had killed his brother. But Eve, with a woman's wit, divined surely that in time, if he married her, he would come to loathe her. She would not make him miserable, and so she left him again. The important news which Paul finally brought to her was that she did not kill Ferdie, after all. He recovered from the slight wound she had inflicted, and died from the effects of a debauch. She was therefore free to love and be loved.

Although the main theme of the book can be stated as above, the endless variations on the theme bring the reader to the point of distraction. What Cicely thinks of Eve when Cicely is in her senses and when she has brain fever; how the relations of the two women are affected by Eve's saving Jack from drowning; how Eve feels before she tells her crime, — her crime consisting in shooting a man who was dead sure to kill his wife and her child; how she feels after she has told it to Cicely and before she has told Paul; how she wavers between a fear of Cicely's telling Paul and a resolve to tell him herself, — all these and many other complications make up a network of emotional torture which may be exact enough for psychological purposes, but is very confusing to the reader of a piece of fiction. One is under the harrow from beginning to end, and the final sensation, when the author lets him know that all the heaped-up trouble has no actual basis of fact, is not so much relief that Eve can now have what she wants as irri-

tation that characters and reader alike have all been suffering needless agony.

Miss Woolson's ingenuity does not fail her in this book, but it is put, we must think, to extreme tests. There is such a succession of narrow escapes, so many dreary attacks upon the comfort of all concerned, so constant a conspiracy against a sane, wholesome experience of life, that a sensitive mind awakes at last out of a sort of nightmare aggravated by mosquito bites. The relief is gained by the undeniable humor expended on the characters of Judge Abercrombie, Hollis, the several darkies, and above all on Mrs. Mile, the nurse, who is a genuine success. We fear that Miss Woolson's interest in casuistry and her ingenuity of invention are leading her farther and farther away from large pictures of human life into the windings and turnings of fictitious pathology. We may add that there are many passages in the book which read as if they were random notes jotted down by the novelist, and one comes to have a feeling that the author as well as the reader is exhausted from time to time with the effort to keep up with the half-crazy heroines.

The fashion of fiction changes, and there is a point in the transition when that which was accepted is now out of date, but not yet quaint. There are books, also, whose virtues are not always accepted at the time in their just proportions. We suspect that both the author and his readers regarded The New Priest,[1] when it appeared, as a contribution to semi-religious fiction; yet now, when we are just recovering from a pretty severe attack of literature of this order, the theological aspect of the book, earnest as it is, appeals to us less emphatically than the very artistic quality of certain features in it. A poet wrote this story, and the material most fit to his hand was the Newfoundland character, both as seen in nature and in men and women. The simple religious nature of the people, joined to a rugged, homely grasp of the soil, is presented with great force and beauty. There is a genuineness about this element in the book which remains as an impression in the reader's mind long after he has forgotten the discussions upon church questions or the rather tenuous plot. Yet when he thinks either of plot or of discussion, he remembers at once the piquant figure of Elnathan Bangs, surely one of the most skillfully drawn Yankee characters in our literature, and plainly belonging to the same family as his cousin, Hosea Biglow. The scene at the close of the book, when Mr. Bangs carries out his notion of a public meeting, resolutions and all, with the astonished Newfoundlanders unwittingly abetting him, is quite inimitable. The book is full of delightful touches, and there is a rare pleasure in store for one who has read it through conscientiously, — that of reading it again without a conscience.

THE GOVERNMENT OF SWITZERLAND.

THE mechanism and spirit of the institutions of Switzerland have not been hitherto much studied either in England or America. Our race visits the little republic by thousands every year; we climb the mountains and sail the lakes, fee the waiters and quarrel with the landlords; but we bring home very little knowledge of what is really the fair-

[1] *The New Priest in Conception Bay.* By ROBERT LOWELL. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1889.

est object in Switzerland: the government itself, with its deep, historical background; the political system, with all its range of light and shade, of hope and danger. On the principle *de minimis non curatur*, or some other, even the publicists have passed it by with scanty notice. Students of other institutions have long deplored this neglect, which has left the smallest free commonwealth of Europe almost unknown in the oldest, and the oldest federal republic in the world unknown to the greatest; which amounts almost to contempt for a very valuable stock of political experience. But some reparation for the past is now made. By a curious coincidence there have just appeared two works, strikingly alike in general scope and method, one English and one American, on the system of government in the Alpine republic, its history and principles, its virtues and vices.[1]

It would probably be wrong to ascribe this sudden bounty to remorse or repentance alone; there are real reasons why Swiss institutions and affairs should have just now a peculiar interest, and even excite an unusual sympathy. One of these is the state of international relations in Europe. Everybody knows that the times are not favorable to small states which stand in the way of the arms, or the ambition, or the greed of great ones, and there is an uneasy feeling among the best observers that the day is not far remote when Switzerland will have to fight for her existence. She has snubbed Bismarck, and Bismarck never forgives an injury. Her territory offers a convenient route for the rival armies when the war of *revanche* begins; and it has lately been argued with no little cogency in a foreign periodical that France, at least, will not hesitate to brush away the neutrality of the republic, in spite of all the guaranties, as the Allies did in 1814. Graver apprehensions are even heard that the Triple Alliance may need the territory of the republic to round off frontiers and adjust accounts in the next European settlement. These fears may be premature or exaggerated, but they exist, and they explain in part the new interest in the little state. Another explanation, which holds good at least for England, is found in the Irish problem and the colonial problem. These both involve schemes for changing the existing relation between members of a great empire; and though one of them has not got beyond the stage of informal discussion, both alike invite and almost require the comparative study of the institutions of other countries. In the projects which have been submitted the federal system of government plays a large part. The United States naturally have the honor of furnishing the greatest amount of material in the arguments for and against this system; but the Swiss Confederation yields an example which clearly fits the most acute of the two British problems, — the problem of uniting peoples of different race and religion under one common and harmonious government. Evidently, the Act of Union has failed to do this in the case of England and Ireland, as the old system failed before the Union. In Switzerland, however, it has been done, — not, indeed, without frictions, not without armed collisions, and not until after many trials and experiments; but it has been done, and on the whole successfully. It is natural, therefore, for Mr. Dicey and Mr. Bryce to refer frequently to Switzerland for illustrations, not only of the federal system in itself, but also of the federal system as applied to a problem such as making the Roman Catholic Irish and the Protestant Eng-

[1] *The Swiss Confederation.* By Sir F. O. Adams and C. D. Cunningham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The Federal Government of Switzerland. An Essay on the Constitution. By Bernard Moses, Ph. D., Professor in the University of California. Oakland: Pacific Press Publishing Company. 1889.

lish live together in peace; and every Englishman who honestly desires the best solution must be drawn to the same comparative method.

The authors of the two works on Switzerland have therefore rendered an opportune service. That works on the same subject and so much alike in many respects should appear at the same time is, as we have said, a noteworthy coincidence. But though they are very much alike, there is one general difference between them. The English authors aim to give a detailed picture of Swiss institutions, local as well as national, religious, educational, and military as well as political; and to show not only their structure, but also their operation. The American professor adopts narrower and more precise limits. His book is more properly a treatise on the federal system of government as organized in Switzerland; it is critical as well as descriptive; and reversing the familiar rule that things should be explained by other things better known, he draws freely for illustrations upon the unexplored constitutions of Mexico and other republics of Central and South America. Both works, it may be added, give a brief sketch of the rise of the Swiss governments, but neither prints the text of the existing constitution.

Americans are, perhaps, interested mainly in the points of difference between Swiss federalism and their own, or, to be a little more precise, in the different devices by which the two systems meet the problems peculiar to federalism, as distinguished from what publicists call the "unitarian" governments. One of these concerns the interpretation of the fundamental pact, or articles, or constitution, on which the union rests. With us this function is performed, of course, in the last resort by the Supreme Court; and there is, perhaps, no other part of our system which has extorted more admiration from foreign critics than this exalted prerogative of the judiciary. But when we turn to the federal tribunal of Switzerland, we find a body of much more limited powers and far less dignity. The judges are elected by the legislature: their term of office is only six years; their decisions are enforced by the executive; and they have no power to pass upon the constitutionality of any act of federal legislation, or indeed upon the legality of any measure of the federal authorities. Even the extent of the court's jurisdiction seems to be determined, in part at least, by the laws rather than by the constitution, and is thus subject to change at any time. In short, this tribunal is nearly a mere servant of other organs of the government, and not, like our own Supreme Court, a mediator between them, or even a superior above them.

If now the Swiss court loses by comparison with the American, it might seem that the Swiss legislature, the Federal Assembly, must gain. It practically creates the court, largely fixes its sphere of action, and its own acts are not subject to judicial revision. But this is not all. It elects in the same way the members of the federal executive; and although it cannot exactly turn them out during their term of office, it enjoys such extensive power of supervision and control over their acts, and in fact exercises so large a part of what we should call the executive discretion, that it can, practically, have very little reason for desiring to turn them out. The pardoning power, for instance, belongs to it, and it can in a measure initiate foreign policies. If we stopped here, then, we might naturally call Switzerland a parliamentary republic, as the United Provinces were in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We might even class the Federal Assembly with the sovereign Parliament of England.

Yet such a comparison would be grossly misleading. If the Swiss legislature stands above the executive and the judiciary, there is another power which

stands, not only in the final theory, but even in the daily practice of the constitution, above the legislature. This power is, of course, the people themselves. It is well known that students of Austin have some real or affected difficulty in locating the seat of sovereignty in this country. Perhaps Mr. Dicey is right in suggesting that it lies with that body or that majority, formed by three fourths of the States, which has the power to amend the constitution. But, as Mr. Moses observes, no such doubt can arise in the case of Switzerland. For in Switzerland not only proposed changes in the constitution, but, on the demand of thirty thousand citizens or eight cantons, any act or resolution of a general nature passed by the Federal Assembly, must be submitted to the popular vote. This is the famous Swiss Referendum, and the first thing to be said of it is that it shows clearly where the seat of sovereignty is located. The chief disagreement of our authors (and it is a somewhat serious disagreement) is in regard to what may be called the status of the institution. Sir F. O. Adams describes it as having overcome nearly all opposition, and as having now taken its place in the settled polity of the state; but Professor Moses thinks it is still an experiment, about which the Swiss people are by no means unanimous. Either view must, from the nature of things, be largely conjectural. The facts given in the English work seem, however, to show an increasing frequency in the use of the federal Referendum. Thus in 1884, ten years after the extension of the system to ordinary laws, four acts were submitted and rejected, one of them being for the establishment of a secretaryship to the Swiss legation at Washington, at a salary of two thousand dollars.

Such trivial cases bring the institution into close analogy to our township or village system, where the people vote on a proposition to buy a fire-engine or to build a bridge. But in its larger significance it shows us the substitution of pure for representative democracy; and this we regard as a distinct step backward. It used to be one of the commonplaces of political philosophy that republics were possible only in small states. It is a later commonplace that this idea prevailed only because the principle of representation was unknown, and a republic meant a state in which the people administered their own affairs directly, in general assemblies of the freemen. Switzerland still has these assemblies in the Landsgemeinden of some of her cantons, and we have them in our New England town-meetings, which Tocqueville found so instructive, and which Mr. Freeman traces back to the Germans of Tacitus. But the town-meetings, whatever may be said of the Landsgemeinden, are now purely local gatherings. In every larger sphere, the theory of our institutions assumes that, ordinarily, the people speak and act through their representatives, as was also the case in Switzerland until 1874; and unless that theory is false, unless the principle of representation is only a makeshift, it is not a healthy sign that the fashion seems to set just now toward the restoration of pure democracy on a large scale in the form of devices like the plébiscite, the referendum, and the "reference to the people." A real appeal to the people exists in every representative government whenever there is a general election for the legislature. Our own institutions, state as well as national, also have special provision for the case of changes in the organic law. But as Burke observed, it is not wise to make the medicine of the constitution its daily food; and a study of Swiss institutions, which, on account of the difference of scale, may not yield much instruction for us, may nevertheless in this particular case be of service by calling attention to certain unfortunate parallels which our own recent tendencies exhibit.

To the Referendum corresponds, in Switzerland, the Initiative. It works in precisely the opposite direction, but it is open to the same theoretical objection, namely: that it corrupts the representative principle by the intrusion — that is, the introduction at the wrong time and place — of pure, or at least direct democracy. Fifty thousand Swiss citizens can, at any time, set the machinery of constitutional revision in motion. On the petition of this number, the Federal Assembly is bound to submit the desirability of revision to the popular vote; and should the majority be in the affirmative, the Assembly is dissolved, and a new one chosen, whose duty it is to prepare and submit articles of revision, or, as we should say, amendments. To become valid these must be approved by a majority of the people and a majority of the cantons. The system, though modeled upon one of the alternative methods by which amendments to our own federal constitution may be proposed, thus contains one significant modification of it: the people appear in their national character, and independent of state lines. The same holds true of the ratification of amendments. Of course the Federal Assembly may itself propose amendments, as may Congress, without any demand from the people. A sort of Initiative also exists under which the authorities of any canton can submit legislative propositions to the Federal Assembly, which is bound to consider them. But the Initiative seems not yet to have taken root so firmly as the Referendum. Sir F. O. Adams says the institution is still in its infancy, and he suggests, reasonably enough, that there "is great difficulty in embodying this right in a form at once simple and efficacious." It cannot be said that either he or Professor Moses gives as full an account of the operation of the Referendum and the Initiative — for foreigners the most interesting features of the Swiss system — as might be desirable. An author has, however, the right to choose his own subject; and it is doubtful, in spite of daily examples, whether criticism ought to attack Smith, who writes a history of Greek art, because he did not, like Brown, confine himself to a history of Greek sculpture.

The federal constitution of Switzerland guarantees, in the usual continental form, nearly every right precious to humanity in the nineteenth century. It guarantees the freedom of the press, freedom of religion, freedom of public meeting, the "liberty and rights of the people," the "constitutional rights of the citizens," the territory of the cantons, their sovereignty, and their constitutions. But the value of such guaranties depends on the resources for enforcing them, and to find and use adequate resources is one of the knotty problems in every federal government. Now the federal executive in Switzerland rebukes, coerces, and punishes offending cantons in a way unknown to our institutions. The cantonal constitutions need the federal guaranty, which is accorded only on certain conditions; and it seems that an amendment to any of these constitutions becomes valid only when ratified by the central authorities, no concrete case being necessary, as with us, to test it. In a word, the Swiss procedure for assuring the supremacy of the federal constitution is political, ours judicial. The former is in harmony with Continental methods, and of course suits the Swiss themselves, or they would not have it. But Americans may be pardoned for preferring to have such conflicts settled by the orderly procedure of the courts of law.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Edward Fitzgerald gave a new classic to English literature in his translation of Omar Khayyám. His letters [1] may prove to have, in their own sphere, an interest not less enduring. They comprise a lifelong correspondence upon matters which will continue to engage the minds of men, and these are treated from a unique personal point of view. Mr. Fitzgerald advanced but one claim to be considered by his friends. He was, he said, a man of taste, whether in poetry, art, or music; he brought to his subject the touch-stone of that criticism which depends rather on feeling than on reason; he did not care to ask the why and wherefore of his judgment, and in those cases in which he found himself dull to masterpieces approved by other highly cultivated minds he was merely nonplused at his incapacity to appreciate. He was, however, gifted with a rare degree of independence and also of candor, which permitted him to hold and express views of literature with admirable sincerity, so that he does not offend even when he departs most widely from popular opinions. He disparages Tennyson with the freedom of a friend, but other modern poetry meets with such scanty consideration that the editor does not name the unfortunate authors of whom severe remarks are made. He cannot take to Hawthorne, though he acknowledges him to be the most distinct genius which America has produced. He has a very incomplete faith in Carlyle; with the best disposition to admire him and with some sympathy, he does not finally pass muster. His praise of Thackeray, though at the last ungrudging, strikes one as tardy. Spedding's toil over Bacon is the butt of his humor. So one might continue the long list. Perhaps it is as well to admit at once that he was a man of prejudice as well as of taste.

The root of the matter is that he was out of sympathy with the modern age. It was not for nothing that he found his favorite reading in the classics and in Boccaccio, Cervantes, and Scott. He was not an idealist; imagination and passion were both lacking in him; he was attached to life as it presents itself to the eye, — the passing spectacle, with humor and pathos met at random, with no sentiment except of the natural feelings. He was a true lover of poetry, but there was quite enough in old English verse to satisfy him. So far as our own time is concerned, he represents that discontent with the Victorian literature which is interesting because it is rare. Fortunately, he did not confine himself to his dislikes, but wrote of what he enjoyed. A good part of this was in Spanish and Persian, and his appreciation was so great that, by the aid of a talent for writing which he could not successfully resist, he re-worked from these sources those translations by which his place in literature is determined. It is well enough known what liberties he took with his text. What his success was will be variously estimated. It cannot be maintained that his Calderon ever would hold its own as an English classic for its own sake, as undoubtedly his Omar must. The other Persian translations will be favorites with a few. The Greek plays, which he rendered in the same way, do not represent the originals either in kind or in power; and judged as English dramas, they are rather curious than excellent. It is singular to observe that his literary faculty concerned itself with poetical philosophy

[1] *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald.* Edited by William Aldis Wright. 3 vols. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

most successfully, while his critical taste declared itself for dramatic realism.

It is, however, neither by his opinions nor by his works that he is most attractive. The charm which clothes his memory is that of the English country life which he led in the open air of nature, with hearty liking for rustic character, with books, pictures, and music to refine his leisure, and with ties of affection and friendship with great Englishmen of his time. It would not be difficult to draw his portrait at the different stages of youth and age, to make much of his eccentricities, to show how thoroughly insular he was, and exhibit the Celtic sensibility that went along with his English perversities and gave unusual warmth to his humane temperament and a touch of tenderness to his expression. The friends he loved best did not care to write letters to him, but they valued his heart; to those with whom he associated most constantly he seems to have given more than he received: and from these and like considerations, which attention forces only more painfully upon the mind, there arises something pathetic in the man's life, which is saddening. The outlook on literature, art, and music, and especially the unfailing delight in natural beauty, are a relief to the loneliness, and what we are constrained to call the littlenesses, of his existence. He was himself cheerful, to all appearance, and made the round of the years with much satisfaction in his enjoyments; perhaps he prided himself, half unconsciously, on his content with trifling pleasures; at all events, he loved his own, and, like an Englishman, was superior to all the world beside.

A nature so simple and a fortune so uneventful do not require many phrases to describe them, but in the writer's expression of himself and description of his surroundings there is a rich variety. He had command of a remarkably pure style. From the literary point of view, the style is really the one quality in which these letters excel. Clear, rapid, and entirely without pretense, yet with a certain distinction in the utterance and sense of selection in the words, with an abundant natural flow and plenty of humor and even a dash of wit, the writer goes on to the end of his paper in a vein of which one never tires; and his matter is worthy of so ready a tongue. Whether it is some blowing breeze on the buttercups, or the blare of Handel's trumpets, or Constable laying the old Cremona down on the sunshiny grass, or the *nequiaquam* of Lucretius, or the country preacher in his pulpit making the Crucifixion real to country hearers, or his own fishermen out on the North Sea who trouble his mind with thoughts of their danger, or what-not of a thousand topics, there is always something on the various pages which one is glad to have read, and to have come in touch with so fine a mind in the reading; and not with him only, but also with Tennyson, who was almost from college days Mr. Fitzgerald's friend; with Thackeray, who valued him second to none in affectionate remembrance; and with Spedding, at whom these two aimed their good-humored fun, though they respected him none the less for that. Others, too, in more humble stations, add variety to the characters, and increase the human interest which enlivens and relieves the whole.

A more entertaining volume, one that brings the mind into contact with what refines and elevates it with the sense of the higher interests of culture, and at the same time affords companionship with a simple and strong nature in its daily life, has not been added to the shelves of pure literature in many a year. Indeed, it stands by itself, and possesses an originality, a flavor, and character of its own, which those who hereafter examine the Victorian time will not willingly spare. Mr. Fitzgerald himself occupies a peculiarly distinct position as the translator of Omar, which must continue to draw

attention; as a member of the Tennyson group of literary friends, from whom delightful glimpses of their comradeship are to be obtained, he appeals to the never-dying curiosity of men in regard to the private life of genius; as a man who seems to have avoided notice by choice in an age when to get into the public view is the object of such universal effort, he stimulates the desire to know him. On these several accounts his memoir was sure to be sought; and now that, on its appearance, it exhibits such rare qualities that its greatest value proves to be intrinsic, we have reason to anticipate for its author the great prize of a slowly matured fame, like that of a half dozen other English gentlemen whose distinction in literature came without self-seeking. He wins, after death, a place in English letters equal to the good fortunes of his friendships in early life, among, if not beside, his old comrades; and, notwithstanding their neighborhood, his life will be valued for itself, as an expression of the old English virtues of "high thinking and plain living."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

Mr. Hamerton's comparative study[1] of the French and English nations has been so recently before our readers that, although the collected papers are fuller in matter and more orderly in arrangement, there is little occasion for such criticism as the volume would otherwise deserve. Native opinion respecting foreign countries usually abounds in ignorance and prejudice, and this characteristic is not confined to the uneducated classes; even as between England and America the mistakes made by leading journals and public men often seem surprising; in the case of the French and the English, in which kindred institutions and the same blood do not help to a mutual understanding, greater misapprehension is to be expected. It is owing to this unflattering cause, doubtless, that Mr. Hamerton, though plainly addressing the educated class, seems to be writing for very uninformed or very dull persons; but when he is able to quote both French and English writers in striking illustration of their ignorance or rashness in judgment, among whom Mr. Arnold figures conspicuously, he is certainly to be pardoned for thinking that the reader needs to be set right upon all points. It is characteristic, too, of one who resides much in a foreign country to assume that his acquaintance with it is exceptional. Mr. Marion Crawford has lately informed us that travelers of all nations in Italy have failed to understand the Italian character, and he does not make any exception to this sweeping judgment from Montaigne down; he proceeds to give a true account from his own observation. Mr. Hamerton is neither so naive as to say nor so fatuous as to believe this of himself; but without discrediting other trained observers, he relies implicitly on his own eyes and ears. But if he writes as if he knew all and the reader nothing, it is not long before the latter finds that the author is justified by his works: the reader's mind is being richly informed, his vague impressions are made clear and distinct, his views enlightened, by each new chapter; he is soon content to be a pupil in such a school.

Mr. Hamerton, in several passages,

[1] *French and English.* A Comparison. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1889.

seems to regret the temperate, open, and colorless style which he feels it necessary to employ. He complains that in literature "justice is not a very convenient or acceptable quality," and he even asserts generally that "great writers are not just." We are not concerned with the truth of the remark, but it is certainly this quality which constitutes the excellence of an observer of a foreign people; if he have it not, his other virtues encounter a more fatal defect than that of commonplaceness, which Mr. Hamerton assigns to the just writer. Justice, at all events, is the distinction of this volume which makes it both attractive to the mind and instructive of the truth. Neither do we find that the style suffers from the exactness of thought and expression at which the author aims. It pleases, as refined talk pleases, by the limit of its modulations; it is agreeable for a long time, where greater brilliancy, force, or fervor would tire attention; to a man of intelligent curiosity the matter itself is sufficient entertainment, and, as is the case with Mr. Hamerton's writing in general, which is much esteemed among us, dullness is the last thing one expects in the pages. So far, therefore, from sympathizing with the author in his complaint that justice is an injury to style, it is more to our taste to assure him that he need be in no fear upon that score; indeed, in making the remark, which is a sign of impatience by which his work is not often disturbed, he seems to us to descend to a lower standard of taste as well as of intelligence than that to which he strives at other times to accustom us. In this disquisition on comparative traits, justice holds perhaps a more constant influence than in his other works; but there is the same charm of the alert and suggestive mind, of orderly and simple thinking, of good taste, that characterize his books, and by them, as always, he interests the intelligence to which he constantly directs his main appeal.

It is impossible to read this mass of detailed information, well articulated as it is and comprehensively arranged, without involuntarily speculating upon the future of two societies in which there are so many active principles of change. France is naturally the more interesting nation. The salient feature of its social condition is the isolation of the aristocratic class not only in position, but in feeling. To an outsider there seems to be a lack of patriotism in the conduct of French parties in opposition; political rivalry exceeds the limits which it ought to observe in a healthy state, because the national sentiment is relatively weak in comparison with party loyalty; and one explanation of this is that the aristocracy is irreconcilable. The description given by Mr. Hamerton of the position of a French gentleman of good blood is most depressing: he is a man without a career; trade is impossible, and the profession of art or letters almost equally closed; public office is looked on as a post of treason to his caste; the church does not attract him; the court does not exist; the army and navy are crowded with plebeian ability, into competition with which he would be forced. There is nothing for it, limited as his means usually are, but idleness. The well-known phrases by which Mr. Arnold characterized the aristocracy of England apply to the country families in France with equal force; and, in fact, Mr. Hamerton grows almost more severe in pushing to an extreme his definition of the landed aristocrat by analogy with the traits of savage life. Apart from their character, however, the withdrawal of this class from the modern life of the nation is one of the great social conditions of the time in France, which the historian must always include in his survey of her development under democracy. It is an interesting question to ask whether this class will be absorbed, or must perish by its transformation and displacement jointly

by the new wealth of the plutocracy; at present its only importance historically is its obstructiveness and recklessness in politics. Mr. Hamerton suggests the query, in connection with this subject, whether the English aristocracy will succeed in holding that pliable quality which has made it so convenient an institution for the change from monarchy to democracy in the last two centuries, or whether it will also find the measures and the persons of the popular party so repugnant to its own traditions and tastes as to alienate it from the body politic. It would appear that the changes in the political life of France, which have been the scorn of Englishmen in this century, are coming to such a degree of repose as to promise a fairly stable order, while similar conditions now threaten the stability of England. France, in his judgment, has crowded into a century what England has taken two centuries to accomplish only in part; and so it may be the lot of the former to look on in the peace of a settled arrangement while the latter passes through the dangers of the last period of popular reform. This would be a strange turning of the tables.

The general changes in the French character that apparently make for progress are easily recognizable. Foremost among them is the extinction of the spirit of boastfulness which resulted from the Napoleonic idea. France is not a peaceful nation in the same sense as America, since war always lies upon the eastern frontier; nevertheless, the fact that democracy is a policy of peace is sufficiently indicated under the republic. Mr. Hamerton ascribes this change to the fact that the army is the armed people, and that a parliamentary vote for war means, not the policy of a cabinet, but a national willingness or desire for sacrifice of life and treasure. There is less likelihood of war when the people who are to do the fighting and spending themselves decide on its necessity. The disinclination for war is illustrated negatively by the increasing enthusiasm for the triumph of peace in great engineering or industrial movements, and by the enlightened interest of the public in those scientific achievements which help to civilize the country. This also characterizes a democratic government, in which the welfare of the people is naturally the most absorbing interest. The conservatism of the democratic idea, besides, seems to be making itself apparent. The most significant sign of the times, however, is the temper of the younger men in the nation which is described as "coolness," — that coolness which is the sign of possession of the object striven for, and of the sense that the question of its preservation is the main question. The more constant and keen perception of the difficulties in the working of the desired government, now that it has become a reality, is proof of political growth in power as well as of advance in institutions. From these and other considerations, Mr. Hamerton believes that France has definitely accepted parliamentary democracy, and is beginning to enjoy its permanent influences.

These general matters on which Mr. Hamerton brings much of his observation to bear are probably most full of useful instruction. The questions of custom, virtue, refinement, and the like are more individual, and therefore statements with respect to them are apt to be misleading or incomplete. Paris and London may be compared, but provincial France and provincial England are harder to treat, as the author in his chapter upon Variety states most forcibly. It is necessary to take the highest developed type of the nation at large in each case, and this is what is meant by the English and French in the conversation of educated people. The French peasant and the Lancashire workman can be compared only with great crudity, and the country districts, as a whole, hardly at all. It is true

that Mr. Hamerton has not given a complete account of either nation; but what he set out to do he has accomplished excellently. He has informed the minds of educated readers on both sides of the Channel upon those traits of their neighbors about which they indulged illusion or were grossly deceived by appearances, and he has set two modes of life and thought on a grand scale side by side in such a way as to illustrate the differences between them, especially when the defects or excellences of either seemed useful for the other's instruction. It is a most friendly service.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Sense of the Ridiculous.

I HAVE often wondered — being an outsider in such matters — how it is that poets of genuine imaginative powers ever allow themselves to drop into pure bathos. I have vainly tried to explain to myself how Bryant, for example, happened to make his Hunter of the West pause on the hillside and look back at — what do you suppose?

"The dwelling of his *Genevieve*"!

The idea of a rough Western hunter having a wife named "Genevieve" is, as our advocates of elevator-boy diction would say, a little too thin. What mood of mind could have led the author of Thanatopsis into such incongruity? And where was his careful and sedate Muse when, in the poem called The Burial Place, he described flowers as being

"the forms and hues
Of *vegetable beauty*"?

Though Tennyson in his more recent editions has excluded The Skipping Rope, what phenomenal lapse of poetic instinct was it that left it possible for him to write that silly lyric? I hold that a sense of humor is an indispensable thing to the mental equipment of a serious poet. If Wordsworth had possessed this sense, he would have spared us many and many a page of puerility. If Matthew Arnold had had it, he never would have begun one of his fine sonnets with

"That son of Italy who tried to blow."

In the next line we get "the trump of sacred song," but it is too late. The mischief is done. Giacopone di Todi, ere Dante came, attempted to blow the trump of sacred song, which is all very well; but in an Index of First Lines the incomplete statement is comical, and no poet with any levity in him whatever would have allowed so absurd a verse to stand. Arnold had wit of a certain kind, but no humor. The lack of it was a serious limitation to him, both as poet and essayist. The good and bad influence of Wordsworth is very evident in several of Arnold's earlier poems. Wordsworth's simplicity sowed a dreadful seed in English poetry. Flowers from this seed crop out here and there in most unexpected places. I have little doubt of his responsibility for the second line of this couplet in the late Aubrey De Vere's tragedy, Mary Tudor, — a dramatic poem, in which there are scenes of undeniable dignity: —

"She rises from the sea of her great trouble,
Like a pure infant glowing from the bath"!

When I reach Browning, my theory touching the value of a perception of the ridiculous collapses. His keen eye in that direction is of no service to him; for Browning, to whom nearly all things have been given, has a very strong sense of humor, but not the sense to use it

as a safeguard, and he must often be vastly amused with himself. Surely he was unable to keep his countenance when, in the epilogue to his Parleyings with Certain People, he penned that remarkable line, —

"The barrel of blasphemy broached once, who bungs?"

Yes, he must have enjoyed it.

Whether this great poet occasionally laughs in his sleeve at a confiding public is a question commended to the smileless consideration of Browning Clubs at large.

A Forgotten Immortal. — At the December meeting of the Contributors' Club, the writer had the honor to submit to his fellow-contributors, and to the intelligent and select audience who attend its reunions, a few French inscriptions which he had Englished, — if he may use a phrase contemporary with the inscriptions themselves. This month, let us look at an English inscription of the next century, the eighteenth, — that roomy, gossiping, candle-burning age, when people were more human than in the seventeen hundreds, and a great deal more simple and amusing than they are in the present year of grace.

I am not aware if many people know the city of Rennes; nor is there in that well-built French town much to know. But there is a good Musée, and in making a cautious progress through its overwaxed halls, I came, in a corner of a corridor, upon a collection of English mezzotints, — George III., and some members of the Royal Family, one or two beauties of the day, and finally a full-length portrait of a languid-looking person reclining on a settee and half leaning on a table, upon which a vase, papers, and a book of prints were carefully arranged in artistic disorder. This personage had upon her head a turban, and wore a flowing dress and a scarf, and behind her there was the inevitable fluted column with its attendant curtain. It would be a curious and interesting study to note the rise and fall of the pillar, the curtain, and the looped cord with its ample tassel, in English portrait-painting.

Beneath this picture (which was from an original painting by no less admirable a person than Angelica Kauffmann, and was engraved by Watson, who did so many clever mezzotints) was its title, — "Lady Bingham;" and the prodigies of artistic skill performed by Lady Bingham were celebrated in a verse in a small, stiff handwriting (which, alas, I have to quote from memory), signed "Hor. Walpole." Any one who knows Walpole's correspondence will hardly remember his slight allusions to her, and perhaps it will be amusing to hear something about this forgotten immortal, before we see his lines.

Margaret, Lady Bingham was the daughter and heiress of a Devonshire gentleman bearing the classically British name of John Smith, and in 1760 she exchanged her honest patronymic for that of Bingham, having married Sir Charles Bingham, a baronet, who some sixteen years later was created Baron Lucan, and Earl of Lucan in 1795. Now Lady Lucan discovered (as she would have said in a sense not at all incorrect) a very pretty taste for painting. Horace Walpole, who was always trying to discover (in our modern sense) things of every description, one day discovered *her;* and from that time an occasional sentence in his letters shows her progress in painting, and in another fine art, — that of getting on in the world. He seems to have met her about 1773, since in a letter to Lady Ossory, in that year, he speaks of an invitation to dine with her at Hampton Court, and a few days after alludes to her as "my new friend, Lady Bingham." Later, writing from Strawberry Hill, he says: "Lady Bingham is, I assure you, another miracle. She began painting in miniature within these two years. I have this summer lent her several of my finest heads; in five

days she copied them, and so amazingly well that she has excelled a charming head of Lord Falkland by Hoskins. She allows me to point out her faults, and if her impetuosity will allow her patience to reflect and study she will certainly very soon equal anything that ever was done in water-colors." Walpole seems henceforth to have been an *habitué* of Lady Bingham's drawing-room, and it was, no doubt, after some especially clever copy of a favorite miniature that he wrote the inscription on the mezzotint which somehow found its way to the gallery at Rennes. Here it is: —

Without a Rival long on Painting's Throne
Urbino's modest Artist sat alone.
At last a British Fair's unerring eyes
In five short Moons contests the glorious Prise.
Raphael by Genius nurs'd, by Labour gained it.
Bingham but saw Perfection — and attained it!

And Lady Bingham very probably took this tribute in perfect good faith, although it is hard to believe that Walpole did not put into it as much sugar as he thought her ladyship would stand.

His next mention of her is in the summer of 1776, when he says: "The Binghams are incog. at Paris; their letters of recommendation announced them as my Lord and Lady Lucan; and the patents are still wind-bound." The patents, I suppose, were those for the advancement of Sir Charles to the title of Baron Lucan. A few days later, Walpole tells Lady Ossory in a "3rd P. S." that "they are so amazed and charmed at Paris with Lady Bingham's miniatures that the Duke of Orleans has given her a room at the Palais Royal to copy which of his pictures she pleases." Apparently their stay in Paris was a great social success. "I cannot answer your ladyship's question" (writes our excellent Horace to Lady Ossory in August) "from any Parisian authority, for my dear old woman (Madame du Deffand), who does not trouble her head about the court, seldom tells me anything but what relates to her own circle. I have heard here of the favor of my Lady Lucan, and, having the same curiosity as your ladyship, have inquired, but the answer is not come. . . . If Lady Lucan has made such a conquest by her painting, I think I, who was her master, ought at least to be a minister. But I doubt my fate will resemble me to some prince, I forget whom, whose tomb they show at Westminster Abbey, who was son, brother, uncle, and father of kings, but never was king himself."

Whether or no Walpole was a little nettled at the attentions showered on his whilom *protégé*, I know not. Rochefoucauld, in one of his bitter half-truths, tells us that there is always something in the misfortunes of our dearest acquaintances which is not altogether displeasing to us, and perhaps the reverse of this sentiment is also true. A writer of a very different class, and of our own day, says, "I call a man a perfect Christian who can always forgive his friends;" and Walpole was not a perfect Christian, and therefore writes to Sir Horace Mann a few months later: —

"Make many compliments, pray, for me to the house of Lucan, but between you and me, I am not at all delighted with their intending to bring me a present. I do not love presents, and much less from anybody but my dear friends. That family and I are upon very civil terms; our acquaintance is of modern date, and rather waned than improved. Lady Lucan has an astonishing genius for copying whatever she sees. The pictures I lent her from my collection, and some advice I gave her, certainly brought her talent to marvelous perfection in five months; for before, she painted in crayons, and as ill as any fine lady in England. She models in wax, and has something of a turn towards poetry; but her prodigious vivacity makes her too volatile in everything, and my lord follows wherever she leads. This is only for your private ear. I desire to remain as well as I am with them; but

we shall never be more intimate than we are."

As time went on, Lady Lucan seems to have become rather of a blue-stocking. She "went in" for being musical as well as artistic. Walpole says he was terribly bored by assisting at a sacred concert at her house. "I was last night at Lady Lucan's," he writes, "to hear the Misses Bingham sing Jomelli's Miserere, set for two voices. . . . The service lasted near three hours, and was so dull instead of pathetic that I was rejoiced when it was over." This was in 1779.

The next year Lady Lucan's daughter became engaged to Lord Althorp, and Walpole made some more verses. "Having nothing better to offer as a New Year's gift," he writes to Lady Ossory (on January 2d), "I shall add a Nuptial Ode that I made for Lady Lucan." That the ode was not too elaborate may be inferred from its last verse, — quite enough, — which runs: —

> Your best wishes bring 'em,
> Your best roses fling 'em,
> O'er the hammock where Bingham
> And Althorp shall swing 'em, —
> With ding, ding a dong.

A month later he speaks of Dr. Johnson at her ladyship's, "who had assembled a *blue-stocking* meeting in imitation of Mrs. Vesey's Babels. It was so blue it was quite mazarine blue." And then he names the people who were there, besides, as he says, "the out-pensioners of Parnassus." Another glimpse of one of Lady Lucan's winter assemblies is funny enough, and it is no wonder that the ever-entertaining Horace was himself "diverted," as he expresses it. "The moment I entered," says he, "Lady Lucan set me down to whist with Lady Bute; and who do you think were the other partners? The Archbishopess of Canterbury and Mr. Gibbon." What a whist table!

After this we hear but little more of the "British Fair" from Walpole, but all that we do hear is quite in character. Her "unerring eye" seems to have had other "prizes" in view. Up to 1793, however, two years before Baron Lucan received an earldom, she is occasionally mentioned. We will take our last glimpse of her in a sentence from a letter to Walpole's dear Countess of Ossory, which tells her that "Lady Lucan has just called and told me what I am very sorry for, too, though in no proportion, — that Sir Joshua Reynolds has a stroke of palsy. I finish lest I should moralize."

A few twelvemonths later Walpole was in his grave. Lady Lucan outlived him many years, during sixteen of which she edified her friends and amused herself by illustrating and ornamenting (she would have said embellishing) Shakespeare's Historical Plays, — an achievement which Mr. Dibdin celebrates in some long-winded sentences. And it was not until 1814 that she who (to quote a delicious sentence of Walpole's) "arrived at copying the most exquisite works of Isaac and Peter Oliver, Hoskins, and Cooper, with a genius that almost depreciates those masters, when we consider that they spent their lives in attaining perfection, and who, soaring above their modest timidity, has transferred the vigor of Raphael to her copies" — it was not until 1814, that this forgotten immortal was gathered to her fathers.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Holiday Books. In a Fair Country, illustrated by Irene E. Jerome. (Lee & Shepard.) The text of this oblong, old-gold-covered volume consists of essays from Out-Door Papers, by T. W. Higginson. It is much if the decoration which Miss Jerome has expended recall attention to the limpid flow and fresh air of Colonel Higginson's prose. The illustrations also are done evidently *con amore*. The treatment is somewhat conventional, but the intention to secure good masses and vigorous form is almost always visible. Such a picture as Through Green Pastures and Still Waters atones for the stiff prettiness of some of the less successful designs. Cardinal Grosbeak is another design one can praise, in spite of the conventionalism of treatment. Indeed, the whole book shows a freedom of hand which it is a pity should have been cramped by a fancied necessity for variety. — The Low-Back'd Car, by Samuel Lover. With illustrative drawings by William Magrath. (Lippincott.) A pleasing series of alternating designs, slight sketches on wood and full pictures in photogravure. The Irish character is not very marked, and there is a little of the air of stage-folk about the figures. It is a pity that the letter-press should be so heavy and stubby. — Daddy Jake the Runaway, and Short Stories told after Dark, by Uncle Remus. (The Century Company.) Welcome accessions to the stock of Uncle Remus's stories. The clever pictures by Kemble determine, we suppose, the ungainly form of the book, but we thought we had done with those varnished covers which make one's flesh goosey. — Florida Days, by Margaret Deland, with illustrations by Louis K. Harlow (Little, Brown & Co.), is to be ranked among the choice holiday books of the present season. Mrs. Deland's account of Florida life in town and country is charmingly and freshly written, and Mr. Harlow has thoroughly caught the spirit of the text. He contributes sixty-five drawings, large and small, many of which are exceedingly graceful in design and handling. Only a few of them fall below the standard which the artist set for himself, and the fault of these lies mainly in the subject. The head of Sir Francis Drake, on page 30, and the full-length figure of the military gentleman, on page 103, suggest respectively Mitchell's geography and a leaf from some illustrated "war paper." There are two or three full-page colored prints, very cleverly done, the best of which is a view of the old city gates of St. Augustine; but we greatly prefer the black-and-white cuts. Here and there is a bit of landscape whose suggestiveness and delicacy cannot easily be overpraised. The sketch on page 196 is an example. The volume is handsomely printed on heavy paper and tastefully bound. — The land of the ancient Norsemen has furnished the indefatigable Du Chaillu with the material for two very interesting volumes, which he calls The Viking Age. (Scribner's Sons.) The result of his studies of the Eddas and Sagas, and the archæological collections in the Northland museums, is a graphic picture of the life, laws, and customs of the early Scandinavians, whom he claims to be the ancestors of the English-speaking race. The work is illustrated with innumerable cuts, chiefly in the text, and is altogether a valuable contribution to the subject. — The sixth volume of Good Things of Life (Stokes) is full of cleverness; but in our copy three or four of the plates are duplicated, which is too much of a good thing.

Books for the Young. The Story of the American Soldier in War and Peace, by Elbridge S. Brooks. (Lothrop.) Mr. Brooks begins before the beginning, for he introduces his story with an imaginary contest on American soil between two parties of primeval savages. He follows with an account of the Conquistadores, and we are pleased at seeing again an old friend, Balboa, in his waterproof armor, wading out into the ocean. The main part of the book is taken up with the colonial wars, the war for independence, the war of 1812, the Mexican war, Indian fighting, and the war for the Union. The criticism which we should make upon Mr. Brooks's book is that it has no distinct limits. There is a great deal of rhetoric and general talk in it, but not nearly enough simple narrative of heroism. Nobody doubts the bravery or patriotism of the American soldier, but we think the young reader does not need to be fired half so much as he needs instances of devotion, and those genuine illustrations of courage and sacrifice which do not need the accompaniment of gun and trumpet to make them stir the pulse. — Coal and the Coal Mines, by Homer Greene. (Houghton.) The fifth volume of the Riverside Library for Young People. Mr. Greene writes a very direct, simple, and wholly unpretentious English, and he has kept close to the mark of telling as plainly as he can the origin of coal, the discovery of its locality in this country, the process of mining, and in general whatever a boy with an interest in such a subject would

naturally wish to know. Some may think the book a little hard to read, but the digestive capacity of a boy interested in mechanics is wonderful, and we are glad that Mr. Greene has not made the mistake of disguising his honest work. — To the Lions, a Tale of the Early Christians, by Alfred J. Church. (Putnams.) An interesting combination of the sensational story with historic romance. It is difficult to give the ordinary reader a lifelike picture of early Christendom. The painstaking student can pick out a few scenes and take refuge in general conceptions of the relation of old Rome to new Christendom, but it takes another art to reproduce this for those who are not students. Mr. Church's way is an accepted one, and possibly it is the only one likely to be very popular; but it certainly is desirable that the young should have the actual life clearly and without pedantry presented to their view. — The Story of Boston, a Study of Independency, by Arthur Gilman. (Putnams.) Mr. Gilman does not trouble himself to live up to his title. He makes a judicious gleaning from the annals of Boston, keeping his mind upon distinctive features of the organic growth of the community so far as possible, but there is no story. The reader may be pardoned if he does not see the woods for the trees, and becomes lost in the minute details which a conscientious collector has spread before him in orderly fashion. — A Summer in a Cañon, a California Story, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) The author of the Birds' Christmas Carol needs no introduction to many readers, who will seize upon this merry book without particularly caring whether they are or are not of the age of most of the characters in it. It chronicles the adventures of a party of youngsters, under proper supervision, who camped out under a California sky. The literature of the picnic is reinforced by this book, which has plenty of fun in it, and some of that truth-speaking which lies close to laughter. — Is there not more ozone in the California air than in that which young people breathe on the Atlantic coast? At any rate, to turn from Mrs. Wiggin's young people, with their high animal spirits, to Miss Jewett's young people, who haunt the wharves and lanes of a New England seashore village, is to find the same human tune, but set to a different key. Betty Leicester, a Story for Girls (Houghton), is a little book that may promise itself a very great success. We would say that it is the best story of its kind, if there were a class of story showing anything like the same freshness and charm of touch. — Battle Fields of '61, by Willis J. Abbott (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a narrative of the military operations of the war for the Union up to the end of the peninsular campaign, by a writer who has already been before the public with similar books on American sailors. It is a pleasure to read a book upon the war written with so much sobriety, and yet with so much intelligence and animation. It is also interesting to note, what is likely to be more familiar in the future, that the author has a sense of perspective in treating the war, and sees the natural divisions into which the struggle cleaves.

Biography. Scribner's Sons give us a popular edition of the Memories of Fifty Years, by Lester Wallack, with an introduction by Laurence Hutton. — Monk, by Julian Corbett, forms the seventh volume of the English Men of Action Series. (Macmillan.) — The Diary of Philip Hone. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) These two portly volumes will greatly interest the New Yorker whose memory goes back to 1828, — the starting-point of the present record. Mr. Hone's journals, though of no exceptional literary value, have a charming old-fashioned flavor, and give us really entertaining glimpses of the social and political life of New York at a period when there were many distinguished and picturesque figures on the stage. The writer, a retired merchant, with a liking for the sunny side of things, seems to have known everybody worth knowing in his generation, — authors, painters, statesmen, actors, and foreign notabilities, upon several of whom his revelations throw a pleasant side-light. We shall have occasion to refer to the work later. — The Life of Lessing, by T. W. Rolleston, is the latest addition to the Great Writers Series. (W. Scott.) — The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, compiled from her letters and journals, by her son, C. E. Stowe (Houghton), is a work that will commend itself to a large audience. The chapters dealing with the writing and production of Uncle Tom's Cabin possess especial interest. The book contains the most recent portrait of Mrs. Stowe, and portraits of other members of the Beecher family. — The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J., edited, with extracts from the Diary of the latter, by Christine Terhune Herrick (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a curious epistolary revelation. It shows that the Iron Duke was not all iron. Though lacking the charm of Prosper Mérimée's Inconnue, the proselyting Miss J. appears to have been too much for his Grace, whose fame is securer in the field than in the library. The remarkable thing about it all is that Wellington allowed this morbidly pious young woman to bore him more or less for seventeen years. He found her very tedious at last — as the reader does at first. — Letters of Horace Walpole, selected and edited by Charles Duke Yonge. (Putnams.) A fresh selection from Walpole's delightful correspon-

dence is always welcome. It is almost impossible to make a dull book in that kind; but it is not easy to make the very best. Mr. Yonge, so far as his limits go, seems to have done this. His introduction is brief but sufficient, and his explanatory notes are valuable. These two volumes will perhaps have the effect of sending the new reader to the larger work, if he is a tasteful reader.

Politics. The latest volume of Dr. Von Holst's work on The Constitutional and Political History of the United States covers the period 1856–1859, and includes the election of Buchanan and the close of the thirty-fifth Congress. Mr. Lalor continues the translation, and it is not always possible for the reader to determine how much of the involution of the text is due to the author and how much to the translator. We quote a single paragraph in an interesting treatment of the subject of Western railways, to illustrate the conflict which goes on between language and ideas in this oddly provoking book: "As the State was not the railroad builder with both the moral right and the actual practical possibility, in enterprises of a permanent character conducive to the common welfare, to throw a larger or smaller part of the cost on the future, the evil consequences of all the uneconomic — uneconomic in the sense just referred to — construction of railways would, necessarily, within a conceivable time, be keenly felt by a large part of the people; but that fact — the fact that the State was not the builder of the railways — was only another reason that made them shoot up like mushrooms after a rainy night" All our respect for Von Holst and all our admiration for his industry and keenness of judgment cannot reconcile us to such serpentine language. After one has uncoiled the paragraph he cannot get the kinks out (Callaghan & Co., Chicago.) — Constitutional History of the United States, as seen in the Development of American Law. (Putnams.) This work contains five lectures given before the Political Science Association of the University of Michigan, by Judge Cooley, Henry Hitchcock, George W. Biddle, Professor Charles A. Kent, and D. H. Chamberlain. Professor Rogers, of the University, provides an introduction. The scheme is a very simple and satisfactory one, for it contemplates a survey of our constitutional development by reference to the successive decisions of the Supreme Court, and it takes into account the masterly influence of Marshall, Jay, and their successors. The final lecture considers the relation of the state judiciary to the American constitutional system. The whole volume gives an agreeable and fresh introduction to the study of constitutional history. — An Introduction to the Local Constitutional History of the United States, by George E. Howard. (Johns Hopkins University.) This is the first volume of a proposed series, and is devoted to the development of the Township, Hundred, and Shire; and though it does not open the subject, it does for the first time make something like a full comparative study of the norms of political institutions as seen in both the East and the West, the Southern variation being less fully considered. The illustrations are drawn from a great variety of sources, and there is ample foundation of authority. We shall be surprised if this book does not stimulate a great deal of special work in the departments so comprehensively treated by Professor Howard, and the advantage is very great of having the subject first presented in its wider aspect. — The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics; a sketch of institutional history and administration. By Woodrow Wilson. (Heath.) Mr. Wilson has done for the larger domain of the state, including its minor forms, what Mr. Howard has done for the less highly developed organisms. He has given a text-book of comparative politics, and almost for the first time, if not for the very first, the student has the opportunity of comparing all the great modern forms of government, as well as of Greece and Rome, within the compass of a single volume. It is an inductive study of governments, with concluding chapters on the nature and forms, the functions and objects, of government and the character of law. No one who knows Mr. Wilson's methodical mind and clear statement will doubt that he has achieved an extraordinary success in making his book at all. He is scientific in his method, but he is also intuitive in his perception of the profound relations of law which underlie the forms of government, so that the book has a unity which is always helpful to the student. — The United States, its History and Constitution, by Alexander Johnston. (Scribners.) Mr. Johnston is seen at his best in this book, and one cannot read its compact, orderly sentences without keen regret for the loss of a writer who applied the test of clear sense to the interpretation of our history, our politics, and our public men. There was a downright honesty in the man and a lawyer-like sagacity of judgment which kept him free from illusions, yet there was also an enthusiasm which made him quick to see the generous side of American history and politics. The book was written originally as an article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and thus was intended for English as well as American readers. It sometimes happens that one who writes for a foreign audience gains almost the advantage of posterity, and we think that this book has thus peculiar value for Americans of to-day.

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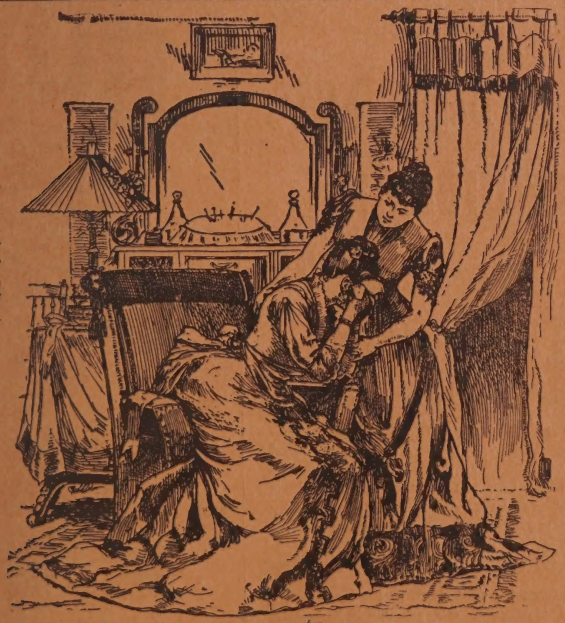

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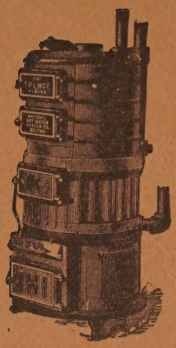

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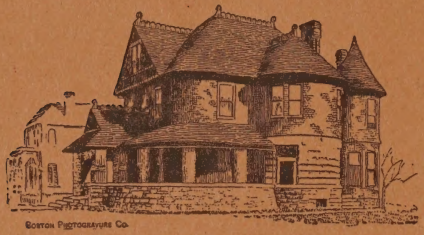

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BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

The modern pilgrim of the Rhine sometimes wearies a little of the excessively spectacular character of the scenery along its banks. Every gray tower is ticketed, and every leafy isle supplied with its proper legend. They sell on all the boats, and you are adroit indeed if you can avoid buying, a lithographed plan of the river, neatly bound in red, and furnished with a scale of miles where so many fractions of an inch are accurately assigned to each appropriate emotion. You seem to catch the creaking of the machinery by which the long panorama is unrolled; you are dunned, so to speak, for your enthusiasm; and unless you are very warmly in sympathy with the spirit and aims of United Germany, you will half grudge the act of homage which will punctually be required of you the instant you descry aloft upon the outermost spur of the beautiful Niederwald, opposite Bingen and the mouth of the Nahe, the brawny presentment in bronze of Germania Victrix.

If such be the traveler's wayward mood, and so languid his devotion to the Goddess of Success, he is counseled to turn aside from the grand route where the pretty town of Coblenz marks the confluence with the Rhine of the fairest of its tributary streams. Once within the valley of the Moselle, he will feel a soothing change creep over the spirit of his dream. The loud hum of the boastful present subsides; the strident voice of the tourist is hushed, and quenched the fiery gleam of his Baedeker; and over the rich and softly smiling scene — the golden grain-fields and the rose-tinted soil — broods a quiet so profound that the distant echoes become audible of a song sung in its praise a millennium and a half ago; nor have any fitter phrases yet been discovered in which to celebrate the peculiar beauty of the Moselthal than those of a minor Latin poet of the fourth century, by no means a man of surpassing genius, but one who anticipated, after a remarkable fashion, what we are pleased to call the modern sentiment for landscape.

He begins his idyl — for so he has himself named the song of the Moselle — by telling how he "crossed the swift Nahe under a hazy sky," and after a wondering glance at the massive fortifications recently added to the even then ancient town of Bingen, which had suffered severely during the revolt in Gaul that followed the murder of Vitellius, he plunged into the seemingly pathless forest on the left bank of the Rhine; and following that great Roman military road, still existing in parts, and known to the peasants of the region as the Steinstrasse, he struck the Moselle at the fortified camp and castle of Tabernæ, now Bern Castel. He was bound for immemorial Trèves, Augusta Trevirorum, the Rome of the North, and seat, for the moment, of the Western Empire; and from this point onward we take leave to follow his footsteps.

"Here," he says, with an evident

reminiscence of Vergil's Elysium, "the fields enjoy a purer air, and bright Apollo rides the purple ether in serene light. No longer does the eye go vainly seeking a heaven obscured by the green darkness of closely interlacing boughs. The gracious vision thus revealed seems to restore me to my own country and the culture of smiling Bordeaux. . . . Hail, O River, joy of the fields and the husbandman, to whom the Belgians owe a city of imperial state, — green river of the grassy banks, and hills all redolent of the grape! Thou art a pathway for ships, like the ocean, yet fallest softly, as a river should. Thou rivalest the lakes in clearness and the brooks in murmuring music, and thy waters are good to drink as those of the coolest fountain. In thee alone are gathered all the varied charms of lake, and stream, and sea!"

"The Moselle," writes a lively correspondent, after the publication of the idyl, "has acquired an immense popularity through its transfiguration in your divine verse. I, too, knew the river when I followed the standards of our immortal princes into those parts; and I thought it a very respectable stream, but not one of the greatest. Now, however, I discover from your stately stanzas that it is longer than Egyptian Nile, and colder than Sarmatian Ister, and clearer than our own Fucinus. In short, if I did not know you to be a man of strict veracity, even in your poetical flights, I could scarcely credit all the wonderful things you say of the origin and course of the Moselle."

"Go to with your costly pavements of Phrygian marble," proceeds the rapt singer, "but give me Nature's workmanship in the firm sands that line these humid shores and keep no tell-tale impress of the human foot. Thine even bed is visible through all its crystal deeps. Thou hast no secrets, River! Open to the eye as the blessed air itself in all its clearness, where gently breathing winds allow us to explore the void, the steadfast gaze descends far, far into thy flood, and under the unruffled surface the very penetralia lie open of thy liquid shrine. Dissolving shapes of light come and go in the dark blue of the transparent water, as the furrowed sand surges to its gentle motion, or the grasses tremble upon the wreathèd verge, or the waving plants, whose home is in the stream, sustain the soft shock of the pulsing tide. The pebbles flash and vanish, and the mosses gleam greenly [1] against the silver sands. Such is the picture the Scots of Britain see, when the receding tide lays bare green algæ and red coral, and those translucent blossoms of the conch-shell, the pearls that rich men love, — necklaces displayed beneath the wave, as it were in mockery of our *parures*."

The poet then salutes by name the fish of the Gallic stream. Trout and Salmon, Perch and Tench, Salmon-trout and Pike, are distinguished, as well as a host of lesser fry, and one huge, mysterious creature, only to be compared in his rush along the Moselle to a "whale in the Atlantic."

To which of these species, one wonders, belonged the fish which figures in the Christian version of the Ring of Polycrates? For we are told by the biographer of Arnulf, Bishop of Metz, how, "when the latter was doing penance for certain excesses, it chanced that he crossed a bridge over the Moselle; and perceiving the undertow, and the deep whirlpools into which his gaze could not penetrate, but bearing a confident hope in his mind, he drew from his finger a ring and cast it where the water was deepest, saying as he did so, 'I shall deem myself loosed from the bonds of sin when I receive back that which I cast away.' One day, many years after, when he

[1] Compare Emerson on Concord River: —

"Musketaquid, a goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day."

had assumed the duties of the bishopric, a fisherman caught a fish, which the Bishop — for he abstained from meat, — ordered cooked for his evening meal. And when the servant cleaned it, as his wont was, he found the self-same ring in the fish's intestines. Wondering at the occurrence, but ignorant of the circumstances, he took it to Arnulf. When the latter saw it, he recognized it at once, and, glad of the remission of his sins, he returned thanks to Almighty God, yet led thenceforth no easier life, but rather strove to practice greater austerities."

From the population of the waters the poet turns his attention to the river-side vineyards, and "the bounty of Bacchus" attracts his roving gaze.

"For tier above tier, as in a natural theatre, in all the curves and recesses of the winding shore, and on the sunny slopes and the bare ledges, and along the verge of the sheer cliffs in long-drawn lines, the ordered vines arise. The folk who till them are merry at their toil; the countrymen make haste over the hill-tops or adown their sides, calling to one another with lusty shouts. . . . The gliding boatman flings out to the belated hind snatches of mocking song, which the rocks and the rustling woods repeat far down the river valley."

The poet next brings his pagan lore to bear, and sets himself to people the sylvan scene with a fantastic masque of "rustic satyrs and blue-eyed nymphs." "Goat-footed Pans" — for he recognizes more than one — "plunge in pursuit of the startled Naiads, and Panopea flies for protection to the Oreads in the hills." Yet still the real distracts his eye from the imaginary loveliness; the "fair humanities" of the old religion are fictitious even to the Latin singer. "These are sports," he confesses, "which no eye hath seen. I may not describe them fully. Let us respect the mystery which has been confided to the Moselle's keeping. But there where the solid hill is mirrored in the glaucous current, the eye may revel freely. The river-bed is sown with vines, the liquid leaves unfold, and oh, what a color is that the waves receive, when evening shadows lengthen, and the clear stream is cloven by the mountains' verdant wedge! The crest thereof wavers with swift undulations, the visionary vine-spray trembles, the grape swells to ripeness in the pellucid deep."

"The deluded voyager counts the growing plants beneath his prow, as he glides, in bark canoe, along the line where the hill's image meets the river, and the river laps the confines of the umbrageous bank."

Presently, for the course of our author's rippling song is devious as that of his subject, he harks back to his mythology; then returns to describe in mock heroics the fisherman's cruel onslaught upon the finny people of the stream; then suddenly breaks off, abashed, as it would appear, by the unexpected magnificence of the country-seats whose towers he begins to discern upon the hill-tops, and which inform him that he is approaching the suburbs of that majestic capital where his journeyings are to end.

"Who can depict the infinitely varied charms of these great houses, distinguish one from another and indicate the architecture of each? Dædalus, who built Apollo's temple at Cumæ, need not disdain to own them, nor Philo of Athens, nor Menecrates of Ephesus, nor Ictinus of the far-famed Parthenon, nor Archimedes. . . . Here a villa springs from a cornice of natural rock; another has laid its foundations on the outrunning margin of the stream; another has made its own the deep bay formed by a bend of the river; and yet another, perched upon the steepest cliff of all, commands a vast prospect over fruitful tracts and forest lands, where the enraptured eye revels as in its own domain. One has planted its foot in the moist

meadows, and is well consoled for the lack of mountain grandeur by the daring pitch of its lofty roof, and a tower that soars like that of the Egyptian Pharos. . . . And what of the porticoes beside the verdant lawns, the gleaming colonnades, the steaming baths? . . . A Cumæan might fancy that he had found another Baiæ here, with all the wealth and splendor, but without the insidious enervation, of the old."

The tributaries of the Moselle are then celebrated by name, and the Rhine is admonished to "gather up its green veil and draw aside its azure skirts," to make room for this peerless ally. The singer's enthusiasm kindles, and his Muse preens her wings for a final flight. "The bard of Smyrna or the bard of Mantua might have given thee a place beside the Simois, divine Moselle! The Tiber need not boast itself above thee. Forgive me, mighty Rome," he cries, as if alarmed at his own temerity, "and avert from me all evil, and save me from that Nemesis which has no Latin name; for have not the Cæsars themselves here fixed the seat of their empire?"

And so, his pompous apostrophe concluded, with a fall rapid as that of a lark from the clouds, yet by no means ungraceful, the poet makes us his parting bow and tells us his name. "I, Ausonius of Bordeaux, yet bearing a memory of Italy in my name; late come as a guest among the Belgæ, from my home under the shadow of the Pyrenees in the uttermost parts of Gaul, where laughing Aquitaine softens the rudeness of indigenous manners, have dared attune my slender lyre to sing this song. Hereafter, when the days of my tutorship are ended, and the Cæsars, father and beloved son, shall have dismissed me to the nest of my old age, crowned with all the honors of a Roman citizen, if any sap yet trickle in my veins, I will renew this theme, I will make thee famous, O Moselle! — not at thy source only, but in all the lands thou threadest in thy sinuous goings, until thou yieldest up thy watery life at the gates of Germany."

"If my song have so much merit as may charm an idle hour, thy name shall live upon men's lips. The fountains, and the living lakes, and all blue rivers shall know thee, and the groves where our fathers adored their [Druid?] gods. The Alpine streams shall do thee reverence, — the Drôme, and the Durance, and the swift Rhone that cleaves the twofold city;[1] and last I will present thee to my own Garonne."

Making all due allowance for the flattery which a court poet is doubtless bound to bestow not only on the person of his royal master, but on his capital and its environs, we have still an astonishing picture here of the civilization once convoyed by the Roman standards to the very end of the habitable globe. And now let us see what history has to tell us of the flowery poet, and the persons and events with which his name is associated.

When the old chroniclers observe that, in A. D. 367, "*real wool* fell from heaven, mixed with rain," they seem to fancy that they are recording the chief event of the year. We may be sure, however, that the eulogist of the Moselle thought otherwise; for this was the very date at which Ausonius was summoned by the Emperor Valentinian to be the tutor of his son Gratian, a boy of eight, on whom had just been conferred the purple robe and the title of Augustus.

It was barely three years since the Pannonian general, Valentinian, in the forty-third year of his age, had received the imperial insignia at the hands of the Roman legions; and forthwith, dividing with his weaker brother, Valens, the unwieldy kingdom of the world, had left the latter to reign in Constantinople, while he himself established his headquarters in the remote northern capital, which had borne, since the time of the

[1] Arles.

first Roman Emperors, the name of Augusta Trevirorum.

The man to whom Valentinian entrusted the training of his heir-apparent was twelve years his own senior; born, therefore, in 309. He was quite old enough to remember the apparition of the fiery cross to the great Constantine, and to have seen with his own eyes the conversion of the court, its revulsion to the ancient worship under Julian the Apostate, and the reërection of the mystic *labarum* after that brilliant but foredoomed enthusiast had met his tragic end upon the Asian plains. The Christian fathers who bequeathed their names to the Athanasian creed and to the Arian heresy both flourished in the lifetime of the royal instructor; but he himself, amid the shock of warring faiths and under the fire of rival heresies, remained serenely indifferent; and though conforming as a matter of course to the customs of a nominally Christian court so long as he was a member of it, he retained, if we are to judge by his voluminous writings, to the last day of a long life, an easy balance of private opinion. He retained the full vigor of his faculties, also; and beside repolishing, according to promise, the idyl of the Moselle, he edited for publication, in the leisurely evening of his days, a great deal of his early writing.

He likewise composed a series of short elegies on the wide circle of relatives whom he had survived, which he collected under the name of Parentalia,[1] and which afford no end of interesting glimpses into the family life of that obscure time. The father of Decius Magnus Ausonius was an eminent physician of Burdigala, or Bordeaux, a man of modest connections, but of much personal distinction, who had married into that upper social circle where what Ausonius calls the "traditions of the Roman Optimates" were plainly equivalent to a patent of nobility. Of his mother, Æmilia Æonia, he has left a picture, slightly formal, indeed, but so graceful that it seems worth while attempting to preserve its poetic form: —

"Æonia, mother, with thy blended strain
Of race, from Burgundy and Aquitaine,
Thine were the graces of the perfect wife,
The busy fingers, the inviolate life,
Thine husband's trust, the empire of thy boys,
A stately mien, a fund of quiet joys.
Thy long embrace among the peaceful dead
Make warm my father's tomb as once his bed."

A piquant contrast to the portrait of this gentle and high-bred lady is presented by that of her strong-minded sister, the boy's maiden aunt, Æmilia Hilary. She was a second mother to him, he says, and shall be commemorated with a son's affection. She acquired the pet name of Hilarius (masculine form, observe) in her cradle, because she was so strong and merry, and had the look of a pleasant boy. When she grew up she made profound studies in medicine, "*more virum*," and "her sex was ever hateful to her." This vigorous creature lived to be sixty-three, but I can find no proof of what is assumed by some commentators, that hers was a religious consecration to a life of virginity. Pallas Athene is formally saluted as the patroness, and the soul cheerfully dismissed to the Elysian fields, of her brother, the poet's maternal uncle, Æmilius Magnus Arborius, under whose tuition he himself was early placed. This Arborius was *the* great man of the family, a lawyer and lecturer on rhetoric, of much eminence at Toulouse; employed also, for a while, as tutor, at Constantinople, to one of the sons of Constantine the Great.

[1] The name Parentalia is derived from that festival of February 19th, kept by the Romans from the days of Numa in commemoration of the dead. It was believed to date back to the time of Æneas, who had consecrated that day to the *manes* of his father Anchises. The spirit of Ausonius's Parentalia is purely and simply pagan.

Ausonius's maternal grandfather, a political exile from the neighborhood of Vienne, "connected with many noble houses," a very fine old gentleman indeed, was deeply versed in astrology, but was obliged to conceal his proficiency on account of the severe laws lately enacted against magic of all kinds. "He could read," says the family annalist, using textually the ever familiar quotation, the "*sidera conscia fati*, and he drew my own horoscope at my nativity, but kept it carefully concealed until the zeal of my mother brought it to light," when it appeared that the poet's future honors were there explicitly foretold.

Ausonius had two sisters and a brother; and one of the former, Julia Dryadia, is an interesting figure. Her accomplished husband, Pomponius Maximus, may have traced his descent from Cicero's best beloved correspondent; but Julia was early left a widow, and returned to her father's house "to die where he died." The fatal event, which, in the first despair of her untimely bereavement, she perhaps anticipated with desire, was, however, long delayed. She lived to a great age in the home of her childhood, a clever woman, given to deep researches like her aunt Hilary. When Ausonius observes that "her one care was to know the true God, and to love himself above all others," we may, I think, safely conclude that she alone, of all that large and prosperous family circle, was seriously attracted toward the new faith.

His long and thorough course of instruction at Toulouse concluded, Ausonius established himself in his native Bordeaux as teacher of grammar and rhetoric. He was a master of the Latin tongue, but owns that he never spoke Greek with fluency, whereas his father, the physician, was thoroughly versed in the latter language, but expressed himself with difficulty in Latin. One wonders in what dialect they conversed with each other!

Ausonius married, soon after his return, Attusia Lucania Sabina, a lady, as we might have trusted him not to omit to mention, of "renowned senatorial stock," whom he mourns in an elaborate threnody. She was to him "*et dolor atque decus*," like Pallas to the aged Evander, for she died at twenty-seven, leaving him with two children, a girl and a boy. He says that at the time of writing he had paid Sabina's virtues the tribute of a thirty-six years' celibacy, and he certainly did not marry again, but there is plenty of proof in the not too edifying mass of his miscellaneous writings that he consoled himself in less legitimate ways.

The poet says loosely, in the preface to his letters, that he was thirty years old when he assumed the duties of a professor of language, and that he exercised them for thirty years. In point of fact, he was fifty-eight when he received the appointment of tutor to the son of Valentinian, and left his native town for distant Trèves. The journey across the entire breadth of Gaul must have looked formidable in those days; and cold misgivings can hardly have been absent from the mind of one who had for years been "a man in authority," when he consented to wait on the caprices of a master so choleric that he had a habit of briefly requesting refractory servants to "change their heads"—by the help of the executioner. A yet more gruesome illustration of the terrors which encompassed Valentinian's throne is found in the tale, indignantly denied by certain Christian apologists, but apparently as well attested as any fact of his reign, that he kept, by way of household pets and guardians of his bedchamber, two she-bears, who rejoiced in the playful names of Innocentia and Mica Aurea, and who were fed on human flesh.

In the Ordo Nobilium Urbium, a series of short poems by Ausonius on the sixteen great cities of the world, the

sixth place is assigned to Trèves. Only "Rome the golden, home of the gods," Constantinople and Carthage, Antioch and Alexandria, are suffered to take precedence of the seat of Valentinian. Nevertheless, he writes of Trèves briefly and formally, as he might have done if he had never seen the place; not at all with that vivid realization and wealth of picturesque and splendid detail which he lavishes upon Arles, and even upon Milan. Now, he may very well have seen, and probably did see, the "little Gallic Rome" upon the Rhone, while he was a student at Toulouse; but Milan he can hardly have visited before the year of his consulate, — 379, — if even then. The chronology of his writings is not easy to make out, but I am inclined to think that the Ordo Nobilium Urbium, like the quatrains on the Cæsars, after the style of

> "First William the Norman,
> Then William his son,"

the abstracts from the Iliad and Odyssey, the epitaphs on the heroes of Troy, and perhaps also the Play of the Seven Wise Men were originally prepared for the behoof of his classes, — as aids to memory or by way of combining instruction with amusement, — then amplified and rearranged at a much later period. It must have been after he went back to end his days at Bordeaux that he concluded the tale of his great cities by a disproportionately long and loving tribute to the charms of his native place: —

"All-glorious Rome led off this procession. Let Bordeaux share her honors by bringing up the rear. This is my fatherland, but Rome is above all fatherlands. Bordeaux I love, but Rome I worship. A citizen of the one, a consul in both, here was my cradle, and there my curule chair."

It matters the less, in one sense, however, that we have no very graphic record of the Gallic poet's first impressions of Trèves, since an almost unequaled proportion of the monuments which constituted its glory in the fourth century are still in existence, — the greatest of them all, the Black Gate of Mars and the enormous Basilica where Constantine delivered judgment, hardly altered in their outward aspect since his day. Local tradition claims for the city on the Moselle an antiquity which might have appeared hoary even to Ausonius. "*Ante Romam Treviris stetit annis MCCC*" is the complacent inscription which may be still read on the walls of the beautiful *Rothes Haus*, once a mediæval town hall, and now a pleasant inn.

Otto of Freising, in his twelfth-century Chronicle, explains the matter thus: "When Ninus, the Assyrian king, was dead, his wife, Semiramis, reigned in his stead, and the men of Trèves say that she cast out her step-son, Trebates, who built him a fleet, and passed by sea from Asia to Europe, and so along the Rhine and the Moselle to the most beautiful valley in Gaul, where he founded the fairest and richest of her cities, which he called Treviris, after his own name."

This, of course, is palpable nonsense. Trebates must be bidden to go hang, along with the British Brutus; but what was the ancient and mysterious fact which underlay the fixed notion of the town's ante-Roman origin, and put Otto upon his mettle to invent the son of Ninus?

The great mass of Roman work at present extant at Trèves: the Basilica before mentioned; the amphitheatre, grass-grown, but intact in form; the stately baths between the two, which were *thermæ* surely, as they used always to be called, and only adjuncts of the imperial palace; the quadrilateral nucleus of the strange cathedral, with its massive monolithic pillars; the extensive and luxurious villas lying between these public buildings and the river, — all these things are plainly and indisputably of late Roman origin. But to the not over-learned spectator, who judges

merely by what he sees, and by comparison with what he may have seen previously in the far south of Europe, the gigantic Porta Nigra, and the indestructible foundations of the bridge over the Moselle, composed, like it, of massive blocks of stone laid without cement, whisper a curiously different story. It is not the Roman Forum nor the Colosseum of which one is irresistibly reminded, but Volterra Cervetri, possibly Pæstum or Mycenæ, or, more faintly, the Pont du Gard.

Of the latest authorities on the Porta Nigra, every German Ph. D. confidently contradicts every other. One sees marks about its architecture which refer it clearly to the time of Claudian. Another is equally sure that it was one of Constantine's own buildings. They smile superior when Winckelmann says that if this structure were in Italy we should unhesitatingly refer it to 450 B. C.; and, among them, they have covered with confusion a certain enthusiastic antiquary named Wyttenbach, who gives, in the Trierische Kronik for March, 1817, the text of an inscription in something very like Etruscan characters, laid bare in his day, upon the northwest side of the monument. The Dutch architect, De Bioul, translator of Vitruvius, protests through the medium of the same periodical, in 1820, that he has found no exact parallel to the style of the Black Gate save in the so-called Cyclopean remains of Sicily and the Abruzzi; and one architectural dreamer offers the suggestion that the gate and the bridge were constructed as defensive works, at the time of Julius Cæsar's invasion, by architects from Narbonnensian Gaul, where Greek traditions had prevailed at a much earlier day.

We must leave the savants to their ever congenial differences. There the stupendous thing stands, and is likely to stand while the world remains, — a darkly frowning mystery, with cavernous archways and huge flanking towers; a considerable portion of its height still covered by the accumulation of the soil, yet even so, reducing the modern suburb about it almost to the proportions of a child's toy village by its proximity; and under its grim shadow Ausonius passed, as we do, into the heart of the town.

Enough remains pretty plainly to suggest that the Roman city extended southwesterly along the right bank of the Moselle much farther than modern Trèves; that the old bridge divided it nearly in halves; and that a great main thoroughfare, following for some distance the line of the present boulevard, ran from it past the principal forum to the thermæ, the amphitheatre, the circus, and the great public gardens upon the rising ground; while the Roman wall embraced all these structures, being carried, as Ausonius distinctly tells us, up and along the hills. Somewhere between the river and the amphitheatre, but nearer the former, one cannot help fancying, than the most conspicuous of the visible Roman remains, lay the imperial palace where the poet was to be lodged. It was the same in which Helena, the mother of Constantine, — not the fair young creature of Caliari's vision, but a wrinkled woman of eighty, — had that revelation of the true cross which drew her, thus late in life, as a pilgrim to Jerusalem.

The court was ostensibly Christian, and one of the first offices required of the new-comer in his capacity of laureate was the composition of an Easter Hymn. It was duly forthcoming: very courtly in diction, and at the same time so fervent in spirit and so accurately orthodox in doctrine that even our facile Burdigalian could hardly have composed it without help from the promptings of some more earnest devotee.[1] Plenty of

[1] We seem to detect the work of the same hand in the really beautiful Morning Hymn, inserted by Ausonius in an unfinished poem called the Ephemeris, which was designed to

such there were, in and about Trèves, living the contemplative life under the very shadow of the court; as we know from the haunting story, so pathetically told by St. Augustine in his Confessions, of those two officers of Gratian's household who, wearying, one sultry afternoon, of the everlasting games in the circus, rambled out into the gardens and up the hill, and came within ear-shot of the lodge of certain anchorites, and stood rooted to the spot until dusk, listening while one read aloud the life of the holy hermit Antonius of Egypt: the charm and refreshment of which tale so wrought upon their jaded spirits that, then and there, they renounced the world and the glittering service of the palace, and gave themselves to a life of prayer.

No such call to self-devotion and effacement was received by Ausonius; but he entered upon his pedagogic duties with a very proper zeal, insomuch that the naturally amiable and docile Gratian became erelong a prodigy of youthful accomplishments. He betrayed the hopes of the world afterward, as prodigies are too apt to do; and it would indeed be strange if, along with an abundance of book-learning, a certain frivolity of spirit had not been imparted to the pupil of a man who could produce the Easter Hymn one day, and on the next, by way of epithalamium, an abominable cento of Vergilian verses, wrested without shame from their true sense and connection; who could close his Griphus,[1] or riddling disquisition on the mystic properties of the number three, by observing that there are three Gorgons, three Harpies, three Furies, three prophesying Sibyls, three drinks to a toast, and three persons in the Trinity; and one of whose most exquisite productions, from a purely literary point of view, the Dream of Cupid Crucified, must have seemed full of blasphemous allusion to the earnest Christians of that day.

The nine years of the reign of Valentinian which remained were years of almost incessant warfare. The Alemanni revolted, and were put down only to rise again. The Saxons were perpetually "raiding" along the confines of Gaul. The Picts and Scots grew troublesome in Britain, and Valentinian sent to subdue these rudest of barbarians a brave general, afterwards most unjustly disgraced, whom history will remember as the father of the Emperor Theodosius. Discontented Africa was reduced to order by the same elder Theodosius. All this while the great Gothic war was raging in the East, taxing to their utmost, and farther, the resources of Valens. In the year 374 the Quadi and Sarmatians invaded Pannonia, or Hungary, Valentinian's native province; laying waste the affrighted country, and just failing to capture the Princess Constantia, a granddaughter of Constantine the Great, who was on her way across Europe to marry the pupil of Ausonius.

The news of this last outbreak reached Trèves too late for a military expedition to be organized the same year; but early in the ensuing spring, Valentinian himself set out for the Danube, resolved to punish the Quadi without mercy. All summer long he burned and slew, and when autumn arrived, and he had gone into winter quarters near the modern town of Presburg, a deputation of the Quadi visited him with offers of humble submission. The Emperor rose to reply to the ambassadors, worked himself, by degrees, into a furious passion, as he talked, and finally fell back in a fit, and

commemorate, in separate numbers, the occupations of each successive hour in the day. The other fragments are as light in tone as possible, — their one serious line, expressing a half-awed suspicion of an invisible presence, being rejected as spurious by the best commentators; while the number which succeeds the Morning Hymn begins with the words, "Well now, enough of devotion!"

[1] A γρῖφος, or γρῖπος, was a fish-net; and the name, Suidas says, was applied to "a tangled and difficult discourse, of which the meaning is not immediately apparent."

expired in the arms of his attendants, November 17, 375.

Gratian was now sixteen, and living with his girlish wife at Trèves. A thoroughbred youth, of pleasant manners and athletic no less than literary attainments, he was fairly popular with the legions. But a rival was forthcoming in the person of his infant half-brother, who was presented to the army of the Danube in the arms of his mother Justina, the second wife of Valentinian,[1] not far from the spot where Maria Theresa showed her son to the chivalrous Hungarians thirteen hundred odd years later. The little prince, who bore his father's name, was so well received by the soldiers that it was thought politic to acknowledge him at Trèves as Gratian's associate in the empire; though he can hardly have borne a very active part in the councils of the state during the short lifetime of his elder brother.

These were the days when honors fairly rained upon Ausonius and his family. His father, the physician, at the mature age of ninety, was made prefect of Illyricum; he himself, prefect of Italy and Africa. His son Hesperius became proconsul of Africa, to be succeeded, at the end of his first year of office, by Thalassius, the second husband of the poet's only daughter. In 378, Ausonius and his son were joint prefects of Gaul, and toward the close of the same year the joyful tidings arrived from the camp of Gratian, who had gone eastward, with an army, to assist his uncle Valens against the invading Goths and Huns, that Ausonius was consul-designate for the year 379.

It was a shadowy dignity indeed, compared to what it had been in the great Roman days; and the letter in which Ausonius returns thanks for the long-coveted honor is fulsome and verbose, — altogether unpleasant reading. A much livelier interest attaches to his New Year's Hymn, or invocation to Janus for a prosperous consulate, which is dated the day before the auspicious Kalends of January.[2] "Jane, veni; novus anne, veni; renovate veni Sol!" This refrain of "Come, Janus! New Year, come! Come, new-born Sun!" recurs at the beginning of each division of the poem, and every season of the year and every sign of the zodiac is besought for happy omens. It is impossible not to see how much more congenial to Ausonius's pen was the imagery of Olympus than that of the Christian heaven; yet at heart, I believe, he was no more of a Roman pagan than of a Christian disciple. Paganism was the nominal creed of that imposing social caste into which both Ausonius and his father had married. It was *the thing* to be versed in its myths, and to have its phraseology come trippingly from the tongue; but there are incidental allusions scattered throughout his writings, such as that in the Idyl of the Moselle to the groves of the ancestral worship, which lead one to suspect that the traditions of this Ausonian race, despite the Latin name they prized, were altogether Druidical. It was really not so very long since, together with the garments, the gods of Rome had been adopted in Gaul; and the Druid priests had certainly a large following there quite a century later than this.

When Valens had met his end at Adrianople, there devolved upon Gratian, still only nineteen years of age, the heavy responsibility of selecting a colleague to whom to delegate the management of the Eastern Empire. He made an admirable choice; and though it may well have been "more by hit than any good wit" that the great Theodosius was recalled from his dignified retirement in Spain, the world, and especially the Church, are none the less indebted

[1] The charge of polygamy brought against Valentinian by the historian Socrates may be dismissed as a calumny.

[2] The whole month of January was specially consecrated to the double-faced deity of Peace and War.

to Gratian for this appointment, — the most beneficent of his public acts, and the last which could be thus described. After the date of the young sovereign's return from the East to the capital on the Moselle, his career was a perpetual *fiasco*. He took counsel of unworthy advisers, he gave himself up to the pleasures of the chase in the wild woods of Germany and Belgium, and he scandalized his court beyond measure by adopting the barbarous dress of his Scythian body-guard. The story of the last years of Gratian's reign, which had opened so fairly, might be summed up in the scathing sentence on a contemporary of the late Master of Trinity: "He devoted all the time he could spare from the exigencies of his" singular "toilet to the neglect of his public duties."

But the end came quickly. In 383, the Spanish general Maximus, then holding a command in Britain, revolted, and was hailed by his own legions as Emperor. The British youth flocked to his standard; he invaded Gaul; the demoralized Gratian fled before him, only to be overtaken and murdered at Lyons, in the twenty-fifth year of his age and the ninth of his independent reign.

How Maximus was for a while associated with Theodosius in the empire of the world, while Justina's little Valentinian, now a twelve-year-old boy, held a sort of side court at Milan; how Ambrose, the great bishop, went as ambassador from Milan to Maximus at Trèves; how the latter threw off the mask of friendship in 387, and invaded Italy; how Theodosius, marching westward to oppose him, saw, loved, and espoused the Princess Galla, Justina's beautiful daughter; how the rebel was routed and slain at Aquileia, almost on the very spot where the great Constantine had fallen, — all these deeply interesting incidents belong to the general history of the time. It concerns us chiefly, for the moment, to know that Ausonius, who had been constrained to live almost in hiding during the four years of Maximus's ascendency, emerges with a pæan of joy after his destruction, and gives Aquileia a place among his eminent cities wholly on the strength of its having witnessed the usurper's end. "Thou art justly celebrated for thy port and thy ramparts, but still more for this."[1]

The Emperor Theodosius made friendly advances to our poet, who subsequently dedicated to him his collected epigrams, partly original and partly translations; but court life had ceased to charm him, nor could Trèves any longer be a congenial place of residence for Ausonius. The Cæsar who had summoned him thither and the Cæsar whose mind he had formed were both dead, and he himself was past seventy years of age. His "eye was not dim nor his natural force abated," and life had plenty of interest remaining for him, even though he stood encompassed by the graves of a family and a dynasty; but he felt an irresistible drawing toward the scenes of his childhood, and the verses in which he addressed the paternal villa on the Garonne, when returning to take up his permanent abode there, are among the simplest and most heartfelt of his which we possess.

He speaks of it modestly, as a very small estate; but when we learn that he had two hundred acres of arable land, and a hundred in vineyards, fifty in meadows, and of woodland twice as much as all the rest; that there was a lake on the property; and that the flux and reflux of the tidal river which divided it carried him back and forth between his place and Bordeaux in the easiest and most delightful manner, according as his mood required society or solitude, we surmise that the retired

[1] Barely sixty years later these ramparts were leveled by "Attila, Scourge of God," and a remnant of the inhabitants of Aquileia escaped to the islands of the lagoons, and planted in humiliation, poverty, and tears the seed of Venice.

courtier had all the comforts of life about him, and wherewith to feed, even to fatness, the philosophic spirit he had so nobly resolved to cultivate.

There was plenty of rubbish, and worse than rubbish, in the early note-books and portfolios whose contents he now undertook to set in order; but he had plainly not the heart to sacrifice a scrap of his own writing, and here and there, among his naughty epigrams, occurs a pure and shapely gem, like this of Echo to the Painter: —

"Ah, foolish limner, why essay to paint
The lineaments of an unseen face divine?
Daughter of air and speech, mother of faint
Presentments, an unreal voice is mine!
Following all tones until afar they die,
I bring their semblance back in mockery:
Yet in the windings of thine ear dwell I,
And thou must paint a sound, wouldst thou paint me!"

Of even finer texture, a trifle over-sweet, perhaps, but more poetic, in the modern sense, than anything else of Ausonius's except the Moselle and the Dream of Cupid, already mentioned, is the idyl entitled Roses, which was long attributed to Vergil. I offer a more or less remote imitation of it: —

"Spring morning! and, in all the saffron air,
The tingling freshness of a day to be!
The breeze that runs before the sun-steeds, ere
They kindle fire, appeared to summon me,
And I went forth, by the prim garden-beds,
To taste that early sweetness, and behold
The bending blades dew-frosted, and the heads
Of the tall plants impearled, and, heavy-rolled,
O'er spreading leaves the sky-drops crystalline.
There, too, were roses, as in Pæstum gay:
Dim through the morning mist I saw them shine,
Save where, at intervals, a blinding ray
Flashed from a gem that Sol would soon devour.
Verily, one knew not if the rosy Dawn
Borrowed her blushes from the rosy flower,
Or this from her, — for that the two had on
The same warm color, the same dewy veil!
Yea, and why not? For flower alike and star
Live under Lady Venus, and exhale,
Mayhap, the self-same fragrance. But afar
The planet's breath is wafted and is spent,
The blossom sheds its perfume at our side;
Yet still they wear the one habiliment
The Paphian goddess bade them, — murex-dyed.

A moment more, and the young buds were seen
Bursting their star-like sheathings. One was there
Who sported yet a fairy helm of green,
And one a crimson coronal did wear;
And one was like a stately pyramid
Tipped, at the apex, with a purple spire;
And one the foldings of her veil undid
From her fair head, as moved by the desire
To number her own petals. Quick, 't is done!
The smiling casket opens, and we see
The crocus therein hidden from the sun
Dense-seeded. But another rose, ah me!
With flame-like hair afloat upon the breeze,
Paled suddenly, of all her glory shorn.
'Alas for the untimely fate of these
Who age the very hour wherein they 're born!'
I cried: and even so, the *chevelure*
Of yon poor blossom dropped upon the mould,
Clothing it, far and wide, with color pure!
How can the same sun-rising see unfold
And fade so many shapes of loveliness?
Ah, cruel Nature, with thy boon of flowers
Too quick withdrawn! Ah, youth grim age doth press!
Ah, life of roses, told in one day's hours!
The morning-star beholds a birth divine
Whereof the evening-star shall find no trace.
Think then upon the rose's endless line,
Since the one rose revisiteth her place
Never again! And gather, sweetest maid,
Gather young roses in the early dew
Of thine own years, remembering how they fade,
And how, for thee, the end is hastening too!"

What a multitude of echoes these dulcet lines have awakened! Here are Waller and Herrick with their "Go, lovely rose!" and "Gather ye roses, while ye may!" And yonder is Ronsard: —

"Donc si vous me croyez, mignonne,
Tandis que vostre âge fleuronne
En sa plus verte nouveauté
Cueillez, cueillez vostre jeunesse
Comme á cette fleur, la vieillesse
Fera ternir vostre beauté!"

While from a point yet more remote comes the heavier sigh of Omar Khayyám: —

"Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say:
Yes, — but where leaves the rose of yesterday?"

These last lines remind one curiously of Fitzgerald's conjecture that the best of all vehicles for translating the Persian poet would be post-classical Latin.

Beside the Idyls and the Epigrams, Ausonius made a collection of his Eclogues, — the majority of them very flat and tame. By far the most interesting member of this series is by another hand than his. After a dozen more or less mechanical verses describing the signs of the Zodiac, this note occurs in one of the manuscript copies of Ausonius: "The following lines on the same subject are by Quintus Cicero." The note may possibly not have been inserted by the poet, and the lines themselves do not particularly signify, except for their associations. But they are all of the younger Cicero's poetry that we have, and they carry one back more than four hundred years before Ausonius's time, to that weariful winter in Cæsar's Gaulish camp, before Quintus Cicero had had the chance to distinguish himself in action, when Marcus wrote to him from Rome, "I am glad to know that you are using your pen."

Another poem, of considerable length and no little incidental interest, but not written by Ausonius, helps to swell the bulk of his collected works. Its author was one Paulinus, called, from the place of his birth, Paulinus of Pella. He was a grandson of our poet, and has left us a sketch of his own checkered life in halting hexameters; entitled, half submissively, as it would seem, and half ironically, Eucharisticon, or A Thanksgiving. He had been reared in great luxury in Macedonia, where his father Hesperius held high office for many years. Perhaps he might have written Latin with more elegance, Paulinus himself observes, if the servants who were about him in his infancy had not all spoken Greek. His parents were only too tender and indulgent, and on the first suspicion of his being overworked by his masters they had him drop all study, and give himself wholly to a life of amusement. If they had but consecrated him to the Christian God in his tender years! But, instead, he was not even baptized until after his father's death. It was to please them rather than himself that he married "a penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree." "*Sed semel impositum statuens tolerare laborem*," — but his mind once made up to it, so to speak, he devoted all his energies to the restoration of her encumbered estates. A Gothic invasion, however, soon swept away the fruits of his labor, leaving him greatly impoverished; and his father dying soon after, an avaricious brother disputed and tried to wrest from him his paternal inheritance. Then his wife died, and his two sons; and now, at the time of writing, in his eighty-fifth year, he has left only one little piece of landed property, for which a barbarian Goth pays him a scanty rent, barely sufficing for the needs of his lonely old age of penitence and prayer.

So much for the immediate posterity of Ausonius. It remains to say a word concerning his principal correspondents, of whom the most important was undoubtedly the great pagan consular Symmachus, whose epistles, together with Ausonius's replies, will be considered in another place. Hardly less interesting is the correspondence with another Paulinus, a much more moving and memorable figure than that of Ausonius's grandson. This was Pontius Paulinus, the sainted Bishop of Nola, who had been a favorite pupil of the poet during the professorate of the latter at Bordeaux. Born in 353 or 354, of a distinguished senatorial family in Spain, he had reflected the utmost credit upon his whilom teacher. He had made a name in contemporary letters, he had been consul, he had married a wife as

wealthy as himself, but also, as the event proved, of an equally unworldly temper.

Ausonius's letters to this Paulinus divide themselves naturally into two groups: those written before and those written after the conversion of the younger man, which took place in 390. The earlier ones are altogether light and facetious in tone. The master incloses a scrap of his own poetry; pure nonsense, he is fain to admit, but merely flung off on the spur of the moment, in the joy of hearing from his dear Paulinus. The latter, however, must really not pay his old tutor such extravagant compliments! It is the one blemish on the style of the very cleverest young fellow Ausonius has ever known. Then there are humorous thanks for a present of olive oil; and a promise to look over and correct, if there be occasion, — though he deprecates the idea, — some lines of Paulinus's own.

All these apparently belong to the time before Ausonius was bidden to the court at Trèves. During the interval of his absence, Paulinus was being gradually weaned from the world which had flattered him so broadly at the outset of his career. He made the acquaintance of Bishop Ambrose. His wife's nature was deeply religious, and her influence over him was doubtless great. Finally, about the time of Ausonius's return to his native province, the rumor began to circulate that Pontius Paulinus and his wife had retired to their Spanish estates, thereto meditate in silence and *récueillement* the purpose of a yet more thorough renunciation of the world.

Ausonius, the ornament of a Christian court, the tutor of a Christian prince, indignantly refuses to believe anything of the sort. He writes to Paulinus in terms of warm remonstrance. There can be no occasion for so extreme, so fanatical a step, — no reason why the friends of the brilliant young consular should be called to deplore the desolation and pillage of his fair estate, its division among a hundred claimants! Will he not give his old master the satisfaction of hearing that he is about to return to his true place in Bordeaux?

Then, after an interval, comes a yet more imperious letter. "I did think that the sorrow expressed in my last might have moved you, Paulinus, — that you would at least have vouchsafed me one word in answer to my affectionate pleading. But apparently you have taken a vow of silence, and you mean to keep it. Has not then the friend of your youth something of a father's right with you, and do you not owe him the deference of a son?" Ausonius is very much inclined to blame Paulinus's wife in this matter, and suggests rather sarcastically that he might send him a line in cipher, if he is afraid of his "Tanaquil."

In a third and last appeal, Ausonius first takes the line of lamenting his friend's treachery to the Muses; then drops into a more pathetic strain. "In any case, I cannot see what hinders your writing to say good-by to me, and to wish me well. . . . O my best beloved Paulinus, how changed you must be! This is the work of the wild woods of Vasconia and the snowy solitudes of the Pyrenees! Fie upon them, and upon all Iberia! . . . But, O goddesses of Bœotia, hear ye my prayer, and restore our lost singer to the Muses of Latium!"

At last the answer comes. The three letters of Ausonius had reached Paulinus at the same time, it appears, and only in the fourth year after his retirement to Spain. The reply is very full and very tender: written in verse to show that Paulinus has not quite forgotten the ways of the Muses; the manner of it graceful, and even gay in parts; but breathing from every line the rapture of an accepted sacrifice and the peace of unalterable resolve. "Not merely to my life's end will I love thee, my fa-

ther," he says in the closing lines. "My heart will see, my spirit will embrace, thee after death! To whatever place our common Father may appoint me, I will bear thee, in the arms of my soul! For if the vital essence cannot perish, neither, of a surety, can it forget!"

This pious and impassioned letter must have reached Ausonius, and mollified him a little, one would think, by its thoroughly human sweetness, only a very little while before his death, which took place in 394. In the same year Paulinus removed to Nola, in Italy, perhaps to be nearer Ambrose. He was made bishop of the diocese fifteen years later, and died at that beautiful spot in 431.

If the tones of these late letters to his distinguished pupil leave no shadow of doubt concerning the way of thinking into which Ausonius completely relapsed after his return to Bordeaux, we may equally gather from Paulinus's pleading reply that the old courtier never alienated the affections, however he may have belied the hopes, of the more sincere and saintly among his Christian friends.

H. W. P. and L. D.

SIDNEY.

IV.

Mrs. Paul had a moment of great astonishment when she learned of Major Lee's invitation to Alan's friend. Miss Sally had been her informant; but instead of being thankful for a bit of gossip and a new interest, she was angry that no one had told her sooner.

"He invited him day before yesterday?" she said. "Why are you so secretive, Sally? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I have not had a chance to come in," Miss Sally explained, gently. "I have had so much on my mind about the kitchen, you know, and"—

"Much difference it will make in what the poor young man gets to eat," interrupted Mrs. Paul, "whether the kitchen is on your mind or not, Sally! And as for not having had a chance to come in, why didn't you make a chance?"

But Mrs. Paul was really too much delighted with the arrangements of Providence — "for such things are providential," she declared — to find much fault with Miss Sally. She was full of interest and pleased expectancy.

"Young Steele can't live in the house with Sidney," she reflected, "and not fall in love with her; the mere fact that Mortimer Lee does n't want him to will insure that. Well, I shall do my part. No one can ever say that I shirk a duty;" and there was a glitter in her dark eyes which, could he have seen it, might have warned Sidney's father. She lost no opportunity to inquire about Mr. Steele, his health, his frame of mind, his manner. "All those things mean so much to a girl," she thought, impatiently.

When John Paul came in to tea, one evening, a day or two after Robert had gone to the major's, she was instant with a question.

"Did you go to call upon Mr. Steele this afternoon? I wonder if you would know enough to make a call upon any one unless I sent you! Well, why don't you answer me?"

"Yes," said John.

"Yes?" cried his mother. "Are you as sparing of ideas as you are of words, Johnny?"

"I saw him."

"Well? What? what? what? Can't you tell me about it? Here I sit alone all day, and you make no effort to entertain me. Your weight is not confined to your body, my friend. The only really interesting and curious thing about you, Johnny, is how you can be so dull, and yet be my son. Was anything said?"

"Nothing much," John answered, slowly. He was thinking at that moment of Katherine Townsend.

"I 'll warrant, — if you were there. Johnny, you 've less sense each year. I suppose I must put it into plain words. Did Robert Steele seem impressed by Sidney? There, you can answer that!"

"No," said John.

Mrs. Paul struck her hands sharply together. "Either you are blind or he is," she declared.

Indeed, there seemed to be no one from whom she could gain satisfactory information; least of all could she learn anything from Sidney herself, although the girl came more than once, in her aunt's place, to read aloud, which gave Mrs. Paul an opportunity to ask questions.

But Sidney's absolute unconsciousness baffled her. Coming in out of the icy wind, which blew the snow in drifts along the path, and ruffled her hair about her forehead, she looked at the older woman with serene eyes, and a face on which the delicate flush, as fresh as the curve of a sea-shell, never deepened or changed. Sometimes her level brows gathered in a fleeting frown. It was not pleasant to talk so much of Mr. Steele, she thought; it was enough to have him in the house; and the best thing to do was to forget his presence, so far as she could.

"I hate to think about sick people," she had said once, in her placid way; "it is so disagreeable."

Miss Sally, to whom the remark had been made, was distressed that her darling should be annoyed, although, to be sure, she said bravely, "Is it quite kind to feel so, love?" But that little protest made, she did all in her power to keep Mr. Steele out of her niece's way. Robert was perfectly aware that she did so. He felt Sidney's aversion, without realizing that it was not for him, but for his suffering, and the consciousness of it threw him back with infinite relief upon Miss Sally's gentleness and pity. She, at least, did not despise him; and he even began to tell himself that her friendship was an incentive to fight for his honor and his manhood.

Perhaps his first week at the major's was the crisis of Robert Steele's struggle for liberty and self-respect; but the last clutch of the old habit struck sharp into his heart. He was, however, far nearer freedom than he knew, for he was so absorbed in wrestling with this horror of weakness that he did not stop to remember how rapidly Alan was reducing his morphine. He was blind to everything which might have encouraged him, and quite unable to perceive his own progress. He felt as though he were remaining stationary, or even drifting, little by little, further away from hope. He spoke afterwards to Alan of his mental condition at that time. "It was a horror of great darkness," he said. "I felt — you know the old illustration — as though a maelstrom were roaring for me, to suck me down into furious blackness of night, and then as if I were beating my way out along a side current, only to find that it too was whirling round the same terrible centre."

Here, in this despair, Miss Sally's little friendly, timid hand was reached out to him. Her kindness seemed greater, perhaps, for Sidney's coldness; but its cheer and strength no one knew save Robert himself. So it came about, when he had been at the major's two or three days, that he and Miss Sally began to sit together in the parlor across the hall, and leave Sidney and her father

alone in the library. Robert did not talk much; it was pleasure enough just to listen to Miss Sally's mild voice, so full of confidence and respect. She, it must be admitted, talked a great deal. Once she told him, and it soothed him inexpressibly, that she thought he had been so noble and so brave about — that money. He must forgive her for speaking of it, but she did think so.

That Miss Sally was as ignorant of finance as little Susan, singing in the big, sunny kitchen, made no difference to Robert Steele; although perhaps he did not probe her knowledge by a question because he feared to discover its shallowness. He was quite content to sit here, in the long-unused parlor, listening dreamily to her pleasant chatter. It was not a cheerful room, save for her voice, even when the afternoon sunshine streamed through the leafless branches of the ailantus-trees, and touched the faded yellow damask of the old furniture and the gray paper with its scattered spots of gilt. Sometimes the sunshine rested in a glimmering dust upon the half-length portrait of a very beautiful young woman, who lifted a stately head and throat from a crimson velvet wrap, and looked with calm, level eyes over the heads of the people in the room, and out into the golden light behind the trees. Robert looked persistently at this picture while his hostess talked, although the same indifference which he had seen in Sidney chilled him in the face of this woman, long since dead, and made his heart shiver for the warmth and comfort of Miss Sally's kindness.

They had been sitting here together, the first Sunday of Mr. Steele's visit, when it occurred to Miss Sally that it might be a pleasure to him to see Mrs. Paul, and so she proposed that he should go to call upon her.

"I 'm afraid it is dull for you," she said, apologetically, — "just to talk to me. Mortimer never comes in here, because of Gertrude's picture, you know, — he does not like to see it; and he and Sidney always spend their Sunday afternoons reading and studying, or they would beg you to come into the library with them. But I am sure you will enjoy seeing Mrs. Paul. Won't you go?"

To Robert, pale, sad-eyed, and ashamed, there seemed but one thing to do, and that was to be guided by any one who would take the trouble to lead him.

"If you want me to," he answered; "and if you will go."

So they started out together; Robert walking ahead to make a path through the snow for Miss Sally, and feeling a trembling dignity in this slight assertion of care for some one else. Feathery thimbles fell from the rusted hinges as he pulled open the door in the wall, and a wreath of snow shaken from the twisted branches of the wisteria powdered his shoulders with misty white. He laughed, and made light of Miss Sally's fear that he might take cold. This, too, was good for him.

"Now what in the world," Mrs. Paul was saying at that moment, observing them from her bedroom window, "does that Sally come with him for?" However, she made haste to take Scarlett's arm, and welcomed them, a moment later, at the fireside in the drawing-room. "So good of you to come to see an old woman," she said, smiling at Robert under dark brows which had not yet lost their delicate arch. "And it was good in dear Sally to show you the short way between our houses; but you must not let Mr. Steele trespass upon your kindness, Sally, by keeping you here now, if you are needed at home?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Sally, cheerfully, delighted at Mrs. Paul's consideration. "I can stay just as well as not, thank you."

"How fortunate!" returned her hostess, with the suggestion of a shrug; then she turned her shoulder towards

Miss Sally, and began to talk altogether to Robert.

Here, too, was solace. With Mrs. Paul his past was all a matter of course. It was a little amusing, perhaps, — an excess of virtue is apt to be amusing, — but it could not change her friendliness, or that charming cordiality which could forget his amiable folly. Robert Steele felt braced into a glow of confidence and hope; not even the pang of hot disgust with himself, which came when his hostess cleverly turned the conversation upon Sidney, could rob him of that thrill of courage. In his heart he was thanking Miss Sally for it; but how could Mrs. Paul fancy that?

Alan Crossan, of course, had a clearer understanding of Robert's frame of mind; he knew that it was time to look for strength and courage, whether Miss Sally had been kind or not; but he was none the less pleased, when he called at the major's, to know that his friend had gone out with her. The doctor had dropped in to see Mr. Steele, he said, and was delighted to learn that "Bob was beginning to gad about." He had found the major and his daughter alone in the small room beyond the library, where the old man kept his dearest books and did some little writing, and where Sidney had learned all the bitter lessons which his life could teach. Sunday was the best time in the week to these two friends; the beautiful, silent hours marked Sidney's spiritual growth, because in them she looked deeper and deeper into her father's love. Miss Sally never thought of sitting with them, even when she did not go to church; and they had no callers, except once in a while when John Paul came in, and ate a piece of Miss Sally's plain cake and took a glass of wine from the decanter which, more out of regard for ancient habits of hospitality than because of expected guests, stood on Sunday afternoon on a side-table in the library.

This December day was cold and bright; the wintry sunshine crept about the long room, gleaming on the silver collar of the decanter, and fading the glow of the smouldering logs in the fireplace. The major was tired, but he had let Sidney lead him to the old sofa, and arrange the cushions for his head, more for the happiness of her tender touch than for rest. Then she had brought a hassock to his side, and a book, and without words they were very happy.

Major Lee would have been dismayed if he had seen his daughter ungracious, yet, as he rose to welcome Alan, he felt vaguely that Sidney regretted "this pleasing interruption" (it was thus he answered the doctor's apology) less than he did. It was she who said, in her glad young voice, "You must wait until Mr. Steele comes back, Alan;" and the major could do no less than beg him to be seated, adding, "And you will take tea with us, sir?" Of course the young man accepted the invitation; indeed, he had counted upon receiving it.

"It 's very good of Miss Sally," he said, "to devote herself to Steele in this way, instead of going to church. But what will Mr. Brown say? His name is Brown, is n't it?"

"Perhaps next Sunday she will induce Mr. Steele to accompany her to church," the major answered.

"She will not have to urge him," Alan declared. "He is one of those naturally religious people, you know. He goes to church as a matter of course."

"Ah?" returned Major Lee. Mr. Robert Steele's eccentricities did not interest him.

But this mention of church-going introduced a subject upon which Alan wanted to speak to the older man. To be able to express his own opinion on one or two points would be an escape for the irritation which the major's attitude had aroused in him.

"To bring up a girl in this way is outrageous!" he had said to himself a

dozen times since he had come back to Mercer; for Alan knew all about the major's theories upon education. Miss Sally's quick and tender and somewhat shallow nature had made reserve about herself impossible, and her abundant kindliness claimed her friends' affairs as her own. So, very long ago, Mrs. Paul had been told that Sidney was never to marry, and why; and Alan Crossan's mother had known, naturally; and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, down in the little rectory of St. James the Less, — although, indeed, that the clergyman was aware of Mortimer Lee's unholy project was not entirely due to Miss Sally. The major himself had had one keen, clear word with the young man concerning his daughter's training, and Mr. Brown, sorry and disapproving, had yet, in his calls upon Miss Sally in her brother's house, respected the father in the infidel, and made no effort to save Sidney's soul.

So, little by little, Major Lee's purpose had become a subject of half-amused, half-indignant gossip. Probably he was not aware of it, but it would not have troubled him at all had he learned it. There was nothing now in this world which could trouble Mortimer Lee, if Sidney were well and happy. Very literally, he lived for her. To show her how to live, he was content to bear life. If the sight of his enduring pain could save her from pain, it was enough.

Sidney, he had said, was to be taught to seek for truth; to do without illusions; to look the facts of life full in the face. She was to judge, emotionally, first, whether it was probable that there was a beneficent and all-powerful Being in a world which held at the same time Love and Death; and next, with inexorable logic, she was to find a universe of law, empty of God. Reason, with relentless and majestic steps, trampled upon many things before this conviction was reached. It pointed out the myths and absurdities of the Bible; it left no hope of personal immortality; it destroyed the Christ of Christianity. It demonstrated that morality and expediency were synonymous. It counseled negation instead of happiness. More than all, it pointed out the mad folly of love in a world where death follows love like its own shadow.

As a result, Sidney was sincere, but not earnest; which is perhaps inevitable, when one believes, but does not feel. She simply took her father's word, and so her unbelief was not her own, but his.

Major Lee had not dogmatized his infidelity; it was his opinion that dogma in negation was as unphilosophical as the dogmatic assertions of theology. He had only shown his daughter certain terrible facts, in a terrible world, and then subtly guided her inference. He had been careful to point out to her the falsehoods, and willful blindnesses, and astonishing egotism of Christianity, and with this to present the calm reasonableness of law.

That Christians called Law God, Sidney knew; but what they felt when they said God was unknown to her. With all his fairness, Major Lee had never been able to tell his daughter that. He had spread his life, like a strange and dreadful picture, before her eyes, and she had seen, with terror, that it had been blasted by love and death. Love, he had declared, was the certain road to despair; and she was instant to put his deduction into words, — *therefore, never love.*

This conclusion of hers was as unaffected as the most spontaneous impulses in the lives of other women, and it became perfectly natural. Rappaccini's daughter, it will be remembered, found, in course of time, poison her daily and necessary food.

Alan Crossan, seeing the result of Major Lee's deductions in Sidney's serene indifference and in her understood determination never to marry, had burned to attack the sad old man. Yet, oddly enough, though his indignation was no

less, he felt of late a growing disinclination to antagonize Sidney's father. So, instead of rushing into argument upon the wisdom of love, he found himself considering that skepticism from which, he was assured, the major's morbid theories sprang.

"You never go to church, do you, Sidney?" he began.

"Yes," she answered, "occasionally. I like the music."

"Oh," said Alan, rather blankly, "I thought, from something you said once about belief, that you would hardly go."

"It has nothing to do with belief," Sidney explained. "I never think of that, except sometimes."

The major looked up at his daughter in silence.

"I think of it," she said, quite simply and gravely, answering the question in his eyes, "when I see the power which it has. Oh, the lifted-up look one often sees! Poor little Mrs. Brown, the light in her face on Easter, — you know their eldest son died just before Easter? — it meant absolute confidence. And then to think that it is only belief, and not knowledge, which causes such confidence! It is wonderful, even if it is not real."

"Yes," observed the major, "it is certainly most interesting that a self-created illusion will sustain the soul in such a crisis. Yet it always fails, — always fails. It cannot outlast the capacity of the brain for nervous exaltation. Mrs. Brown's resignation did not last, you remember, — poor soul — poor soul!" The major, with his long white fingers pressed together, looked absently at the spark of sunshine in the little worn ring upon his left hand.

"I don't think you ought to call belief unreal," the doctor protested. "True or false, it is real to the believer."

"You mean the hope of immortality and reunion, and all that?" Sidney asked, a little disdainfully. "Do you think that is often real to people?"

"Yes," he said; "but all the reality in the world cannot overcome the weakness of human nature."

The major smiled. "You are right. It cannot change facts; assertions will not conquer the inevitable."

"And, Alan," cried the girl earnestly, "surely, if its belief were genuine, human nature is great enough, love is great enough, not to be so horribly selfish as to mourn, if it could really believe that death did not end all, and there was a heaven and happiness. They have to say so, — the Christians, — and I suppose they think they believe it, or else they could not love any one, you know; but you can see it is not lasting, as a reality would be, for they mourn just as much as the people who have no illusions. The talk of the church about immortality, and meeting again, and Easter, why, it seems to me like taking hasheesh; but the burning pyre, and the smoke, and the flames are there, all the same."

Alan did not answer her. His mother was in his heart. Had he not loved her enough to rejoice in her happiness, if, in his soul, he had believed that she was happier, — that she *was* at all? Instead — and the memory of those empty days came back like a sickness of the soul. Perhaps Sidney was right, and his belief was not genuine.

"You are not a Christian, are you, Alan?" Sidney asked, suddenly.

"I don't know," he said, smiling. "I suppose I am. But I prefer to keep my illusions, if you please; so I don't examine myself very critically."

"How can you say that!" cried Sidney. "How can you even think that perhaps your beliefs are illusions! Either, it seems to me, a man would have to believe with all his heart, and not know that he was blind to facts, or else see the truth of life and make the best of it."

"Or the worst," Alan answered, lightly. "There was Steele's father; every one says he was a most unhappy man. He was a freethinker, was n't he, Major

Lee, — what would be called an agnostic, to-day?"

"Yes," said the major.

"And you, — you are also an agnostic, are you not?"

The major looked at him, with mild patience in his eyes. "I do not call myself so. I do not know enough; I have not yet compassed the sum of my own ignorance."

Alan felt instinctively that Sidney's father regarded him with disapproval, and as one who spoke of great things flippantly. A little color came into his dark cheek, and he made haste to comment upon the fact that Robert Steele, with such a father and mother, was a religious man. "One would fancy," he ended, "that their son would be negative, instead of an out-and-out churchman. Mrs. Steele was a Roman Catholic, you know. It was always a surprise to me that so intelligent a woman could be a Catholic."

The major smiled. "But religion and intelligence have nothing to do with each other, my young friend."

Alan laughed. "Very little, I acknowledge."

"Oh, how can you say that, and still call yourself a Christian!" said Sidney.

"I suppose," observed the major, courteously, "that the doctor would spare himself the pain of knowledge."

"No," answered the girl, looking with tender gratitude at her father, "it is only knowledge which spares pain."

"And so," Alan declared, amused and half annoyed, "you are to have no pain in life, Sidney, because your knowledge has taught you to cast out the things that comfort other people, and save them from the fear of death, — I mean the belief in God and in immortality?"

He had risen, and was standing in his favorite attitude by the fire, his elbow on the mantel and his hand grasping his coat collar. His dark, sensitive face was flushed a little by the glow of the logs. The sunshine had quite gone, and the dusk was beginning to creep in from the garden. "How can any knowledge spare such suffering?" he went on. "It is bound to come to us all; we cannot cheat life, or lose the anticipation and the fear of death. Where was there ever a happy soul, except a child?"

"Here," said Major Lee; he touched Sidney's shoulder as he spoke. There was something in his voice which made the young man start. The passion of tenderness in the worn old face sobered him into earnestness.

"But some time" — he stammered, "some time — even if she loves no one else" —

"She will lose me? Yes. But that is regret, not grief. Attachment to a father or a mother is natural; it is the instinct of the animal; it is not — *love.*"

His voice shook with sudden excitement, and he said that word with the awe of one who takes the unspeakable name upon his lips.

"But," Alan protested, "you make it appear that love is the curse of life!"

The major was silent.

"You forget," insisted the young man, "that love is its own exceeding great reward, — it is worth the pain."

"You have, of course, experienced both love and grief, that you speak so positively," said Mortimer Lee, his face darkening in the shadows.

A sharp reality came into the moment. Alan knew that he had never felt either, in the sense in which the older man spoke. "No," he answered, "but I know that life is beautiful and good where there is love, — I mean the love of a man and woman: it is not always fierce and terrible; it does not of necessity involve the unreason of passion; and it does glorify existence. But life is still good, even when death takes love out of it."

"I do not call that love," said the major, "which can be taken away and leave — anything! Passion, truly, is but the incident of love, but love and the

worth of life end together." The momentary agitation had left his face; he even smiled a little at Alan's excitement.

"But," persisted the young man, confused, by Major Lee's contempt and his own lack of words, into contradicting himself, "we *must* love. It means ambition and hope, and all that makes life worth having. Why, life without it, or without any comfort in religion to help a man meet death, — life is tragedy!"

"Has that just struck you?" said the major.

V.

"Now, Sally," said Mrs. Paul, "I want to talk to you about Sidney; just put that book down, will you? Are you in such a hurry to get back to Mr. Steele that you want to plunge into it at once? Or is it that you are so charmed with Entre Nous Trois?"

Miss Sally's quick disclaimer only made Mrs. Paul shrug her shoulders.

"You have not enough sense, my dear, to appreciate it; it can't be called innocence, at your age."

They were sitting in the little room which opened out of Mrs. Paul's bedroom: in it she wrote her notes, or received her head clerk from the warehouse, or looked through her housekeeping accounts. Davids knew that room well. He knew that when Mrs. Paul sent Scarlett to summon him there, it was with the intention of finding fault. "Law, now," he had often remarked to Scarlett, "if Mr. John only knew how to handle her as I do! Give in just a bit here, and stick it out there, and let on you 're more 'n half offended, and law! she comes round in a minute. But Mr. John would rather bear her tongue than argufy. People that keep such close mouths," said Davids, with a reproachful look at the little silent serving-woman, "are exasperating. I ain't one to deny it, for all I think of Mr. John."

Miss Sally often read aloud in this small, severe room, — so small that Mrs. Paul, sitting with her back to the reader, by the window which overlooked Major Lee's library, shut out a great deal of light, and made it necessary that Miss Sally should hold the book close to her eyes. Just now, however, Mrs. Paul had turned a little, so that she might look at her. "For I want you to pay attention, if you know how, to what I am going to say," she had explained; and Miss Sally had put down the novel with a sigh of relief and apprehension at once.

Mrs. Paul permitted herself, in this room, something which was an approach to *négligé:* the bit of lace which did duty for a cap upon the soft puffs of her white hair was missing, and she wore a wrapper of changeable silk, lavender and black, with an edge of black fur down the front and around the throat and wrists; her white, delicate hands were without rings. "The morning," announced Mrs. Paul, leaning back among her cushions, listening to the French novel, "is for work, and jewels are for the leisure of a drawing-room. Thank God, I understand the proprieties of life, or how would Sidney ever be taught? No one, Sally, not even Mortimer Lee, insists more upon the observance of propriety than I do; but you can make a goose of yourself about it, and that is just what you do, in looking after Sidney and young Steele."

"I?" said Miss Sally, startled into self-defense. "Why, I don't know what you mean, dear Mrs. Paul!"

"What should I mean," cried the other, "except that you are with him all the time, — not Sidney! You seem to think a girl must not sit with a young man, or walk with him, or let him so much as look at her. All very well, to a certain extent, but are you never going to give him an opportunity? I declare, one would think you were in love with him yourself."

"Opportunity?" faltered Miss Sally.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Paul, emphatically. "He has been at the major's nearly three weeks; he must have been impressed by Sidney, if you had ever permitted them to be alone for a moment, so that she could talk. She can't, with your chatter going on, Sally; you know that as well as I do. With this absurd idea of propriety, you never leave them for an instant."

Miss Sally's face flushed a dull and painful red, and then faded into breathless pallor; in her astonishment, she even gasped a little, with a sob in her throat. She was used to being found fault with, but she never could get used to the pain of it.

"Mrs. Paul," she said, "I don't know what you mean; I — I never thought of propriety. Mr. Steele is not very strong, and I have tried to take care of him. Sidney does not want to talk much to him, and Mortimer is so much occupied that I must be with him; it would not be polite to leave him alone. And — and — as for Sidney, it never could make any difference how much she talked to him or to any young man; you know she will never care for anybody."

"I know you are a fool, Sally," said Mrs. Paul, calmly. "If this has been stupidity on your part, instead of anything better, — I gave you credit for something better, you see, — all I can say is, you can't plead ignorance any longer. Arrange things a little. Lord! have you no imagination? Send Sidney over with a message to me, this evening, and ask him to see her through the garden."

"But I have n't any message, and Sidney would not" —

Mrs. Paul sat up quite straight, and tapped her foot for a moment.

Miss Sally was too fluttered to continue.

"Well, you can send her over here this afternoon, can't you? Now read; that 's what you are here for. I gave up any hope of conversation long ago." And Miss Sally, in a trembling voice, began.

She would have been glad if she had been allowed to explain a little further. She would have repeated once more that unforgotten talk with her brother, to show how impossible it was that Sidney should ever fall in love with any one, no matter what "opportunity" — Miss Sally flushed as that word came into her mind — was offered.

She went on reading quite steadily, but that scene of twenty-two years ago rose before her eyes. How much younger Mortimer was then, but how old he looked that night! She had gone upstairs to put Sidney to bed, and her brother had entered just as the child lisped after her aunt, her sleepy head on Miss Sally's shoulder, "God bless dear father and aunt Sally, and make Sidney a good girl, for Jesus' sake. Amen." In the dusk of the fire-lit room, his sister saw a strange expression on Mortimer Lee's face, but he only said, quietly, "When the child is asleep, Sarah, will you be so good as to let me see you in the library?" With what a light heart she had gone down-stairs to hear what he had to say, — she was young then, only sixteen, — with what high hopes of usefulness and comfort and love for the little motherless baby and the bereaved and lonely man! He was walking restlessly about his library; his face was haggard, and bitter lines were deepening about his lips. He stood still when his sister entered. "Sit down," he said curtly. "I have something to say to you. I heard the child praying when I came into her room. It must not happen again, Sarah."

"But — but, Mortimer" — Miss Sally answered, trembling, for his face frightened her. "I thought I ought to teach her to say her prayers. Do you mean that you are going to, brother?"

"I!" he said, and laughed. "Yes,

yes, that 's it. I am going to teach her, my dear."

"Then you will hear her say her prayers?" she asked. It seemed perfectly natural to her that the child's father should claim the sweet task. Major Lee looked at her with pitying impatience.

"You do not understand me, Sarah. Sidney is to have no religious instruction."

His sister opened her lips to speak, but dismay robbed her of words.

"I will not have this folly of prayer in my house," he continued, — "at least for the child. You may pray, and believe, and suffer, if you will. Your life is your own; but Sidney is mine. She shall know that this God you talk of and this pretty hope of immortality have no more foundation in reason than her fairy stories. So no miserable egotism shall induce Sidney to address her puny wishes to the First Cause, or make her fancy that she is immortal, so that she may dare to fasten her soul on some other soul, which at any instant death may snatch away from her. Without your God and this immortality she will not love, and so she may escape suffering."

Miss Sally could not argue; she could only protest. She clung, sobbing, to his arm, which never relaxed to take her to his heart.

"Oh, Mortimer, don't — don't say those things! Oh, spare the child! Don't take God away from her. She can't live without God. And oh, let her love somebody, Mortimer, if it 's only me!"

"Love you?" he said sharply. "Of course, that sort of affection, — certainly. I was not speaking of that. She will be fond of me, undoubtedly. I meant — *love!*"

He groaned as he spoke, and Miss Sally dared not look at him. "Oh, brother," she entreated, "don't say she must never marry! People are happy who care for each other. You and Gertrude were happy."

"You think people are happy, do you?" he answered. "It is only observation, not experience, which draws such a conclusion. There is not, — listen, Sarah, — there is not an hour of a day, no matter how heavenly happy it may be, when the fear of death, the terror of the certain parting, does not strike upon a man's heart. It stains every hope, it darkens every thought; and that you call happiness!" He pushed her away from him, and began again that terrible walk up and down the room.

"But, Mortimer, dear brother, listen!" she cried, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "God makes up for it afterwards, when we meet those we love."

"We do not meet them," he said, turning and looking at her with stern eyes. "What, could life be endured one instant if I thought *she* was — anywhere? Could I wait long enough to think before I followed her — to search for her — oh, to search for her!"

He dropped his face in his hands. It seemed to Sally Lee as though she dared not breathe until he spoke again.

"So you think your God would add that misery too? Well, if it makes you happier, child, — but keep it to yourself. If your imagination can create a Being who permits love and death in the same world, and yet is not a — I suppose you can find some comfort. But not one word to Sidney, remember. I am going to save her from love, and then perhaps she will forgive me that she has this cruel and damnable thing called life."

He left her without another word, and Miss Sally heard the key turn in the door of his little room beyond the library. As for her, she sat down on the edge of the sofa and cried as though her young heart would break, for her brother and for the baby who was to be the subject of his unnatural and unchristian grief. "If only I can be good, the dear child cannot help coming to the Saviour," she said,

between her sobs, "because she will see how he helps and comforts me. Oh, I will try to be good. And if I'm happy when I am married, she will know that Mortimer is all wrong."

But Christianity taught Miss Sally no subtlety, only simple-mindedness; so how could she contend with the clear and clever reasoning which, little by little, drew hopes and illusions from before the eyes of the growing girl, and displayed the baseness and bitterness of life, while at the same time Sidney's instinct showed her, in her father's character, that this cruel knowledge was compatible with spotless honor and gracious sweetness! As for the other way in which Miss Sally was to teach her niece, the gradual years had blurred her anticipation of marriage; for, like all those mild souls who are born old maids, she had cherished the conviction that marriage was a woman's duty, and looked forward to it as a matter of course. Now, at nearly thirty-eight, although, from force of habit, vague thoughts of it flitted through her mind at times, she had ceased to think of it as a possibility; the cares of housekeeping and the interests of other people made her assume and feel a sedateness far beyond her years; and so, instead of precept or conscious example, she simply loved.

It all came back to her as she sat reading the unsavory novel; and if Mrs. Paul had not been so interested in the plans she was making for Sidney, she might have noticed the vagueness of the reader's voice.

"I would just like to tell her there is no use in thinking of such a thing," Miss Sally was saying to herself. "Mortimer would never permit it, and how could I seem to bring it about against his wishes — and Sidney!" It seemed to Miss Sally, in spite of her theories about the sphere of woman, improper to think of Sidney in such a way.

"Do go," Mrs. Paul said, suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, "and send Scarlett to me as you go down-stairs. Lord, what a book! There is sorrow enough in real life without having tragedies in novels. I want to be amused, if you please. I hope you will make a better selection next time."

Miss Sally's horrified protest that the choice had not been hers delighted Mrs. Paul.

"No, I suppose not," she said. "You haven't sense enough. Every woman of the world should read such books, so as to make allowance for life and learn to be charitable; it is a religious duty. But you will never be a woman of the world, my dear!"

"I think," returned Miss Sally, timidly, "a bad book can't teach us charity if it amuses us too."

Occasionally this gentle and not very sensible little creature made a remark implying a moral bravery of which she could not have been supposed capable.

"I couldn't let her speak of wicked books in that way," she thought, as she went down-stairs, her heart pounding with fright.

She gave Mrs. Paul's message to Sidney, and dared not omit adding, "Perhaps Mr. Steele will walk across the garden with you, my love?"

"No," said the young woman, looking at him with wide, calm eyes, "I will not trouble Mr. Steele."

He had risen with quick pleasure, but at Sidney's words he shrank back. "She does not want me," he thought, and with bitter gratitude his mind returned to Miss Sally. The thought of her kindness was like wine to a resolution which sometimes flagged; it never failed him when the struggle was hard. How much this courage which came with the thought of her was due to increasing bodily health Robert Steele never asked himself.

When, late that afternoon, Sidney opened the green baize door of Mrs. Paul's drawing-room, she found her sitting by the fire. She seemed to be expecting some one, the girl thought; at

least, as Sidney entered, she looked beyond her into the hall. "Well?" she said; and then, "Did you come alone?"

"Yes," Sidney answered, brightly. "Aunt Sally told me that you wanted to see me."

"That Sally!" said Mrs. Paul, under her breath. "But why did you not ask that poor, forlorn Mr. Steele to come with you? I 'm sure he can't find your aunt's conversation very interesting; my drawing-room might be a little more entertaining."

"I did not think of amusing him," said the girl. "Aunt Sally proposed that he should walk across the garden with me, as though I were afraid to come alone!" She smiled, but Mrs. Paul made an impatient gesture.

"Well, never mind now. (I'll see Sally to-morrow!) Sit down, my dear."

"Can't I read to you?" Sidney asked. "You are alone, and" —

"I 'm always alone," said Mrs. Paul, sharply; "don't say foolish things. No. I want to talk to you."

She waited while Scarlett placed before the fire a screen, made of a fan, which had nymphs and shepherds painted upon it. Then she leaned her head against the carved and uncomfortable back of her chair, and looked up at Sidney. Her keen dark eyes had an unwonted gentleness in them.

"My dear," she began, "you must be a little more thoughtful for your poor sick man. Talk to him sometimes; it must be very dull when your father is not at home, if you never speak to him."

Sidney raised her eyebrows. "I don't like to talk to him," she announced, calmly; "he is n't exactly ill, but to see any one who is not quite well is not pleasant. It is n't as if I were aunt Sally, and could make him more comfortable, you know."

The frank selfishness of this did not disturb Mrs. Paul. "I do not want you to make him more comfortable," she said, with a short laugh, "but don't ignore him while he is your father's guest. Why, I am driven to entertaining him myself. I am going to ask you all to take tea here, — Alan and all. I suppose Mr. and Mrs. Brown must come; that is the nuisance of the clergy, — you have to invite them; and of course you and Mr. Steele. He seems a most amiable young man?"

"Yes," Sidney answered, with something as near carelessness as can come into the voice of a young woman when speaking to her elders and betters.

"And — Mortimer Lee. Perhaps he will be willing to do me a favor, for once? I don't ask him very often. It was three years the 18th of last July since he entered this house."

"But father never goes anywhere," Sidney explained.

When that strange resentment came into Mrs. Paul's voice, Sidney's happy readiness to reply forsook her; instead, there was something like anger in her serene eyes; what right had Mrs. Paul to seem to disapprove of him?

"Don't I know that?" cried the older woman. "I knew him long before you were born, young lady! And he would have been a great deal happier man to-day, if he had had more sense. There! don't talk about it; it irritates me to talk about such folly, — a man like Mortimer Lee to make a hermit of himself! Stop, I say, — don't talk about it! But I suppose he can do this, at least; it is n't asking very much."

"I hope he will come," Sidney said. "It will be so pleasant if he will come."

"It will be pleasant, if you behave as a well-bred young woman should, and endeavor to be agreeable to my guest; and also if you wear a decent dress, as befits your father's daughter. What have you to wear?"

"I have that muslin, with the blue ribbons," the girl answered, doubtfully; "or I suppose aunt Sally might get some new ones, — another color."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Paul; "you

are not a miss in your teens; pray have some sense." She stopped, and frowned. "If you had not so much wicked, willful pride, I would buy you a proper gown. Sally does n't know how to dress you. But I tell you what I will do. Hush! don't begin to protest; it is most unladylike to protest. I have some dresses in the garret, — old ones, child, old ones, — and Scarlett shall shape one over for you. I have my reasons for wanting to see you properly dressed, for once in your life."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Paul," said Sidney, "I should rather wear my muslin."

"Well, I should rather you did n't wear your muslin," interposed the other, grimly. "Now, say no more about it. We will go and look at them, at least. Just ring for Davids; we must have candles; the garret is dark by this time."

"Had n't we better wait for daylight?" Sidney said, anxious to put off the evil hour; but Davids was already listening to his mistress's orders.

"Tell Scarlett to take up two lamps; and do you light all the bedroom candles, and put them on the red chest of drawers, over against the chimney-breast, so that the light will fall on the big mirror; and make haste, — make haste!"

Davids was as incapable of haste as Major Lee himself, but Scarlett came hurrying in, a moment later, to say that the lamps were lighted, and to precede her mistress to the garret, a flaring candle in a tall silver candlestick in each hand. Davids gave Mrs. Paul his arm, and Sidney, annoyed but helpless, followed them through the hall and up the wide, winding stairs. The silence was broken only by the soft thud of Mrs. Paul's stick, or a sharp word to Scarlett lest a drop of wax should fall on the faded Turkey carpet.

Davids had drawn an armchair to one side of the old cheval-glass in the garret, which, as the candles gleamed and flickered across it, seemed a pool of misty light among the shadows under the rafters. On the chest of drawers, which stood against the great unplastered chimney-breast in the middle of the room, were two lamps with frosted globes, which looked like moons glimmering in a mist; Scarlett had put some candles there, also, and on a shelf above the mirror a candelabrum dropped a wavering plummet of light into its mysterious depths. But the garret was quite dark, except for this spot of brightness about the three women. The stains on the yellowing plaster of the sloping ceiling had faded into the dusk, and one could scarcely see the spider-webs between the rafters, or the strange array of "things" on shelves and pegs; there were three warming-pans in a row upon the wall, — no one knew how long ago their brass had been polished last, — and at one end of the room old-fashioned bonnets hung, cavernous with shadows, and seeming to nod, when the candles flickered, as though ghostly heads whispered and chattered together; and there were portraits of the forgotten dead, hanging above the presses, which no one had had the courage to destroy.

Mrs. Paul sank into the chair by the glass, a little breathlessly, as Davids left her and noiselessly closed the door behind him. "Now!" she said, with great satisfaction. "Open the blue chest first, Scarlett. I think — I think it is in that." Scarlett, on her knees by the blue chest, lifted out the piles of clothing within it. "No, no, not that," Mrs. Paul commented, impatiently, "not that; have you no eyes, Scarlett? That quilted satin petticoat was my mother's, Sidney; look, child! She wore that when she rode into Washington, on a pillion, behind my grandfather, to see Lafayette. Nor that! Lord, Scarlett, have you no sense?"

"The chest is empty, madam," answered Scarlett. It was curious to see the eager look on Mrs. Paul's face, when there was but a dream in Sidney's eyes,

and quiet indifference in Scarlett's voice and manner.

"Then look in the big press," Mrs. Paul directed. "It is the lavender brocade, with bunches of flowers; don't you know?"

When it was found, and shaken from its folds of years, and she had helped Sidney put it on, the servant began to be interested. Mrs. Paul leaned back in her chair and watched them. The yellowing lace ruffles in the sleeves scarcely touched the girl's white elbows, and the flowered bodice would not meet across her young bosom. But the high-heeled satin slippers which Scarlett produced fitted her quite perfectly, and the full skirt was long enough, the train twisting itself about her ankles, as she turned and looked into the clear darkness of the mirror.

"There is a taffeta scarf there," said Mrs. Paul, plucking at Sidney's sleeve, and then pushing aside the lace in the square neck, her wrinkled hand seeming to lose its whiteness where it touched the girl's soft skin; "just put that over her shoulders, and then lace the bodice across it. Don't cover her throat. Don't you know better than to cover her throat? Now, hold the candles so that I can see her!"

Scarlett moved the candles upon this side and upon that, the lights and shadows falling on the distressed young face and the gleaming folds of the old brocade.

"It seems to me," Sidney said anxiously, and trying to draw a long breath, "that the muslin would be better; this is quite stiff, Mrs. Paul, and tight, — truly it is."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Paul, impatiently. "I went to parties before you were born; I know what is proper for a young woman to wear. Of course Scarlett shall alter it. You don't think, Scarlett, that a band of black velvet about her throat — Jewels can't be thought of."

"No, madam," Scarlett answered, the candles shining on her little worn face as she walked around the girl. "She 's beautiful! It does remind me of other days, madam!"

The two old women had apparently forgotten the young creature, with her protesting eyes. "Make a courtesy, Sidney!" cried Mrs. Paul, shrilly; "but you don't know how! There, take my stick, Scarlett;" and rising stiffly, her head held high, her lips breaking into a smile, she lifted her plum-colored silk skirt daintily and sunk back, with the sweeping bend with which long ago she had greeted one lover or another.

"Do you remember, Scarlett?" she said, falling into her chair with a sigh which was almost a groan. "I was as young as you, Sidney, when I saw your father first, — it was before he was married. It was nothing to me, of course, there were so many young men; I don't know why I should happen to remember it. I wore a yellow satin that night. You could n't do that, with your color; there are few women that could stand it. Do you remember, Scarlett? There! the gown is beautiful; but you must n't let it make you vain. Fine feathers, you know. Yes, it must be altered a little; women dress so foolishly nowadays. Now, come down-stairs. I want to see you walk across the drawing-room. A woman manages a train by inheritance; if your mother was used — Well, come down-stairs, — come down-stairs. Scarlett shall do your hair the night you come to tea. Don't interrupt me; in my young days, chits of girls did n't interrupt their elders." There was a strange excitement in Mrs. Paul's face. "It will be beautiful, Scarlett. What?" In some dim way it was not Sidney who stood, young and flushed, with eyes like jewels under her shining hair, but she herself. "And this is the way I held my fan," she said, opening the ivory sticks upon Sidney's round arm. "There, swing it — so! Can't you look across it and then down

again, at your hands? Oh, not like a Sunday-school child repeating its verse. Lord, Sidney!"

Sidney laughed. "But it is easier to look straight at you, Mrs. Paul," she said. Then the little procession moved across the sagging floor, and down the stairs to the drawing-room. Sidney, still reluctant, but young; for the soft colors, the shimmering folds, the cobwebs of lace, were a glimpse into a new world.

"You seem too pleased with life, Sidney," declared the old woman, watching her with puzzled irritation. "I did not look like that when I walked down a drawing-room, I can tell you. Oh, Alan Crossan? Here, what is the matter with Sidney? What will keep her from looking so — good?" She laughed as she spoke, with a droll glance.

The doctor had entered, with an unheard announcement from Davids. "A little further instruction from Mrs. Paul," he observed, critically, while beneath his eyes Sidney stood with a new, unpleasant consciousness of being embarrassed. "A little more attention to your example cannot fail to remove obtrusive goodness. And yet, do you know, I doubt if it would be altogether an improvement?"

Mrs. Paul laughed, her keen dark eyes sweeping him from head to foot with charming insolence. "You are impossible!" she said. "Sidney, you can go up-stairs now. She does n't get her timidity from Mortimer Lee, I can tell you," she went on. "I suppose it is Gertrude Randolph over again. And yet, there is a certain way in which she can carry her head that promises hard things for young Steele."

"Steele?" questioned the doctor, frowning.

"Yes, my friend," cried Mrs. Paul, "and I am doing my part, I can tell you. I have opened that Sally's eyes, and — well, we shall see. That is, if the young man is not a fool, — though they generally are. How is he, your Steele?"

"Better," returned Alan, cheerfully. "I left him just a moment ago talking to dear Miss Sally, by the library fire. They said Sidney was here, and I came to fetch her home to tea."

VI.

Mrs. Paul's unusual softness, as she talked to Sidney that afternoon, had its natural reaction when she played at draughts with John Paul in the evening.

"He 's that badged," said Davids, when he left the mother and son at the tea-table, and came out into the serenity of Scarlett's shining kitchen, "that it does seem like as if he must jaw back. But he ain't said a word, except to tell me to fetch him some more curried roe. Well, thank the Lord, he can eat." Scarlett's invariable response of silence filled the man with such wrath that he almost forgot his sympathy with his master. "A woman 'd better have a tongue," he said, "even if she can't use it no better than *she* does!"

But John Paul found so much comfort in his curry, and in studying out a phase of the fishery question which it perhaps suggested, that Davids' sympathy was really unnecessary; John did not even remember his mother's anger over night. There was nothing to remind him of it, for he never saw Mrs. Paul in the morning; only Scarlett, and sometimes Miss Sally, were admitted to her bedroom while she breakfasted.

He took less time that day than usual over his coffee and paper, although breakfast was a most important affair to John Paul; for he was in haste to jot down those ideas about the fishery trouble, so that later in the day he might go and talk them over with Katherine Townsend. Indeed, such was his interest in his bit of work, and his impatience to have, he said to himself, the benefit of Miss Townsend's clear criticism, that

he started out over the old bridge quite early in the afternoon.

Little Eliza, staring from the toll-house window, answered his cheery nod with a flickering color in her round cheeks. "Had your music lesson, Miss Eliza?" he called out, and waited good-naturedly in the wind while she ran to open the door that she might answer him.

"Quite a storm, is n't it?" he asked, beating his hands together, and looking back across the bridge. "Seen Miss Townsend come out from town yet?"

"No, sir, not yet," responded Eliza; "she comes late to-day, Miss Townsend does. Thursdays she does n't pass the toll-house before a quarter after five, sir."

"Pshaw! what did I start so early for?" he thought. He was uncertain what to do. He might go on, and wait for her in the parlor of the house in Red Lane; but though Ted was a first-rate little boy, and the brother of his sister, talk of pups did sometimes pall. "What time is it now?" he asked, bending his head so that he could look through the low doorway and see the fat Dutch clock ticking above the dresser. "Twenty minutes to five! I wonder if you 'd let me wait in your pleasant sitting-room, Miss Eliza? I — I 'm a little early for a call I wanted to make" —

"Oh!" cried Eliza, after a speechless moment of delight.

So Mr. John Paul entered, and from the kitchen pantry what did Mrs. Jennings hear, "just as sociable and friendly like, but, '*Won't you — you take off your coat, Mr. Paul?*'"

"It gave me such a turn," Mrs. Jennings confessed afterwards, as she and Eliza talked it all over, "that I was like to sit right down on the floor. And was n't I thankful that I 'd put them cakes in the oven!" For they had cakes and tea, in the little sitting-room with the antimacassars on the chairs and the geraniums in the windows; and it was all, Mrs. Jennings declared, just as genteel and cozy as could be. Of course, after she brought in the little hot brown cakes, the mistress of the toll-house, in a discreet and proper way, retired to the pantry, where, with overflowing eyes and palpitating bosom, she could hear the whole conversation.

What that half hour was to Eliza and her mother John Paul never knew. "Thank God, you was at home, 'Liza," Mrs. Jennings remarked more than once; and then she excused the warmth of her words by saying that most people would say Providence, she supposed, but, for her part, she only said Providence when things did n't go right and she wanted to find fault. "And you can't find fault — the other way!" said Mrs. Jennings, piously.

When it was time to go, John Paul, in the goodness of his heart, said many pleasant things of the gay little room, and complimented the cakes and the geraniums, and even the hens in the yard. Mrs. Jennings was so thrilled by his condescension, and so tearful with admiration of her daughter's "pretty manners," that she began to make plans for his next visit. "For he 'll come," she said, nodding and winking, as she and her daughter sat that night by the little air-tight stove, which smiled redly through its square mica eyes, and filled the room with a cheery glow.

"Law, ma!"

"Yes," continued Mrs. Jennings. It was her habit, before going to bed, to sit thus by the stove, in a wadded short gown, with carpet slippers on her ponderous feet and a cup of tea in one hand. "He enjoyed it, — he said he did. So he 'll come again; you mark my words."

"Did he say he enjoyed it?" Eliza murmured, meditatively, although she had herself repeated to her mother those very words when the door had closed behind John Paul; but it was a pleasure to hear them again.

"Yes, he did," declared Mrs. Jennings. "'Thank you for letting me come in,' he says. 'It's been very pleasant to wait here,' he says. 'I've enjoyed it very much.' What do you call that, 'Liza?"

"And then he said that about the cakes," added Eliza, dreamily.

"Yes, then he said that about the cakes," assented her mother, with great satisfaction. "You'd ought to have asked him to come again and have some more; still, it's best to be sought, I will say!"

"Oh, ma!"

"And then you talked all that about your music lessons. Well, now, it does seem to me I would n't 'a' kept on like you did about Miss Townsend?"

"But he was asking about my lessons," Eliza explained.

"Yes, but you need n't 'a' gone on praisin' her," said Mrs. Jennings, in a discontented voice. "There! I do get out of all patience with her; and yet when she 's here, I don't know why it is, but I never seem to know just what to say. Well, never mind her. Only, next time he comes, do let on that you 've something else to talk about than her."

"I don't believe he 'll ever come again," said Eliza, with mournful common sense.

But Mrs. Jennings pressed her lips together in a mysterious way. "I understand such things, 'Liza. I know a man don't say to a young lady, 'Thank you for letting me stay,' — *letting* me, says he, — without some meaning in it. Would Job Todd say it, d' ye think? I guess not!"

In spite of her good sense, Eliza's spirits rose, or at least she allowed herself to enter into the enjoyment of her delusion. She blushed and smiled in the firelight, until Mrs. Jennings shed tears of happiness at her darling's happiness.

"Oh, ma," the little milliner said, rising with a happy sigh, and standing a moment before the glass, — "oh, ma, if I just was n't freckled!"

But Mrs. Jennings pushed back the soft hair from her daughter's forehead with a loving hand. "There, now, deary, don't think of that. My! if your skin was n't just so soft and fair, you would n't freckle. Freckles is a sign of beautiful complexion under 'em."

This was so comforting, Eliza smiled again. John Paul little knew what a commotion and joy his visit had caused; had he known, possibly he might not have trespassed upon Mrs. Jennings' hospitality again, even to the extent of coming in to buy a bunch of geraniums for Miss Townsend, later in the winter.

On this especial afternoon, however, he only knew that it had been a pleasure to listen to Eliza's raptures about her teacher. ("She 's just splendid!" Eliza had said, and sighed for want of better words.) Indeed, her praises were so much in his mind that he found himself smiling as he joined Miss Katherine Townsend and asked her to let him go as far as Red Lane with her. He had the most casual way in the world of asking such favors, which was almost irritating, unless one happened to know that this was his way of disguising his shyness.

"You have a most ardent admirer in your toll-house pupil," he declared. "I — ah — stopped there a moment."

Katherine's smile was like sudden sunshine; she knew quite well why Mr. John Paul had stopped at the toll-house. "She is a good little thing," she said, "and her mother is delightful. Mrs. Jennings told me, when she engaged me," — John winced, — "that she was always glad 'to give the benefit to people that was real poor and had to work hard.'"

"Confound her!" grumbled John Paul, "do you call that delightful?"

"Charming!" returned Katherine, gayly. "I told her that I was very much obliged to her, and she said in the

most comfortable way, 'Well, never you mind; may be you 'll get settled down, one of these days!' She had the respectable mechanic in her mind's eye, I 'm sure."

She laughed as she spoke. One could easily believe, however, that Mrs. Jennings would have hesitated at that final suggestion. There was a look in this young woman's face which puzzled and irritated the mistress of the toll-house, in spite of her knowledge that the Townsends had as little money as she had. That slight immobility of the upper lip, which gives piquancy as well as a hint of hardness to the whole face, or, it were more exact to say, a promise of justice without sentiment, gave also a look of pride which the carriage of her head accentuated. As Mrs. Jennings had confessed to her daughter, she never knew just what to say to Miss Townsend; so naturally enough she disliked her.

They had almost reached Red Lane when John stopped "Are you very tired?" he asked. "Could you walk a little further out into the country? That grove of birches on the Perryville Plank Road is marvelous."

There had been a storm of sleet in the morning, which, as the cold deepened, had frozen on the trees, and now in the late afternoon, when the gray clouds lifted in the west, and a flood of ruddy gold poured over the white landscape, the icy branches blazed with all the jewels of Aladdin. The pools of ice by the roadside caught a sudden red, and the fringe of windy clouds in the east quivered with rosy light. The birch grove must be beautiful, John thought; its trees were so slight that they would bend like wonderful feathers under the weight of ice, and in this glow of gold gleam and glitter as though powdered with the dust of a thousand diamonds.

It would be interesting to know how many men, in offering themselves to the women they love, use the subtile, or passionate, or tender sentences with which they have beguiled their imagination for many a day. Instead, the flutter of an eyelid, a broken word, or a beautiful silence may tell all!

John Paul had composed the story of his love in his own mind a dozen times in the last month, only to sigh as he ended it and say that he was a fool; she would never look at him, except with that contempt in her kind gray eyes which he could not understand. Nevertheless, he knew precisely at what point he meant to take her hand and tell her that he had loved her ever since he had known her — and — and would she let him take care of her now, and of Ted and the girls; and that no man had ever loved a woman as he loved her; and all the other statements usually made upon such occasions.

Who then could have been more astonished than John Paul to hear himself say, as they walked along the road, which was bordered with wild blackberry bushes, bending into a glistening network of ice, "The respectable mechanic — must he be a mechanic?"

Katherine Townsend flashed a quick look into his face, but how could he see that, with the sun shining straight into his near-sighted eyes?

"Yes," she said, lightly, "I am inclined to think he must be. To tell you the truth, Mr. Paul, I have come of late to feel an immense amount of respect for him, — I speak generically, my acquaintance with him being, unfortunately, limited to the piano-tuner at the other end of Red Lane, and Mr. Job Todd, who built the kennel for the puppies."

"But, Katherine, I — I meant" — John began to say, his voice quite hoarse, and in his agitation striking at a frozen mullein stalk with his cane; but she interrupted him, with a ring in her voice which made him stumble with astonishment.

"You see, they amount to something in the world, these simple, hard-working

men. Oh, since I have had to teach, since I have really seen what living is to most men and women, since I have understood the meanness of luxury, I have burned with contempt for my old, lazy, easy life, — the time when I did nothing for myself, and just let people wait upon me and take care of me."

John Paul's face stung; there was something in her voice which said that these words about herself were for him. A woman, plodding through the snow, looked towards them with that dull curiosity with which wayfarers regard one another, and John wondered if his face betrayed the ache in his heart. "You are severe," he said.

"I can't help it," she answered; and then a moment later, "The iron has entered into my soul, Mr. Paul. The unevenness of life has seemed too horrible to bear. I think — I hope that if I were suddenly to have plenty of money again I should keep on doing something to earn it, and not be lazy, and indifferent, and satisfied with a small, ignoble, comfortable life. Oh, I feel this so about Ted. If I can but teach him to be a *man;* to feel the shame, the disgrace, of dependence, either upon one person — me, for instance — or upon one class in the community. He must earn his own bread, and not take one crumb or one cent more than he gives: somehow, I don't care how, — by his brains or his hands; only he must be independent. I try to make him feel it now, although he is just a little boy." She stopped, and put her hand up to her eyes a moment. "There is such a glare on the snow," she explained, in an unsteady voice.

"Miss Townsend," John said, "it seems to me that you are hardly fair to the men whom the accident of birth places in positions where work is not necessary" — But she interrupted him.

"Birth never places us where we should not work; our own weakness or cowardice may let us take advantage of circumstances that we have nothing to do with. Oh, I — I despise such men, men who are satisfied with small, useless lives, and take what they do not earn."

"I am afraid you are a socialist," John answered, but his face was white.

Katherine shook her head. "I am a Christian, — that is all."

"You are not fair!" he burst out. "For instance — I — I — my mother" —

"Yes? Well?" she said, for he had paused; to defend himself made all her scorn personal, and killed his hope.

"You know my position," with an impulsive gesture. "It was my duty to go into the warehouse, no matter how much I hated it. I don't work, I know, though I should have liked to; but why should I have consulted my own wishes (I had n't the motive then that I have now), why should I have made her miserable?"

"Why disturb your own comfort? Is n't that what you really mean?" Katherine said, with bitter lightness. "But perhaps I don't call things by the names that you do."

"What do you call it, Miss Townsend?" John asked, quietly.

"I don't think my opinion is of any consequence," she said, but she bit her lip to keep it firm.

"It is everything in the world to me, Katherine."

Her contempt scorched his face, but somehow there was a strange comfort in it, which he did not stop to analyze.

"Please do not call me Katherine, Mr. Paul," she commanded, with an attempt at gayety, "even to show that you are friendly in spite of my candor. I — to tell you the truth, I should call such an attitude as yours towards your mother selfish and — and cowardly."

John started as though he had been struck in the face; to be sure, that talk about Ted and herself had meant it, but to put it into words! They had reached the grove of birches, and stood looking

miserably at the sparkling trees. The wet folds of the clouds had quenched the sunset light, and a low wind, blowing up from the river and wandering across the hills, made the mail-clad branches creak and rattle.

"It is beautiful!" Katherine said, vaguely, looking into the glittering mist of the woods with unseeing eyes.

"Very," John answered, with his back to the trees and staring at Katherine's face. "I am astounded by your use of words, Miss Townsend."

"Why should you be?" she cried. "Look, *cowardly:* how many times have you told me that you have kept silent rather than have a discussion!"

"Never when there was a principle involved," he interposed, doggedly.

"There is always a principle in everything," she declared. "More than that, deeper than that, you have preferred the ignoble comfort of your life to working hard and honestly at anything." John saw the sheen of tears in her eyes. "And selfish? Can you for one instant claim that this effacement of yourself has been for any one's peace and comfort but your own? Have you ever, by one single protest, *helped* your mother? Forgive me for speaking of her, but you asked me, and I have to be honest. You know as well as I do that there is a point in the relation of parent and child where the parent grows no older, apparently, but the child ceases to be young, and at that point there has to be an adjustment of ideas which is not agreeable. But what are you to call the child who will not assert his individuality because it would be unpleasant to do so? Indeed, I don't know any other word than selfish. It seems to me that so many, many wrong things are done under the name of self-sacrifice."

John did not speak. The branches of a tree creaked shrilly; some oak leaves, stiff with a glaze of sleet, rustled, and bits of ice fell sharp upon the frozen snow.

"Oh, if I can only keep Ted from such twisted morality!" she ended.

John said something between his teeth. "I wish you would be so good as to drop Ted; you mean all this for me, of course. But you are cold. I ought not to have kept you standing here. Let us go back."

They turned, and began to walk silently towards Red Lane. Katherine could not talk; she had spoken out of a full, hot heart, but she knew very well what the reaction would be. She saw herself beaten with self-reproach and helpless regret. They had almost reached Red Lane, when John said gently: —

"I want you to believe that I value your sincerity. It has hurt you to say all this."

"Not at all," Katherine answered, holding her head high; "the truth is never hard. I — I have felt that we were friends, and" —

"And it is only right that I should know what you think of me?"

"Yes," said Katherine.

Margaret Deland.

THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.

When Secretary Seward purchased Alaska from Russia in 1867, it was thought that one of the standing problems of the Department of State had been solved. But judging from recent events, we have not only retained our own difficulties, but have also fallen heir to the antiquated claims of Russia.

It appears that by acquiring Russian territory we have become obligated to

support Russian international law as proclaimed in the early part of the century, instead of adhering to the principles asserted by our more enlightened statesmen, and now universally adopted by civilized powers. The theory of our revenue service appears to be that all Russian "claims" to the sea run with the land, and obligate the United States, as the present owner of the land, to reverse its liberal policy and support their validity, regardless of consistency or justice. It is indeed strange to find Great Britain, that puissant power which once by naval supremacy enforced its claim to ownership of all waters which washed the shores of the British Isles, contending for the freedom of the seas, and the United States pursuing a policy of restriction. The history of the freedom of the seas is the record of their rescue from the grasp of that nation.

The United States acquired Alaska "and the waters adjacent thereto" by the Russo-American Treaty of 1867. The value of the acquisition was soon recognized, and Congress took immediate steps for the protection of the extensive fur seal fisheries.

In 1870, the government leased to the Alaska Commercial Company, a corporation created in California, the exclusive right for twenty years to take fur seals on the islands of St. Paul and St. George and in the adjacent waters. For this privilege the leasee agreed to pay to the United States annually the sum of fifty-five thousand dollars, two dollars sixty-two and one half cents for each seal skin taken, fifty-five cents for each gallon of seal oil sold, and in addition to supply the natives with certain quantities of fuel and provisions. Under this lease the company has enjoyed a virtual monopoly and control of the trade, and the enterprise has proven very profitable to both leasor and leasee.

Various statutes and Treasury regulations relating to "Alaska and the waters thereof" have been and are now in force. They do not attempt to define the limits of the waters over which exclusive sovereignty is claimed, although the laws of the United States, as far as applicable, have been "extended to and over all the mainland, islands, and waters of the territory ceded to the United States by the Emperor of Russia." On the last day of President Cleveland's term, he signed an act providing that, "No person shall kill any otter, mink, marten, or fur seal, or other fur-bearing animal within the limits of Alaska, or in the waters thereof," except under certain restrictions and on certain conditions.

The government of the United States is not definitely committed to any interpretation of the phrase "adjacent to the waters of Alaska." It is true that the revenue officers, evidently acting under instructions from the Treasury Department, assume that the limits named in the treaty of 1867 with Russia bound the waters over which the United States is entitled to exercise exclusive jurisdiction. The question, however, is not one to be determined by Treasury regulations, but by the general principles and rules of international law. It appears from the published correspondence that the Department of State has confined its action to acknowledging the receipt of the urgent protests of the British representatives, and apologizing for not, at the time, entering into the merits of the question. In fact, its course in the past has been wavering and undignified. The vessels seized by the revenue officers are ordered released, and within a few days the order is revoked. The only attempt made to justify the seizures is the necessity of protecting the seal fisheries from destruction by irresponsible parties. They have been neither formally approved nor disapproved. The ultimate course to be adopted is still open for selection, and it is to be hoped that the government will not be led to approve unlawful proceedings by a pre-

tended necessity for maintaining the national dignity.

That United States vessels have been wrongfully seized and annoyed on the northeastern coast is no excuse for the adoption of an equally unjustifiable course by the United States on the northwestern coast.

To what extent from the coast can the United States claim jurisdiction? During the past year, Canadian fishing-vessels have been captured at a distance of from sixty to one hundred miles from the shore. Can these acts be justified? I think not. The United States has no special or exceptional privileges or powers in the waters of Behring Sea not, in the absence of treaty, enjoyed on other coasts. We are apparently claiming extraordinary jurisdictional power in these waters for the reason that it agrees with our present interests, that we purchased the "claims" from Russia, and that it is necessary to protect the seals in order to prevent their reckless slaughter and ultimate extinction. It is certainly to the interest of the United States to control these waters if the seal fisheries cannot be otherwise protected. But this is by no means demonstrated. Great Britain and Russia, practically the only nations interested, have expressed a willingness to join with the United States in any reasonable plan having this object in view.

Let us see what rights we purchased from Russia. For many years prior to 1821 we were engaged in a diplomatic wrangle with Russia over the territory to the northwest. At that time there was in Russia, as at present in the United States, a great commercial company, to which special and exclusive privileges had been granted. Through the powerful influence of this company, the Emperor Alexander, in September, 1821, issued an ukase to the effect that: —

"The pursuits of commerce, whaling, and fishing, and of all other industries in all islands, ports, and gulfs, including the whole of the northwestern coast of America, beginning from Behring's Straits to the fifty-first degree of north latitude, also from the Aleutian Islands to the eastern coast of Siberia, as well as along the Kurile Islands from Behring's Straits to the south cape of the island of Urup, namely, to 45° 50′ north latitude, are exclusively granted to Russian subjects. It is therefore prohibited to all foreign vessels, not only to land on the coasts and islands belonging to Russia, as above stated, but also to approach within less than one hundred Italian miles. The transgressor's vessel is subject to confiscation along with the whole cargo."

The original intention was to claim the Behring Sea as a *mare clausum*, but this was abandoned, and the limit of one hundred Italian miles was adopted from the thirty leagues in the Treaty of Utrecht.

When the ukase was communicated to John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, he blandly inquired whether the Russian minister was authorized to give explanation of the grounds of right, upon principles generally recognized by the laws and usage of nations, which could warrant this claim and regulation.

Mr. Politico was of the opinion that not only could the regulation be defended, but that it might have been extended over the entire sea. In his reply he said: "I ought, in the last place, to request you to consider, sir, that the Russian possessions in the Pacific Ocean extend, on the northwest coast of America, from Behring Strait to the fifty-first degree of north latitude; and on the opposite side of Asia and the islands adjacent, from the same strait to the forty-fifth degree. The extent of sea of which these possessions form the limits comprehends all the conditions which are ordinarily attached to shut seas (*mers fermes*), and the Russian government might consequently judge

itself authorized to exercise upon this sea the right of sovereignty, and especially that of interdicting the entrance of foreigners. But it preferred only asserting its essential rights, without taking any advantage of localities."

To this Mr. Adams replied on March 30, 1822: "With regard to the suggestion that the Russian government might have justified the exercise of sovereignty over the Pacific Ocean as a close sea, because it claims territory both on its American and Asiatic shores, it may suffice to say that the distance from shore to shore on this sea, in latitude 51° north, is not less than 90° of longitude, or 4000 miles."

"A volume on the subject," said a contemporary writer, "could not have placed the absurdity of the claim in a more glaring light."

Russia was aware that she had taken a position which could not be maintained, and was anxious to recede with as much credit as was possible through negotiations. Her leading publicist, Professor F. Von Martens, has cited the incident as an instance of "greatly exaggerated claims." A voluminous correspondence ensued, during the course of which the negotiations were removed to St. Petersburg, and passed into the hands of Nesselrode and our minister, Henry Middleton. A treaty was signed on April 17, 1824, whereby it was agreed "that in any part of the great ocean, commonly called the Pacific Ocean or South Sea, the respective citizens or subjects of the high contracting powers should be neither disturbed nor restrained either in navigation or in fishing, or in the power of resorting to the coasts upon points which may not already be occupied for the purpose of trading with the natives." Then follow certain regulations, with which we are not here concerned.

The claim of Russia attracted much attention at the time. Madison wrote to President Monroe: "The connection with Russia is a propitious event, as substituting amicable adjustment for the risk of hostile collision. But I give the Emperor little credit, however, for his assent to the principle of '*mare liberum*' in the North Pacific. His pretensions were so absurd and so disgusting to the maritime world that he could not do better than retreat from them through the form of negotiation. It is well that the cautious, if not courteous, policy of England towards Russia has had the effect of making us, in the public eye, the leading power in arresting her expansive ambition."

Great Britain was even more deeply interested in contesting such a claim than the United States. The leading English papers united in a bitter attack on the ministry, severely censuring it for leaving the defense of so vital a principle to the United States. "Luckily for the world," said the London Times, "the United States of America have not submitted with equal patience to the decrees of the autocrat." The ministry was pressed with questions, until, in 1823, Canning, in reply to a question of Sir James Mackintosh, said that a protest on the part of England had been made on the first announcement of the principle, which had been renewed and discussed at the Congress of Verona, and again pressed in negotiations then pending at St. Petersburg.

A strong impression was made on the minds of the general public as well as on that of the statesmen and jurists, and the newspapers of the day were filled with paragraphs and squibs.[1]

[1] The following from the Baltimore Chronicle is a fair sample:—

"Old Neptune, one morning, was seen on the rocks,
Shedding tears by the pailful and tearing his locks;
He cried, A *Land Lubber* has stole, on this day,
Full four thousand miles of my ocean away;
He swallows the earth (he exclaims with emotion),
And then, to quench appetite, *slap* goes the ocean.

By this treaty Russia abandoned the claim to a marine belt of one hundred miles, and recognized the freedom of the Pacific. Recent writers have lost sight of this fact, but the standard international jurists have always considered that the United States pressed the point for which they were contending to an issue, and that Russia abandoned her claims to exclusive jurisdiction except over the occupied shores.[1] By the fourth article of the treaty, which was terminate at the end of ten years, reciprocal rights were given to frequent the interior seas, gulfs, harbors, and creeks upon the coasts. The United States never admitted that Behring Sea was an "interior sea." Nor did Russia assert it except, as we have seen, in the letter of Mr. Politico to Mr. Adams.

Upon the termination of the ten years Russia declined to renew the fourth article, and it then appeared that the negotiators had different ideas as to its meaning and effect. This article was suggested and insisted upon by the American negotiator, on the theory that it was a distinct gain. The first article is a declaration of our existing rights, under the law of nations, to exercise general and permanent rights of navigation and fishery in the ocean, and of trading with the natives upon the unoccupied coast. The article was not a grant by Russia, but an admission or recognition. Mr. Middleton understood that for a period of ten years the citizens of both nations should also enjoy the right to frequent the occupied shore of either nation, a privilege to which they were not entitled independent of treaty.

It was a mutual grant, temporary in its duration, extending to the specific and particular privileges, which the traders of neither nation would enjoy as general rights.

But Russia now interpreted it as a limitation upon the general power recognized in the first article; and as the section was not renewed, vessels of the United States were henceforth excluded from the ports and harbors of Russian America. Adams wrote in his diary: "I find proof enough to put down the Russian government, but how would we answer the Russian cannon?"

This necessarily incomplete sketch will, I think, make clear what we acquired from Russia in the way of "claims."

We acquired nothing but what Martens cites as "a greatly exaggerated claim" (or, as rendered by Madison, "an absurd claim") to a marine belt of one hundred Italian miles, and an incidental claim that Behring Sea might be considered a mare clausum. On the latter point the United States can only pretend to have succeeded to the status created by the dictum of the Russian minister, to the effect that Russia had considered whether she might not make the claim, and had decided not to do so. Russia's illegal claims added to our legal rights do not strengthen the latter.

Clearly we have no extraordinary jurisdictional rights in Behring Sea inherited from Russia which Great Britain is estopped by acquiescence from denying.

The United States cannot afford to advocate or support the violation of a well-established rule of international law for the sake of a temporary selfish advantage. In the hundred years of her national life she has held an unique and enviable position. The history of international law records not the least im-

Brother Jove must look out for his skies, let me tell ye,
Or the Russian will bury them all in his belly."

[1] See Wharton's International Law Digest, vol. i. p. 111, § 32; Calvo, Droit Int., 3d ed., vol. iii. p. 323; Fiore Droit Int., 2d ed., by Antoine, § 726.

portant of her triumphs. She has planted her standard far in advance, and waited impatiently until the growth of the sentiments of justice and humanity brought other nations into line with her. From the earliest period of her history, when, under the firm guidance of Washington and Hamilton, her course as a neutral won the high encomium of Canning, to the present time, she has been the champion of the sanctity of the established rules of the law of nations. Not forgetful of her duties as a member of the family of nations, she has at all times insisted that "the state which disclaims the authority of international law places herself outside the circle of civilized nations."

This advanced position has been recognized by the leading international jurists. Speaking of the doctrine of neutrality, Hall says: "The United States has the merit of fixing it firmly; . . . it represented by far the most advanced existing opinions as to what these obligations were; and in some points it even went further than authoritative international custom has, up to the present time, advanced. In the main, however, it is identical with the standards of conduct now adopted by the community of nations."

Sir Robert Phillimore, another very eminent English jurist, says: "The United States of America began their course as an independent country under wise and great auspices; and it was the firm determination of those who guided their nascent energies to fulfill the obligations of international law as recognized and established in the Christian commonwealth, of which they had become a member."

This earnest advocacy of the binding force of the rules of international law is, I think, due in a great measure to the theory adopted as to the foundation of its authority. There are two general theories: that of Great Britain and the most of the European nations, which refuse to admit themselves bound by any principle of international law unless they have expressly assented to it and agreed to be bound by it. The nations holding this doctrine recognize themselves as bound by positive international law only. Great Britain appears, through the decision in the Franconia case and the subsequent Territorial Waters Act, to be committed to this doctrine. On the other hand, the United States, followed by Italy and some of the South American republics, understands by international law what was expressed by the old phrase *jus gentium;* that is, a law common to and morally binding upon all nations. This view, with all its attendant consequences, was deliberately adopted by the United States, when, of its own accord, it became a member of the family of nations. It is briefly expressed as follows: "Every nation, on being received, at her own request, into the circle of civilized governments, must understand that she not only attains rights of sovereignty and the dignity of the national character, but that she binds herself also to the strict and faithful performance of all those principles, laws, and usages which have obtained currency among civilized states, and which have for their object the mitigation of the miseries of war. International law is founded upon reason and justice, the opinions of the writers of known wisdom, and the practice of the civilized nations." The latest English writer on international law, Sir Henry Sumner Maine, recognizes and does full justice to the position of the United States. He says: "The principle upon which the American doctrine of international law reposes is, I think, tolerably plain. The statesmen and jurists of the United States do not regard international law as having become binding on their country through the intervention of any legislature; they do not believe it to be of the nature of immemorial usage, 'of which the mem-

ory of man runneth not to the contrary.' They look upon its rules as a main part of the conditions on which a state is originally received into the family of civilized nations."

If this is true, the established rules of international law are as binding upon nations as are the Ten Commandments upon individuals.

I have at some length developed this idea in order to strengthen my assertions that the United States cannot afford to become a law-breaker or a dishonest litigant. No more can it afford to become the champion of an exploded claim to sovereignty over the deep sea.

If there is one principle of the law of nations better settled than all others, it is that the jurisdiction and sovereignty of a nation extends to the distance of one league, or three marine miles, from the shore. "The greatest distance," says Jefferson, "to which any respectable assent among nations has at any time been given has been the extent of the human sight, estimated at upwards of twenty miles; and the smallest distance, I believe, claimed by any nation whatever is the utmost range of a cannon-ball, usually stated as one sea-league."

In 1872, Secretary Seward, in a letter to Mr. Tassara, stated the rule in the following language: "A third principle bearing on the subject is also well established, namely, that this exclusive sovereignty of a nation, thus abridging the liberties of the seas, extends no further than the power of the nation to maintain it by force, stationed on the coasts, extends. This principle is tersely expressed in the maxim, 'Terræ dominium finitur ubi finitur armorum vis.'"

Chancellor Kent, who was inclined to admit a more extensive jurisdiction than modern practice has approved, says, "As far as a state can protect itself, so far does its jurisdiction extend."

Lawrence thus states the rule: "The waters adjacent to the coasts of a country are deemed within its jurisdictional limits only because they can be commanded from the shore."

There are, however, a few special cases where a limited authority extends beyond this limit. Halleck says: "The maritime territory of every state extends to the ports, harbors, bays, mouths of rivers, and adjacent parts of the sea inclosed by headlands belonging to the same state. Within these limits its rights of property and territorial jurisdiction are absolute, and exclude those of every other state. The general usage of nations superadds to this extent of territory an exclusive territorial jurisdiction over the seas for one marine league. . . . And even beyond this limit, states may exercise a qualified jurisdiction for fiscal and defensive purposes; that is, for the execution of their revenue laws, and to prevent hovering on their coasts."

Neither of these exceptions covers the case of the seizures of the sealing vessels complained of by Great Britain.

The deep sea beyond this limit is not subject to the sovereignty of any nation, but is free to all. It is incapable of being held as property. There was a time when the maritime nations assumed and exercised the rights of ownership over the waters, but these have been gradually relinquished, until the sovereignty now admitted over portions of the sea is but a decayed and contracted remnant of the authority once exercised. The Roman lawyers called the seas common property by nature, and they were so considered in the earliest times of which history keeps the record. They were free in that they were universally open to depredation. The early Grecian seas were the roving-places of pirates. Navigation was free in waters over which nobody claimed control. But in time the protection of commerce required the control and possession of the seas, and by the middle of the sixteenth century they were generally parceled out

among the maritime nations. Thus, modern international law commenced with a system of mare clausum. The Portuguese assumed to interdict navigation in the seas of Guinea and the East Indies. The Dutch, as usual, in the language of Canning, "giving too little and asking too much," wished to close the passage around the Cape of Good Hope. The Spanish claimed exclusive jurisdiction over the Pacific Ocean. Great Britain modestly claimed property in all seas which washed her coasts up to the shores of the neighboring states and north to the Arctic Ocean. Queen Elizabeth seized some Hanseatic vessels lying at anchor off Lisbon harbor, because they had sailed through the North Sea without her permission. A ship that did not "strike or veil its bonnet at the commandment of the lieutenant of the king" received a cannon-shot. Philip II. of Spain, when coming to England to wed Queen Mary, was fired upon by an English ship for flying his flag in the narrow seas. Later, the claim was restricted to an exclusive right of fishing and requiring the homage of a salute from all foreign vessels.

The enlightened founders of modern international law gave their adherence to a system of freedom. In 1609, Grotius published his immortal work on the Mare Liberum, devoted to proving the freedom of the seas in general. Charles I. of England was so incensed at this work that he instructed his ambassador to complain to the States-General of the Dutch Provinces of the audacity of the jurist, and to demand that he be punished.

In 1635, the great English lawyer and statesman, Seldon, attempted to answer Grotius. In his Mare Clausum, Seldon attempted to maintain two positions: (1) that the sea might be property; (2) that the seas which washed the shores of Great Britain were her property. But the spirit of the age was opposed to him, and the doctrine of the freedom of the seas was finally established.

Great Britain gradually abandoned her extravagant pretensions, until now little remains but the marine belt and a claim to the "King's Chamber."

"At this day," says Ortolan, "the discussions upon the domain and empire of the seas are relegated to the province of pure history. There is no writer, there is no government, which dares, at our day, to revive these pretensions of another epoch."

Certain large bodies of water entirely within the territory of a country, with a moderate width of entrance, are still admitted to be controlled by the country they indent; but these are well defined, and title to them has been acquired and perfected by long occupation and universal acquiescence. In all such cases, the necessity and reasonableness are admitted. But a mere desire to benefit by the products of the waters creates no such case of necessity or reasonableness.

If the sea is incapable of dominion, it matters not that Russia was the first civilized power to hold the shores of Behring Sea. Rights incapable of being acquired cannot be transferred. If Behring Sea had been, what it was not, a gulf entirely inclosed by Russian territory, with an entrance which could have been defended from the shores, its status as a closed sea could possibly have been transferred to the United States, although its shores, after such transfer, would be held by different nations. But, on the north, Behring Sea is connected with the Arctic Ocean by Behring Strait, which is thirty-six miles wide, and through which commerce has been carried on by the United States for half a century. On the south, there are innumerable passes through the Aleutian Islands almost equal in width to Behring Strait. Between these Islands and the Commander group, on the shores of Asia, there is a gap of water where half the navies of the world might ride abreast,

and be out of sight of land and of each other.

That the seal fisheries are in danger of destruction by pirates and marauders, reckless of the future, is no justification for the revival of the claim of mare clausum. That it is the duty of the government to do all in its power to prevent the indiscriminate destruction of the fur seals is admitted; but this should be done by international arrangement, as proposed by Mr. Bayard. The proposition seems to have met with the general approval of the nations most interested, and it is to be hoped that it will be persisted in until Behring Sea is patrolled by a police of the nations.

In order to justify the seizure of the Black Diamond, the United States government must advocate rules of international law inconsistent with those urged in connection with the northeastern fishery dispute, and opposed to the position assumed by it in every case which has arisen in the last hundred years. On the east shore it is justly and honestly urging a liberal and enlightened policy in consonance with the spirit of the age. It cannot afford to support an illiberal policy of restriction on the northwest shore.

Our difficulties with Canada should be treated as a whole, and in a liberal and enlightened spirit. The commercial and personal relations between the two countries are too intimate, their present and future interests are too closely entwined, to admit of a narrow and intolerant policy. Questions of commercial policy and interest should not be permitted to blind a people to those principles of universal right and justice which are acquiesced in by all civilized nations, simply because they are right. Commercial relations, tariffs, and reciprocity treaties are for statesmen, to be disposed of as the present interests of the whole country dictate. Questions of international law should be for jurists and courts, and selfish interests should not enter into their decision. The failure to appreciate this distinction is one of the causes of these dangerous contentions growing out of the conflicting views of fishery rights. If the questions of law were once solved, negotiations could proceed with some prospect of a reasonably satisfactory issue. But so long as the negotiators start with directly contrary views of the law of the case, there is no chance of an issue which one party will not consider an absolute surrender. It would be an easy matter for the United States and Great Britain to agree upon a case in which the issues of law involved in the northeastern and northwestern fishery disputes could be stated. It is reasonable to suppose that the nations which could submit to arbitration such burning questions as the Alabama claims and the fishery trouble in 1871 could agree to submit these purely legal questions to an international tribunal, composed of three or five of the great judges of the world; for instance, the Chief Justice of the United States, the Lord Chief Justice of England, and a third, equally eminent and learned. The decision of such a tribunal, pronounced after a full hearing, would be received with respect and acquiescence. With these questions settled, there would be something tangible, some point of departure for negotiation. It is not to the credit of the two great English-speaking nations of the world that these irritating disputes have extended over almost the entire history of the United States. Many questions of greater and less importance have been disposed of, but these fishery disputes still remain as fruitful sources of irritation and bitterness.

Charles B. Elliott.

AN OUTLINE OF THE JAPANESE CONSTITUTION.

About a hundred years after the framing of the American Constitution, an ancient Asiatic nation, one that had little in common with Western peoples, and was undisturbed by the rapid strides which Western civilization had made in the sphere of constitutionalism, suddenly awoke from her political lethargy, and promulgated a constitution admirably careful in form and unique in its distribution of governmental powers. That nation is the Empire of Japan.

It seems strange that Japan, a country that can trace her line of emperors to a period beyond the Christian era, should rise to the occasion as she did in February, 1889; but if we follow closely the history of Japan during the last thirty-seven years, we note the insight of Japanese intellect striving to work out her political problem. Japan, after opening her ports to foreigners, had been for some time endeavoring to give her people their share in the management of national affairs and to establish a constitutional form of government; so she took careful note of the examples which Europe and America afforded her, of the merits and demerits of other systems of government, and finally brought about a most excellent result in the solution of constitutional questions. No force of arms, no political or national catastrophe, was brought to bear upon either monarch or subject; for the common sense of both discerned that a change was necessary.

The Japanese Constitution is divided into seven chapters, comprehending seventy-six articles.

Chapter I. relates to the Emperor; Chapter II. to the Rights and Duties of the Subjects; Chapter III. to the Imperial Parliament; Chapter IV. to the Minister of State and Privy Council; Chapter V. to the Judicature; Chapter VI. to the Finance; Chapter VII. to the Supplementary Rules.

The general principles of the Constitution are very similar to the unwritten laws of the English Constitution; but on many points Germany, Austria, America, France, and other countries have been referred to. To a European or American reader, some points may seem quite an innovation to the constitutional jurisprudence, but they are certainly the result of a careful study of the constitutions of other countries, and might be considered, to a certain extent, an improvement on the theory of constitutionalism.

The primary idea embodied in the Constitution is that the document should contain and enumerate only the fundamental principles of constitutional government, and disregard all minor details. For instance, the three great divisions, Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, are marked out, in order that the governing as well as the governed may understand the relation of the three powers; but the various points under these heads are not touched upon. No attention is paid to the details of government machinery that must change with the progress of national affairs, and in this way a very considerable improvement on the form of constitution is effected. A diligent study of political and constitutional philosophy has convinced the Japanese jurist that the rigid Constitution of America, and not the flexible Constitution of England, will be the most suitable form in Japan, for Japan has her governmental principles, fundamental and essential; and since these will hold good for all ages, it is well that they should remain by themselves, separate and immovable. Were Japan to frame her Constitution with a mixture of principles and details like that of Great Britain, it would be

impossible for her to retain a rigid Constitution.

Chapter I. relates to the imperial sovereignty. The present Emperor of Japan is the direct descendant of the first Emperor Gimmou, who, after having conquered all the tribes, became the sole ruler of the nation in the year 660 B. C. During a period of more than twenty-five centuries, one unbroken line of emperors has succeeded to the imperial power, a unique exception in the history of monarchies. This fact was strongly emphasized in Article 1 by stating that "the Empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of emperors unbroken for ages eternal."

Under this chapter the royal prerogatives are summarized as concisely as possible in a few articles, yet conceding all the ancient rights and powers of the Emperor which had been so long in the hands of the Japanese sovereign. In regard to the royal prerogative, European countries have enumerated in their constitutions all the rights and powers of the sovereign so fully that they have greatly handicapped the royal will; but the Emperor of Japan, so long as he does not interfere with the Constitution, can exercise his ancient right to the full. According to the Constitution, the three powers of state, the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, are invested in the person of the Emperor, who is the life and centre of the whole political mechanism. Japan, by the method she pursues in connection with her sovereign, gets rid of the idea once prevalent in the eighteenth century, that legislative, executive, and judicial powers should be independent of one another.

Chapter II. deals with the rights and duties of the Japanese subject in conformity with European systems.

When feudalism held sway in Japan, the people were divided into four distinct classes: the military, the farming, the artisan, and the merchant. Civil and political rights were enjoyed only by the military, but at the imperial restoration, in 1868, class distinction in politics was abolished; and by the new Constitution civil preference has likewise been put aside. Each Japanese subject, therefore, in his political and civil rights, is now on an equal footing with his neighbor. Moreover, he has acquired the freedom of speech and writing together with that of publication, and the privilege of holding and attending public meetings and forming associations; liberty to choose a place of residence; and, finally, he is granted the freedom of religious belief and worship. Nor can a Japanese be arrested, detained, tried, or punished except according to law; nor can a dwelling be entered or searched without a magistrate's warrant. The right of property and the privacy of correspondence are considered inviolable except by a provision of law. Each subject has an equal eligibility for civil or military appointments, and for any other public offices; and no preference is given to family or order. The right of petition, which in an early period of their constitutionalism was so much sought after by the Anglo-Saxons, and won at last after fierce opposition, was granted to the Japanese subjects as a free gift of the Emperor.

Freedom of religious belief, which during the early period of Japanese feudalism did not exist, is one of the best fruits of modern civilization. However graciously these freedoms be granted to his subjects, it is the will of the Emperor that these freedoms should not be carried to such an extent as is insisted upon by modern socialists, but should be exercised within due restrictions of law; therefore, the Constitution has carefully provided that these shall be bounded by the law.

In Chapter III. the organization of Parliament is divided into, first, the House of Peers, and, second, the House of Representatives. The organization of the two Houses is not mentioned in the

Constitution, but is left to ordinary laws, in order to meet the requirements of time, and to be modified accordingly. Qualification and the electorate, too, must vary with social and political progress; but the Constitution itself ought not to be changed as easily as ordinary laws.

The parliamentary organization greatly resembles that of England, but its power is more limited. If we compare the Japanese Parliament with that of England and the Congress of the United States, we see a greater resemblance to the American Congress than to the English Parliament; for the latter has almost the sole right of sovereignty and can well-nigh act as it pleases, and even change the Constitution itself; while the former must obey the provisions of the Constitution, and can do nothing outside of the power already sanctioned thereby. Furthermore, there is a striking difference between the Japanese and the American; for in the United States the Constitution proceeds from the people, whereas in Japan from the Emperor. Therefore the Japanese Parliament may be styled a non-sovereign, legistro-financial assembly; for it is convened by the Emperor to deliberate upon questions of law and the national budget. If we compare the constitutions of three countries, namely, England, the United States, and Japan, we have a marked dissimilarity: in England the sovereign power rests with the Parliament; in the United States with the people; and in Japan with the Emperor. Here we have an excellent specimen of three constitutional forms of government. The first we may call a constitutional parliamentary government, the second a constitutional democracy, and the third a constitutional monarchy.

The Japanese Parliament has many powers, which are enumerated in the Constitution, but if we take the more important ones they are four in number. The first is to deliberate upon and discuss points of law brought either by government or by its own members; the second, to examine and vote upon the national budget; the third, to receive petitions from the people, and to question the government upon any matter relating thereto; and the fourth, to present an address to the Emperor upon grave questions of national affairs, or to report to him upon the condition of ministerial confidence.

With regard to the impeachment of a minister, the Japanese Constitution says nothing; and it is better that this should be so. In England there has been no impeachment since 1805. The Japanese Constitution has substituted the power of address for that of impeachment. If a minister should in any way abuse the confidence reposed in him, an address from either or both of the Houses of Parliament is presented to the Emperor; and if he considers the charges brought against that official are proved, then the minister is dismissed from office.

Chapter IV. relates to the ministers of state and privy councilors. There is, possibly, no question of constitutional law further from solution than that dealing with the responsibility of ministers, — to what extent their responsibility reaches, and to whom the ministers are really responsible.

In almost every country governed by a constitution, it is acknowledged by custom or usage that the ministers are responsible to the Parliament for the management of national affairs, and by this means the Parliament has already gained the whole power of sovereignty, or is endeavoring to gain it at the expense of ministerial stability. The German people were rather surprised to hear Prince Bismarck say in one of his speeches, "I am responsible neither to the people nor to the Parliament, but to the Emperor alone." In this respect the Japanese Constitution has taken the same view as the German Chancellor, by stating in Article 55 that "the respective

ministers of state give their advice to the Emperor and are responsible for it."

From this article we infer that the Japanese ministers are responsible only to the Emperor — not to the Parliament — for the management of national affairs ; and ministerial responsibility arises simply from the advice they have given to their sovereign as councilors. But when we examine their position towards the Parliament from a practical point of view, we find the minister with a twofold responsibility, — one direct, to the Emperor, and the other indirect, to the Parliament. Notwithstanding the fact that the ministers of state are appointed by the sovereign personally, and their official position is entirely dependent upon the royal pleasure, Parliament, as has already been stated in connection with impeachment by means of an address, controls the conduct of ministers in regard to national politics. This indirect responsibility comes from the position of the ministers towards the Parliament in relation to questions of law and the national budget.

The Privy Council is the supreme deliberative body attached to the sovereign, whom it advises whenever it is consulted upon important questions of national policy. Its function is, first, to decide disputes arising from the interpretation of the Constitution or the quasi-constitutional laws, such as the law of the Houses, the election law, the law of finance, and the like, or disputes in regard to the budget or other financial measures; and, secondly, to deliberate upon amendments to the Constitution, or amendments to the quasi-constitutional laws. Thus the Constitution creates the two media in the system of government through which the national affairs are managed: the one, the ministers of state, which guides the national policy and transacts all the administrations of government; and the other, the Privy Council, which advises the sovereign whenever he consults with that body.

We now come to Chapter V. According to the system which prevailed in Japan during the time of feudalism, the department of justice was under the control of the state, and judges were dependent upon the minister of justice. But as the influence of the military class under the feudal system increased, all the political powers passed into their hands, and consequently judicial power was under the guidance of the chief of police, and so continued till the time of the imperial restoration, in 1868. Immediately after, however, the judicial authority was centred in the Emperor. Thus the Japanese fully recognized the legal maxim that the sovereign is the fountain of justice, and that all judgments should be pronounced in his name; and this recognition is clearly stated in Article 57 of the Constitution, which says that "the judicature shall be exercised by the courts of law, according to law, in the name of the Emperor."

The judicial organization of Japan is much the same as that of the Western nations, for the court is divided into the following classes, namely: first, the district court; second, the original court; third, the appellate court; and fourth, the court of cassation. The judges are appointed by the Emperor; but he can select only those who possess the proper qualifications according to the provisions of law. In order that a trial may be conducted with justice and impartiality, the judges are appointed for life, independent of dismissal either by the Emperor or by the Parliament, and they can be discharged from their office only by a sentence passed by the criminal court, or upon the disciplinary trial, whose rules and proceedings are to be decided by law.

Chapter VI. deals with finance. The Constitution attaches a great importance to financial affairs, for it has made many improvements on European sys-

tems which have been the result of the keen observation of the most practical financiers. For instance, the national budget is first presented to the House of Representatives in a form similar to that of most constitutional countries in Europe; but the House of Peers has the same right to examine it and vote upon it as the Lower House; and by these means, while giving the Upper House more power than a mere adoption or rejection of the budget *in banc*, it restricts the absolute power of the House of Representatives over the annual budget. In this respect the Japanese Constitution more resembles that of the United States than that of Great Britain. A careful investigation of the English parliamentary control over the national budget has shown that there was a time when that Constitution allowed the same right to the House of Lords as the House of Commons; but in the course of years the latter gradually gained a full sway over the question of national finance. Yet since the peers pay as heavy taxes to the treasury as the commons, they should not be deprived of the right to vote on this question. This is one of those anomalies of the English Constitution which can be explained only by its peculiar history and tradition. Therefore it is unnecessary to follow the example of Great Britain in a new country like Japan, as she has her peculiar history and a different condition of national finance.

Another instance of divergence is that of the expenditure, which, according to the Constitution, is divided into two classes, the immovable and the movable. In regard to the immovable, Article 76 states that "those already fixed expenditures, based by the Constitution upon the powers appertaining to the Emperor, and such expenditures as may have arisen by the effect of law, or that appertain to the legal obligations of the government, shall be neither rejected nor reduced by the imperial Parliament without the concurrence of the government." Under this head are included the civil list, ordinary expenses required by the organization of different branches of the administration and by that of the army and navy, the salaries of all civil and military officers, and outlays that may be required in consequence of treaties concluded with foreign countries; the expenses of the Houses of Parliament, annual and other miscellaneous allowances to the members, government pensions and annuities, the interest on the national debt, redemption of the same, and other outlays of a like nature. These expenditures are fixed by the Constitution, which, being the highest and the fundamental law of the country, cannot be changed by any process of ordinary legislation. Thus all those expenditures which are necessary for the existence and continuance of the national government are secured from reduction or rejection by either House. This provision may be compared with those regulations relating to the English Consolidated Fund; and a similar protective clause has been recently made in several German states, namely, Brunswick, Oldenburg, Hanover, and Saxe-Meiningen.

Count Ito, president of the Privy Council, states in his Commentary that "in regard to new expenditures or to the increase of existing ones, though based upon the sovereign power of the Emperor, the Parliament may have the power freely to deliberate upon them. Even those already fixed and based by the Constitution upon the sovereign power of the Emperor may, with the consent of the government, be rejected, or reduced in amount, or otherwise modified."

The movable expenditures, consisting of all those items exclusive of the immovable expenditures which are either casual or temporary in their nature, are annually brought before the Parliament for discussion and approval.

Our last chapter is devoted to the sup-

plementary rules, and has special reference to the amendment of the Constitution, which can be made only by the Emperor. Here the Japanese Constitution resembles that of Prussia, for in the Prussian Constitution Article 118 states that, "should changes in the present Constitution be rendered necessary by the German Federal Constitution drawn up on the basis of the draft of 26th May, 1849, such alteration will be decreed by the king; and the ordinances to this effect should be laid before the Chamber, at their first meeting."

There is another special point to be mentioned under this chapter. In carrying out the Constitution, the Japanese government has taken into consideration that all laws, regulations, and decrees, by whatever names they may have been previously proclaimed, shall stand as the law of the land and shall have legal force, irrespective of the period before or after the promulgation of the Constitution, without being brought before the Parliament for approval; for if it were to be brought before that assembly for the purpose of being approved, it would produce nothing short of a revolution in both laws and politics. Therefore the Constitution, in regard to the former laws, regulations, and decrees, as it is to be understood, shall be prospective, and not retrospective.

Before we close this article it may not be out of place to state that it is the earnest desire of all Japanese subjects to fulfill the will of the Emperor in carrying the Constitution into effect; and to this end, the government as well as the people are making a great preparation for the opening of the Parliament next year. If we carry the Constitution into effect as smoothly as did the Americans during the last hundred years after the adoption of the Constitution, we shall show to the world that the Japanese, one of the Oriental races, can be governed by the same principles of constitutionalism.

K. Kaneko.

SAPPHO.

As a wan weaver in an attic dim,
Hopeless yet patient, so he may be fed
With scanty store of sorrow-seasoned bread,
Heareth a blithe bird carol over him,

And sees no longer walls and rafters grim,
But rural lanes where little feet are led
Through springing flowers, fields with clover spread,
Clouds, swan-like, that o'er depths of azure swim —

So when upon our earth-dulled ear new breaks
Some fragment, Sappho, of thy skyey song,
A noble wonder in our souls awakes;

The deathless Beautiful draws strangely nigh,
And we look up, and marvel how so long
We were content to drudge for sordid joys that die.

Florence Earle Coates.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

XXX.

Landing at the dock from the ketch which had brought him over from Breuckelen, Steenie for the first time bethought him that cousin Lysbeth might wonder at his sudden disappearance; accordingly he flung the boatman an extra string of seawant, and bade him send back at the first opportunity a word of explanation to Vrouw Wickoff.

Watching the clumsy little boat until it reached midstream, he turned, with a deep sigh, and sauntered listlessly homeward. It was after sundown and he was late for supper, but he took no note of the hour. Time and place had become barren names to him; he wandered as the straggler from a caravan in mid-desert, aimless and hopeless among the drifting sands.

As, in this mood, he dragged with heavy-footed pace across the bridge, he suddenly felt himself clapped upon the shoulder and a hearty voice sounded in his ear.

"Where away now, Mynheer?"

Looking up, he recognized a young Englishman whom he dimly remembered to have met latterly at the governor's house, at church, and at divers routs and frolics among the foremost people in the town. The fact that he could not recall the man's name showed the extent of their acquaintance.

"Fie, now, Mynheer Van Cortlandt! you are surely never going to affect not to know me? We have met more than once. Egad, with so many friends in common, we have very good warrant to consider ourselves old acquaintance: the quicker to bring about such a result, what say you now to going home with me to pot-luck?"

Taken aback at this unexpected offer of hospitality, Steenie began to stammer some pretext for declining, but the watchful stranger gave him no chance.

"See you there, now, what labor you have to find an excuse, the surest of all signs that you have none at all. One may see by your air, moreover, you have no errand on hand."

In his state of limp irresolution, the junker needed nothing so much at the moment as somebody to think and act for him. The stranger may have seen this, for, taking his arm with the license of an intimate, he marched him away, saying laughingly, —

"Come, Mynheer, you may invent as many excuses for declining as pleases you, on the way, so long as you end by accepting. Never fear, too, but I will make your peace at home; for know you I have grown into great favor with your worshipful father while you were away voyaging."

Expressing no surprise or curiosity, Steenie suffered himself to be led away like a docile child, without so much as demanding the name of the new friend who had taken so masterful a control of him.

As it turned out, they had not far to go, for the stranger lived not a stone's-throw away, in a fair brick house in Liberty Street. Entering, Steenie had a confused sense of unusual luxury in the furnishing, and his notice was especially drawn to the floor by the odd sensation of walking upon a carpet, the first he had ever in his life beheld. A rustling and pattering of small feet was heard presently in the hall, and in bounded a pretty child of ten years, who leaped into her father's arms, while a quiet, gentle-looking woman, dressed with much richness, stood smiling a welcome in the background.

The lady was introduced as Mrs. Kidd, whereupon Steenie directly recognized in

his friend one Captain William Kidd, who had lately been sent over by the government on some special service requiring boldness and skill. Thereupon he regarded his host with more attention and momently growing interest. His charm lay not so much in his handsome person, elegant dress, or engaging manners, — it is doubtful if, in his preoccupation, Steenie noted these historical traits, — but in something back of these: a characteristic of temperament, shown in the abounding vitality, the high-hearted hope and reckless gayety, which caught and fixed the visitor's desponding gaze and drew him like a loadstone.

Feeling himself, as he afterwards described his state to the dominie, like a disused harp flung unstrung upon the wayside, he welcomed this strange minstrel, who, rescuing him from the rubbish, had attuned him to a new and stirring measure. The minstrel indeed seemed able to sound what chord he would, and the harp lapsed back into its tuneless state when his inspiring hand quitted the strings. This was apparent when, after convivial sessions with his new friend, the guest took his homeward way at the heels of a lantern-swinging slave, and straightway fell again a victim to his old enemy, lurking for him in midnight ambush.

Captain Kidd, however, showed no disposition of leaving his new friend a prey to megrims. He sought him out at his home, dragged him forth to the sunlight and bustle of every-day life, made him by degrees a familiar guest at the luxurious little fireside in Liberty Street, and led him, as historical gossips whisper, into an occasional carousal, which, whatever it may be accounted now, was held no very heinous offense at the time.

Let it not be thought from anything foregoing that Kidd was an idler. On the contrary, he was the busiest man in town; so busy, in fact, that his less busy neighbors grew very curious as to his movements. What meant his frequent flying visits to distant points on the seaboard? What meant his constant communication with Hartford and the Massachusetts by couriers who came on blown and jaded horses, demanding entrance at the Landpoort at unheard-of hours of night? What meant the long and whispered confabs with rough and sinister-looking men seen hanging around the dock?

In the sanctity of confidence, the secret of all this was let slip to the wondering Steenie. It came at first in the shape of insinuations, innuendoes, and dark hints of changes in the air, of a thunder-bolt hanging over the unsuspecting province. With growing trust in the junker's discretion, many things were presently made clearer. There need be no fear now of betraying the captain's secret in the matter of a hoary old bit of history. "The lords of trade," he explained in an impressive whisper, "are at last aroused to action. The king himself has taken a hand in the matter. War, a bloody war of extermination, is to be waged against the pirates. The colonists are looked to for aid. That they may act more efficiently they are to be thrown together into one body politic; one governor is to be set over all, — a new man, a strong one, a man chosen for this end (not a whisper of all this, mind you, Van Cortlandt, or I am ruined!), a friend of my own, as it seems!" added the speaker, with a wink. "See, here are his initials, R. C., signed to a memorial to their lordships recommending that the command of the fleet and chief conduct of the enterprise be committed to — whom think you? Why, no other than one Captain William Kidd, as a person well fitted for the post, 'by his great skill as a mariner, his bold and adventurous disposition, his long experience, and, by no means last or least, his ardent and proven zeal in their Majesties' service.' What think you now, eh?

Will there not be a whirlwind rattling the loose bricks from these Dutchmen's chimneys, presently?"

A few days later, the incautious mariner handed over to Steenie a letter from his powerful friend in court, commending the management of some business committed to his hands. Of more interest to the junker than the contents was a glimpse which he caught of an earl's coronet on the seal and the name "Richard Coote" signed at the foot of the page.

Once having made a confidant of Steenie, thereafter the captain's talk was of nothing but of chases, of captures, of hair-breadth escapes, of bold adventures, of bloody combats, of honor, of glory, of endless booty, until the junker went home at night with his head swimming and his heart aflame.

Although no definite agreement had been made, it somehow came to be understood between the two that Steenie was to join the expedition under his new friend in whatsoever capacity was best suited to him.

Meantime, Madam Van Cortlandt had not been blind to the new intimacy formed by her son. There had been much of late in the junker's behavior to fix her attention, perhaps to modify her views. It is not impossible that riper reflection may have shaken her confidence in the lasting efficacy of sea-air as a nepenthe. Here was a surprising tonic found in mere human companionship, for the bracing influence on her son of the stranger's society was only too apparent.

Idle curiosity as to the secret of their sudden intimacy doubtless first moved madam to study the stranger, but Steenie's guarded answers as to the man's character and profession must have whetted the spirit of inquiry, for one day, having a good opportunity, — she chanced to be sitting on the stoop when he came to ask for Steenie, — she made bold to engage Kidd in conversation.

It was with the weather and divers such humdrum topics they began. The captain's intelligent talk and well-bred air plainly scored a point in his favor.

"My son seems to find much content in your company, captain," said the lady presently, coming to closer quarters.

"No more, I dare swear, than I do in his, madam."

"He is not used to take up so readily with new acquaintances," continued madam, studying the details of the stranger's fine person with observant eye, "nor carry the matter in so short time to such a pitch."

"Indeed!" said the imperturbable captain; "then must I esteem it a higher compliment that he has honored me out of the common."

Madam controlled a movement of uneasiness as one checks a sneeze, and cast a quick look at the speaker's face, as though she had detected a subtle edge of mockery in his last speech.

"I fear me he may obstruct your affairs by his frequent comings and long tarryings."

"Never a bit; I go about my business as if he were not there, and give him only such attention as my leisure warrants."

Madam's cough had a baffled expression, but she held none the less to her purpose.

"Your sojourn in New York is for some time yet?"

"It is in doubt."

"Surely it is not out of curiosity or pleasure-seeking you choose such an out-of-the-way corner of the world?"

"You divine excellently well."

The answer was accompanied by a low bow, and a smile lurked about the corners of the speaker's clean-cut mouth, at which a person less perfectly poised than the hearer might have been disturbed. It is due to the lady, however, to say that no sign of discomfiture troubled her composed face. With one definite point to make in the interview,

she suddenly by a vigorous, straightforward thrust achieved it.

"'T is our wish," she said, with what now seems like a touch of intuition, "to get our son settled to some useful course of life fitted to his station and to the newness of affairs in this province. We are concerned," she continued, fixing a steady and quite significant look upon her caller, "that he should not be led astray by projects unsuited to one of his training and sober prospects."

"Such views are most natural, I am sure," returned the stranger, with demure unconcern, "and it is safe to predict that your son will do you honor in whatsoever course of life he may enter upon."

Further talk was put an end to by Steenie's appearance. From her bench on the stoop madam followed the two with an inscrutable look, as they went sauntering down the street.

But the gallant captain and his designs were not destined to serve much longer as mysteries. One fine morning, all his pretty secrets took wing and flew out of the window like a flock of birds. And a prodigious flutter they caused. The whole province was thrown into a ferment, from the red-faced governor down in the fort, digesting in indignation the official announcement of his removal, to the widow Leisler and her rejoicing friends in their retirement at Albany, — even to Tryntie, interrupted in her task of plucking geese at the bouwerie by tidings that Rip had enlisted under the great Captain Kidd to go fight the pirates.

It was her husband who carried home the news to Madam Van Cortlandt. He was even more deliberate than usual in unfolding it, and it was only as an incidental and quite trivial detail that he mentioned the circumstance of a commission under the great seal being granted to Captain Kidd to make war upon the pirates. He did not remark madam's startled look at the announcement. He was much too absorbed with the greater news of the change in the administration. Here, indeed, was food for thought; dark whispers had flown across the Atlantic about Lord Bellomont's views on the late revolution, and was it not common talk that Cobus Leisler and Abram Gouveneur were frequent and favored guests at his lordship's house in London?

"He is then held to be a man of weight and character?" asked madam abruptly, after a long silence.

"Yes, and rank and fortune to boot! What of that? Think of the mischief he will make here by" —

"Tut, tut! I speak not of Bellomont."

"Who then?"

"This Kidd."

"He? Surely. The king had a hand in his appointment. Divers other big lords support him besides Bellomont; he is held to be a man of honor, withal, and well fitted for the enterprise."

The worshipful ex-mayor, having dismissed the incident, returned to the main theme; he seemed not at all to note his wife's inattention, as he maundered on in gloomy forebodings as to the effect of this new change of the administration.

Madam, meantime, was busy with forebodings of her own, the result of which duly appeared.

Next morning, at breakfast, her attention was fixed upon Steenie; she cast frequent looks askance at his grave and preoccupied face in a way that made it clear he was the object of her thoughts. It presently came out that she had been making up her mind as to her course of action with regard to him. It was as straightforward and as lacking in finesse as usual.

"So the mystery is cleared up at last," she said suddenly, addressing him.

Steenie looked up inquiringly.

"Your friend the captain's momentous business, which has been kept so close. He is set to catch the pirates, it seems."

The junker flushed rather at the tone than at the words.

"'T is no great office, that of a thief-catcher," continued madam, in a tone of cold depreciation. "One would think a man of honor and spirit loath to undertake it."

"'T is a work of great hardship and danger, which few would dare undertake, and which only a man of great courage and skill could hope to accomplish," answered Steenie, with warmth.

"Poh!" retorted madam, with over-emphasized contempt, "these wretches are like other vermin; one has but to turn upon them. The vulgar skipper of a fishing-ketch is hero enough for this business, give him but money and countenance."

Steenie made no answer; experience had not been wasted upon him. Silence, moreover, was a policy peculiarly trying to his mother; it was her own especial weapon, which she well knew how to use with varied and formidable effect.

Madam, however, having taken her part with advisement, pursued it with energy. She continued upon every occasion to belittle the captain and his undertaking, underrate the potential fruits of his success, magnify its perils, and deny that glory or profit could be a possible outcome of the enterprise.

Her son's continued and ominous silence at last warned the anxious mother that she might be making a mistake, whereupon she abruptly changed her tactics. Early one morning, she went over and laid the whole matter before Dominie Selyns, who had seen Steenie grow up, and had in a way some influence with him.

Long and intimate acquaintance with Madam Van Cortlandt may have led the shrewd old dominie to take her very positive statements with regard to Captain Kidd with a sly pinch of salt; but he knew too that she was afflicted with neither sentiment nor imagination, that she was shrewd and observing, and when she said that Steenie was in a desperate state of mind on account of some fresh quarrel with "that worthless hussy who for years had made such a fool of him," he recognized the extreme probability of the rest of the story, — that the disappointed swain was preparing to run away to sea with Captain Kidd, and that they were keeping secret the hour of their departure in order to prevent any interference on the part of family or friends.

The dominie comforted his visitor by promising to take the matter in hand at once. And so he did. Fortunately, he met Steenie on the street in the captain's company, and made that fact the excuse for a long talk with the junker, in which, having in vain sought to make him confess his engagement with the bold sailor, he plumply taxed him with it.

Steenie was too truthful to deny the charge, but he obstinately kept silent during the dominie's long homily, and parted from the good man without having bound himself by any promise.

The dominie, however, was too deeply interested to desist from his purpose. Moreover, chance acquainted him with the very fact he most wanted to know. The night following his talk with Steenie, the door of his study was rudely burst open, and a bareheaded little figure, in great excitement, appeared upon the threshold.

"Oh! Oh! Oh, moord! Go ye to him, dominie! Go! go ye! he 'll not heed me — ugh! ugh! he had the door shut in my face! Go, dominie, dear man! Go and stop him!"

"What, is it you, Tryntie, making such an outcry? Shame, shame! Hush! Sit you down and take your breath! So — there! Now what is it ails you?"

"He — ugh! ugh! he will take my Rip off to fight the pirates!"

"Who will do this?"

"Yonder man they — call captain."

"When did he this?"

"They found him at — at Annetje Litschoe's pot-house — ugh! ugh! He was filled with the brandewyn and knew

no better — ugh! — and so bound himself to go."

"Poh! dry your eyes, good woman; when he gets his senses, he may say 't was all a mistake."

"That will he not; he must needs go, he says, being bound; he will hear no reason."

"Where is he now?"

"I locked him in the barn; but he breaks down the door, lets all the cattle to run wild, and follows me till he turns off to Vrouw Litschoe's, where he is safe enough till they want him, never fear! Oh, dominie, go ye to yonder man and bid him leave my Rip behind. 'T is but a drunken sot, as ye know, and no good to fight pirates. Go, good dominie, tell him this! 'T is the last chance, for they 're away this very night at the turn of the tide!"

"What say you, woman, — to-night?" exclaimed the dominie, starting to his feet.

"This very night, I say!"

Without a word the good man opened a clothes-press behind him, and began fumbling among the pegs for his hat and cloak.

"Ye will go?"

"Yes."

"The blessed Lord above go with ye!"

Calling a slave to bring a lantern, the dominie turned upon the threshold for a last word.

"Get you down to Vrouw Litschoe's and hold fast to your man, and I will do what I can with yonder captain."

As good as his word, the dominie lost no time in making his way to the little house in Liberty Street.

Having been shown in, he found the household in a state of confusion which tended to confirm Tryntie's statement.

Kidd, although very busy, received with politeness his visitor, who, on his side, lost not a moment in coming to the point and making a most earnest plea on behalf of both his petitioners. The captain listened with attention, but seemed not much impressed with the urgency of either case.

"How then is his Majesty's work to be done, if everybody is excused upon so slight a pretext?"

"The ties of family, at least, should be respected."

"What think you becomes of the expedition if I give ear to this plea? There is my own dear wife above, crying her eyes out this moment, and my innocent babe asleep in her crib, never dreaming her father is going to run away in the night."

The dominie, although somewhat staggered by this personal argument, renewed his appeal, however, and with such eloquence and persistence that Kidd at last very reluctantly gave his promise to leave both men behind.

"'T is easy enough in the case of Rip, but you will find young Van Cortlandt hard to manage," said the dominie warningly, as he rose to go.

The captain smiled, and said only, —

"You have my promise."

"It is enough."

Coming out together into the hall, the two found poor Mrs. Kidd sobbing at the foot of the stairs.

"Look you here, dominie," said the husband, putting his arm tenderly about the little woman, "turn-about, as you know, is fair play: if aught of ill befalls me on this business, here is one will stand in need of a friend and a comforter."

"And that she shall find in me so long as I live," answered the dominie heartily. "And so good-by to you. Remember to temper justice with mercy in dealing with those rogues, and may God further and bless you *in every good undertaking!*"

The grateful fervor with which this qualified blessing was received came back to the dominie with startling vividness in the light of after-events.

As the person in greatest distress at

the moment, the dominie, on leaving Kidd's door, bethought him first of Tryntie. Accordingly, he went straight to Vrouw Litschoe's, where he found husband and wife seated at a little table in the tap-room. Rip, greatly flattered by his wife's extreme and unexpected agitation at the prospect of losing him, was holding forth grandiloquently between his cups, while the little huysvrouw's reddened eyes were fixed so steadfastly upon her spouse that she failed to see her pastor.

"Zoo! zoo! Never ye cry, my treasure! I may come back, after all — though — hic — they say 't is an awful, aw-hic-ful business, going to fight pirates — they — they 're bloody-minded wretches, that sort! One falling into their clutches may r-roast — hic — alive, or boil in oil, or — or — hic — be cut into bait for fishes. Zoo! zoo! Never cry, I say! Annetje, good vrouw, see ye not my mug is empty? I may come back to ye without arms — who knows? — or w-walking on one leg" —

"Never! I should die to see ye like that!" sobbed the little woman. "Oh, Rip — Rip, I say, ye will not have the heart to go and leave me!"

"His Maj-majesty sends for me — he will none but me — there is — hic — need of my arm to put down these villains!"

"No — no — no, man, I 'll not hear of it. Ye must not go. Would ye leave me to live alone? Stay by me, Rip — stay, my man! I cannot part with ye; 't will break my" —

The impassioned appeal was cut short by a sight of the dominie standing at her elbow. Starting up, she cried with frantic eagerness, —

"Wel zoo?"

"Your wish is granted."

"The captain — he will leave him to me — he will not take my Rip?"

Before he could frame a word in reply, the delighted woman had read the answer in his eyes, and, seizing his hand, she covered it with kisses, pouring forth upon him the while an eloquent but incoherent medley of thanks and blessings. In the midst of it all, as it chanced, up came Vrouw Litschoe with a smoking glass of grog. To the amazement of the good dominie, Tryntie snatched it from the hands of the stout landlady and flung it violently to the floor, crying, —

"Get ye gone with your stuff! Get ye gone, or I 'll give ye a taste of my nails! Hold! do ye hear?" she continued, turning sharply upon her husband.

"Ei!" grunted Rip, stupefied at the sudden change in tone and manner.

"Do ye hear, I say? Ye 'll get no more to drink to-night, and ye 'll go home with me!"

"Zoo?"

"Come!"

"Ei?"

"Heard ye not what the dominie says? Ye are left behind. They 'll not take ye to fight pirates."

"Umph!"

"Get ye home, I say! Will ye wait to be haled forth?"

"M-my treasure" —

"If ye go not upon the minute, so true as I live, I tear the roof down upon your head."

Overawed and bewildered, the new recruit suffered himself to be half led, half propelled, from the house by his energetic helpmeet, who, having once more fervently thanked the dominie for his kindness, started homeward with her lumbering spouse in tow.

Later, the same evening, Steenie, awaiting at home a private message which was to warn him of the sailing of the ship, received in its stead the following note: —

My dear Van Cortlandt, — Never pass judgment on a man's action till you know whereof you judge; nor ever be

quite sure of anything in this world save what comes through your five senses. All of which is but preface to saying that I have gone away and left you in the lurch; and though you may never know the reason why I do this, be sure I am not such a fool as to do it without one.

So now vent all your spleen upon me! Rave! Curse! Exhaust billingsgate! Consign me and the expedition to the devil, if you will! But, when all is over, and your blood is cooled, call up some tender thought of me, and consider that this scurvy trick I am playing you — and much against my will, I swear — may prove the one act in our short and sweet acquaintance which will some day earn for me your eternal gratitude.

Your obedient servant and loving friend, WILLIAM KIDD.

XXXI.

From the sweeping confiscation of her husband's estate Vrouw Leisler succeeded in saving certain valuable chattels, — a part of her own dowry, — and upon the modest income thence derived she was still able to live in comparative comfort.

While on a visit to Albany with her youngest daughter, she was offered by some well-to-do kinsfolk there the use of a small house, rent free, and gratefully caught at the chance of calling together again her scattered family. Accordingly, Mary, now a widow and destitute, was straightway summoned from New York, and Hester from her prolonged visit at New Utrecht.

The two sisters set forth to make the long journey together in a ketch loaded with household stuff for their new home. What with their heavy cargo and contrary winds, however, they made such slow progress that, upon arriving at Esopus, they were fain to quit the vessel and make the last fifty miles on horseback.

Having as their only attendant an old family chattel named Congo, — a part of the above-named dowry, — they accepted with gratitude an offer of escort from an honest citizen of Esopus, going up to Albany to trade with the Indians.

To Mary, whose experience in traveling had thus far been limited to occasional trips to Seawanacky, the journey was full of interest. Much of the way lay through the virgin forest, where the primal charm of spring-time still lurked in the air and ambushed in woody recesses, and everything seemed bursting into riotous life. Knowing well her sister's delight in all this, Vrouw Milborne noted with much perplexity that Hester soon lapsed from her first mood of enthusiasm into long silences and fits of abstraction, in which she was constantly falling behind to escape the talk of her companions. On encamping for the night, moreover, when Mary, awakened in the small hours by some forest sound, started from her bed of fragrant hemlock boughs, she discovered Hester sitting with her back against a big pine, staring absently at the camp-fire. The care-taking instinct aroused in the young matron, she studied Hester more carefully next day; but having once satisfied herself that her sister's health was not in danger, she paid no heed to so sentimental a matter as the state of her spirits.

At the end of the second day, the party arrived at Albany. The sisters gazed with natural curiosity at this notable little town, of which all their lives they had heard so much, recalling with new interest the tales told by their grandfather, of Rensselaerwyck and the Indian wars. It was Rensselaerwyck no more, although the patroon still held feudal sway over the town and miles of fertile country round about.

Their first feeling was one of disappointment in its size, as, upon issuing from the woods, it rose unexpectedly before them. Truly, it was a very bit of

a town. Bound around so trim and snug with its high stockade, it looked at a distance not unlike a clumsy top with its point in the air. Upon a high hill to the westward stood the fort, inclosing the first rude Stadthuys, and commanding a view of the whole surrounding region, while adown the gentle declivity the town itself, consisting of two or three hundred buildings, more or less, sloped to the river's edge.

The suppaen-bell was just ringing as the tired travelers passed through the southern gate nearest the river. Within, the town looked even smaller than without, and more droll, yet had, withal, an attractive air of homeliness. Most of the small story-and-a-half houses, with their scalloped gables, like a modern beauty's crimps, turned towards the highway, fronted upon blooming gardens and grateful patches of green, in which already the tulips were beginning to flaunt their gaudy pennons. There seemed to be but three streets of any size, and at the crossing of the two larger of these, Jonkers and Handelaer, plump, as it were, in the midst of the highway, stood Dominie Dellius's church, a square stone structure, with its peaked roof ending in a bell-tower.

Here taking leave of their companion with many thanks, the sisters inquired the way, and soon found out the little nook where Vrouw Leisler and her youngest daughter were already busy setting up their household gods. They were received with open arms; the good vrouw, indeed, moved by divers natural recollections, fairly wept at seeing her long-scattered family gathered once more about the little supper-table.

Within a day or two the ketch arrived with the furniture, and thereupon nothing was thought of but getting the house to rights. In a Dutch household this involved an endless deal of scouring, scrubbing, and polishing, in which, with the others, Hester lent an active hand. Her attention thus constantly taken up by petty cares, she had no time for wandering thoughts, the rather that at night so much good honest toil demanded its wage of sound sleep.

The bustle was soon over; things were arranged to give, so far as might be, a suggestion of the old home in the Strand, and the little household was ordered upon a scale suitable to its modest resources. The routine once established, the work was an easy matter; it was shared, as a matter of course, between Mary and her mother, — both born housewives, — aided by old Congo, a most accomplished factotum.

Thus, for the early part of the day, Hester was left to her own resources. They proved to be meagre. She passed the time wandering, chance-led, about the town, roaming for miles along the river-side, or pacing her own chamber under the ridge-pole. Her face was tense with calculation, like that of one busied with a momentous problem.

At the long afternoon sessions of sewing, spinning, or mat-weaving, however, she made one of the home circle, where the widowed mother and daughter, in strophe and antistrophe, reviewing every smallest detail of their common tragedy, exalted the virtues of their lost spouses to a pitch which might well have caused the rank and file of the saints' calendar to look to their halos.

This talk, in which she rarely joined save to correct some date or matter of detail, had nevertheless a marked effect upon Hester. She listened with unwearied attention, and always with an air of conviction. At times her face cleared, as if something said had afforded her a present solace, and once or twice she started up and paced the floor with a long-drawn sigh of relief.

The coming to town of so notable a person as Leisler's widow made a stir. The deep aversion in which her husband had been held by the majority of the townsfolk told strongly against his

family, who were received for the most part with cold civility. Dominie Dellius, despite some wrangling with the commander during his life, failed not in the Christian duty of waiting upon his family, which he did in due time, tendering them the hospitality of his church. Vrouw Leisler accepted the courtesy with gratitude, and on the following Lord's Day took Hester with her to the morning service.

The interior of the building reminded them of their own church at home, with its octagon pulpit fetched over from Holland, its stoves perched upon stilts, its narrow, straight-backed pews, and its bell-rope dangling in the middle aisle. Two features combined to give it an air of cheerfulness, wanting to the rather gloomy sanctuary of Dominie Selyns: the bright blue paint which tinted the ceiling and gallery, and the memorial window of the Van Rensselaers, which illuminated the northeast corner.

Seated in a wall-pew, their strange faces were an object of easy scrutiny to most of the congregation. Schooled, however, by severe experience to composure under public notice, they took refuge in rapt attention to the service.

But human nerves and muscles are rebellious; it must be a strict guard they will not run; and so it chanced that Hester, opening her eyes, calm, with devout attention, at the end of the long prayer, turned them unconsciously upon a striking personage sitting near at hand across the aisle. She started, and barely stifled an outcry. Despite every effort at self-control, her agitation showed clearly in her face. Her first look of startled astonishment quickly gave place to one of painful and guilty confusion under the cold, searching glance her incautious movement had brought upon her.

Nothing was more natural than that Madam Van Cortlandt, born Gertryd Schuyler, should be visiting her old home. To Hester, knowing nothing of the cause, and profoundly occupied with a certain problem not yet definitely settled, the lady's sudden apparition seemed of special and threatening significance.

The long service passed in a series of sounds and movements signifying nothing. Not until, freed from the homeward-thronging congregation, Hester found herself answering at random her mother's strictures upon the sermon, did she quite recover her composure.

This little incident, thrown in but as a straw to show the current, had a result out of all proportion to its seeming importance. It is curiously significant of Hester's mental state that this simple appearance of Steenie's mother should have had the effect of quite unsettling her; of violently turning her aside from the comfortable conviction towards which she had been fast gravitating, and setting her again at work upon the old problem.

As, however, driven by a restless feeling, she went roaming again to get space to think in, as she listened daily to her mother's and Mary's reminiscences, insensibly the old influences did their work, and slowly, gradually, brought back her routed peace.

Meantime, the dead monotony of life in the frontier town, which had long since showed its effect upon her younger sister's spirits, began to tell upon her own. Cut off from Catalina's affectionate companionship, far from the bustling metropolis, out of reach of friends with whom, all her life, she had been in daily communication, ostracized by the community in which they lived, social life seemed reduced well-nigh to its lowest terms.

The one great distraction was reading Cobus's letters. The days on which they came were marked by a feverish excitement. Filled as they were with the bustle and stir of London life, with glimpses of court splendor, with accounts of the plots, machinations, or open hostility of their enemies, and with evi-

dences of the slow but certain progress of their great cause, what wonder that they were read with breathless interest, that they were re-read and read again, and discussed point by point for weeks afterwards in family conclave!

But for these, one day was as like as possible to another. It was almost a relief, one morning, when old Congo came in and asked for leave to go to the Pingster feast. Hester and Francina exhausted their ingenuity in tricking the old man out, and he went off with a fine strut, fluttering his ribbons, and charging them not to fail to join the crowd of lookers-on at Pingster Hill.

In Congo's absence, Hester went, that afternoon, to answer a knock at the door.

"You!"

She stepped back into the shadow of the doorway to hide the blush caused by her own joyous outcry, while Barent's beaming gratification at this unexpected welcome was somewhat dampened by the look of chill demureness with which, the next moment, she bade him come in.

By the rest of the family he was received in the heartiest way. Aside from the fact that he was Cobus's friend and a special favorite of her late husband, he was endeared to Vrouw Leisler by many kindly offices during the dark days of her affliction. He was doubly welcome now as the bearer of funds collected by Dr. Staats on her account, of household goodies from her daughter Walters, and, more than all, of cheering news regarding their prospects abroad.

More than once, in the telling of all this, the visitor cast a furtive eye at Hester, sitting with grave face over her work; but he was wise enough to show no consciousness of her growing interest in the rapid cross-fire of question and answer, until at last, quite forgetting herself, she was led on to take an active part in it.

He went home to his own family for the night, and they parted quite in the old way, without consciousness on her part. Next morning, when he appeared, she was about setting forth with Francina to visit the Pingster feast. He joined them as a matter of course, explaining, as they went along, his own great delight in the festival when a child, and his intimate knowledge of the vicinity and its ceremonies.

It was the second and most important day of the festival, which usually lasted a week. All along the way the air was filled with the holiday clamor of groups of children, both white and black, under the care of some gray-haired old aunty or buxom young wench, all alike bedizened with cheap jewelry and gay streamers, and decked out with branches of lilac and cherry blossoms.

Arrived at the hill, now long since swept away by the leveling spirit of a later day, they found the grounds laid out in the form of an oblong square, surrounded on three sides by rude booths and tents, and open only at the eastern end for entrance and exit. Here, given over to the frolic spirit of the hour, swarmed the whole slave population of the town, together with a plentiful sprinkling of Indians, feathered and blanketed, otherwise easily to be distinguished by their stolid gravity amid the effervescent jollity of the negroes, like notes of discord in music artfully put in to accentuate the harmony.

Pausing before the entrance to the grounds, Barent, with a sly twinkle in his eye, said they must by no means go in until they had exhausted the outlying features of the spectacle. Whereupon he led them around to the rear of the booths, where were several side-shows in active operation. Before one tent, a negro, beating a drum loudly, advertised the tricks of a conjurer; in the next a dancing-bear was performing to a tune ground out by a monkey on a hurdy-gurdy; while in a third a two-headed pig was exhibited as the greatest living attraction of the age.

Their cicerone's evident delight in

these wonders showed that he had by no means outgrown his boyish tastes. Indeed, the girls might have had hard work to drag him away but for a sudden shout which arose from the grounds, proclaiming something of interest in that direction.

"Haste! haste!" he exclaimed eagerly. "'T is the king, — the Pingster king!"

By dint of running they arrived at the entrance just in time to witness the approach of his majesty. No Roman conqueror in triumphal car ever bore himself with loftier port. Few, indeed, among mere conquerors and potentates have been so blessed by kindly nature, or furnished forth in greater pomp of awe-striking haberdashery, withal, than was the Pingster king.

A gold-laced cocked hat was perched upon his snow-white head; his tall, spare figure was draped in a scarlet coat, which hung to his very heels, while his buckskin breeches, blue stockings, and silver-buckled shoes flashed in and out as his wide-flapping coat-skirts yielded to his stately tread.

Loud cries rent the air; his loyal subjects, indeed, nearly shouted themselves hoarse in salvos of welcome, as the king strode on and took his place at the upper end of the square.

Motioning to his aids, he gave orders for the revels to begin. Amidst a hush of expectation a solitary musician came forward and stationed himself near the royal seat. He was furnished with a grotesque instrument called an eel-pot, which looked like a big hollow wooden cask covered by a tightly drawn sheepskin. Although not at all an impressive-looking instrument, the eel-pot, in the hands of its skilled performer, speedily showed orchestral resources quite adequate to the occasion.

At a sign from the king, the musician, an agile young negro, leaped astride his instrument, and, beating with his naked hands upon the sounding sheepskin, sang in cadences, now dolefully prolonged like the wind soughing in the tree-tops, now tense, sharp, and ringing like a dithyrambic chorus, the uncouth refrain, — "Hi-a bomba bomba."

Old eyes glistened and dusky bosoms swelled again with remembrances of the wild rhythm of youthful dances on Guinean plain or Loango shore. A drumming of feet, a waving of hands, a nodding of the head, and a swaying of the whole body were the early symptoms of a purely physical intoxication, a nerve delirium, which this strange music speedily produced in these susceptible tropical organizations.

Suddenly, the king, seizing a buxom wench in his arms, set off in a swift course about the open space which had been cleared for dancing. Directly a score of waiting couples followed suit. With long, dizzying whirl they went, with high skip and jump, with picked and fantastic steps, each and every movement seeming to adapt itself without difficulty to the resounding "Hi-a-bomba bomba." Round and round, up and down, back and forth, to and fro, in swift and swifter course the dancers flew, filled by the pursuing "Hi-a bomba bomba" with a supernal vigor, with a wild abandon rising by degrees to true bacchanalian frenzy, and culminating in utter physical exhaustion.

The spectacle was not new to any of them; and Hester, after a little, growing weary, turned to go, but Francina, glad of any diversion in their humdrum life, wanted to stay. Accordingly, she was left in charge of Congo, while Hester and Barent sauntered away towards home.

Passing the fort, they loitered along Jonkers Street to the corner of Pearl. There, looking down the quiet little byway, they caught a glimpse of the smiling outer world through the open city gate at the end of the street.

The junker stopped, and with a wistful look at Hester expressed a wish to visit some of his old boyish haunts in

the woods and fields. To his unbounded surprise she quietly assented.

He studied her askance as they walked along, and any undue elation he may have felt presently abated. With the new tone of kindliness and easy-going companionship she had adopted there appeared again the old trait of unconsciousness, the habit of talking to him as if thinking aloud. His look of humble appreciation even for this cavalier treatment had a touch of pathos, and despite her wandering attention he went on patiently recounting his homely tales of boyish pranks and gambols connected with well-known spots, as they passed them by.

After a long walk they came to the river, and upon a high bank overlooking the windings of the noble stream sat down to take breath. Here the fancy seized Hester to ask about her friends in New York and talk about their old life there, whereupon by and by it came out that Barent had no thought of going back.

With a languid word of surprise very significant of her interest in the matter, she asked the reason.

"Things are no longer as they were, yonder," he answered simply; "there is little chance there nowadays for one like me."

"How like you?"

"With no fortune or hope of inheritance."

"Industry may supply the lack."

"And no gifts of nature."

"Men make shift oftentimes to get on without them," she answered, letting the self-accusation pass unchallenged in a way so pointed that nothing but the junker's triple-plated armor of modesty saved him from mortification.

"One must have strong friends there, and I have none."

"How then made you such good advance as it seemed at first?"

"Because of your father."

She started at the unexpected answer.

"'T was he pushed me on. He was ever a good friend to me."

Oddly enough, her face grew troubled while listening to this generous tribute.

"But if he had lived he would have found me out. He held me at more than I am worth. Ah," sighing, "far more he did, and treated me as he might a son."

A flush crept over the listener's face, and the gathering cloud deepened and settled there. After some minutes of silence she stole a look at her companion; he was absorbed in his reminiscences. Whatever emotions had been awakened by his words, it was plain he had spoken them in all simplicity.

For a long time they sat thus, he talking on in his quiet fashion, and she studying, as it seemed, with a new interest every detail of his ugly face and graceless figure.

"But what better hope have you of doing something in this out-of-the-world corner?" she asked, breaking the silence at last with a blunt question.

"I can go on here with my father's handicraft; I am well skilled in it now. He is old and much broken, and has need of help."

"So!"

"I can be of comfort, too, to my mother and the young ones whiles they are in need of guidance; 't is all I am like to be good for."

The calm patience of the speaker's tone and his air of unconscious resignation seemed in some way to touch his hearer. She looked afflicted, and, rising, she demanded to be conducted home.

If heretofore Barent had been puzzled in his relations with Hester, he was thrown into perfect bewilderment by her later demeanor. For many days after their walk, she treated him with an attention and consideration approaching tenderness. The astonished junker rubbed his eyes. His own attitude had been steadfastly maintained, — a simple kindliness, a familiarity without presump-

tion. Evidently he had accepted as final that answer spoken long ago in the graveyard, and no word or look had since escaped him showing any hope of its amendment; but now as day by day he was accorded a more cordial welcome, was greeted with a smile instead of the old grave or indifferent salutation, as he was even at times chided for absence or tardiness when he failed to appear daily and regularly, long-choked-up sources of emotions showed signs of freshening life. There were evidences of a deep stir within him. His aspect of patient resignation gave place to a wistful look, — a look of hoping and fearing, a look of trembling anticipation.

In this mood, no word or movement of Hester's but seemed to him of significance; after every interview he puzzled in his plodding way over her speeches and her silences, not always with success. He was destined to further mystification before enlightenment.

One day, at his request, she went for a sail on the river, Francina accompanying them. Whether exhilarated by the unwonted exercise, by the cool bracing air, or the beauty of the scene, Hester showed herself unusually light-hearted.

Barent, seated at the helm, watched her with undisguised delight. In the flood-tide of her hilarity she went the length of rallying him.

"It is clear to me now why you would forsake New York and come to make your home here in the wilderness."

"How is that?"

"See him, Francina! See the rogue! How innocent he is, is not he? Well, well!"

"Out with it, — come!"

"Would one now ever suspect him? Ah, how oft and often have I stood in need of such assurance! Mark it, Francina! You may never see the like again!"

"Come, now, I say," pleaded the helmsman, with a foolish look, "I cry for mercy. I feel like a very villain, and am pricking all over with a sense of guiltiness, set upon with such sharp looks. What is it you have found out? What are you at?"

"'T is no wonder, sure, you feel guilty."

"I redden only that I am treated like a rogue; as I live, I can think of nothing done to be ashamed of."

"I said not you should be ashamed."

"So!"

"Oh, no, that will you not, I'll be bound, for all you have been so sly."

"I follow you only as one gropes in the dark."

"There is light enough for others to see, never fear."

"Will you out with it or no?"

"Francina, what think *you* would make a man come away from New York to live in the wilderness?"

"I cannot think of anything," returned Francina simply, and with only a half-interest in the talk, "unless it be a sweetheart."

"There, there! it was not I that said it; 't is noted of all the world, you see!"

The junker blushed crimson, but the beaming, flattered look he cast upon Hester showed how much more the fact of the accusation than the substance of it had to do with his confusion.

In this merry mood the party brought up to the dock at the foot of Handelaer Street, and, filing through the gate, found the town in a tumult.

The bell in the little church was ringing with might and main, guns were thundering from the fort, while Jonkers Street was thronged with citizens hurrying to the Stadthuys.

Inquiring the meaning of the commotion, they learned that an express had just arrived with great news from New York.

Following in the wake of the crowd, they climbed the hill, and soon found themselves wedged in among a mass of excited people who filled the narrow space within the fort. The secret was

soon out: Lord Bellomont, the new governor, had arrived some weeks before in New York, and his long-delayed commission was being read from the Stadthuys steps.

However much the general public may have been startled at this news, the Leislers and their friends, long before forewarned, had awaited it with ill-disguised impatience.

Naturally, Barent, who knew well how much this event imported to the family, broke forth into congratulations, under his breath, to the sisters as soon as they got clear of the crowd.

"'T is great news, — great news. 'T is the beginning of the end. At last we shall have justice. At last there is good hope you will get your rights again."

In the midst of his speech they arrived at the corner of the little side-street which led to his father's house.

"I pray you," said Hester, breaking in abruptly upon his eloquence, "do not give yourself the trouble of going with us any further. We are greatly obliged for the favor of the sail, and shall hope to find some means of giving you a like pleasure."

Her face was pale, her tone almost hard, her manner constrained to the last degree. The old bovine look crept into the junker's face as he listened, and he looked as if benumbed by a sudden blow.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

TAORMINA.

Gardens of olive, gardens of almond, gardens of lemon, down to the shore,
Terrace on terrace, lost in the hollow ravines where the stony torrents pour;
Spurs of the mountain-side thrusting above them rocky capes in the quiet air,
Silvery-green with thorned vegetation, sprawling lobes of the prickly pear;
High up, the eagle-nest, small Mola's ruin, clinging and hanging over the fall;
Nobly the lofty, castle-cragged hilltop, famed Taormina, looketh o'er all.
Southward the purple Mediterranean rounds the far-shimmering, long-fingered capes;
Twenty sea-leagues has the light traveled ere out of azure yon headland it shapes;
Purple the distance, deep indigo under, save by the beach the emerald floor,
Save just below where, ever emerging, lakes of mother-of-pearl drift o'er;
Deep purple northward, over the Straits, as far as the long Calabrian blue, —
Front more majestic of sea-mountains nowhere is there uplifted the whole earth through.
Seaward, so vast the prospect envelops one half the broad world, wave and sky;
Landward, the ribbon of hill-slanted orchards blossoming down from the mountains high;
Beautiful, mighty; — yet ever I leave it, lose and forget it in yon awful clime,
Ætna, out of the sea-floor raising slowly its long-skied ridge sublime;
Heavily snow-capped, girdled with forests, Ætna, the bosom of frost and fire;
Roughened by lava-floods, bossed and sculptured, massive, immense, alone, entire;
Clear are the hundred white-coped craters sunk in the wrinkled winter there;
Smoke from the summit cloud-like trailing lessens and swells and drags on the air;

Ætna, the snow, the fire, the forest, lightning and flood and ashy gale;
Terrible out of thy caverns flowing, the burning heaven, the dark hot hail!
Ætna, the garden-sweet mother of vineyard, corn-tilth, and fruits that hang from the sky;
Bee-pastured Ætna; it charms me, it holds me, it fills me, than life is it more nigh;
Till into darkness withdrawn, dense darkness; and far below from the deep-set shore
Glimmers the long white surf, and arises the ancient far-resounding roar.

G. E. Woodberry.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XLII.

Nick Dormer had, for the hour, quite taken up his abode at his studio, where Biddy usually arrived after breakfast to give him news of the state of affairs in Calcutta Gardens and where many letters and telegrams were now addressed to him. Among such missives, on the morning of the Saturday on which Peter Sherringham had promised to dine at the other house, was a note from Miriam Rooth, informing Nick that if he should not telegraph to put her off she would turn up about half past eleven, probably with her mother, for just one more sitting. She added that it was a nervous day for her and that she could n't keep still, so that it would really be very kind to let her come to him as a refuge. She wished to stay away from the theatre, where everything was now settled (or so much the worse for the others if it was n't), till the evening, but if she were left to herself should be sure to go there. It would keep her quiet and soothe her to sit — he could keep her quiet (he was such a blessing that way!) at any time. Therefore she would give him two or three hours — or rather she would ask him for them — if he did n't positively turn her from the door.

It had not been definite to Nick that he wanted another sitting at all for the slight work, as he held it to be, that Miriam had already helped him to achieve. He regarded this work essentially as a sketch; he had made what he could of it and would have been at a loss to see how he could make more. If it was not finished, it was because it was not finishable; at any rate he had said all he had to say in that particular phrase. Nick Dormer, as it happened, was not just now in the highest spirits; his imagination had, within two or three days, become conscious of a check which he tried to explain by the idea of a natural reaction. Any important change, any new selection, in one's life was exciting, and exaggerate that importance, and one's own, as little as one would, there was an inevitable strong emotion in renouncing, in the face of considerable opposition, one sort of responsibility for another sort. That made life not perhaps necessarily joyous, but decidedly thrilling, for the hour; and it was all very well till the thrill abated. When this occurred, as it inevitably would, the romance and the poetry of the thing would be exchanged for the flatness and the prose. It was to these latter elements that Nick Dormer had waked up pretty wide on this particular morning; and the prospect was not appreciably more reassuring from the fact that he

had warned himself of it in advance. He had known it would come, and here it was, and he would inevitably have plenty of leisure and opportunity to consider it. A reaction was a reaction, but it was not after all a catastrophe. A part of its privilege would be to make him ask himself if he had not committed a great mistake; that privilege would doubtless even remain within the limits of its nature in leading him to reply to this question in the affirmative. But he would live to withdraw that reply — this was the first thing to bear in mind.

He was occupied, even while he dressed, in the effort to get ahead, mentally, with some such retractation, when, by the first post, Miriam's note arrived. At first it did little to help him in his effort, for it made him contrast her eagerness with his own want of alacrity, and ask himself what the deuce he should do with her. Ambition, with her, was always on the charge, and she was not a person to conceive that others might, in bad moments, listen for the trumpet in vain. It would never have occurred to her that, only the day before, he had spent a portion of the afternoon quite at the bottom of the hill. He had in fact turned into the National Gallery and had wandered about there for more than one hour, and it was just while he did so that the immitigable recoil had begun perversely to set in. And the perversity was all the greater from the circumstance that if the experience was depressing, it was not because he had been discouraged beyond measure by the sight of the grand things that had been done — things so much grander than any that would ever bear his signature. That variation he was duly acquainted with and should taste in abundance again. What had happened to him, as he passed on this occasion from Titian to Rubens and from Gainsborough to Rembrandt, was that he found himself calling the whole art literally into question. What was it, after all, at the best, and why had people given it so high a place? Its weakness, its narrowness, appeared to him; he looked at several world-famous performances with a lustreless eye, tacitly blaspheming. That is, he blasphemed if it were blasphemy to say to himself that, with all respect, they were a poor business, only well enough in their small way. The force that produced them was not one of the greatest forces in human affairs; their place was inferior and their connection with the life of man casual and slight. They represented so inadequately the idea, and it was the idea that won the race — that, in the long run, came in first. He had incontestably been in much closer relation to the idea a few months before than he was to-day: it made up a great deal for the bad side of politics that they were, after all, a clever system for applying and propagating the idea. The love of it had really been, at certain hours, at the bottom of his disposition to follow them up; though this had not been what he used to talk of most with his political comrades or even with Julia. Certainly, political as Julia was, he had not conferred with her much about the idea. However, this might have been his own fault quite as much as hers, and she probably took such an enthusiasm for granted — she took such a tremendous lot of things for granted. On the other hand he had put this enthusiasm forward frequently in his many discussions with Gabriel Nash, with the effect, it is true, of making that worthy scoff transcendentally at what he was pleased to term his hypocrisy. Gabriel maintained precisely that there were more ideas, more of those that man lived by, in a single room of the National Gallery than in all the statutes of Parliament. Nick had replied to this, more than once, that the determination of what man did live by was required; to which Nash had retorted (and it was very rarely that he quoted Scripture)

that it was at any rate not by bread and butter alone. The statutes of Parliament gave him bread and butter *tout au plus.*

Nick Dormer, at present, had no pretension of trying this question over again: he reminded himself that his ambiguity was subjective, as the philosophers said; the result of a mood which in due course would be at the mercy of another mood. It made him curse, and cursing was dull, as an ultimate stage; so he would throw out a platform beyond it. The time far beyond others to do one's work was when it did n't seem worth doing, for then one gave it a brilliant chance, that of resisting the stiffest test of all — the test of striking one as very bad. To do the most when there would be the least to be got by it was to be most in the true spirit of production. One thing, at any rate, was very certain, Nick reflected: nothing on earth would induce him to change back again; not even if this twilight of the soul should last for the rest of his days. He hardened himself in his posture with a good conscience, which, had they had a glimpse of it, would have made him still more diverting to those who already thought him so; but now, by good fortune, Miriam suddenly put into form the little bridge that was wanted to carry him over to more elastic ground. If he had made his sketch it was a proof that he had done her, and that he had done her flashed upon him as a sign that she would be still more feasible. He found his platform, as I have called it, and for a moment, in his relief, he danced upon it. He sent out a telegram to Balaklava Place requesting his beautiful sitter by no manner of means to fail him. When his servant came back, it was to usher into the studio Peter Sherringham, whom the man had apparently found at the door.

The hour was so early for social intercourse that Nick immediately guessed his visitor had come on some rare errand; but this inference was instantly followed by the reflection that Peter might after all only wish to make up by present zeal for not having been near him before. He forgot that, as he had subsequently learned from Biddy, their foreign, or all but foreign, cousin had spent an hour in Rosedale Road, missing him there but pulling out Miriam's portrait, the day of his own hurried visit to Beauclere. These young men were not on a ceremonious footing, and it was not in Nick's nature to keep a record of civilities rendered or omitted; nevertheless he had been vaguely conscious that during a stay in London, on Peter's part, which apparently was stretching itself out, he and his kinsman had foregathered less than of yore. It was indeed an absorbing moment in the career of each, but at the same time that he recognized this truth Nick remembered that it was not impossible Peter might have taken upon himself to resent some supposititious failure of consideration for Julia; though this would have been stupid, and the newly appointed minister (to he had forgotten where) was not stupid. Nick held that as he had treated Julia with studious generosity she had nothing whatever to reproach him with; so her brother had therefore still less. It was at any rate none of her brother's business. There were only two things that would have made Nick lukewarm about disposing in a few frank words of all this: one of them his general hatred of talking of his private affairs (a reluctance in which he and Peter were well matched); and the other a particular sentiment which would have involved more of a confession and which could not be otherwise described than as a perception that the most definite and even pleasant consequence of the collapse of his engagement was, as it happened, an extreme consciousness of freedom. Nick Dormer's observation was of a different sort from his cousin's;

he noted much less the signs of the hour and kept altogether a looser register of life; nevertheless, just as one of our young men had during these days in London found the air peopled with personal influences, the concussion of human atoms, so the other, though only asking to live without too many questions and work without too many disasters, to be glad and sorry, in short, on easy terms, had become aware of a certain social tightness, of the fact that life is crowded and passion is restless, accident frequent and community inevitable. Everybody with whom one had relations had other relations too, and even optimism was a mixture and peace an embroilment. The only chance was to let everything be embroiled but one's temper and everything spoiled but one's work. It must be added that Nick sometimes took precautions against irritation which were in excess of the danger, as departing travelers, about to whiz through foreign countries, study phrase-books for combinations of words they will never use. He was at home in the brightness of things — his longest excursions across the border were short. He had a dim sense that Peter considered that he made him uncomfortable, and might have come now to tell him so; in which case he should be sorry for Peter in various ways. But as soon as his visitor began to speak Nick felt suspicion fade into old friendliness, and this in spite of the fact that Peter's speech had a slightly exaggerated promptitude, like the promptitude of business, which might have denoted self-consciousness. To Nick it quickly appeared better to be glad than to be sorry: this simple argument was more than sufficient to make him glad Peter was there.

"My dear Nick, it's an unpardonable hour, is n't it? I was n't even sure you 'd be up, and yet I had to risk it because my hours, verily, are numbered. I 'm going away to-morrow," Peter went on; "I 've got a thousand things to do. I 've had no talk with you this time such as we used to have of old (it 's disgusting, but it 's your fault, you know), and as I 've got to rush about all day I thought I 'd just catch you before any one else does."

"Some one has already caught me, but there 's plenty of time," Nick returned.

Peter stared a moment, as if he were going to ask a question; then he thought better of this and said, "I see, I see; I 'm sorry to say I 've only a few minutes at best."

"Man of crushing responsibilities, you 've come to humiliate me!" Nick exclaimed. "I know all about it."

"It 's more than I do, then. That 's not what I 've come for, but I shall be delighted if I humiliate you a little by the way. I 've two things in mind, and I 'll mention the most difficult first. I came here the other day — the day after my arrival in town."

"Ah, yes, so you did; it was very good of you," Nick interrupted, as if he remembered. "I ought to have returned your visit, or left a card, or written my name, or something, in Great Stanhope Street, ought n't I? You had n't got this new thing then, or I would have done so."

Peter eyed him a moment. "I say, what 's the matter with you? Am I really unforgivable for having taken that liberty?"

"What liberty?" Nick looked now as if there were nothing whatever the matter with him, and indeed his visitor's allusion was not clear to him. He was thinking only, for the instant, of Biddy, of whom and whose secret inclinations Grace had insisted on talking to him. They were none of his business, and if he would not for the world have let the girl herself suspect that he had violent lights on what was most screened and curtained in her, much less would he have made Peter a clumsy present of this knowledge. Grace had a queer

theory that Peter treated Biddy badly — treated them all, somehow, badly; but Grace's zeal (she had plenty of it, though she affected all sorts of fine indifference) almost always took the form of being wrong. Nick wanted to do only what Biddy would thank him for, and he knew very well what she would n't. She wished him and Peter to be great friends, and the only obstacle to this was that Peter was too much of a diplomatist. Peter made him, for an instant, think of her and of the hour they had lately spent together in the studio in his absence — an hour of which Biddy had given him a history full of detail and of omissions; and this in turn brought Nick's imagination back to his visitor's own side of the matter. That complexity of things of which the sense had lately increased with him, and to which it was owing that any thread one might take hold of would probably lead one to something discomfortable, was illustrated by the fact that while poor Biddy was thinking of Peter it was ten to one that poor Peter was thinking of Miriam Rooth. All this danced before Nick's intellectual vision for a space briefer than that of my too numerous words.

"I pitched into your treasures — I rummaged among your canvases," Peter said. "Biddy had nothing whatever to do with it — she maintained an attitude of irreproachable reserve. It has been on my conscience all these days, and I ought to have done penance before. I have been putting it off partly because I am so ashamed of my indiscretion. *Que voulez-vous*, my dear Nick? My provocation was great. I heard you had been painting Miss Rooth, so that I could n't restrain my curiosity. I simply went into that corner and struck out there a trifle wildly, no doubt. I dragged the young lady to the light — your sister turned pale as she saw me. It was a good deal like breaking open one of your letters, was n't it? However, I assure you it 's all right, for I congratulate you both on your style and on your correspondent."

"You 're as clever, as witty, as humorous, as ever, Peter," Nick rejoined, going himself into the corner designated by his companion and laying his hands on the same canvas. "Your curiosity is the highest possible tribute to my little attempt, and your sympathy sets me right with myself. There is she again," Nick went on, thrusting the picture into an empty frame; "you shall see her whether you wish to or not."

"Right with yourself? You don't mean to say you 've been wrong!" Sherringham returned, standing opposite the portrait.

"Oh, I don't know; I 've been kicking up such a row; anything is better than a row."

"She 's awfully good — she 's awfully true," said Sherringham. "You 've done more to it, since the other day; you 've put in several things."

"Yes, but I 've worked distractedly. I 've not altogether conformed to the celebrated recommendation about being off with the old love."

"With the old love?" Sherringham repeated, looking hard at the picture.

"Before you are on with the new." Nick had no sooner uttered these words than he colored; it occurred to him that Peter would probably think he was alluding to Julia. He therefore added quickly: "It is n't so easy to cease to represent an appreciative constituency. Really, most of my time for a fortnight has been given up to letter-writing. They 've all been unexpectedly charming. I should have thought they would have loathed and despised me. But not a bit of it; they cling to me fondly — they struggle with me tenderly. I 've been down to talk with them about it, and we 've passed the most sociable, delightful hours. I 've designated my successor; I 've felt a good deal like the Emperor Charles the Fifth when about to retire to the monastery of Yuste. The

more I 've seen of them, in this way, the more I 've liked them, and they declare it has been the same with themselves as regards me. We spend our time in assuring each other that we have n't begun to know each other till now. In short, it 's all wonderfully jolly, but it is n't business. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"

"They are not so charming as they might be if they don't offer to keep you and let you paint."

"They do, almost; it 's fantastic," said Nick. "Remember they have n't seen any of my painting yet."

"Well, I 'm sorry for you; we live in too enlightened an age," Peter declared. "You can't suffer for art. Your experience is interesting; it seems to show that, at the tremendous pitch of civilization we 've reached, you can't suffer from anything but hunger."

"I shall doubtless do that in abundance."

"Never, never, when you paint as well as this."

"Oh, come, you 're too good to be true," Nick replied. "But where did you learn that one's stomach is full in proportion as one's work is fine?"

Peter gave him no satisfaction on this curious point — he only continued to look at the picture; after which, in a moment, he said, "I 'll give you your price for it on the spot."

"Dear boy, you 're so magnanimous that you shall have it for nothing!" Nick exclaimed, passing his arm into his companion's.

Peter was silent at first. "Why do you call me magnanimous?"

"Oh, bless my soul, it 's hers — I forget!" laughed Nick, failing in his turn to answer the other's inquiry. "But you shall have another."

"Another? Are you going to do another?"

"This very morning. That is, I shall begin it. I 've heard from her; she 's coming to sit — a short time hence."

Peter turned away a little at this, releasing himself, and, as if the movement had been an effect of Nick's words, looked at his watch earnestly, to dissipate that appearance. He fell back, to consider the picture from further off. "The more you do her, the better; she has all the qualities of a great model. From that point of view it 's a pity she has another trade: she might make so good a thing of this one. But how shall you do her again?" Sherringham continued ingenuously.

"Oh, I can scarcely say; we 'll arrange something; we 'll talk it over. It 's extraordinary how well she enters into what one wants; she knows more than one does one's self. She is n't the first comer. However, you know all about that, since you invented her, did n't you? That 's what she says; she 's awfully sweet on you," Nick pursued. "What I ought to do is to try something as different as possible from that thing; not the sibyl, the muse, the tremendous creature, but the charming woman, the person one knows, in different gear, as she appears *en ville*, as she calls it. I 'll do something really serious, and send it to you out there with my respects. It will remind you of home, and perhaps a little even of me. If she knows it 's for you she 'll throw herself into it in the right spirit. Leave it to us, my dear fellow; we 'll turn out something good."

"It 's delightful to hear you; but I shall send you a check," said Peter.

"I suppose it 's all right in your position, but you 're too proud," his kinsman answered.

"What do you mean by my position?"

"Your exaltation, your high connection with the country, your treating with sovereign powers as the representative of a sovereign power. Is n't that what they call 'em?"

Sherringham, who had turned again towards his companion, listened to this with his eyes fixed on Nick's face, while

at the same time he once more drew forth his watch. "Brute!" he exclaimed familiarly, at the same time dropping his eyes on the watch. "At what time did you say you expected your sitter?"

"Oh, we 've plenty of time; don't be afraid of letting me see you agitated by her presence."

"Brute!" Sherringham again ejaculated.

This friendly personal note cleared the air, made the communication between the two men closer. "Stay with me and talk to me," said Nick; "I dare say it 's good for me. Heaven knows when I shall see you, so independently, again."

"Have you got something more to show me, then — some other work?" Sherringham asked.

"Must I bribe you by putting things in a row before you? You know what I 've done; by which I mean of course you know what I have n't done. My work, as you are so good as to call it, has hitherto been horrible rot. I 've had no time, no opportunity, no continuity. I must go and sit down in a corner and learn my alphabet. That thing is n't good; what I shall do for you won't be good. Don't protest, my dear fellow; nothing will be fit to look at for a long time. And think of my ridiculous age. As the populace say (or don't they say it?) it 's a rum go. It won't be amusing."

"Oh, you 're so clever you 'll get on fast," Sherringham replied, trying to think how he could most directly disobey his companion's injunction not to protest.

"I mean it won't be amusing for others," said Nick, unperturbed by this violation. "They want results, and small blame to them."

"Well, whatever you do, don't talk like Mr. Gabriel Nash," Peter went on. "Sometimes I think you are just going to."

Nick stared a moment. "Why, he never would have said that. 'They want results, the damned fools' — that would have been more in his key."

"It 's the difference of a *nuance*. And are you *very* happy?" Peter added, as Nick now obliged him by arranging half a dozen canvases so that he could look at them.

"Not so much so, doubtless, as the artistic life ought to make one; because all one's people are not so infatuated as one's electors. But little by little I 'm learning the beauty of obstinacy."

"Your mother 's very bad; I lunched with her the day before yesterday."

"Yes, I know — I know," said Nick hastily; "but it 's too late — it 's too late. I must just peg away here and not mind. I have after all a very great source of happiness."

Sherringham hesitated. "And that would be —?"

"Oh, I mean knowing what I want to do; that 's everything, you know."

"It 's an advantage, however, that you 've only just come in for, is n't it?"

"Yes, but having waited only makes me prize it the more. I 've got it now; and it makes up, for the present, for the absence of some other things."

Again Sherringham was silent awhile. "That sounds a little dull," he remarked at last.

"It depends upon what you compare it with. It 's a bit livelier than the House of Commons."

"Oh, I never thought I should like that."

There was another pause, during which Nick moved about the room, turning up old sketches to see if he had anything more to show his visitor, and Sherringham continued to look at the unfinished and, in some cases, as it seemed to him, unpromising productions already submitted to his attention. They were much less interesting than the portrait of Miriam Rooth and, it would have appeared, much less significant of ability. For that particular effort Nick's talent

had taken an unprecedented spring. This was the reflection that Peter made, as he had made it, intensely, before; but the words he presently uttered had no visible connection with it. They only consisted of the abrupt inquiry, "Have you heard anything from Julia?"

"Not a syllable. Have you?"

"Dear, no; she never writes to me."

"But won't she on the occasion of your promotion?"

"I dare say not," said Peter: and this was the only reference to Mrs. Dallow that passed between her brother and her late intended. It left a slight agitation of the atmosphere, which Sherringham proceeded to allay by an allusion comparatively speaking more relevant. He expressed disappointment that Biddy should not have come in; having had an idea that she was always in Rosedale Road of a morning. That was the other half of his present errand, — the wish to see her and give her a message for Lady Agnes, upon whom, at so early an hour, he had not presumed to intrude in Calcutta Gardens. Nick replied that Biddy did in point of fact almost always turn up, and for the most part early; she came to wish him good-morning and start him for the day. She was a devoted Electra laying a cool, healing hand on a distracted Orestes. He reminded Peter, however, that he would have a chance of seeing her that evening, and of seeing Lady Agnes; for was n't he to do them the honor of dining in Calcutta Gardens? Biddy, the day before, had arrived full of that news. Peter explained that this was exactly the sad subject of his actual *démarche:* the project of the dinner in Calcutta Gardens had, to his exceeding regret, fallen to pieces. The fact was (did n't Nick know it?) the night had been suddenly and perversely fixed for Miss Rooth's *première*, and he was under a definite engagement with her not to stay away from it. To add to the bore of the thing, he was obliged to return to Paris the very next morning. He was really most sorry, for he had promised Lady Agnes: he did n't understand then about Miriam's affair, in regard to which he had given a previous pledge. He was more sorry than he could say, but he could never fail Miss Rooth: he had professed, from the first, an interest in her which he must live up to a little more. This was his last chance — he had n't been near her at the trying time she first produced herself. And the second night of the play would n't do — it must be the first or nothing. Besides, he could n't wait over till Monday.

While Peter enumerated these complications his companion was occupied in polishing with a cloth a palette that he had just been scraping. "I see what you mean — I 'm very sorry too," said Nick. "I 'm sorry you can't give my mother this joy — I give her so little."

"My dear fellow, you might give her a little more. It 's rather too much to expect *me* to make up for your omissions!"

Nick looked at Peter with a moment's fixedness while he rubbed his palette; and for that moment he felt the temptation to reply, "There 's a way you could do that, to a considerable extent — I think you guess it! — which would n't be intrinsically disagreeable." But the impulse passed, without expressing itself in speech, and he simply answered, "You can make this all clear to Biddy when she comes, and she 'll make it clear to my mother."

"Poor little Biddy!" Sherringham mentally exclaimed, thinking of the girl in the discharge of such a task; but what he articulated was that this was exactly why he had come to the studio. He had inflicted his company on Lady Agnes on Thursday, and had partaken of a meal with her, but he had not seen Biddy, though he had waited for her, hoping she would come in. Now he would wait for her again — she was worth it.

"Patience, patience, you have always me," said Nick; to which he subjoined, "If it 's a question of going to the play I scarcely see why you should n't dine at my mother's all the same. People go to the play after dinner."

"Yes, but it would n't be fair, it would n't be decent: it 's a case when I must be in my seat from the rise of the curtain. I should force your mother to dine an hour earlier than usual, and then, in return for this courtesy, go off to my entertainment at eight o'clock, leaving her and Grace and Biddy planted there. I wish I had proposed, in time, that they should go with me," Peter continued, not very ingenuously.

"You might do that still," Nick suggested.

"Oh, at this time of day it would be impossible to get a box."

"I 'll speak to Miss Rooth about it, if you like, when she comes," smiled Nick.

"No, it would n't do," said Peter, turning away and looking once more at his watch. He made tacitly the addition that, still less than asking Lady Agnes, for his convenience, to dine early, would *this* be decent, would it be fair. His taking Biddy the night he dined with her and with Miss Tressilian had been something very like a violation of those proprieties. He could n't say this to Nick, who remarked in a moment that it was all right, for Peter's action left him his freedom.

"Your freedom?" Peter echoed interrogatively, turning round.

"Why, you see now I can go to the theatre myself."

"Certainly; I had n't thought of that. You would have been going."

"I gave it up for the prospect of your company."

"Upon my word, you 're too good — I don't deserve such sacrifices," said Sherringham, who saw from Nick's face that this was not a figure of speech but the absolute truth. "Did n't it, however, occur to you that, as it would turn out, I might — that I even naturally would — myself be going?" he added.

Nick broke into a laugh. "It would have occurred to me if I understood a little better" — And he paused, still laughing.

"If you understood a little better what?" Peter demanded.

"Your situation, simply."

Peter looked at him a moment. "Dine with me to-night, independently; we 'll go to the theatre together, and then you 'll understand it."

"With pleasure, with pleasure: we 'll have a jolly evening," said Nick.

"Call it jolly if you like. When did you say she was coming?" Peter asked.

"Biddy? Oh, probably, as I tell you, at any moment."

"I mean Miss Rooth," Peter replied.

"Miss Rooth, if she 's punctual, will be here in about forty minutes."

"And will she be likely to find your sister?"

"My dear fellow, that will depend on whether my sister remains to see her."

"Exactly; but the point is whether you will allow her to remain, is n't it?"

Nick looked slightly mystified. "Why should n't she do as she likes?"

"In that case she 'll probably go."

"Yes, unless she stays."

"Don't let her," Peter dropped; "send her away." And to explain this he added, "It does n't seem exactly the right sort of thing, young girls meeting actresses." His explanation, in turn, struck him as requiring another clause; so he went on: "At least it is n't thought the right sort of thing abroad, and even in England my foreign ideas stick to me."

Even with this amplification, however, his proposition evidently still appeared to his companion to have a flaw; which, after he had considered it a moment, Nick exposed in the simple words — "Why, you originally introduced them, in Paris — Biddy and Miss Rooth. Did n't they meet at your rooms and

fraternize, and was n't that much more abroad than this ? "

" So they did, but she did n't like it," Peter answered, suspecting that, for a diplomatist, he looked foolish.

" Miss Rooth did n't like it ? " Nick persisted.

" That I confess I have forgotten. Besides, she was not an actress then. What I remember is that Biddy was n't particularly pleased with her."

" Why, she thought her wonderful — praised her to the skies. I remember too."

" She did n't like her as a woman ; she praised her as an actress."

" I thought you said she was n't an actress then," Nick rejoined.

Peter hesitated. " Oh, Biddy thought so. She has seen her since, moreover. I took her the other night, and her curiosity is satisfied."

" It 's not of any consequence, and if there 's a reason for it I 'll bundle her off directly. But Miss Rooth seems such a nice, good woman."

" So she is, charming — charming," said Peter, looking hard at Nick.

" Here comes Biddy now," this young man went on. " I hear her at the door ; you can warn her yourself."

" It is n't a question of ' warning ' — that 's not in the least my idea. But I 'll take Biddy away," said Peter.

" That will be still more energetic."

" Oh, it 's simply selfish — I like her company." Peter had turned, as if to go to the door to meet the girl ; but he quickly checked himself, lingering in the middle of the room ; and the next instant Biddy had come in. When she saw him there she also stopped.

XLIII.

" Arrive, arrive, my child," said Nick. " Peter 's weary of waiting for you."

" Ah, he 's come to say he won't dine with us to-night ! " Biddy stood with her hand on the latch.

" I leave town to-morrow ; I 've everything to do ; I 'm broken-hearted ; it 's impossible," Peter pleaded. " Please make my peace with your mother ; I 'm ashamed of not having written to her last night."

Biddy closed the door and came in, while her brother said to her, " How in the world did you guess it ? "

" I saw it in the Morning Post," Biddy answered, looking at Peter.

" In the Morning Post ? " her cousin repeated.

" I saw there is to be a first night at that theatre, the one you took us to. So I said, ' Oh, he 'll go there.' "

" Yes, I 've got to do that too," Peter admitted.

" She 's going to sit to me again this morning, the wonderful actress of that theatre — she has made an appointment : so you see I 'm getting on," Nick announced to Biddy.

" Oh, I 'm so glad — she 's so splendid ! " The girl looked away from Peter now, but not, though it seemed to fill the place, at the triumphant portrait of Miriam Rooth.

" I 'm delighted you 've come in. I *have* waited for you," Peter hastened to declare to Biddy, though he was conscious that this was, under the circumstances, meagre.

" Are n't you coming to see us again ? "

" I 'm in despair, but I shall really not have time. Therefore it 's charming not to have missed you here."

" I 'm very glad," said Biddy. Then she added, " And you 're going to America — to stay a long time ? "

" Till I 'm sent to some better place."

" And will that better place be as far away ? "

" Oh, Biddy, it would n't be better then," said Peter.

" Do you mean they 'll give you something to do at home ? "

" Hardly that. But I 've got a tremendous lot to do at home to-day."

For the twentieth time Peter referred to his watch.

Biddy turned to her brother, who murmured to her, "You might bid me good-morning." She kissed him, and he asked what the news might be in Calcutta Gardens; to which she replied —

"The only news is, of course, that, poor dears! they are making great preparations for Peter. Mamma thinks you must have had such a nasty dinner the other day," the girl continued, to the guest of that romantic occasion.

"Faithless Peter!" said Nick, beginning to whistle and to arrange a canvas in anticipation of Miriam's arrival.

"Dear Biddy, thank your stars you are not in my horrid profession," protested the personage thus designated. "One is bowled about like a cricket-ball, unable to answer for one's freedom or one's comfort from one moment to another."

"Oh, ours is the true profession — Biddy's and mine," Nick broke out, setting up his canvas; "the career of liberty and peace, of charming long mornings, spent in a still north light, in the contemplation, and I may even say in the company, of the amiable and the beautiful."

"That certainly is the case when Biddy comes to see you," Peter returned.

Biddy smiled at him. "I come every day. *Anch' io son pittore!* I encourage Nick awfully."

"It's a pity I'm not a martyr; she would bravely perish with me," Nick said.

"You are — you are a martyr — when people say such odious things!" the girl cried. "They do say them. I've heard many more than I've repeated to you."

"It's you yourself, then, indignant and sympathetic, that are the martyr," observed Peter, who wanted greatly to be kind to her.

"Oh, I don't care!" she answered, coloring in response to this; and she continued, to Peter: "Don't you think one can do as much good by painting great works of art as by — as by what papa used to do? Don't you think art is necessary to the happiness, to the greatness, of a people? Don't you think it's manly and honorable? Do you think a passion for it is a thing to be ashamed of? Don't you think the artist — the conscientious, the serious one — is as distinguished a member of society as any one else?"

Peter and Nick looked at each other and laughed, and Nick asked his visitor if she did n't express it all in perfection. "I delight, in general, in artists, but I delight still more in their defenders," Peter jested, to Biddy.

"Ah, don't attack me, if you're wise," Nick said.

"One is tempted to, when it makes Biddy so fine."

"Well, that's the way she encourages me; it's meat and drink to me," Nick went on. "At the same time I am bound to say there is a little whistling in the dark in it."

"In the dark?" his sister demanded.

"The obscurity, my dear child, of your own aspirations, your mysterious ambitions and plastic visions. Are n't there some heavyish shadows there?"

"Why, I never cared for politics."

"No, but you cared for life, you cared for society, and you have chosen the path of solitude and concentration."

"You horrid boy!" said Biddy.

"Give it up, that arduous steep — give it up and come out with me," Peter interposed.

"Come out with you?"

"Let us walk a little, or even drive a little. Let us at any rate talk a little."

"I thought you had so much to do," Biddy candidly objected.

"So I have, but why should n't you do a part of it with me? Would there be any harm? I'm going to some tiresome shops — you 'll cheer the prosaic hour."

The girl hesitated; then she turned

to Nick. "Would there be any harm?"

"Oh, it's none of *his* business!" Peter protested.

"He had better take you home to your mother."

"I'm going home — I sha'n't stay here to-day," said Biddy. Then, to Peter, "I came in a hansom, but I shall walk back. Come that way with me."

"With singular pleasure. But I shall not be able to go in," Sherringham added.

"Oh, that's no matter," said Biddy. "Good-by, Nick."

"You understand, then, that we dine together — at seven sharp. Would n't a club be best?" Peter, before going, inquired of Nick. He suggested, further, which club it should be; and his words led Biddy, who had directed her steps toward the door, to turn a moment, as if she were on the point of asking reproachfully whether it was for this Peter had given up Calcutta Gardens. But this impulse, if impulse it was, had no sequel except so far as it was a sequel that Peter spontaneously explained to her, after Nick had assented to his conditions, that her brother too had a desire to go to Miss Rooth's first night and had already promised to accompany him.

"Oh, that's perfect; it will be so good for him — won't it? — if he's going to paint her again," Biddy responded.

"I think there's nothing so good for him as that he happens to have such a sister as you," Peter observed, as they went out. As he spoke he heard, outside, the sound of a carriage stopping; and before Biddy, who was in front of him, opened the door of the house he had time to say to himself, "What a bore — there's Miriam!" The opened door showed him that he was right — this young lady was in the act of alighting from the brougham provided by Basil Dashwood's thrifty zeal. Her mother followed her, and both the new visitors exclaimed and rejoiced, in their demonstrative way, as their eyes fell upon their valued friend. The door had closed behind Peter, but he instantly and violently rang, so that they should be admitted with as little delay as possible, while he remained slightly disconcerted by the prompt occurrence of an encounter he had sought to avert. It ministered, moreover, a little to this particular sensation that Miriam appeared to have come somewhat before her time. The incident promised, however, to pass off in the happiest way. Before he knew it both the ladies had taken possession of Biddy, who looked at them with comparative coldness, tempered indeed by a faint glow of apprehension, and Miriam had broken out —

"We know you, we know you; we saw you in Paris, and you came to my theatre a short time ago with Mr. Sherringham."

"We know your mother, Lady Agnes Dormer. I hope her ladyship is very well," said Mrs. Rooth, who had never struck Sherringham as a more objectionable old woman.

"You offered to do a head of me, or something or other: did n't you tell me you work in clay? I dare say you have forgotten all about it, but I should be delighted," Miriam pursued, with the richest urbanity.

Peter was not concerned with her mother's vulgarity, though he did n't like Biddy to see even that; but he hoped his companion would take the overcharged benevolence of the young actress in the spirit in which, rather to his surprise, it evidently was offered.

"I've sat to your clever brother many times," said Miriam; "I'm going to sit again. I dare say you've seen what we've done — he's too delightful. *Si vous saviez comme cela me repose!*" she added, turning for a moment to Sherringham. Then she continued, smiling, to Biddy: "Only he ought n't

to have thrown up such prospects, you know. I have an idea I was n't nice to you that day in Paris — I was nervous and scared and perverse. I remember perfectly; I was odious. But I 'm better now — you 'd see if you were to know me. I 'm not a bad girl — really I 'm not. But you must have your own friends. Happy they — you look so charming! Immensely like Mr. Dormer, especially about the eyes; is n't she, mamma?"

"She comes of a beautiful Norman race — the finest, purest strain," the old woman simpered. "Mr. Dormer is sometimes so good as to come and see us — we are always at home on Sunday; and if some day you were so venturesome as to come with him, you might perhaps find it pleasant, though very different, of course, from the circle in which you habitually move."

Biddy murmured a vague recognition of these wonderful civilities, and Miriam commented, "Different, yes; but we 're all right, you know. Do come," she added. Then turning to Sherringham, "Remember what I told you — I don't expect you to-night."

"Oh, I understand; I shall come," Peter answered, growing red.

"It will be idiotic. Keep him, keep him away — don't let him," Miriam went on, to Biddy; with which, as Nick's portals now were gaping, she drew her mother away.

Peter, at this, walked off briskly with Biddy, dropping, as he did so, "She 's too fantastic!"

"Yes, but so tremendously good-looking. I shall ask Nick to take me there," the girl continued, after a moment.

"Well, she 'll do you no harm. It 's the world of art — you were standing up so for art, just now."

"Oh, I was n't thinking so much of that kind," said Biddy.

"There 's only one kind — it 's all the same thing. If one sort is good, the other is."

Biddy walked along a moment. "Is she serious? Is she conscientious?"

"Oh, she has the makings of a great artist," said Peter.

"I 'm glad to hear you think a woman can be one."

"In that line there has never been any doubt about it."

"And only in that line?"

"I mean on the stage in general, dramatic or lyric. It 's as the actress that the woman achieves the most complete and satisfactory artistic results."

"And only as the actress?"

"Yes, there 's another art in which she 's not bad."

"Which one do you mean?" asked Biddy.

"That of being charming and good, and indispensable to man."

"Oh, that is n't an art."

"Then you leave her only the stage. Take it, if you like, in the widest sense."

Biddy appeared to reflect a moment, as if to see in what sense this might be. But she found none that was wide enough, for she cried the next minute, "Do you mean to say there 's nothing for a woman but to be an actress?"

"Never in my life. I only say that that 's the best thing for a woman to be who finds herself irresistibly carried into the practice of the arts; for there her capacity for them has most application and her incapacity for them least. But at the same time I strongly recommend her not to be an artist if she can possibly help it. It 's a devil of a life."

"Oh, I know; men want women not to be anything."

"It 's a poor little refuge they try to take from the overwhelming consciousness that you are, in fact, everything."

"Everything? That 's the kind of thing you say to keep us quiet."

"Dear Biddy, you see how well we succeed!" laughed Sherringham; to which the girl responded by inquiring irrelevantly —

"Why is it so necessary for you to go to the theatre to-night, if Miss Rooth does n't want you to?"

"My dear child, she does. But that has nothing to do with it."

"Why then did she say that she does n't?"

"Oh, because she meant just the contrary."

"Is she so false, then — is she so vulgar?"

"She speaks a special language; practically it is n't false, because it renders her thought, and those who know her understand it."

"But she does n't use it only to those who know her, since she asked me, who have so little the honor of her acquaintance, to keep you away to-night. How am I to know that she meant by that that I 'm to urge you on to go?"

Sherringham was on the point of replying, "Because you have my word for it;" but he shrank, in fact, from giving his word — he had some fine scruples — and endeavored to get out of his embarrassment by a general tribute. "Dear Biddy, you 're delightfully acute: you 're quite as clever as Miss Rooth." He felt, however, that this was scarcely adequate, and he continued: "The truth is, its being important for me to go is a matter quite independent of that young lady's wishing it or not wishing it. There happens to be a definite, intrinsic propriety in it which determines the matter, and which it would take long for me to explain."

"I see. But fancy your 'explaining' to me: you make me feel so indiscreet!" the girl cried quickly — an exclamation which touched him because he was not aware that, quick as it had been, Biddy had still had time to be struck first (though she would n't for the world have expressed it) with the oddity of such a duty at such a time. In fact, that oddity, during a silence of some minutes, came back to Peter himself: his profession had been incongruous; it sounded almost ignobly frivolous, for a man on the eve of proceeding to a high diplomatic post. The effect of this, however, was not to make him break out with, "Hang it, I *will* keep my engagement to your mother!" but to fill him with the wish that he could shorten his actual excursion by taking Biddy the rest of the way in a cab. He was uncomfortable, and there were hansoms about which he looked at wistfully. While he was so occupied his companion took up the talk by an abrupt interrogation.

"Why did she say that Nick ought n't to have resigned his seat?"

"Oh, I don't know; it struck her so. It does n't matter much."

"If she 's an artist herself, why does n't she like people to go in for art, especially when Nick has given his time to painting her so beautifully? Why does she come there so often, if she disapproves of what he has done?"

"Oh, Miriam's disapproval — it does n't count; it 's a manner of speaking."

"Of speaking untruths, do you mean? Does she think just the reverse — is that the way she talks about everything?"

"We always admire most what we can do least," Peter replied; "and Miriam, of course, is n't political. She ranks painters more or less with her own profession, about which, already, new as she is to it, she has no illusions. They are all artists; it 's the same general sort of thing. She prefers men of the world — men of action."

"Is that the reason she likes you?" Biddy mocked.

"Ah, she does n't like me — could n't you see it?"

Biddy said nothing for a moment; then she asked, "Is that why she lets you call her 'Miriam'?"

"Oh, I don't, to her face."

"Ah, only to mine!" laughed Biddy.

"One says that as one says 'Rachel' of her great predecessor."

"Except that she is n't so great, quite yet, is she?"

"Certainly not; she 's the freshest of novices — she has scarcely been four months on the stage. But she 'll go very fast, and I dare say that before long she 'll be magnificent."

"What a pity you 'll not see that!" Biddy remarked, after a short interval.

"Not see it?"

"If you are thousands of miles away."

"It *is* a pity," Peter said; "and since you mention it, I don't mind frankly telling you — throwing myself on your mercy, as it were — that that 's why I make such a point of a rare occasion like to-night. I have a weakness for the drama that, as you perhaps know, I 've never concealed, and this impression will probably have to last me, in some barren spot, for many, many years."

"I understand — I understand. I hope, therefore, it will be charming." And Biddy walked faster.

"Just as some other charming impressions will have to last," Peter added, conscious of a certain effort that he was obliged to make to keep up with her. She seemed almost to be running away from him, a circumstance which led him to suggest, after they had proceeded a little further without more words, that if she were in a hurry they had perhaps better take a cab. Her face was strange and touching to him as she turned it to reply quickly —

"Oh, I 'm not in the least in a hurry, and I think, really, I had better walk."

"We 'll walk, then, by all means!" Peter declared, with slightly exaggerated gayety; in pursuance of which they went on a hundred yards. Biddy kept the same pace; yet it was scarcely a surprise to Sherringham that she should suddenly stop, with the exclamation —

"After all, though I 'm not in a hurry, I 'm tired! I had better have a cab; please call that one," she added, looking about her.

They were in a straight, blank, ugly street, where the small, cheap, gray-faced houses had no expression save that of a rueful, inconsolable consciousness of its want of identity. They would have constituted a "terrace" if they could, but they had given it up. Even a hansom which loitered across the end of the vista turned a skeptical back upon it, so that Sherringham had to lift his voice in a loud appeal. He stood with Biddy watching the cab approach them. "This is one of the charming things you 'll remember," she said, turning her eyes to the general dreariness, from the particular figure of the vehicle, which was antiquated and clumsy. Before he could reply she had lightly stepped into the cab; but as he answered, "Most assuredly it is," and prepared to follow her, she quickly closed the apron.

"I must go alone; you 've lots of things to do — it 's all right;" and, through the aperture in the roof, she gave the driver her address. She had spoken with decision, and Peter recognized that she wished to get away from him. Her eyes betrayed it, as well as her voice, in a look — not a hard one, however — which, as he stood there with his hand on the cab, he had time to take from her. "Good-by, Peter," she smiled; and as the cab began to rumble away he uttered the same tepid, ridiculous farewell.

XLIV.

When Miriam and her mother went into the studio Nick Dormer had stopped whistling, but he was still gay enough to receive them with every demonstration of sociability. He thought his studio a poor place, ungarnished, untapestried, a bare, almost grim workshop, with all its revelations and honors still to come. But both his visitors smiled upon it a good deal in the same way in which they had smiled on Bridget Dormer when they met her at the door: Mrs. Rooth because vague, prudent approba-

tion was the habit of her foolish little face — it was ever the least danger; and Miriam because, apparently, she was genuinely glad to find herself within the walls which she spoke of now as her asylum. She broke out in this strain to her host almost as soon as she had crossed the threshold, commending his circumstances, his conditions of work, as infinitely happier than her own. He was quiet, independent, absolute, free to do what he liked as he liked it, shut up in his little temple with his altar and his divinity; not hustled about in a mob of people, having to posture and grin to pit and gallery, to square himself at every step with insufferable conventions and with the ignorance and vanity of others. He was blissfully alone.

"Mercy, how you do abuse your fine profession! I 'm sure I never urged you to adopt it!" Mrs. Rooth cried, in real bewilderment, to her daughter.

"She was abusing mine still more, the other day," joked Nick — "telling me I ought to be ashamed of it and of myself."

"Oh, I never know from one moment to the other — I live with my heart in my mouth," sighed the old woman.

"Are n't you quiet about the great thing — about my behavior?" Miriam smiled. "My only extravagances are intellectual."

"I don't know what you call your behavior."

"You would very soon, if it were not what it is."

"And I don't know what you call intellectual," grumbled Mrs. Rooth.

"Yes, but I don't see very well how I could make you understand that. At any rate," Miriam went on, looking at Nick, "I retract what I said the other day about Mr. Dormer. I have no wish to quarrel with him about the way he has determined to dispose of his life, because, after all, it does suit me very well. It rests me, this little devoted corner; oh, it rests me. It 's out of the tussle and the heat, it 's deliciously still, and they can't get at me. Ah, when art 's like this, *à la bonne heure!*" And she looked round on such a presentment of "art" with a splendid air that made Nick burst out laughing at its contrast with the humble fact. Miriam smiled at him as if she liked to be the cause of his mirth, and went on appealing to him: "You 'll always let me come here for an hour, won't you, to take breath — to let the whirlwind pass? You need n't trouble yourself about me; I don't mean to impose on you in the least the necessity of painting me, though if that 's a manner of helping you to get on you may be sure it will always be open to you. Do what you like with me in that respect; only let me sit here on a high stool, keeping well out of your way, and see what you happen to be doing. I 'll tell you my own adventures when you want to hear them."

"The fewer adventures you have to tell, the better, my dear," said Mrs. Rooth; "and if Mr. Dormer keeps you quiet he will add ten years to my life."

"This is an interesting comment on Mr. Dormer's own quietus, on his independence and sweet solitude," Nick observed. "Miss Rooth has to work with others, which is, after all, only what Mr. Dormer has to do when he works with Miss Rooth. What do you make of the inevitable sitter?"

"Oh," answered Miriam, "you can say to the sitter, 'Hold your tongue, you brute!'"

"Is n't it a good deal in that manner that I 've heard you address your comrades at the theatre?" asked Mrs. Rooth. "That 's why my heart 's in my mouth."

"Yes, but they hit me back; they reply to me — *comme de raison* — as I should never think of replying to Mr. Dormer. It 's a great advantage to him that when he 's peremptory with his model it only makes her better, adds to her expression of gloomy grandeur."

"We did the gloomy grandeur in the other picture; suppose, therefore, we try something different in this," suggested Nick.

"It *is* serious, it *is* grand," murmured Mrs. Rooth, who had taken up a rapt attitude before the portrait of her daughter. "It makes one wonder what she 's thinking of. Noble, commendable things — that 's what it seems to say."

"What can I be thinking of but the tremendous wisdom of my mother?" Miriam inquired. "I brought her this morning to see that thing — she had only seen it in its earliest stage — and not to presume to advise you about anything else you may be so good as to embark on. She wanted, or she professed that she wanted, terribly to know what you had finally arrived at. She was too impatient to wait till you should send it home."

"Ah, send it home — send it home; let us have it always with us!" Mrs. Rooth urged. "It will hold us up; it will keep us on the heights, near the stars — be always, for us, a symbol and a reminder!"

"You see I was right," Miriam went on; "for she appreciates thoroughly, in her own way, and understands. But if she worries or distracts you I 'll send her directly home — I 've kept the carriage there on purpose. I must add that I don't feel quite safe to-day in letting her out of my sight. She is liable to make dashes at the theatre and play unconscionable tricks there. I shall never again accuse mamma of a want of interest in my profession. Her interest to-day exceeds even my own. She is all over the place, and she has ideas; ah, but ideas! She is capable of turning up at the theatre at five o'clock this afternoon and demanding that the scenery of the third act be repainted. For myself, I 've not a word more to say on the subject — I 've accepted the situation. Everything is no doubt wrong; but nothing can possibly be right. Let us eat and drink, for to-night we die. If you like, mamma shall go and sit in the carriage, and as there is no means of fastening the doors (is there?) your servant shall keep guard over her."

"Just as you are now — be so good as to remain so; sitting just that way — leaning back, with a smile in your eyes and one hand on the sofa beside you, supporting you a little. I shall stick a flower into the other hand — let it lie in your lap, just as it is. Keep that thing on your head — it 's admirably uncovered: do you call the construction a bonnet? — and let your head fall back a little. There it is — it 's found. This time I shall really do something, and it will be as different as you like from that crazy job. *Pazienza!*" It was in these irrelevant but earnest words that Nick responded to his sitter's uttered vagaries, of which her charming tone and countenance diminished the superficial acerbity. He held up his hands a moment, to fix her in her limits, and a few minutes afterwards had a happy sense of having begun to work.

"The smile in her eyes — don't forget the smile in her eyes!" Mrs. Rooth exclaimed softly, turning away and creeping about the room. "That will make it so different from the other picture and show the two sides of her genius, with the wonderful range between them. It will be a magnificent pendant; and though I dare say I shall strike you as greedy, you must let me hope you will send it home too."

Henry James.

ONE OF THE UNRECONSTRUCTED.

Out of the literary darkness of Mississippi, seldom illumined by any ray from the pen of a writer, there comes to us the unexpected boon of a remarkable book. Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians, by Reuben Davis (who has, but uses not, the right to grace his name with both civil and military insignia), is not only exceedingly amusing and interesting, but is of great and enduring value historically. As a sketch of a bygone society, its only rivals in English literature are the famous Diary of Pepys and the less known and almost inaccessible Sewall Diary. With scant regard for established theories concerning the old slave-state society, this picture shows a population apparently not much more distinctly divided horizontally than is now the case at the North, encountering the labor and peril of a still young community with a fine industry and endurance, and manifesting an enterprise, activity, and competition sufficiently genuine and lively, albeit different from the development of like qualities in commercial and industrial neighborhoods.

If Mr. Davis appeared in the rôle of the protesting Southerner, holding a brief for his State, he would probably leave our previous convictions unshaken; but the worth of his work lies not in argument, but in its unconscious simplicity. Carried forward by the most naive ardor, he tells us with graphic faithfulness about the people and the scenes of the only society he has known; ever so little garrulous in the fond recalling of old friends and stories, not so much ignoring as utterly ignorant of any point of view save his own, amusingly unaware of the impressions he is conveying, he furnishes a series of pictures as vividly characteristic of men, manners, and habits as ever Teniers painted. There is no possibility of doubting his accuracy; that which he sets before us may attract or repel, may accord or clash with preconceived notions, but in either case must be accepted as true. Apart from such internal evidence, the striking features with which the stern old gentleman boldly looks out upon his readers from the beginning of the volume defy doubt and overawe the skeptic. It would be dangerous for those eyes to flash near a powder magazine; that firm set mouth is closed like the lips of a wolf-trap. One so fierce and so courageous cannot help being ingenuous. The force and the fire of the South are in this face, which ought to be sent down to posterity, as the type of a class, by the same gifted hand which painted the wonderful portrait of the virile, fiery old Pope Julius II. at Florence.

It is to be hoped that the South holds not many ex-rebels more unrepentant and unreconstructed than this one. He says, in closing: "With what courage and heroic patience the South took up her changed existence belongs to the story of Mississippi as she is now. The old Mississippian ends his rambling tale here."

This is disappointing, for the views of such a man on the new régime would be interesting. If his intelligence and good sense, of which he shows much, though of an antique kind, are reconstructed, his hot old heart is not. How he revels in those olden days, tasting again the good drink, hearing the old songs, hating, loving, admiring, fighting, feasting, as fervidly in memory as ever in the flesh! His sentiment is touching, and his condition in so changed a world is pathetic; it would, perhaps, be an inconsiderate curiosity that would ask him to discuss what he might feel obliged to commend, but could not love. He is

instinctively wise in closing with the close of the "old times."

The fragrance of gunpowder and of abundant mint juleps arises from his pages, and he sniffs it with a delight that he cares not to conceal. Those were indeed the days of red gold and gay ladies! If nearly all whom he mentions have long ago, as he sadly says, fallen beneath the sickle of Death, he, at least, has gifts as a mortuary chronicler. It is well known that in Southern society each man, though by some accident he be not a colonel, must be treated as if he were one, and must everywhere have his personal dignity scrupulously respected; such "chaff" as is over-popular at the North would result in a general extermination of mankind within the limits of the erstwhile Confederacy. In that serious region humor is as dangerous as dynamite; and though this book is full of it, there is, fortunately, no consciousness of its presence on the part of our worthy writer, — with the single exception of the laughable incident of the militia parade, which is very drolly told. Elsewhere Mr. Davis has not only perfect and everlasting gravity and respectfulness of tone, but abounds in expressions of the most ardent and exalted admiration. The luxuriance of his phraseology of praise is remarkable; he seldom repeats himself, avoiding with astonishing skill the bad rhetoric of the *fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum;* to each is cleverly allotted his peculiar meed of praise. The less discriminating reader, in reminiscence, groups together all these wondrous sons of Mississippi, and is bewildered to find into what a society he has been introduced: men "good and powerful," with "shining qualities," of "cordial and pleasing manners," and of "studied courtesy" (when not excited or out of humor); "good men and true, and loyal;" "kind and generous above measure;" "the good, the great, and the beloved;" the "noblest and best of men;" gentlemen "of many virtues and no faults," "noble, large-hearted, and generous," of whom no adequate picture can be drawn; "incapable of fear, treachery, or meanness;" "ideal Southerners;" "living in the highest regions of honor and devotion;" men "of cultivated minds and polished manners;" "brilliant speakers;" "scholars of varied attainments;" men of "honor, courage, intellect, and learning;" "irresistible in conversation;" with "wit, anecdote, and ability" so unlimited as to beggar description, — and so on. The lawyers are "grand" in their speeches; "profoundly read;" of "wonderful powers of reason and oratory;" "profound in conception, powerful in argument, and copious in diction;" "weighty and learned;" "embodied intellect;" of "matchless ingenuity;" able "to spin a web of sophistry more like truth than the honest truth itself."

S. S. Prentiss is an inspiring theme. His oratory "was like music and poetry, and flame and fire, and love and hate, and memory and inspiration, all bearing away in one swift torrent the souls given up to its enchantment." Often did Mr. Davis hear him pouring forth table-talk more intoxicating than the unstinted wine. "Ah," he exclaims, "what nights those were! how brave and generous, how gay and jovial! and what wit and humor sparkled with the wine!" They killed poor Prentiss, those ambrosial nights and suppers of the gods, but, fortunately, spared a comrade to make later generations envious at the tale. As for the ladies, gallantry can no further go than Mr. Davis's pen goes; they are all accomplished and charming, all elegant, beautiful, fascinating, and refined. So runs the catalogue from cover to cover of this eloquent book. Nor is it surprising to hear that Mr. Davis's friendships amid such people were "ardent" and "enthusiastic." The galaxy pales all other lands and ages. Though it must be confessed that the ascription

of so much goodness and such varied greatness to so many dead recalls tombstone literature, and the cynic may scent the flavor of that adaptation of truth to circumstances, like the tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb, which the best of Christians have always felt it lawful to express in epitaphs. But it is part of the Southern coloring of the book, laid on with unconscious and simple sincerity, and gives much to the value of the picture. Yet Mr. Davis himself is sometimes surprised at his sketch, and deems explanation necessary: "Our general population was largely made up from the best and bravest of old communities." In spite, however, of this good fortune, whereby other States had been skimmed to send their cream to Mississippi, he propounds, and does not answer, the conundrum: why, in the older days, there was "such a marked superiority in mental and moral tone to that which now exists." "The general population of Marshall County," he says, "was made up largely of educated and refined people," and Pontotoc was "much above the average." Each city, too, has its individual and distinctive meed of lofty praise. In a word, here is a mythical age of Mississippi, when it was Valhalla upon earth, the home of very gods, with the addition that refinement, cordiality, and lavish hospitality prevailed to a degree never ascribed to any divine society.

It might smack of uncourteous scoffing to ask why, among so noble a race, it was so often found necessary for one elevated being to slay another. Perhaps it was because each man, while having the "highest sense of what was due to others," incongruously combined with it an even more superlative "sense of what was due to himself." Mr. Davis was much engaged in criminal practice; he defended considerably more than two hundred persons on trial for murder, and he invariably landed his client in safety. The warm heart of the Southern juror went out in sympathy towards any gentleman who had found it his painful duty to slaughter another. There are a good many affrays in the book, and our gallant writer played his own part occasionally. The first occurred when he was quite a youngster. He tells the simple story in a few words, but his comment is entertaining. He was at a ball, and being, as he says, "engaged in the pleasures of the evening, some question arose as to precedence of claim upon the attention of one of the ladies. To my great surprise, I was grossly insulted by the gentleman whose claims conflicted with mine. Justly outraged, I no sooner withdrew my adversary from the presence of the ladies than I challenged him to defend himself, and assaulted him with my pocket-knife. In this I was sustained by all present. . . . This action I have never regretted, holding that a man has a right to defend his honor whenever and by whomsoever assailed. Had I submitted tamely to this insult, my whole future career would have been blighted by it, and I should have lost all claim to the respect and good opinion of my fellow-citizens."

The most astonishing encounter is that with Judge Howry. One can fancy the caustic sarcasm with which The Nation would amuse its readers in narrating this scuffle; but the grave tone of undoubting self-respect with which Mr. Davis tells it outruns any possible irony. Passing by a psychical marvel, which appears to Mr. Davis the really striking feature in the affair, but which is quite aside from what interests us, the story may be thus abbreviated: Mr. Davis was defending in a larceny case. In the empanelment of the jury, the prosecutor, Mr. Rogers, having exhausted his challenges, ostentatiously stated his acceptance of one of the talesmen. To counteract the effect of this, Davis said, "Why do you say that? You are *bound* to accept." Rogers denied the obligation, and was sustained by the court.

Davis read the statute, showing the obligation, and convicting the judge of an error. He was thereupon ordered to sit down, and obeyed. Rogers was next ordered to sit down, but refused, saying that he had a right to stand, and would do so. Thereupon Judge Howry fined Mr. Davis fifty dollars. It is not surprising that this illogical action threw Mr. Davis into a "perfect blaze of sudden fury;" less fiery eyes than his might have blazed. But he was something more than equal to the occasion. He says: "I had in my pocket a very fine knife, with a long, thin blade. As I sprang to my feet I drew out this knife, opened it, and threw it, point foremost, into the bar, looking steadily at the judge all the while. My object was to induce the judge to order me to jail, and then to attack him on the bench. The knife vibrated, and the weight of the handle broke the blade near the middle. General S. J. Gholson and others ran upon the bench beside the judge, ordered the sheriff to adjourn the court, . . . and carried the judge out of the court-room, while a number of persons seized me. The situation was full of peril," for the judge was "a man of unquestioned courage and firmness," and both parties were well befriended. But for Gholson's "prudent and timely action," "the consequences might have been most disastrous." Even as it was, they were yet to be rather bad. A few hours later, Mr. Davis saw the judge approaching along a corridor. "I awaited his approach, . . . and asked him if he had intended, by his fine, to insult me. He said, No. I then said that I had been guilty of no offense to justify such an indignity, and requested some explanation." The judge declined to explain his "official conduct." Davis, with ready presence of mind, slapped him in the face. The judge, no less prompt in emergency, seized a claw-hammer which lay near by, and struck at Davis, "cutting through his hat and several files of papers to the bone of his head." Davis whipped out what was left of his "fine knife," and with it made a stroke for the judge's jugular. This blow fell upon the judicial jaw, — an important member of a judge's framework, — and then, says Davis, "I seized him with my left hand by the collar of his coat, and pushed my head into his face. He struck again with his hammer, breaking and depressing the outer plate of my skull bone, without, however, invading the inner plate." They were then "pulled apart," but not before the active judge had got in a third blow. Davis went to his room, and sent to the judge a chivalrous but somewhat superfluous warning "not to leave his room unarmed, as I should attack him upon sight." But at this stage the psychical phenomenon intervened, and so affected Mr. Davis that he "gave himself up into the hands of his friends, and allowed them to arrange" the affair for him. It is to the credit of our writer's physique that after his skull had been so rudely battered he was still ready to attend to business. "The court," he tells us, "met again that evening. I had put on a fur cap, with the back part before, to conceal my wounds, and the judge wore his overcoat, with the collar well drawn up, to hide the tokens of combat on his person." Fortunately, during the evening another judge arrived, and took the place of the hero of the scrimmage. Seven years elapsed before the combatants again met. Davis was then on circuit, when one of his friends came into the room where he was sitting and said, "'I suppose, Davis, you care nothing now about that affair between you and Judge Howry?' I promptly replied that I thought nothing of it; that Howry was a gentleman, and that our difficulty was casual and without malice; although it had been a death struggle, it had been about almost nothing." So the judge came to the room. Davis met him at the door; they

"greeted each other in the most cordial manner," and ever after were the best of friends.

The fifth act of any serious criminal cause, resulting in the acquittal of the accused, seems frequently to have taken the shape of a glorious carouse in a neighboring tavern or in some lawyer's office. Counsel and client, lawyers and judges, mingled somewhat incongruously in the hilarious celebration; and perhaps the alluring prospect of such a glorious night may more than once have softened a juror's heart and alleviated a verdict. As in the novels of Dickens, a sort of festal rill of liquors glides merrily through the pages, and the curse of the Anglo-Saxon race evidently lay heavy on those old Mississippians. Occasionally a glimpse of its deadly work is apparent. There is the story of McClung, a colonel of course, who, in the frenzy of delirium tremens, emptied a restaurant not only of guests but of attendants, and then seated himself in the banquet hall deserted, at the head of one of the long tables, with a bottle, a bowie-knife, and two dueling-pistols in quasi-military array before him. Unaware of this inconvenient status, Mr. Davis, Governor Clark, and Governor Alcorn entered, upon an innocent quest for oysters. A frightful scene ensued, and they narrowly escaped with their lives, and without the oysters. The exciting tale is most dramatically narrated, and it is with extreme regret that we find so racy and stirring an incident too long to be repeated. Certain it is that half a dozen skeletons at a feast would be more welcome than one McClung. It seems that the peril of the occasion was augmented by the memory of an occurrence at a ball-room, where Alcorn had kicked down-stairs a young man who had taken too much wine and was showing undue attention to a lady. McClung thought that the prior right to do this kicking inhered in him, and he never forgave Alcorn for getting ahead of him. Yet Davis liked McClung; the alcoholized colonel was a candidate for Congress and was defeated, and Davis tenderly says, "Very possibly it is from this defeat, which he took much to heart, that we may date the first symptoms of that deep melancholy which afterwards clouded the noble spirit of McClung, and which culminated in the awful tragedy of his self-inflicted death."

It is astonishing to see our author, who indeed "flatters himself that he is a patient man and disposed to peace," but who evidently never shunned a fight with a foe or shirked a drinking bout with a friend, surviving all these perils, hale and snorting in his old age. How any Southerner of spirit ever lived long amid such risks is a puzzle; whiskey must have been wholesome in the good days of yore! Our jovial old gentleman still chuckles with glee over the spectacle which he saw once a Jackson. In the dead of the night he was "wakened by a confusion of sounds in the street, music predominating." He looked out, and "beheld a long line of well-dressed gentlemen proceeding in single file down the middle of the street, and loudly singing the then popular melody of 'Buffalo Bull came down the meadow.' It was the legislature of Mississippi indulging in an airing, after having spent an evening in the worship of Bacchus. The chorus was given with a will, and the streets fairly resounded with the lively ditty. It was a sight long to be remembered!"

The book, however, is by no means solely a collection of such stories as these. It is written in seriousness, and holds much good thought and observation. Mr. Davis was drawn at times into political life, and his descriptions of canvassing and electioneering at the South are singularly picturesque. The barbecue, — "only those who can remember the old South in its glory can have an adequate idea of a big barbecue

in 1844," — the personal pitting of candidate against candidate in a tour through all the villages and settlements of the district, the matching of quick wit, the rivalry of fiery oratory on the green, the mad revelry at the tavern afterward, are all vividly portrayed, and constitute a method very different from the ward-room caucuses with which we are familiar. The old Southern customs stand the comparison pretty well; they were boisterous, rough, and crude, but were sufficiently in keeping with the spirit of free institutions and popular suffrage in an agricultural community. Men measured their candidates face to face, and voted for him who seemed the taller man. Mr. Davis admits that the "rigid moralist may be scandalized by the spectacle of whole communities given up to wild days of feasting, speech-making, music, dancing, and drinking, with perhaps rough words now and then, and an honest hand-to-hand fight when debate was angry and the blood hot." But he boasts that there was then "little trickery and no corruption," and "a man who had dared to tamper with a ballot-box, or who had been detected in any fraud by the people, would have been torn in pieces without a moment's hesitation." He thinks that political ways have changed for the worse, and there is too much reason to fear that he is right. What he has to say in this connection deserves to be read and pondered.

The campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" gave rise to royal doings in Mississippi. It was decided to have a grand political caravan traverse the State, with an hundred chosen canvassers, of whom Davis was one. A new wagon was fitted up, with the log cabin, the barrel of hard cider, and the coon-skins; six horses drew it, and the band of one hundred rode on horseback, with tents and provisions, music and negroes. Thus they advanced "on a journey that was one long frolic;" making fifteen miles a day, halting at the cross-roads, collecting the people, dealing out music and speeches, and gathering in from the surrounding country the best liquors and the choicest dainties. All along the route houses were bedecked, and ladies of dazzling beauty appeared, decorated with every ingenious patriotic device. "There were numbers of beautiful women all along that enchanted road. Do wayfarers find that road brilliant with beauty and delight nowadays, I wonder?" Amid such scenes the gallant array drew reluctantly to the journey's end at Nashville, the bright summer days seeming "too few and too short for all the merriment crowded into them." In that town there were grand entertainments, and stirring mass-meetings with ringing harangues by Tom Corwin and Henry Clay; and then at last the fun was over. So picturesque and so vivid were Southern politics in the days gone by.

It is impossible not to be attracted towards Mr. Davis personally, as we read his book; a frank, fearless, generous gentleman, a conscientious and high-minded citizen according to the light of his generation, if ever there was one. He belongs to the past as much as Noah does, but he is a good fellow and an honest man; and doubtless his quarter held many more like him. His childhood dates back to the pioneer days of his State, when life was wild and hard and advantages were few; when "there were no laws, no schools, and no libraries," and "every man did what was right in his own eyes." His father was a clergyman, with a cardinal faith "that lawyers were wholly given up to the devil, even in this world, and that it was impossible for any one of them ever to enter the kingdom of heaven;" and who "also entertained strong doubts as to the final welfare of medical men in general," though admitting "that some few might be saved, provided they used their best endeavors not to kill their patients, and resisted all temptation to prolong ill-

nesses with a view to pecuniary profit." The lad, in boyhood, hunted with Indians, and got scant schooling. He married young and penniless, and the beginning in life of the young couple shows fine mettle in both. He abandoned medicine, which he had studied, for law, which he had hardly studied at all; but his spirit was strong and his brain was good, and in time, by that miraculous process of development witnessed in our pioneer communities, he became not only an able advocate, but a leading man in public affairs both in his State and in Congress, while we now find him in old age writing with considerable literary skill. With all the versatility of a Yankee, if he will pardon a comparison probably little to his taste, he combined war with medicine, law, and politics. He was in command of a regiment in Mexico; and though he happened not to be engaged in any of the great battles, he gave evidence of an executive capacity, energy, and judgment to be afterward much more conspicuously displayed during the rebellion. There are some rare touches in his military experience; subordination came hard to him, and flashes of the fiery Southern temperament occasionally illumine these chapters. Very amusing is the picture of one of the young Southern braves, who, at the battle of Buena Vista, envious of the wound received by Colonel Jefferson Davis, and thirsting for the glorious decoration of a scar, "absolutely heart-broken because a bullet failed to hit him," "charged up and down the line, waving his arms in the air, and exclaiming, 'My God! Can't one bullet hit me!'" And, says Mr. Davis, "it is an actual fact that for the rest of his life his spirit was wounded because his body was whole."

There are pleasant glimpses, too, of the reckless and prodigal quality of Southern generosity. It is a pretty story of the burning of the house of an estimable old gentlewoman in the village. The fire was over and the crowd dispersing, when a gentleman sprang upon the steps of a neighboring house and harangued the people, headed a subscription list with five hundred dollars, and raised four thousand dollars for the poor lady on the spot. Credit was "universal," and fortunes were quickly made and lost. He who would not risk his own property and the welfare of his family to help a hard-pushed neighbor was no better than a sorry niggard. "To put your name on a friend's paper was as much a matter of course as to sit up with him when he was ill, take care of him when he was merry, or fight for him if he got into a row."

The last part of the book is devoted to the secession period. But it is the scope of this paper to deal rather with the picturesque than the historical traits, and, moreover, it would be difficult to cull amid pages so thickly sown with matter of the greatest interest and value. In the last Congress which sat before the outbreak of the hostilities, Mr. Davis represented his district. He was a man of note and influence, and occupied responsible positions upon committees charged to avert, if possible, the pressing crisis. He tells much that is important about the feelings and expectations, the plans and the plots, of the Southern leaders, and he pauses to sketch Joshua Giddings with a force and vividness most striking; it is a portrait not to be forgotten.

He was a secessionist with regret, but with sincere heartiness. On the other hand, his independent way of thinking, his sound judgment, and indomitable integrity prevented his yielding to the chiefs of the movement that quasi-military obedience which they demanded, and at intervals he angered them and incurred their distrust. He especially crossed them by the frank honesty of his speeches and career in Mississippi. It was their policy to induce the people to believe that disruption would be sub-

stantially peaceable. Too intelligent to be hoodwinked, too honest to join in a scheme of deception, Mr. Davis reiterated to many an audience that "secession would prove to be only another name for bloody revolution." For this embarrassing behavior he was taken sharply to task; but he refused to mend his ways, and told the remonstrants that he "had always found the straightest path the safest," and that he would rather be "accused falsely of alarming the people than deserve the accusation of misleading them." Thus he drew down upon himself the extreme indignation of the chief promoters. But events justified him, and the assistance of one so able and so trustworthy could not be dispensed with; he was therefore retained in important positions of high responsibility. He magnifies Jefferson Davis with glowing eulogy, and after all his eloquent praise declares his inability to find words adequate to express the glory and greatness of that leader. After the fall of Fort Donelson he took up the cudgels for General Johnston, then seriously discredited, and, foreseeing the disastrous end, he "denounced the whole policy of the war and the stupendous folly of the provisional Congress." Thus he "gave great offense to the administration," and "had afterwards no influence, nor indeed much personal intercourse, with heads of government." He felt that his usefulness was over, and that he was "a mere spectator in the final acts of our tragedy." At this point he drops the curtain, and brings to a close one of the most entertaining books that has been given to the public for a long while.

John T. Morse, Jr.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

III.

After the reading of the paper which was reported in the preceding number of this record, the company fell into talk upon the subject with which it dealt.

The Mistress. "I could have wished you had said more about the religious attitude of old age as such. Surely the thoughts of aged persons must be very much taken up with the question of what is to become of them. I should like to have The Dictator explain himself a little more fully on this point."

My dear madam, I said, it is a delicate matter to talk about. You remember Mr. Calhoun's response to the advances of an over-zealous young clergyman who wished to examine him as to his outfit for the long journey. I think the relations between man and his Maker grow more intimate, more confidential, if I may say so, with advancing years. The old man is less disposed to argue about special matters of belief, and more ready to sympathize with spiritually minded persons without anxious questioning as to the fold to which they belong. That kindly judgment which he exercises with regard to others he will, naturally enough, apply to himself. The *caressing* tone in which the Emperor Hadrian addresses his soul is very much like that of an old person talking with a grandchild or some other pet: —

"*Animula, vagula, blandula,*
Hospes comesque corporis."

"Dear little, flitting, pleasing sprite,
The body's comrade and its guest."

How like the language of Catullus to Lesbia's sparrow!

More and more the old man finds his pleasures in memory, as the present becomes unreal and dreamlike, and the

vista of his earthly future narrows and closes in upon him. At last, if he live long enough, life comes to be little more than a gentle and peaceful delirium of pleasing recollections. To say, as Dante says, that there is no greater grief than to remember past happiness in the hour of misery is not giving the whole truth. In the midst of the *misery*, as many would call it, of extreme old age, there is often a divine consolation in recalling the happy moments and days and years of times long past. So beautiful are the visions of bygone delight that one could hardly wish them to become real, lest they should lose their ineffable charm. I can almost conceive of a dozing and dreamy centenarian saying to one he loves, "Go, darling, go! Spread your wings and leave me. So shall you enter that world of memory where all is lovely. I shall not hear the sound of your footsteps any more, but you will float before me, an aerial presence. I shall not hear any word from your lips, but I shall have a deeper sense of your nearness to me than speech can give. I shall feel, in my still solitude, as the Ancient Mariner felt when the seraph band gathered before him: —

> "'No voice did they impart —
> No voice; but oh! the silence sank
> Like music on my heart.'"

I said that the lenient way in which the old look at the failings of others naturally leads them to judge themselves more charitably. They find an apology for their short-comings and wrong-doings in another consideration. They know very well that they are not the same persons as the middle-aged individuals, the young men, the boys, the children, that bore their names, and whose lives were continuous with theirs. Here is an old man who can remember the first time he was allowed to go shooting. What a remorseless young destroyer he was, to be sure! Wherever he saw a feather, wherever a poor little squirrel showed his bushy tail, bang! went the old "king's arm," and the feathers or the fur were set flying like so much chaff. *Now* that same old man — the mortal that was called by his name and has passed for the same person for some scores of years — is looked upon as absurdly sentimental by kind-hearted women, because he opens the fly-trap and sets all its captives free, — out-of-doors, of course, but the dear souls all insisting, meanwhile, that the flies will, every one of them, be back again in the house before the day is over. Do you suppose that venerable sinner expects to be rigorously called to account for the want of feeling he showed in those early years, when the instinct of destruction, derived from his forest-roaming ancestors, led him to acts which he now looks upon with pain and aversion?

"Senex" has seen three generations grow up, the son repeating the virtues and the failings of the father, the grandson showing the same characteristics as the father and grandfather. He knows that if such or such a young fellow had lived to the next stage of life he would very probably have caught up with his mother's virtues, which, like a graft of a late fruit on an early apple or pear tree, do not ripen in her children until late in the season. He has seen the successive ripening of one quality after another on the boughs of his own life, and he finds it hard to condemn himself for faults which only needed time to fall off and be succeeded by better fruitage. I cannot help thinking that the recording angel not only drops a tear upon many a human failing, which blots it out forever, but that he hands many an old record-book to the imp that does his bidding, and orders him to throw that into the fire instead of the sinner for whom the little wretch had kindled it.

"And pitched him in after it, I hope," said Number Seven, who is in some points as much of an optimist as any one among us, in spite of the squint in his brain, — or in virtue of it, if you choose to have it so.

"I like Wordsworth's Matthew," said Number Five, "as well as any picture of old age I remember."

"Can you repeat it to us?" asked one of The Teacups.

"I can recall two verses of it," said Number Five, and she recited the two following ones. Number Five has a very sweet voice. The moment she speaks all the faces turn toward her. I don't know what its secret is, but it is a voice that makes friends of everybody.

"'The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

"'Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up,
He felt with spirit so profound.'

"This was the way in which Wordsworth paid his tribute to a

"'Soul of God's best earthly mould.'"

The sweet voice left a trance-like silence after it, which may have lasted twenty heart-beats. Then I said, We all thank you for your charming quotation. How much more wholesome a picture of humanity than such stuff as the author of the Night Thoughts has left us: —

"Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart."

Or the author of Don Juan, telling us to look into

"Man's heart, and view the hell that 's there!"

I hope I am quoting correctly, but I am more of a scholar in Wordsworth than in Byron. Was Parson Young's own heart such a hideous spectacle to himself? If it was, he had better have stripped off his surplice. No, — it was nothing but the cant of his calling. In Byron it was a *mood*, and he might have said just the opposite thing the next day, as he did in his two descriptions of the Venus de' Medici. That picture of old Matthew abides in the memory, and makes one think better of his kind. What nobler tasks has the poet than to exalt the idea of manhood, and to make the world we live in more beautiful?

We have two or three young people with us who stand a fair chance of furnishing us the element without which life and tea-tables alike are wanting in interest. We are all, of course, watching them, and curious to know whether we are to have a romance or not. Here is one of them; others will show themselves presently.

I cannot say just how old the Tutor is, but I do not detect a gray hair in his head. My sight is not so good as it was, however, and he may have turned the sharp corner of thirty, and even have left it a year or two behind him. More probably he is still in the twenties, — say twenty-eight or twenty-nine. He seems young, at any rate, excitable, enthusiastic, imaginative, but at the same time reserved. I am afraid that he is a poet. When I say "I am afraid," you wonder what I mean by the expression. I may take another opportunity to explain and justify it; I will only say now that I consider the Muse the most dangerous of sirens to a young man who has his way to make in the world. Now this young man, the Tutor, has, I believe, a future before him. He was born for a philosopher, — so I read his horoscope, — but he has a great liking for poetry and can write well in verse. We have had a number of poems offered for our entertainment, which I have commonly been requested to read. There has been some little mystery about their authorship, but it is evident that they are not all from the same hand. Poetry is as contagious as measles, and if a single case of it break out in any social circle, or in a school, there are certain to be a number of similar cases, some slight, some serious, and now and

then one so malignant that the subject of it should be put on a spare diet of stationery, say from two to three penfuls of ink and a half sheet of notepaper *per diem*. If any of our poetical contributions are presentable, the reader shall have a chance to see them.

It must be understood that our company is not invariably made up of the same persons. The Mistress, as we call her, is expected to be always in her place. I make it a rule to be present. The Professor is almost as sure to be at the table as I am. We should hardly know what to do without Number Five. It takes a good deal of tact to handle such a little assembly as ours, which is a republic on a small scale, for all that they give one the title of Dictator, and Number Five is a great help in every social emergency. She sees when a discussion tends to become personal, and heads off the threatening antagonists. She knows when a subject has been knocking about long enough, and dexterously shifts the talk to another track. It is true that I am the one most frequently appealed to as the highest tribunal in doubtful cases, but I often care more for Number Five's opinion than I do for my own. Who is this Number Five, so fascinating, so wise, so full of knowledge, and so ready to learn? She is suspected of being the anonymous author of a book which produced a sensation when published, not very long ago, and which those who read are very apt to read a second time, and to leave on their tables for frequent reference. But we have never asked her. I do not think she wants to be famous. How she comes to be unmarried is a mystery to me; it must be that she has found nobody worth caring enough for. I wish she would furnish us with the romance which, as I said, our tea-table needs to make it interesting. Perhaps the new-comer will make love to her, — I should think it possible she might fancy him.

And who is the new-comer? He is a Counsellor and a Politician. Has a good war record. Is about forty-five years old, I conjecture. Is engaged in a great law case just now. Said to be very eloquent. Has an intellectual head, and the bearing of one who has commanded a regiment or perhaps a brigade. Altogether an attractive person, scholarly, refined; has some accomplishments not so common as they might be in the class we call *gentlemen*, with an accent on the word.

There is also a young Doctor, waiting for his bald spot to come, so that he may get into practice.

We have two young ladies at the table, — the English girl referred to in a former number, and an American girl of about her own age. Both of them are students in one of those institutions — I am not sure whether they call it an "annex" or not, but at any rate one of those schools where they teach the incomprehensible sort of mathematics and other bewildering branches of knowledge above the common level of high-school education. They seem to be good friends, and form a very pleasing pair when they walk in arm in arm; nearly enough alike to seem to belong together, different enough to form an agreeable contrast.

Of course we were bound to have a Musician at our table, and we have one who sings admirably, and accompanies himself, or one or more of our ladies, very frequently.

Such is our company when the table is full. But sometimes only half a dozen, or it may be only three or four, are present. At other times we have a visitor or two, either in the place of one of our habitual number, or in addition to it. We have the elements, we think, of a pleasant social gathering, — different sexes, ages, pursuits, and tastes, — all that is required for a "symphony concert" of conversation. One of the curious questions which might well be asked by those who had been with us on different occasions would be, "How

many poets are there among you?" Nobody can answer this question. It is a point of etiquette with us not to press our inquiries about these anonymous poems too sharply, especially if any of them betray sentiments which would not bear rough handling.

I don't doubt that the different personalities at our table will get mixed up in the reader's mind if he is not particularly clear-headed. That happens very often, much oftener than all would be willing to confess, in reading novels and plays. I am afraid we should get a good deal confused even in reading our Shakespeare if we did not look back now and then at the *dramatis personæ*. I am sure that I am very apt to confound the characters in a moderately interesting novel; indeed, I suspect that the writer is often no better off than the reader in the dreary middle of the story, when his characters have all made their appearance, and before they have reached near enough to the *dénoûment* to have fixed their individuality by the position they have arrived at in the chain of the narrative.

My reader might be a little puzzled when he read that Number Five did or said such or such a thing, and ask, "Whom do you mean by that title? I am not quite sure that I remember." Just associate her with that line of Emerson, —

"Why nature loves the number five," —

and that will remind you that she is the favorite of our table.

You cannot forget who Number Seven is if I inform you that he specially prides himself on being a seventh son of a seventh son. The fact of such a descent is supposed to carry wonderful endowments with it. Number Seven passes for a natural healer. He is looked upon as a kind of wizard, and is lucky in living in the nineteenth century instead of the sixteenth or earlier. How much confidence he feels in himself as the possessor of half-supernatural gifts I cannot say. I think his peculiar birthright gives him a certain confidence in his whims and fancies which but for that he would hardly feel. After this explanation, when I speak of Number Five or Number Seven, you will know to whom I refer.

The company are very frank in their criticisms of each other. "I did not like that expression of yours, *planetary foundlings*," said the Mistress. "It seems to me that is too like atheism for a good Christian like you to use."

Ah, my dear madam, I answered, I was thinking of the elements and the natural forces to which man was born an almost helpless subject in the rudimentary stages of his existence, and from which he has only partially got free after ages upon ages of warfare with their tyranny. Think what hunger forced the cave-man to do! Think of the surly indifference of the storms that swept the forest and the waters, the earthquake chasms that engulfed him, the inundations that drowned him out of his miserable hiding-places, the pestilences that lay in wait for him, the unequal strife with ferocious animals! I need not sum up all the wretchedness that goes to constitute the "martyrdom of man." When our forefathers came to this wilderness as it then was, and found everywhere the bones of the poor natives who had perished in the great plague (which our Doctor there thinks was probably the small-pox), they considered this destructive malady as a special mark of providential favor for them. How about the miserable Indians? Were they anything but planetary foundlings? No! Civilization is a great foundling hospital, and fortunate are all those who get safely into the *crèche* before the frost or the malaria has killed them, the wild beasts or the venomous reptiles worked out their deadly appetites and instincts upon them. The very idea of humanity seems to be that it shall take care of itself and de-

velop its powers in the "struggle for life." Whether we approve it or not, if we can judge by the material record, man was born a foundling, and fought his way as he best might to that kind of existence which we call civilized, — one which a considerable part of the inhabitants of our planet have reached.

If you do not like the expression planetary foundlings, I have no objection to your considering the race as put out to nurse. And what a nurse Nature is! She gives her charge a hole in the rocks to live in, ice for his pillow and snow for his blanket, in one part of the world; the jungle for his bedroom in another, with the tiger for his watch-dog and the cobra as his playfellow.

Well, I said, there may be other parts of the universe where there are no tigers and no cobras. It is not quite certain that such realms of creation are better off, on the whole, than this earthly residence of ours, which has fought its way up to the development of such centres of civilization as Athens and Rome, to such personalities as Socrates, as Washington.

"One of our company has been on an excursion among the celestial bodies of our system, I understand," said the Professor.

Number Five colored. "Nothing but a dream," she said. "The truth is, I had taken ether in the evening for a touch of neuralgia, and it set my imagination at work in a way quite unusual with me. I had been reading a number of books about an ideal condition of society, — Sir Thomas More's Utopia, Lord Bacon's New Atlantis, and another of more recent date. I went to bed with my brain a good deal excited, and fell into a deep slumber, in which I passed through some experiences so singular that, on awaking, I put them down on paper. I don't know that there is anything very original about the experiences I have recorded, but I thought them worth preserving. Perhaps you would not agree with me in that belief."

"If Number Five will give us a chance to form our own judgment about her dream or vision, I think we shall enjoy it," said the Mistress. "She knows what will please The Teacups in the way of reading as well as I do how many lumps of sugar the Professor wants in his tea and how many I want in mine."

The company was so urgent that Number Five sent up-stairs for her paper.

Number Five reads the story of her dream.

It cost me a great effort to set down the words of the manuscript from which I am reading. My dreams for the most part fade away so soon after their occurrence that I cannot recall them at all. But in this case my ideas held together with remarkable tenacity. By keeping my mind steadily upon the work, I gradually unfolded the narrative which follows, as the famous Italian antiquary opened one of those fragile carbonized manuscripts found in the ruins of Herculaneum or Pompeii.

The first thing I remember about it is that I was floating upward, without any sense of effort on my part. The feeling was that of flying, which I have often had in dreams, as have many other persons. It was the most natural thing in the world, — a semi-materialized volition, if I may use such an expression. At the first moment of my new consciousness, — for I seemed to have just emerged from a deep slumber, — I was aware that there was a companion at my side. Nothing could be more gracious than the way in which this being accosted me. I will speak of it as *she*, because there was a delicacy, a sweetness, a divine purity, about its aspect that recalled my ideal of the loveliest womanhood.

"I am your companion and your guide," this being made me understand,

as she looked at me. Some faculty of which I had never before been conscious had awakened in me, and I needed no interpreter to explain the unspoken language of my celestial attendant.

"You are not yet outside of space and time," she said, "and I am going with you through some parts of the phenomenal or apparent universe, — what you call the material world. We have plenty of what you call time before us, and we will take our voyage leisurely, looking at such objects of interest as may attract our attention as we pass. The first thing you will naturally wish to look at will be the earth you have just left. This is about the right distance," she said, and we paused in our flight.

The great globe we had left was rolling beneath us. No eye of one in the flesh could see it as I saw or seemed to see it. No ear of any mortal being could hear the sounds that came from it as I heard or seemed to hear them. The broad oceans unrolled themselves before me. I could recognize the calm Pacific and the stormy Atlantic, — the ships that dotted them, the white lines where the waves broke on the shore, — frills on the robes of the continents, — so they looked to my woman's perception; the vast South American forests; the glittering icebergs about the poles; the snowy mountain ranges, here and there a summit sending up fire and smoke; mighty rivers, dividing provinces within sight of each other, and making neighbors of realms thousands of miles apart; cities; light-houses to insure the safety of sea-going vessels, and war-ships to knock them to pieces and sink them. All this, and infinitely more, showed itself to me during a single revolution of the sphere: twenty-four hours it would have been, if reckoned by earthly measurements of time. I have not spoken of the sounds I heard while the earth was revolving under us. The howl of storms, the roar and clash of waves, the crack and crash of the falling thunder-bolt, — these of course made themselves heard as they do to mortal ears. But there were other sounds which enchained my attention more than these voices of nature. As the skilled leader of an orchestra hears every single sound from each member of the mob of stringed and wind instruments, and above all the screech of the straining soprano, so my sharpened perceptions made what would have been for common mortals a confused murmur audible to me as compounded of innumerable easily distinguished sounds. Above them all arose one continued, unbroken, agonizing cry. It was the voice of suffering womanhood, — a sound that goes up day and night, one long chorus of tortured victims.

"Let us get out of reach of this," I said; and we left our planet, with its blank desolate moon staring at it, as if it had turned pale at the sights and sounds it had to witness.

Presently the gilded dome of the State House, which marked our starting-point, came into view for the second time, and I knew that this side-show was over. I bade farewell to the Common with its Cogswell fountain, and the Garden with its last awe-inspiring monument.

"Oh, if I could sometimes revisit these beloved scenes!" I exclaimed.

"There is nothing to hinder that I know of," said my companion. "Memory and imagination as you know them in the flesh are two winged creatures with strings tied to their legs, and anchored to a bodily weight of a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less. When the string is cut you can *be* where you wish to be, — not merely a part of you, leaving the rest behind, but the whole of you. Why should n't you want to revisit your old home sometimes?"

I was astonished at the *human* way in which my guide conversed with me. It was always on the basis of my earthly habits, experiences, and limitations. "Your solar system," she said, "is a very small part of the universe, but you

naturally feel a curiosity about the bodies which constitute it and about their inhabitants. There is your moon: a bare and desolate-looking place it is, and well it may be, for it has no respirable atmosphere, and no occasion for one. The Lunites do not breathe; they live without waste and without supply. You look as if you do not understand this. Yet your people have, as you well know, what they call incandescent lights everywhere. You would have said there can be no lamp without oil or gas, or other combustible substance, to feed it; and yet you see a filament which sheds a light like that of noon all around it, and does not waste at all. So the Lunites live by influx of divine energy, just as the incandescent lamp glows, — glows, and is not consumed; receiving its life, if we may call it so, from the central power, which wears the unpleasing name of 'dynamo.'"

The Lunites appeared to me as pale phosphorescent figures of ill-defined outline, lost in their own halos, as it were. I could not help thinking of Shelley's

"maiden
With white fire laden."

But as the Lunites were after all but provincials, as are the tenants of all the satellites, I did not care to contemplate them for any great length of time.

I do not remember much about the two planets that came next to our own, except the beautiful rosy atmosphere of one and the huge bulk of the other. Presently, we found ourselves within hailing distance of another celestial body, which I recognized at once, by the rings which girdled it, as the planet Saturn. A dingy, dull-looking sphere it was in its appearance. "We will tie up here for a while," said my attendant. The easy, familiar way in which she spoke surprised and pleased me.

Why, said I, — The Dictator, — what is there to prevent beings of another order from being as cheerful, as social, as good companions, as the very liveliest of God's creatures whom we have known in the flesh? Is it impossible for an archangel to smile? Is such a phenomenon as a laugh never heard except in our little sinful corner of the universe? Do you suppose that when the disciples heard from the lips of their Master the play of words on the name of Peter, there was no smile of appreciation on the bearded faces of those holy men? From any other lips we should have called this pleasantry a —

Number Five shook her head very slightly, and gave me a look that seemed to say, "Don't frighten the other Teacups. We don't call things by the names that belong to them when we deal with celestial subjects."

We tied up, as my attendant playfully called our resting, so near the planet that I could know — I will not say see and hear, but apprehend — all that was going on in that remote sphere; remote, as we who live in what we have been used to consider the centre of the rational universe regard it. What struck me at once was the deadness of everything I looked upon. Dead, uniform color of surface and surrounding atmosphere. Dead complexion of all the inhabitants. Dead-looking trees, dead-looking grass, no flowers to be seen anywhere.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I said to my guide.

She smiled good-naturedly, and replied, "It is a forlorn home for anything above a lichen or a toadstool; but that is no wonder, when you know what the air is which they breathe. It is pure nitrogen."

The Professor spoke up. "That can't be, madam," he said. "The spectroscope shows the atmosphere of Saturn to be — no matter, I have forgotten what; but it was not pure nitrogen, at any rate."

Number Five is never disconcerted. "Will you tell me," she said, "where you have found any account of the bands and lines in the spectrum of dream-nitrogen? I should be so pleased to become acquainted with them."

The Professor winced a little, and asked Delilah, the handmaiden, to pass a plate of muffins to him. The dream had carried him away, and he thought for the moment that he was listening to a scientific paper.

Of course, my companion went on to say, the bodily constitution of the Saturnians is wholly different from that of air-breathing, that is oxygen-breathing, human beings. They are the dullest, slowest, most torpid of mortal creatures.

All this is not to be wondered at when you remember the inert characteristics of nitrogen. There are in some localities natural springs which give out slender streams of oxygen. You will learn by and by what use the Saturnians make of this dangerous gas, which, as you recollect, constitutes about one fifth of your own atmosphere. Saturn has large lead mines, but no other metal is found on this planet. The inhabitants have nothing else to make tools of, except stones and shells. The mechanical arts have therefore made no great progress among them. Chopping down a tree with a leaden axe is necessarily a slow process.

So far as the Saturnians can be said to have any pride in anything, it is in the absolute level which characterizes their political and social order. They profess to be the only true republicans in the solar system. The fundamental articles of their Constitution are these:

All men are born equal, live equal, and die equal.

All men are born free, — free, that is, to obey the rules laid down for the regulation of their conduct, pursuits, and opinions, free to be married to the person selected for them by the physiological section of the government, and free to die at such proper period of life as may best suit the convenience and general welfare of the community.

The one great industrial product of Saturn is the bread-root. The Saturnians find this wholesome and palatable enough; and it is well they do, as they have no other vegetable. It is what I should call a most uninteresting kind of eatable, but it serves as food and drink, having juice enough, so that they get along without water. They have a tough, dry grass, which, matted together, furnishes them with clothes sufficiently warm for their cold-blooded constitutions, and more than sufficiently ugly.

A piece of ground large enough to furnish bread-root for ten persons is allotted to each head of a household, allowance being made for the possible increase of families. This, however, is not a very important consideration, as the Saturnians are not a prolific race. The great object of life being the product of the largest possible quantity of bread-roots, and women not being so capable in the fields as the stronger sex, females are considered an undesirable addition to society. The one thing the Saturnians dread and abhor is *inequality*. The whole object of their laws and customs is to maintain the strictest equality in everything, — social relations, property, so far as they can be said to have anything which can be so called, mode of living, dress, and all other matters. It is their boast that nobody ever starved under their government. Nobody goes in rags, for the coarse-fibred grass from which they fabricate their clothes is very durable. (I confess I wondered how a woman could live in Saturn. They have no looking-glasses. There is no such article as a ribbon known among them. All their clothes were of one pattern. I noticed that there were no pockets in any of their garments, and learned that a pocket would be considered *prima*

facie evidence of theft, as no honest person would have use for such a secret receptacle.) Before the revolution which established the great law of absolute and lifelong equality, the inhabitants used to feed at their own private tables. Since the regeneration of society all meals are taken in common. The last relic of barbarism was the use of plates, — one or even more to each individual. This "odious relic of an effete civilization," as they called it, has long been superseded by oblong hollow receptacles, one of which is allotted to each twelve persons. A great riot took place when an attempt was made by some fastidious and exclusive egotists to introduce *partitions* which should partially divide one portion of these receptacles into individual compartments. The Saturnians boast that they have no paupers, no thieves, none of those fictitious values called money, — all which things, they hear, are known in that small Saturn nearer the sun than the great planet which is their dwelling-place.

"I suppose that now they have levelled everything they are quiet and contented. Have they any of those uneasy people called reformers?"

"Indeed they have," said my attendant. "There are the Orthobrachians, who declaim against the shameful abuse of the left arm and hand, and insist on restoring their perfect equality with the right. Then there are Isopodic societies, which insist on bringing back the original equality of the upper and lower limbs. If you can believe it, they actually practise going on all fours, — generally in a private way, a few of them together, but hoping to bring the world round to them in the near future."

Here I had to stop and laugh.

"I should think life might be a little dull in Saturn," I said.

"It is liable to that accusation," she answered. "Do you notice how many people you meet with their mouths stretched wide open?"

"Yes," I said, "and I do not know what to make of it. I should think every fourth or fifth person had his mouth open in that way."

"They are suffering from the endemic disease of their planet, prolonged and inveterate gaping or yawning, which has ended in dislocation of the lower jaw. After a time this becomes fixed, and requires a difficult surgical operation to restore it to its place."

It struck me that, in spite of their boast that they have no paupers, no thieves, no money, they were a melancholy-looking set of beings.

"What are their amusements?" I asked.

"Intoxication and suicide are their chief recreations. They have a way of mixing the oxygen which issues in small jets from certain natural springs with their atmospheric nitrogen in the proportion of about twenty per cent., which makes very nearly the same thing as the air of your planet. But to the Saturnians the mixture is highly intoxicating, and is therefore a relief to the monotony of their every-day life. This mixture is greatly sought after, but hard to obtain, as the sources of oxygen are few and scanty. It shortens the lives of those who have recourse to it; but if it takes too long, they have other ways of escaping from a life which cuts and dries everything for its miserable subjects, defeats all the natural instincts, confounds all individual characteristics, and makes existence such a colossal *bore*, as your worldly people say, that self-destruction becomes a luxury."

Number Five stopped here.

Your imaginary wholesale Shakerdom is all very fine, said I. Your Utopia, your New Atlantis, and the rest are pretty to look at. But your philosophers are treating the world of living souls as if they were, each of them, playing a game of solitaire, — all the pegs and all the holes alike. Life is a very dif-

ferent sort of game. It is a game of chess, and not of solitaire, nor even of checkers. The men are not all pawns, but you have your knights, bishops, rooks, — yes, your king and queen, — to be provided for. Not with these names, of course, but all looking for their proper places, and having their own laws and modes of action. You can play solitaire with the members of your own family for pegs, if you like, and if none of them rebel. You can play checkers with a little community of meek, like-minded people. But when it comes to the handling of a great state, you will find that nature has emptied a box of chessmen before you, and you must play your game so as to give them their proper moves, or sweep them off the board, and come back to the homely game such as I used to see played with beans and kernels of corn on squares marked upon the back of the kitchen bellows.

It was curious to see how differently Number Five's narrative was received by the different listeners in our circle. Number Five herself said she supposed she ought to be ashamed of its absurdities, but she did not know that it was much sillier than dreams often are, and she thought it might amuse the company. She was herself always interested by these ideal pictures of society. But it seemed to her that life must be dull in any of them, and with that idea in her head her dreaming fancy had drawn these pictures.

The Professor was interested in her conception of the existence of the Lunites without waste, and the death in life of the nitrogen-breathing Saturnians. Dream-chemistry was a new subject to him. Perhaps Number Five would give him some lessons in it.

At this she smiled, and said she was afraid she could not teach him anything, but if he would answer a few questions in matter-of-fact chemistry which had puzzled her she would be vastly obliged to him.

"You must come to my laboratory," said the Professor.

"I will come to-morrow," said Number Five.

Oh, yes! Much laboratory work they will do! Play of mutual affinities. Amalgamates. No freezing mixtures, I'll warrant!

Why should n't we get a romance out of all this, hey? But Number Five looks as innocent as a lamb, and as brave as a lion. She does not care a copper for the looks that are going round The Teacups.

Our Doctor was curious about those cases of *anchylosis*, as he called it, of the lower jaw. He thought it a quite possible occurrence. Both the young girls thought the dream gave a very hard view of the optimists, who look forward to a reorganization of society which shall rid mankind of the terrible evils of overcrowding and competition.

Number Seven was quite excited about the matter. He had himself drawn up a plan for a new social arrangement. He had shown it to the legal gentleman who has lately joined us. This gentleman thought it well intended, but that it would take one constable to every three inhabitants to enforce its provisions.

I said the dream could do no harm; it was too outrageously improbable to come home to anybody's feelings. Dreams were like broken mosaics, — the separated stones might here and there make parts of pictures. If one found a caricature of himself made out of the pieces which had accidentally come together, he would smile at it, knowing that it was an accidental effect with no malice in it. If any of you really believe in a working Utopia, why not join the Shakers, and convert the world to

this mode of life? Celibacy alone would cure a great many of the evils you complain of.

I thought this suggestion seemed to act rather unfavorably upon the ladies of our circle. The two Annexes looked inquiringly at each other. Number Five looked smilingly at them. She evidently thought it was time to change the subject of conversation, for she turned to me and said, "You promised to read us the poem you read before your old classmates the other evening."

I will fulfil my promise, I said. We felt that this might probably be our last meeting as a Class. The personal reference is to our greatly beloved and honored classmate, James Freeman Clarke.

AFTER THE CURFEW.

The play is over. While the light
  Yet lingers in the darkening hall,
I come to say a last Good-night
  Before the final *Exeunt all.*

We gathered once, a joyous throng:
  The jovial toasts went gaily round;
With jest, and laugh, and shout, and song,
  We made the floors and walls resound.

We come with feeble steps and slow,
  A little band of four or five,
Left from the wrecks of long ago,
  Still pleased to find ourselves alive.

Alive! How living, too, are they
  Whose memories it is ours to share!
Spread the long table's full array, —
  There sits a ghost in every chair!

One breathing form no more, alas!
  Amid our slender group we see;
With him we still remained "The Class," —
  Without his presence what are we?

The hand we ever loved to clasp, —
  That tireless hand which knew no rest, —
Loosed from affection's clinging grasp,
  Lies nerveless on the peaceful breast.

The beaming eye, the cheering voice,
  That lent to life a generous glow,
Whose every meaning said "Rejoice,"
  We see, we hear, no more below.

The air seems darkened by his loss,
  Earth's shadowed features look less fair,
And heavier weighs the daily cross
  His willing shoulders helped us bear.

Why mourn that we, the favored few
  Whom grasping Time so long has spared
Life's sweet illusions to pursue,
  The common lot of age have shared?

In every pulse of Friendship's heart
  There breeds unfelt a throb of pain, —
One hour must rend its links apart,
  Though years on years have forged the chain.

So ends "The Boys," — a lifelong play.
  We too must hear the Prompter's call
To fairer scenes and brighter day:
  Farewell! I let the curtain fall.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE death of Browning is an event which makes us reflect, almost involuntarily, upon the character of the literature in which our century has left the most permanent record of its spiritual life, and upon the extent and value of his contribution to it. The period in which his own life lay has plainly run its course. The romantic movement, it is true, beginning with the revival of the imagination, at the close of the last century, may not yet be at an end; the strong infusion of the realistic spirit at present so noticeable, though it has something of reaction in it, may prove to be only a subsidiary element reinforcing with vigor and body the larger and controlling influence; at least it may be said with entire truth that the romantic movement will fail of perfect achievement unless it shall bring forth a literature of the pure ideal, positive in

matter and beautiful in form beyond the reach of any that has gone before. Browning's death does not necessarily denote the end of a great literary age, but only the conclusion of its middle stage, as Shelley marks the point where its first period ceased. Within the limits of his own time, however, his work has a unity and wholeness of meaning which may be separately considered, and which reflects the temperament and convictions of his contemporaries in a way to give his poetry permanent value in itself, apart from its worth as pure literature. It is this expression of the age through him which his death naturally recalls to mind, and which may be attended to both for our own profit and as a mark of respect to his memory; and such a treatment of his work places it in the light most favorable to his fame.

There are two ways in which a poet may succeed. He may create beauty which affords pleasure by contemplation, or he may embody thought which is prized by the mind in search of truth. In the great poets, those of the first rank, these two ways are made one; in others they may both be used, but one is preferred. Browning depends less upon art than matter; and his individuality seems to be more directly and effectively active because the universal element in art solves personality and merges it in expression as matter does not. Browning's original force suffers no transformation, but is felt in its primitive energy in all his poems. This strong personal accent, this excess of individuality, is a trait of the age. In Carlyle or Ruskin, in the most characteristic prose style of the period generally, it is the distinguishing mark. Cardinal Newman and Tennyson stand almost alone among the great writers in their freedom from eccentricity in manner. But in none has self-assertion gone to the length that is allowed to it in Browning's genius. Usually such independence is a fatal weakness; but Browning was, fortunately, great enough and sufficiently gifted with wisdom, arrived at by following his own paths, to make his individuality not merely interesting, but really enlightening. He requires us, indeed, to submit to his own dialect and method; but when the concession is made, and the reader capitulates on the poet's terms, he has both charm and value, and he gains besides credit for originality. His art in his own manner is not the best, but it is striking and effective. He expresses himself in it as well as through it, and it is to be accepted with all its defects, or else we are repelled to our loss. One who values his own personal force so much, and insists on differing from the type of clear mind and immediate expression in literature, may be expected to place a disproportionate estimate on individuality in other men. Thence it comes that Browning is not only whimsical, eccentric, and self-asserting himself, but deals in his poetry largely with the exceptional and abnormal in others. The distortions of character which error in life or thought produces have a peculiar attraction for him. He loves the grotesque; he almost patronizes the morally maimed and halt and blind; he assumes the self-justification of the depraved, the deluded, the palterer with right and wrong. Individuality, however brought about, is dear to him, and he knows its efficiency as a source of those picturesque, and intense, and gross sensations of which the modern taste is fond. One finds in him, in its fullness, that dispersion of interest in the concrete variety of human nature which has been so powerfully fostered by the novel. To him, truly, all the world is a stage, and one on which no single drama has imposed even a temporary unity. His art does not present a scene, but a gallery. Any unity it may have belongs not to his figures, but to his thought about them, to his philosophy of life.

He comes in touch with the age, again,

in the general impression which is made by human life as it appears in his pages. He is, it is true, an optimist, like the bulk of his contemporaries; but there has always been a vein of pessimism in human thought, and in our time it runs through all literature, easily to be discerned. In no period, probably, of the world's history has such a multitude of men been engaged in individual and self-directed effort to better themselves; hope has been high in many breasts, and the reaction of experience upon it has been profound, and is expressed in a widespread sense of incomplete results. In men of larger mind and sympathy, too, the spectacle of the people has bred a sensitiveness to the pity and sorrow of life in general, and an understanding that responsibility for it is often but slight in those who suffer from it. The sense of failure in life permeates our literature. It underlies the most elevated and consistent philosophical poem of the age in the Idylls of the King. It is felt throughout Browning's work. He depicts the thing and the mood repeatedly, and his mind dwells upon them. In that poem which most perfectly expresses his mature conviction about life, Rabbi Ben Ezra, he philosophizes upon it; and there he retreats to the ground whither the mass of men retire, — the sense that the soul is more than its work; that the impulse, the aspiration, the noble effort, denote an excellence in men themselves, and afford both consolation and renewed promise which they may vainly seek in anything actually accomplished. This intense consciousness of undeveloped life, obstructed in its manifestations, is the complement in his philosophy to that sense of failure from which neither he nor any true thinker since Judæa and Athens took the helm of man's destiny can ever escape. "All I could never be, that I was worth to God," — so runs the formula of faith by which the optimist, relying on his own consciousness, defends himself from the pessimism as inherent in experience as the stain in blood. Browning, in illustrating the failure in other lives, by crime, by ignorance, by circumstance, and in ever-renewed expression of his faith in the soul in spite of all, has taken up into his work elements that lie deep and broad in the minds of his generation.

This naturally suggests another strong bond between the poet and his readers. He has gained hold of their more intimate spiritual life by the simplification he has made of religion. The thought of a church grows by accretion, and in time the body of doctrine becomes in part superfluous, in part burdensome; it exceeds the capacity of its disciples, and disturbs them with a sense of doubt or of incomplete belief; and from time to time some one arises in the church who grows to be the head of a schism or the leader of a revival by merely limiting the range of religious interest and intensifying truth within that range. Especially has this been observable when some one has merely declared the fundamental truth of religion in its simplest form, — of the light that lighteth every one who cometh into the world, and of the inwardness of the kingdom of heaven. Browning has, in effect, been one of these simple believers, and he owes no small part of his real influence and nearness to many lives to this fervent belief in the voice and the light within, the intuition of the soul, the piety of simple reverence and trust, the faith in the "one divine event" of all. Outside of the church this preaching has been a compensation for professed religion, and within it a strengthening and vivifying energy, helping the soul to a real and self-conscious religious life. In fact, Browning himself, living in the midst of the modern age, seems to have clung to his belief with the greater persistence, and to have expressed it the more loudly. He often states it as the one thing which is of most importance. It lies at the very

base of his system; for without it the mystery of the soul's salvation, the issue of its struggle with evil and its frequent defeat, the whole validity of its high impulse and inspired vision, would be left in chaotic and dismaying confusion, the more fearful because of the gleams, seemingly leading to another world, which flash over the field. This religious faith gives law to the struggle of life in his poems, lends them their ethical power, and secures for them that ground of repose necessary to every work of art.

The energy of action in Browning's work has also counted for much in the appeal to his contemporaries. Energy tells at all times, but in a century remarkable for its vigor, in ceaseless unrest, seeking outlets for its life in every direction, excited by its more constant and direct consciousness of its daily life throughout the world and also better acquainted with the history of the past, filled with great popular movements and wide-reaching philanthropy and sympathy, a poet who infuses his work with vitality and seems to prize it for its own sake breathes the air of the times. It is said that the purest artistic pleasure lies in contemplation; in action there is pleasure of another kind, more strenuous. A poet who sets forth the energy of life appeals to this latter sensibility, aroused through sympathy with the doing of a deed, rather than to the former, which involves disinterestedness and disengagement of the mind. Browning himself, in many exculpatory verses, sets forth his claim to the virtue of strength; he is ever praising force for its own sake, in the vein of Carlyle; he likes to exhibit it in others at its highest pitch. Our own age sympathizes with this spirit, and finds it more native to itself than the mood of contemplation, which is the condition of a more ideal art. Browning, however, has reinforced even this powerful attraction by presenting life, not only with great vital force, but upon the broadest scale. He works in the whole field of history, brings his reading in forgotten books to bear, and crowds the stage with a marvelously diverse gathering of great and obscure men, of artists and musicians, of Jew, Arab, and Greek, of real and imaginary characters; and thus he has satisfied the intelligent curiosity of his readers, playing on the past of the race's history, and seeking to reconstruct it. He has dealt with the life of man in this varied way, in all ages, in all moods of the mind, and has added to his observation a mass of reflection which keeps curiosity itself alive and supports it. He is possibly as much obliged to the intellect of his readers, to their appetite for knowledge, as to their poetical sense, in a large portion of his writings.

These are some of the more obvious grounds upon which Browning may be held to reflect his time. But it is not enough that a poet should be representative. There remains the question as to the mode in which he has expressed himself, the degree of power with which he has wrought his material into poetry. It must be held to be true that he has written no long poem which can be put in the first rank; it would probably be acknowledged by the majority that none of his work on a great scale is likely to retain permanent interest. The Ring and the Book may be granted to prove great intellectual power; but it lies in the region of argument and subtlety; poetically it fails, and belongs with the other "leviathans" on the shelves of literature. It lacks, for one thing, a great action; and, secondly, it is deficient in universal human interest, in sympathetic and moral power; it appeals to the intellect, and is great by reason of other qualities than go distinctively with poetical genius. Of the remaining long poems, there is not one that can be seriously brought forward for the suffrage of immortality. They are prolix, or gnarled, or whimsical, and

their fate is to lie unread. The dramas stand in a class by themselves; they are more excellent than the long poems in art, more lucid and smooth, more to the point sought for, and often touched in parts with sentiment and grace, with passion elsewhere, and characterized in general by a poetical handling. Yet as dramas they do not succeed in reaching the mark. They are not great art, nor are they especially interesting in matter. They too must yield precedence to the dramatic lyrics and romances in which Browning's genius achieved most nearly artistic form, and submitted to the laws without which fine construction and free expression are impossible. In the best of them, the success is well-nigh perfect; they captivate at once, and allow no question of their excellence and the right they have to be reckoned with the treasures of English verse. Their variety, too, is marked, and they do not suffer in originality from obeying the requirements of art. Out of the shorter poems, though a considerable proportion are as much flawed and distorted as are the longer ones, many occur to the mind at once to justify the decision already popularly made with regard to Browning's lyrical and dramatic power when exercised within a certain limit.

Criticism beyond this is now superfluous. The qualities of his poetry in detail have been often set forth, and praise and blame bestowed with an equally liberal hand. If we seem to restrict narrowly the amount of his work which will live, we do not forget the impression that must be made upon the future, as upon his own time, by the entire mass of writings. They insure by their mere bulk and the labor they represent the remembrance of him as a genius of high productiveness. They illustrate the great compass of his culture, his scholarship, his varied tastes and interests, and give a knowledge of his life which is not to be gained by acquaintance with only his best. The fecundity and grasp of his mind, his intelligence as distinguished from his genius, are not to be known except by reading a large portion of what is not valuable on other grounds. His culture was vital, and entered into his life and blended with it. One feels the more, as he becomes familiar with the poet's entire work, that he truly put his own life into it; and this not merely for the pleasure of the world, or from literary ambition, but in order that he might be serviceable to men. He desired that his life and its energy should be felt as an influence in others, and be helpful to them in the most important and difficult portion of their lives. This has aided in winning for him close study of his meaning for other than poetical purposes, and has made him an acknowledged master in spiritual matters. It now swells his fame; but it belongs to contemporaries to make more of the matter of a poet than of his form, and to overvalue his special and close relation to themselves; the new writers displace the old when only matter is at stake; form, and that alone, preserves literature from decay. The poet is at last remembered as one of his time, be it longer or shorter; his volumes are treasured in the history of literature; but his immortality contracts its life within the limits of that perfect work which is for all time.

The prevalent opinion even now is that Browning, notwithstanding the rare intellectual power which enriches much of his inferior work, will suffer very seriously from his defective art. Nevertheless, he must rank as the most powerful realist in the representation of human life who has appeared in England since Shakespeare. He also possessed a lyrical gift which, in its best expression, entitles him to a place only below the first. He had, too, a peculiar felicity in rendering mysticism, in giving form to vague feeling, and in expressing the moods of indefinite suggestion that music awakens. He had an estate in the bor-

derland of thought and feeling, on the confines of our knowledge, in the places that look to the promised land. This faculty yielded to him a few characteristic and original poems, in which there is a kind of exaltation at times, and at times of sorcery. The fascination in these, together with his dramatic realism and his lyrical movement, constitute his power as a poet, apart from all consideration of what he said. They do not place him among the few supreme poets of his country.

It was fortunate that long life was given him, so that he made the most of his gifts. The romantic movement thus found in him one of its most original and striking products, and gained by his strong sense of reality and his wide-ranging intellect. It completes in him and in Tennyson its second stage of development.

MR. BELLAMY AND THE NEW NATIONALIST PARTY.

EVERY great increase of human power, every marked advance in the material conditions of society, is followed by an access of optimism, in which men, for the time, lose the capacity nicely to measure difficulties, if, indeed, they do not altogether fail to distinguish between what is possible and what is impossible. Most men can keep their heads only when the rate of the social movement is moderate. Let that rate be greatly transcended, there is certain to be generated in the public mind a hopefulness of feeling which takes small account of obstacles to further progress. Let the improvement of social conditions continue at a rapid rate through a considerable period of time, and we shall see society visited by a series of quickly succeeding flushes, under the influence of which almost any illusion can be produced.

Some seven or eight years ago, great popular excitement was caused by Mr. George's crusade against private property in land. Large numbers of intelligent persons were found who were ready to accept Mr. George's promise that in this way he would abolish poverty, and bring back a golden age. Three years ago, the rapid growth of the order of the Knights of Labor stirred up all the manufacturing regions of the United States. A universal Federation of Labor was to be formed, with a parliament and executive officers. The initiative in production, the control over production, were to be finally transferred from the employing and capitalist classes to the manual labor class. The new league grew, for a while a hundred thousand a month. Consternation was aroused on the part of those who supported the existing order in industry and society. If the Knights of Labor did not form a party by themselves, it was because existing parties vied with each other in groveling before the new power that had arisen in the land. To-day, for the third time in this decade, we find the community — shall I say agitated by a great excitement, or fluttered by a little breeze? created by the appearance of a new book, dealing with the industrial organization of society, but also a novel and a love-story. A party has been formed on the basis of that book: as yet, small and select. That party has not presented candidates for public office, but no one can say how soon it may do so. It is of that book and that party I am to speak.

And, since I shall not have much sympathy to express with the proposi-

tions of the party platform, and may have to speak somewhat less than tenderly of the representations contained in the book, let me say that I have, in truth, no spirit of hostility toward those who are undertaking this propaganda. The more attention is turned upon questions of economic and social organization, the better I like it. So far from thinking that the world is coming to an end because projects which would destroy alike industry and society are, for the moment, a popular craze, I regard the phenomenon with satisfaction. It is the rapid movement of humanity along the lines of social and industrial improvement which makes men, now and then, lose all measure of difficulty and all sense of proportion, in contemplating bright and alluring pictures of approaching social and industrial regeneration. These pictures are all the more bright and alluring because they are invariably painted upon a background of gloom and terror, supposed to represent the actual condition of humanity. Mr. Henry George's rhetoric is employed to the point of strain in depicting industrial society as in the last stages of misery and discontent, while "in the shadow of college and library and museum are gathering the more hideous Huns and fiercer Vandals of whom Macaulay prophesied." The fact is, had the English or the American laborer been a quarter part as miserable as Mr. George described him, he would not have cared the snap of his finger for Mr. George or his rhetoric. Books are not bought, to the tune of hundreds of thousands of copies, by starving Huns; while Vandals are notoriously more given to destroying libraries than to collecting them. What secured for Progress and Poverty its unexampled circulation was the general well-being, inducing a hopefulness which could scarcely bear to take account of difficulties.

The Knights of Labor, again, of course announced that the sufferings of the down-trodden masses had compelled a revolt against the oppressor. That which gave their ambitious scheme a chance for a very partial and a very temporary success was the fact that the masses were not down-trodden; that the movement originated among the most fortunate part of a laboring population, which, as a whole, was more fortunate than any other the history of mankind had known; and that the initial enterprises of the adventurous Knights were undertaken for raising the wages of the best paid laborers in the country, not for the relief of overworked shop-girls or underpaid sewing-women.

The latest access of optimism among us has been due to the publication of a book, in which the author sets forth his views of the next, now swiftly approaching, "stage in the industrial and social development of humanity." In order to give his sketch verisimilitude, and to present his matter in a manner every way appropriate to it, Mr. Bellamy causes his hero to go to sleep at the hands of a mesmerist, in an underground vault, and to wake, undecayed and in the perfect vigor of youth, after the lapse of more than a century, to find a new heavens and a new earth, and, greatest miracle of all, a new and better Boston. In this regenerated world, pauperism is unknown; crime has almost entirely disappeared, the rare remaining manifestations of evil purpose being treated as instances of atavism, fast vanishing under more wholesome external conditions combined with scientific treatment: wars have gone, and with them fleets and armies; politics have altogether ceased to be, and demagoguery and corruption have become "words having only an historical significance." Not only is squalid poverty unknown, but instead of the *res angusta domi*, which, in our present civilization, presses all the time upon all but the few most favored, even among the so-called wealthy classes, there is, in the case of

very citizen of Mr. Bellamy's world, a greater likelihood [1] that he will not be able to avail himself of all the purchasing power placed in his hands than that he will ever feel the need of anything which he cannot secure. General satiety is, indeed, quite the order of the day, in the new society. Not only has crime substantially disappeared, but with it have gone meanness, arrogance, and unkindness. All men feel themselves truly brothers, and delight in each other's prosperity as in their own.

The first impulse of the reader of this description of the society of 2000 A. D. is to cry out: "How can any man, the most optimistic, assume that such a change in the forces and relations of human life could possibly take place in so brief a term of years! Conceding all that may be claimed as to the possibilities of a distant future, how can any one be so wild, so insane, as to believe that three generations would suffice to transform the world we now see, with its armies, its forts, its jails, its warring nations, its competing classes, its vast inherited load of pauperism, crime, and vicious appetite, into the world which is depicted in Looking Backward! What folly to suppose that human nature could so greatly change in so short a time!" But the reader would be in error. Mr. Bellamy would instruct him that human nature has not changed; that there was at no time any reason why human nature should change. Human nature was well enough all the while. This marvelous transformation has been brought about wholly by the introduction of a piece of social machinery so simple that the only wonder is it did not come into use in the time of the Aryan migrations. All that humanity has gone through, of misery and of suffering, has been absolutely useless. Mankind have not been undergoing a course of education and training, through hardship inciting to invention, arousing courage, building up nerve and brain. They have simply been waiting for Mr. Bellamy; and very miserable indeed have they been because he kept them waiting so long.

When one thinks of the wretchedness, the shame, and the anguish of the human condition through these uncounted centuries, it is impossible not to feel a little impatience at this gentleman for not turning up earlier. Those who believe that the experiences of mankind, bitter and thrice bitter as they have been, were ordered in mercy by an all-wise Being; those, on the other hand, who look upon the human lot, hard as it was, as affording the essential conditions under which, through the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, the evolution of man from low to high degrees of power, intelligence, and virtue was to be effected, — both these classes may view, without repining, the pain, the weariness, the ignominy, of thousands of millions of human lives. But the Nationalist who appreciates the astonishing, the prodigious change in the fortunes of mankind to be wrought at once [2] by a mere piece of political machinery, transforming the earth into a paradise, cannot suppress a little impatience at this unnecessary prolonging of the term of human misery. Confound that Bellamy! — he must say, at least to himself, — why could n't he have attended to this thing earlier? Why did n't he get himself born under the Pharaohs? Then all this pain would have been saved; those partings need not have taken place; Christ need not have died.

What is the political mechanism which is to change the face of the earth

[1] Looking Backward, page 89.

[2] It is to be said that, while the hero of the book goes to sleep in 1887 and wakes in 2000, the new state has at the latter date been in perfect operation for a long time. The great change is spoken of as having taken place instantaneously, through the simple formation of the industrial army.

from universal gloom and terror, as Mr. Bellamy is pleased to describe it, to universal joy and gladness? I answer, All this is to be effected by the organization of the entire body of citizens into an industrial army. All persons between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five are to be mustered in by force of law, women as well as men. This vast body is to be formed into companies, regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps, constituting in its aggregate the grand army of industry. Officers of appropriate rank are to be assigned to the command of the several subdivisions. Every member is required to serve in whatever place and at whatever work may be prescribed,[1] his own peculiar qualifications and the needs of society being taken into account. In order, however, to reduce the element of compulsion to a minimum, that is, to substitute volunteering for conscription, as far as possible, "the administration" will seek to equalize the advantages of the different kinds of service. Thus, if one sort of work is disagreeable or arduous, the hours of labor therein will be diminished to the point where as many persons shall apply for service in that capacity as are required to meet the demand, the number of hours at lighter and pleasanter tasks being increased to whatever point shall be necessary to keep the number of applicants down to the demand. In the same way, the advantages of residence in different regions will be equalized by the administration, through the fixing of longer or shorter hours, or through the appointment of harder or of easier tasks, according as any given region possesses more or less of original attractiveness.

One would be disposed to think that a work like this, in which a mere man should take the place at once of Nature and of Providence, would call for abilities of the highest order, an almost inconceivable energy, an almost inconceivable prudence. But, again, Mr. Bellamy corrects the first mistaken impression of the uninitiated reader, and assures him that the business is so easy that it could not fail to be successfully administered, and that it is not at all essential that the ablest men should be chosen for the highest positions in the new state. Indeed, he declares the system to be so simple that "nobody but a fool could derange it."

The greatest difficulty which occurs to me in the practical application of this principle would be in equalizing the advantages of country and of city life. Under our present competitive system, the great majority of country people do not go down to the city, simply because they know that if they did they would starve. Even so, the fascinations of congregate life are so great that millions submit to the most squalid and foul conditions, in order that they may live in the glare and noise of great cities. If this attraction of urban life is found so powerful under present conditions, how strong will it be when cities become as beautiful, agreeable, and wholesome as Mr. Bellamy is going to make them, and when every member of the industrial army is entitled to draw his full rations wherever he may live! It seems to me clear that it would be necessary to reduce the hours of labor in agriculture to not exceeding one and a half a day, in order to retain a proper proportion of the population upon the soil. But, since the produce of the soil at present, with its cultivators working an average of twelve hours, only suffices to feed and clothe the inhabitants of the world very poorly and scantily, what would happen if the hours of labor in agriculture were reduced to one and a half?

I confess that at this point I have been obliged to give up the quest, find-

[1] "When the nation becomes the sole employer, all the citizens, by virtue of their citizenship, become employees, to be *distributed* according to the needs of society."

ing the difficulties of the subject too great for my unenlightened intellect.

In one respect, Mr. Bellamy, who keenly enjoys military terms and images, makes a wide departure from the usage in ordinary armies. In Mr. Bellamy's army, all are to be paid alike and are to enjoy equivalent physical conditions. Officers and privates are to fare in all respects the same, the highest having no preference whatever over the meanest, absolutely no material consideration being awarded to the greatest powers in production or in administration. Now, the rule is very different from this in the real armies of the civilized world, and Mr. Bellamy would do well to be careful lest, in leaving out the principle of graded rewards corresponding to gradations of rank, he should omit a feature which is essential, the lack of which may cause his industrial army to go to pieces.

Such is the mechanism which Mr. Bellamy proposes for carrying on the industry of the nation and providing for its material wants. What are the advantages which, in his view, would result from thus organizing the productive forces of the country? These may be grouped, in a general way, as follows:

(1.) Since no man is to be allowed to enjoy more of good things than others, those who stand at the lower end of the scale of industrial efficiency, moral energy, physical force, and technical skill would obtain a dividend from a body of comforts, luxuries, and necessaries of life to the production of which their own force or industry would not be competent. Here, of course, is clearly seen an opportunity to improve the condition of the less fortunate members of the community, as at present constituted, *provided only and provided always* that this ravishing away of the fruits of exceptional intelligence, industry, and skill should not diminish the zeal with which those qualities will be applied in future production. Should the latter prove to be the case, the less fortunate members of the community would not be better off, but worse off, — indeed, indefinitely worse off, by reason of such a confiscation.

But while Mr. Bellamy's scheme thus offers an opportunity (subject to the important proviso just now indicated) to divide up the superfluity of the rich, the author has to admit that, with so large a divisor as the total number of the people, the addition made thereby to the income of each man, woman, and child would, at the most, be but a few cents a day. Whence, then, is to come that abundance of good things which is depicted in this romance? — an abundance so great of all the comforts, decencies, and wholesome luxuries of life, including the best of wines and cigars and opera twenty-four hours a day, that it is stated to be not unlikely that any man would care to use less than the amount of purchasing power placed at his disposal. In order to provide this abundance, Mr. Bellamy is obliged to leave the distribution of what we now call wealth, and undertake to show that production would be enormously increased under his proposed scheme.

(2.) In meeting this exigency of his argument, the author indulges in an extravagance of exaggeration which is hardly to be equaled in the myths of any people, from Scandinavia to the Indian peninsula. According to his exhibit, only an insignificant portion of the labor and capital power of a thousand million of toilers, the world over, is now really applied to the satisfaction of human wants. His statement of the evil effects of excessive competition and ill-directed enterprise rises into the realm of the marvelous. All this is to be saved and turned to the most beneficent use in his industrial state. There is to be no waste of substance and no duplication of effort. No man or woman is to be obliged to labor after the age of forty-five, with exceptions too inconsiderable to be noticed, and no child

before twenty-one; yet all are to have enough and to spare.

(3.) Having thus shown that much can be added to the good things to be enjoyed by the community, through what he regards as an improved system of production, Mr. Bellamy proceeds to show that, in the consumption of what we now call wealth, a vast saving is to be effected. Property having been virtually abolished, all crimes against property disappear, by the necessity of the case. As no man has anything of which he could be robbed, and as no man has any wants unsatisfied which could lead him to robbery, a very beautiful order of things is immediately instituted. Moreover, in such a happy state, all vicious and malignant instincts and impulses will be so acted upon by general forces, making for intelligence and morality, that crimes against the person and against the community will practically disappear; and society will thus be relieved from the expense of providing policemen, judges, and jails.

Such are the three modes in which Mr. Bellamy proposes to afford the world that abundance of good things which is depicted so appetizingly in his now famous novel, Looking Backward.

I do not know that I could give, in a brief space, a better idea of the degree of discretion and moderation with which Mr. Bellamy deals with obstacles to his scheme than by saying that he settles in a single line the greatest of human problems. "We have," says this light and airy human providence, "no wars, and our governments have no war powers." Is it wonderful that a novelist who in one line can dispose of a question which has baffled the power of statesmen, diplomats, and philanthropists through the course of centuries, should in a few chapters put you together a social order from which vice, crime, pauperism, and every form of human selfishness altogether disappear?

Yet, even after such a masterly disposition of the problems which have taxed the powers of the greatest minds of the race, even after the tremendous assumptions which he permits himself on his mere fancy to make, Mr. Bellamy is well aware that he has still to deal with a difficulty of colossal magnitude. Conceding all he would be disposed to claim for his system, if erected and put into operation, it still remains to be shown how this industrial army shall be officered; how "the administration" which is to set and keep millions of persons at work, each in the place and in the way best suiting his capacity, to order and control this gigantic industrial machine, without friction, without waste, and without loss, shall be chosen, or elected, or otherwise constituted. If the choice of rulers and administrators for governments which exercise but a tenth or a hundredth part of the power and authority that is to be placed in the hands of the officers of the industrial army gives rise to parties and factions which are ready to tear each other asunder, generates intrigues and cabals which threaten the existence of government itself, and creates a large class of professional politicians, what may we expect when "the administration" controls all the activities of life, sets every man of the community at work and in place according to its pleasure, and undertakes to redress the balance of advantages and disadvantages among hundreds of occupations and thousands of considerable communities?

I have said that Mr. Bellamy is aware of this difficulty. He proposes a scheme for the choice of those who are to exercise these tremendous powers, which may safely be claimed by his admirers to be without a parallel in political speculation. This is, in truth, the great original feature of Mr. Bellamy's plan. The analogy of an industrial to a military army has been suggested by other writers; many philosophers have risen to the conception of a comprehensive socialism, in which the state should be all and

in all; but Mr. Bellamy alone has undertaken to show how seeking and striving for office can be entirely eliminated, and how an "administration," exercising a hundred times the power of an ordinary government, can be secured so purely and so peacefully that demagoguery and corruption shall become words of an historical significance only. Such a discovery constitutes his chief claim to distinction as a social and political philosopher.

Mr. Bellamy's project is unique and grand in its simplicity. It consists solely in bestowing the choice of the officers of the industrial army upon those who have already been discharged from service, at forty-five. The constituency thus composed, being themselves exempted from further service in the industrial army, can have no possible interest other than the selection of the altogether best man for each place of command; and they will proceed to exercise their function of choice, in this momentous matter, disinterestedly, dispassionately, and with the highest intelligence. Among a body thus constituted intrigues and cabals can, of course, not originate; the tremendous powers of patronage they are to wield cannot possibly give rise to favoritism or partisanship.

Mr. Bellamy's notion of the composition of an electoral constituency has an interest and a value for us, as citizens deeply concerned in public affairs, even under the present benighted organization of society. We need not wait for the complete realization of the scheme to put this feature of it into operation for the improvement of current politics. The choice of legislators and governors now causes a great deal of trouble: gives rise to office-seeking and offensive partisanship; provokes intrigues and cabals; generates demagoguery and corruption. Is it not clear that we need to seek some constituency within the commonwealth whose members are free from interest in the government and can derive no personal benefit from the choice of officials? It is in this view that I venture to supplement Mr. Bellamy's suggestions. Is there anywhere in Massachusetts such a constituency, to which might be entrusted the selection of our governors and legislators? Clearly, there is. We have certain highly populous institutions in which are to be found no inconsiderable number of persons who are definitively relieved from further participation in public affairs. Sequestered for the remainder of their existence, by act of law, from activity and agency within the commonwealth, why should not these persons, familiarly known as Convicts for Life, be entrusted with the choice of magistrates and rulers? They can have no selfish interest in the matter; and since Mr. Bellamy assures us that it is not necessary that human nature should be changed, but only a right organization of existing forces secured, why might not such a confidence properly be proposed in the discretion of these gentlemen — and ladies?

Such is Mr. Bellamy's scheme, as completed by the mechanism he proposes for the choice of officers for his new nation. I am sanguine enough to believe that the simplest statement will answer most of the purposes of a laborious refutation. I will only touch upon a few points.

In the first place, the constituency which Mr. Bellamy would create for the choice of "the administration," under his system, is about the worst which could possibly be devised. A more meddlesome, mischief-making, and altogether pestilent body of electors was never called into being. It is a mistake to suppose that a man's selfish interest in a service ceases because he has himself retired from it. There was a time, after the war, when it was almost impossible for the Secretary of the Navy to administer his department, on account of the intermeddling of twenty or thirty retired admirals living in Washington. Men

work miracles, both in gain and in saving, which has led Mr. Bellamy astray. In sooth, Mr. Bellamy did not turn to the military system of organization because he was a socialist. He became a socialist because he had been moon-struck with a fancy for the military organization and discipline itself. So that, in a sense, militarism is, with him, an end rather than a means. A very funny end, one must admit.

It would be difficult to prove what has been thus asserted, were one left to his book alone, though the domination exerted over the author's mind by this "fixed idea" would suggest that it was the passion for militarism which had made the author a socialist. But we are not left to that source of information. In the May (1889) number of The Nationalist, Mr. Bellamy has told us "how he [I] came to write Looking Backward." He there says that he had, at the outset, "no idea of attempting a serious contribution to the movement of social reform." Indeed, he had never had any affiliations with any class or sect of industrial or social reformers, "nor any particular sympathy with undertakings of the sort." To make the picture he proposed to draw as unreal as possible, "to secure plenty of elbow room for the fancy and prevent awkward collisions between the ideal structure and the hard facts of the real world," he fixed the date of his story in the year A. D. 3000. Starting thus, without any distinct social intention; with "no thought of constructing a house in which practical men might live, but merely of hanging in mid-air, far out of the reach of the sordid and material world of the present, a cloud-palace for an ideal humanity," Mr. Bellamy began Looking Backward.

The opening scene, he tells us, was a grand parade of a departmental division of the industrial army, on the occasion of the annual muster-day, wh young men coming of age tha were mustered into the national s and those who that year had r the age of exemption were muste "The solemn pageantry of the great festival of the year; the impressive ceremonial of the oath of duty, taken by the new recruits in the presence of the world-standard; the formal return of the thanks of humanity to the veterans who received their honorable dismissal from service; the review and the march-past of the entire body of the local industrial forces, each battalion with its appropriate insignia; the triumphal arches, the garlanded streets, the banquets, the music, the open theatres and pleasure-gardens, with all the features of a gala-day sacred to the civic virtues and the enthusiasm of humanity, furnished materials for a picture exhilarating at least to the painter." No wonder he was fired with martial ardor at his own conception, and felt at once like running away to enlist.

Observe: this is the real germ of Mr. Bellamy's social scheme. He goes on to tell us that, enraptured by the contemplation of the grand review, he began to dwell more and more on the feasibility of applying the modern military system of Europe to the industrial life of every country, by turns, and finally of the world. More and more, as he dwelt on this theme, the possibilities of the subject expanded before him; the difficulties vanished; the time for such a consummation drew near.[1] Whereas he had at first only thought of utilizing the military system as furnishing "an analogy to lend an effect of feasibility to the fancy sketch he [I] had in hand," he at last, after much working over details, "perceived the full potency of the instrument he [I] was using, and recognized in the modern military system, not merely a rhetorical vehicle of a definite scheme of industrial reorganization."

[1] "Instead of a mere fairy tale of social perfection, it [Looking Backward] became the

ill have friends and relatives and ents to promote, leaders and ions to push, not to speak of ene- to punish, long after they have elves gone upon the retired list.

Equally unreasonable is it to assume that the great mass of ordinary people would be free from selfish, sectional, and partisan impulses in such a system as Mr. Bellamy proposes. Instead of politics being abolished, it would be found that, with five millions of men over forty-five years in the United States, having nothing else to attend to, politics would become the great business of the nation. Parties and factions would be formed under sectional, moral,[1] or personal impulses, and would carry their contests to a pitch of fury impossible to constituencies, most of whose members have a great deal else to do, and that of a very engrossing nature. "Magnetic" leaders would come to the front; "issues" would arise; and all the combativeness and creature-pugnacity of fallen humanity, refused longer occupation in war or in industry, would find full scope in the contests of politics. Doubtless the whole five millions of veteran male electors, being perfectly free to live where they pleased and to draw their rations where they lived, would at once move to Washington, to be as near the source of power as possible. Doubtless, also, the five million female electors would follow them, to take a hand, to the best possible effect, in the choice of the "woman general-in-chief." Under such attractions, and with no practical business remaining in life, the whole voting population would speedily join the throng at the capital, where power and place were to be fought for. With ten millions of discharged industrial soldiers, having no other business but politics, Washington would become a city in comparison with which, in the fury of its partisanship and factional strife, Rome, under the later Empire, would not deserve to be mentioned.

Secondly, Mr. Bellamy's assumption that, were selfish pecuniary interests to be altogether removed as a motive to action, the sense of duty and the desire of applause would enter fully to take their place, and would inspire all the members of the community to the due exertion of all their powers and faculties for the general good, is utterly gratuitous. Nothing that we read in human history, nothing that we see among existing societies, justifies such a supposition. From the origin of mankind to the present time, the main spur to exertion has been want; and while, with the growth of small-brained into large-brained races, the desire of applause and consideration for the public weal have steadily grown in force as motives to human action, and while, among the higher individuals of the higher races, a delight in labor has even, in a certain degree, come to replace the barbarous indisposition to all kinds of work, it is still, in this age of the world, little short of downright madness to assume that disinterested motives can be altogether trusted to take the place of selfish motives, in human society.

Thirdly, like Mr. George's great work, Looking Backward shows, through its whole structure, the perverting effect of a single false notion, having the power to twist out of shape and out of due relation every fact which comes, in any way, at any point, within the field of its influence. It is the notion that military discipline applied to production would

[1] For example, Mr. Bellamy represents his favorite characters as using wine freely. Can any one doubt that within the first few years the industrial army would be convulsed by contests between a prohibition and a license party; and that when this question was settled, if it ever should be, tea, coffee, and tobacco would come in for the passionate attentions of the Miners and Faxons of that day? Mr. Bellamy's "open theatres" contain all the possibilities of a whole century of active politics.

analogy for a national industrial service, but its prototype, furnishing at once a complete working model for its organization, an arsenal of patriotic and national motives and arguments for its animation, and the unanswerable demonstration of its feasibility drawn from the actual experience of whole nations organized and manœuvred as armies."

Fired, as well he might be, by a discovery so momentous, Mr. Bellamy, like Archimedes, rushed from his bath into the streets, shouting Eureka. The date 3000 was incontinently dropped, and that of 2000 substituted; the details of the new scheme were wrought out, even at the sacrifice, as Mr. Bellamy confesses, with a tinge of regret not unbecoming a professional novelist, of some of the doubts and hopes and fears of the predestinated lovers; and Looking Backward was put to press as the koran of a new faith.

I have dwelt thus at length on the genesis of this book, because it is by this path we shall best approach the finished work, for the purposes of examination and criticism. Mr. Bellamy, who is a modest gentleman, does not claim any supernatural powers in thus banishing, at a stroke, poverty and crime, base appetites, sordid ambitions, and mean motives from human society. He does not pose as a wonder-worker; he does not even put on the airs of "a master-mind," as if he had the capability of discovering what was beyond the range of ordinary intellects.[1] On the contrary, he would say that the analogy between a fighting and an industrial army is so manifest that it has often been dwelt upon and used for rhetorical, and even to a certain extent for more serious purposes. What he himself did was simply to press the resemblance further, through almost accidental suggestions of his own mind, until he discovered what any one else might have seen, that there is a strict parallelism between the two, reaching to the fullest extent of both.

But while Mr. Bellamy is thus modest as to his own deserts as a social philosopher, he is sure that there can be no doubt of the virtue of his scheme. He will admit no question that his political and industrial mechanism (for, be it remembered, he distinctly disavows the introduction of any new forces into human life or any change in human nature) will work indefinitely larger effects for good than all the efforts of men and nations, all the planning and thinking of philosophers and statesmen, through all the centuries of human history. His book finds the world a scene of social confusion, industrial conflict, and moral disorder; the year 2000 is to find the world a paradise, in which men can hardly use the good things provided for them, in which armies and jails are unknown, from which vice and crime have practically disappeared. This system is to do, offhand, what Christ's gospel, with its devoted preachers, exemplars, and ministers, its missionaries and its noble army of martyrs, has only made a beginning of in nineteen centuries. Since all these consequences are assumed to follow the application of the national military system to industry, and this alone, it behooves us to scrutinize somewhat closely the analogy which Mr. Bellamy has drawn between industry and war.

What is the purpose of war? It is to overwhelm and destroy. Such being the purpose of war, what is the problem in war? It is to concentrate, for a time, perhaps a very short time, superior force, at a critical point, for a supreme effort. This is the single object of all strategy, the end of all tactics. For the purpose of securing such concentration of forces, and the capability of supreme efforts in decisive moments, military organization and discipline are introduced. That armies may be promptly marched

[1] "Something in this way it was that, no thanks to myself, I stumbled over the destined corner-stone of the new social order."

and may desperately fight, to the last drop of their blood, through the few fearful hours which are to decide the fate of nations, the soldier must give up his will, his power of choice, his freedom of movement, almost his individuality. Is there anything corresponding to this in industry? I answer, No. The purpose of industry is, not to destroy, but to create. Even in exchange, where competition is accentuated and intensified to the highest point, destructive antagonism is developed in but a slight degree, and then only as the result of ignorance and greed.

And if the purpose of industry differs thus widely from the purpose of war, how does the problem of industry differ from that of war? The problem of war is, as we saw, to secure a momentary concentration of superior force, at a critical point, for a supreme effort. The problem of industry is to occupy a vast number of widely separated points, where labor and capital can be employed, not for a single supreme effort, not for a series of spasmodic efforts, but for quiet, orderly, continuous, progressive work. Such a problem presents conditions very different from those presented to an army, crouched for its deadly spring upon an antagonist. Doubtless industrial forces require to be organized and administered, both firmly and judiciously; but it is not necessary that discipline should be carried so far as to deprive the individual of his initiative, to take from him all freedom of choice, and to subject him to an authority which shall have over him the power of life and death, of honor and disgrace.

We see, then, how utterly fallacious is the analogy which Mr. Bellamy has set up. For the sake of success in war, when war, with all its tremendous consequences, has become inevitable, the men of our race will cheerfully submit to the sternest discipline; but for the conduct of their daily lives, in profound peace, no, thank you! Liberty is too much the law of our life; the traditions of personal freedom, the aspirations for a still larger freedom, are too dear to be surrendered, even for the acute delights of an annual review, with triumphal arches, garlanded streets, banquets, and music.

Nor, while dismissing thus Mr. Bellamy's scheme, can the social philosopher even admit that the object which that scheme proposes is itself desirable. Were the fantasy of a state in which every one should have enough and to spare, in which the conditions of life should cease to be arduous and stern, from which care and solicitude for the future should be banished, and the necessaries, comforts, and wholesome luxuries of life should come easily to all, — were this wild, weak dream shown to be capable of realization, well might the philanthropist exclaim, Alas for mankind! There have been races that have lived without care, without struggle, without pains; but these have never become noble races. Except for care and struggle and pains, men would never have risen above the intellectual and physical stature of Polynesian savages. There are cares that cark and cares that kill; there are struggles that are unavailing; there are pains that depress, and blight, and dwarf. Well may we look forward to a better state, in which much of the harshness of the human condition shall, by man's own efforts, have been removed. But it was no Bellamy who said that in the sweat of their brows should men eat bread; that with agony should they be born into the world; and that in labor always, in disappointment and defeat often, with anxious thought, and with foreboding that ceases only at the grave, should they live their lives through, dying weary of the struggle, yet rejoicing in the hope of a better fortune and more generous terms for those who are to come after.

Quite as little can we approve of the fundamental law of Mr. Bellamy's mili-

tary republic, that there should be no distinction of material condition among its members. Mr. Bellamy tries to place this prescription on high ethical grounds; but all his fine phrases [1] do not disguise the fact that the proposed distribution involves the grossest violation of common honesty, as every plain man understands it. To say that one who produces twice as much as another shall yet have no more is palpable robbery. It is to make that man for half his time a slave, working for others without reward. It is one of the dangers of transcendental reasoning about rights and morals that the finest of sentiments are often found in close proximity to the baldest of rascality.

But the flagrant dishonesty of the proposition to destroy all distinction in the material condition of members of the community is, I make bold to say, the least objection to it. Such a leveling downwards would bring a speedy end of all intellectual and social progress, to be followed, at no late day, by retrogression and relapse. It is only by the distinction of some that the general character of the mass is to be raised. There are plenty of tribes and races among which Mr. Bellamy's great creative principle of absolute equality of conditions is and has immemorially been in full operation. Unfortunately for his case, they are all miserable embruted savages. Even the fact that among some of them the additional principle of the selection of chiefs by the elders of the tribe is of unknown antiquity has not served to lift them in the scale of humanity. They are still poor, squalid wretches, in spite of the adoption of both these prescriptions for turning the earth into a paradise without any intervening change of human nature.

So much for the book. I should have spoken in a very different tone had the author carried out his original purpose, and presented his industrial army avowedly as an ideal. To offer ideals to the contemplation of mankind is well. Even although recognized as utterly impracticable under present conditions, or conditions likely soon to arise, they may have the effect to make men nobler, braver, sweeter, purer. They often serve to exalt the aims of the loftiest minds, and to inspire the humblest and the poorest with renewed courage for their struggle with the actual and the present. But Mr. Bellamy has not chosen to offer his sketch as an ideal. He insists that it is practicable, and immediately practicable; and that nothing but incomprehensible folly and stupidity stands in the way of its realization. Not only so, but he has chosen to stigmatize the existing order in the most violent terms. No epithet short of "wolfish" will fully satisfy him in application to that state of society in which all of us live, and which most of us cordially support, though always in the hope of steady improvement and progressive amelioration.

It remains to speak, very briefly, of the party to which the book has given rise, calling itself the Nationalist party. The size of this party is altogether unknown. We read one day of a hundred and fifty, and another day of a hundred and eighty Nationalist clubs; but the word club has a highly elastic

[1] "His title [to credit on the national shopkeepers] is his humanity. The basis of his claim is the fact that he is a man." That claim is recognized by most Christian nations as valid to the extent of necessary subsistence. To carry that claim further is not only to violate equity, but to set in motion the gravest social and economic evils: witness the history of the English Poor Laws.

Again, Mr. Bellamy says, "The amount of the resulting product has nothing to do with the question [how much a man shall receive], which is one of desert. Desert is a moral question, the amount of product is a material quantity." It would be better to say that a man's effort constitutes his moral desert, which should have a moral reward, — that is, the approval of his conscience, his fellow-men, and his God; while his achievement constitutes his economic desert, which should have an economic reward, — that is, wages or profits.

meaning. A club may consist, we know, of only president, secretary, and treasurer; and indeed the Nationalist party, thus far, seems to run mainly to officers. While no one objects to women taking their proportional part in this movement for the regeneration of society, there is yet a suspicion that the Nationalist party of the present time comprises an excess of non-combatants. It is also suspected that, while a large amount of intellect has gone into the movement, comparatively little muscle has been enlisted in the service. The number of actual day laborers belonging to the party is believed to be small.

At first, as I understand the matter, the platform of the new party was Mr. Bellamy's book, pure and simple; but, more recently, the organ of the party has set forth certain propositions under the title of a Declaration of Principles, as follows: —

"The principle of the Brotherhood of Humanity is one of the eternal truths that govern the world's progress on lines which distinguish human nature from brute nature.

"The principle of competition is simply the application of the brutal law of the survival of the strongest and the most cunning.

"Therefore, so long as competition continues to be the ruling factor in our industrial system, the highest development of the individual cannot be reached, the loftiest aims of humanity cannot be realized.

"No truth can avail unless practically applied. Therefore, those who seek the welfare of man must endeavor to suppress the system founded on the brute principle of competition, and put in its place another founded on the nobler principle of association.

"But in striving to apply this nobler and wiser principle to the complex conditions of modern life, we advocate no sudden or ill-considered changes; we make no war upon individuals; we do not censure those who have accumulated immense fortunes simply by carrying to a logical end the false principle upon which business is now based.

"The combinations, trusts, and syndicates of which the people at present complain demonstrate the practicability of our basic principle of association. We merely seek to push this principle a little further, and have all industries operated in the interest of all by the nation, the people organized, the organic unity of the whole people.

"The present industrial system proves itself wrong by the immense wrongs it produces; it proves itself absurd by the immense waste of energy and material which is admitted to be its concomitant. Against this system we raise our protest; for the abolition of the slavery it has wrought and would perpetuate we pledge our best efforts."

Of the seven paragraphs of which this declaration consists, the larger number are devoted to denunciations of the principle of competition, which it is declared to be the purpose of the party to suppress. The small remainder of the "platform" is occupied by declarations in favor of the "nobler principle of association." Even of the space devoted to this part of the declaration, a half is taken up by a disclaimer of any purpose to effect sudden or violent changes, or to attack individuals who have prospered under the existing system. So that all which remains devoted to the constructive purposes of the party is to be found in these lines: "The combinations, trusts, and syndicates of which the people at present complain demonstrate the practicability of our basic principle of association. We merely seek to push this principle a little further, and have all industries operated in the interest of all by the nation, the people organized, the organic unity of the whole people."

Brief as this is, it will be observed that one half, again, is taken up by an argument, or what was intended for

such. The positive part of this declaration of principles is therefore confined within the lines last quoted. Leaving out a considerable part of this as surplusage, we have the purpose of the party expressed in these words: "We seek to have all industries operated in the interest of all by the nation."

It will be observed that there is here no statement of the means by which this is to be accomplished; no details whatever of the system which it is proposed to set up. We must suppose, therefore, either that the party has not reached a consent regarding the details of the scheme and the means through which it is to be brought into operation, or else that Mr. Bellamy's book is regarded as furnishing all that is needed under these two heads. What I have already said regarding Looking Backward may perhaps be accepted as the answer of those who uphold the existing order. But, in any event, I should not feel bound to discuss this new socialist programme, even were details enough given to afford a fair opportunity for criticism. I make the choice, which every combatant has the right to make, between offensive and defensive warfare, and elect to defend the principle of competition.

But I cannot proceed to the defense of competition against the attacks of the Nationalists without pausing a moment to call attention to the very absurd character of the sole proof they offer as to the practicability of their scheme. The lamb-like innocence shown in the declaration that "the combinations, trusts, and syndicates of which the people at present complain demonstrate the practicability of our basic principle of association" is, I venture to say, not surpassed in the literature of economics, or even of the comic stage. The essential conditions of a Trust, it ought hardly to be necessary to state, are, first, a small inside ring, to profit by the restriction of production and the raising of price; and secondly, a large outside public, to be plundered. A half dozen men gather in a New York hotel, and, over their champagne and cigars, agree to raise the price of their product two cents a pound, which sixty millions of people will be obliged to pay, to the full extent of their consumption. For the sake of dividing such a prize, which may amount to millions of dollars, perhaps to millions a year, these men are able to forego their rivalries and jealousies, forget their piques and wrongs, give up their efforts to get ahead of each other, and, for a time, act in concert. To the astute gentlemen who drew the programme I have quoted, the formation of such a trust "demonstrates the practicability of their basic principle of association," upon which industry is to be carried on by all, in the interest of all, without any inside ring to make a selfish profit, and without any outside public to be plundered. In respect to such a proposition, comment must needs be weaker than statement.

I have said that by far the greater part of the declaration of principles set forth by the Nationalist party consists in the denunciation of competition. "The principle of competition," says the Nationalist platform, "is simply the application of the brutal law of the survival of the strongest and the most cunning." In propositions of such weighty import, it is impossible to use words too carefully; and I trust, therefore, I shall not be deemed hypercritical in asking, What is the significance of the word brutal as thus used? Inasmuch as it is the law of the survival of the fittest which has developed men from purely animal conditions into the capacity for civilization, it would seem that that principle might more properly be called the human, or anti-brutal, principle. There is an old proverb that says, Speak well of the bridge that has carried you safely over. Mr. Bellamy and his friends should be slow to revile the force which has brought it about that their skulls contain more

than thirty ounces of brain-matter, and their foreheads slope backward at an angle of more than forty-five degrees.

It is too often the method of the critics of industrial competition to charge upon that principle all the evils that men suffer under that principle. They neglect to inquire whether these evils are due to the proper force of competition itself, or result from the general hardness of the human lot, the terrible severity with which physical nature presses everywhere upon man; from accidents and disease; from vice and crime; from reckless improvidence in marriage, or wanton waste of opportunities and resources. Do the people of India, where custom and public opinion are almost the sole law, and where competition is scarcely so much as known by name, suffer no hardships? Are they not devoured by crocodiles; drowned in rivers; swept away, in millions, by periodical pestilences; decimated by famine and famine fevers? The fact is, many soft-hearted persons are careless, to the point of absolute dishonesty, in charging upon the existing social organization things which are the proper effects of the constitution of nature on the one hand, or of human willfulness on the other. I should be the last person to deny or seek to disparage the evils which result from the abuse of competition, since the greater part of my economic work has been devoted to the exposition of those evils and to the consideration of means for their cure. But I must deem any man very shallow in his observation of the facts of life, and utterly lacking in the biological sense, who fails to discern in competition the force to which it is mainly due that mankind have risen from stage to stage, in intellectual, moral, and physical power. Where individual and even, sometimes, wholesale wrong has been done, this has been either as an unavoidable incident of great, perhaps prodigious gains to humanity as a whole (for example, the applications of steam and the invention of machinery), or else it has been because competition was unequal upon the two sides. Generally speaking, where injury is wrought by competition, it is because there has been not too much, but too little of it; because, owing to inherited disease and vice, or to the effects of bad political systems, or to wrongs done by power in the past, or to their own recklessness, improvidence, or viciousness in the present, the working-classes fail, on their part, to respond adequately to the pressure which the employing class, competing actively among themselves, have brought to bear.

The true remedy is to be found, not in having less of competition, but in having more of it. Perfect competition, equally exerted on both sides, like the pressure of the atmosphere, would result in absolute justice. That would be the ideal economic state in which no man should ever fail to sell his goods or his service in the highest market, or to buy the goods and the services he requires in the cheapest market. Mr. Bellamy declares that competition is but the expression of the "devil's maxim, 'Your necessity is my opportunity.'" It may be so, for his Satanic Majesty is reputed a very sensible and sagacious gentleman; but it is God's maxim as well. When I sell my service or my product at the highest attainable price, what does this mean but that I have found the very person, of all the world, who has the greatest need of it, who can make the most out of it, to whom it will bring the largest satisfaction of wants and desires?

Francis A. Walker.

AN AMERICAN HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

THE increasing interest in the study of American history has in the course of the last ten years become quite remarkable, and, so far as one can judge from present indications, that interest is likely to grow still deeper and wider. In all probability it is not a mere transient mood or fashion, but a symptom of the beginning of a new era of awakened national consciousness and historic consciousness. We are beginning the better to understand what our national existence means, as we decipher more clearly the secrets of the past out of which it has emerged. Our increased interest in American history is part of our more intelligent comprehension of the true aims and methods of historical study in general. Since the middle of the present century, the study of history has undergone a change as remarkable and significant as any of the changes which have affected at the same time the study of the physical sciences. A hundred years ago, history was for the most part either dry annals or a collection of anecdotes. In the hands of Gibbon it became a magnificent epic. In the hands of Voltaire it was enriched with wise and witty maxims of general applicability. But of history as the record of an orderly development there was scarcely a suspicion; and the historic perspective of even the greatest writers of that time seems now quite barbaric and grotesque, like the perspective on a Chinese plate.

In the first half of the present century, the conception of history as a record of the evolution of civilization out of barbarism had been reached by some able writers, — perhaps by philosophers sooner than by professional historians. The first shape which this new conception took was that of brilliant and plausible generalizations from some of the more salient facts of history, such as Comte's "law of the three stages" and other "laws" expounded in the fifth volume of his Philosophie Positive. The last considerable work of this superficial period was Buckle's History of Civilization, — a book whose gross deficiencies were partially atoned for by its aggressive energy and stimulating suggestiveness. Neglect of sources and origins, disregard of what would have been called "trivial" facts (for example, the old English *frithborh*, or other barbaric customs), marked this period of historical writing. There was a disposition to look upon political constitutions as something fixed, and such differences in political habit as those between Englishmen and Frenchmen were at once disposed of by a glib reference either to "climate" or to "race."

During the past fifty years the study of history has been characterized by: (1) a growing recognition of the fact that the social phenomena of any age are naturally evolved from the social phenomena of the preceding age; (2) a habit of going always to original sources; (3) a respect for all facts, however humble, and a readiness to follow every clue, however seemingly inadequate. In this way we have come to recognize the unity of history, and to learn how to use the comparative method. In the hands of such writers as Sohm, Brunner, and the Maurers, in Germany; Coulanges, in France; Kemble, Freeman, Stubbs, Maine, and Green, in England; and Lewis Morgan in America, historical studies have come at length to yield golden fruit. The course of political development throughout the recorded past, and for some extent back of it, is beginning to be understood. Profound differences between nations are seen to be producible by the cumulative effects of small differences in local institutions.

Facts once deemed trivial are now regarded as of critical importance, just as, for studying certain problems, the botanist may find a despised weed more helpful than the most superb rose.

For these reasons, American history is coming to possess an absorbing interest for those who study it in the modern spirit. It is the history of the transplanting of a vast and complicated mass of ancient political institutions from the Old World to the New. Nothing can be more instructive than to trace the features of their marvelous development under the new conditions. No subject which we can study is more full of practical lessons than American history; but there is also no subject which stands more in need of antiquarian research in order to make it comprehensible. Fifty years ago, the first of these statements would have been complacently accepted by all good Americans; the second would have been received with wondering ridicule. In those days no such book as that of Mr. Hannis Taylor would have been possible.[1]

Mr. Taylor's book is concerned primarily with the government and institutions of England; but in his admirable Introduction, of seventy-nine pages, he has undertaken "to emphasize the fact that the constitutional histories of England and the United States constitute a continuous and natural evolution which can only be fully mastered when viewed as one unbroken story." In this preliminary exposition, he shows, from a comparative survey of ancient and modern commonwealths, the distinguishing features of the typical English state, which is the political unit in our federal system. Next comes a brief sketch of the growth of the English kingdom, with especial reference to the firm establishment of representative government in England, so that it survived there, while in the other great countries of Europe it died out, so that when introduced in France and elsewhere since the overturning in 1789 it has been necessary to copy it from England. There follows a very interesting comparative survey of the American colonies, their local institutions, the sources of their theory of colonial rights, and its inevitable divergence from the British theory, until separation of the colonies from Great Britain came as a natural result. The germs of federalism among the American colonies are then described, and the work of the great Federal Convention of 1787 is analyzed. In going over this old and familiar ground, the author shows on every page the fresh suggestiveness which comes from a remarkable breadth of view combined with a minute and accurate knowledge of details.

Of especial interest, among other things, is the way in which he traces the process of thought which resulted in the one institution that may truly be said to be peculiar to the United States, the federal Supreme Court. "It has ever been," says Mr. Taylor, "an elementary principle of American constitutional law that every state legislature is endowed, by its very nature, with the omnipotence of the English Parliament, save so far as that omnipotence is restrained by the express terms of constitutional limitations, — an American invention which rests upon the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people as distinguished from the sovereignty of Parliament." The American reader should here be on his guard, as the author does not sufficiently guard him, against the interpretation that our British cousins differ from us in not recognizing the

[1] *The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution.* An Historical Treatise, in which is drawn out, by the light of the most recent researches, the gradual development of the English constitutional system, and the growth out of that system of the Federal Republic of the United States. By Hannis Taylor. In two parts. Part I. The Making of the Constitution. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

sovereignty of the people as over and above Parliament. The final decision of the Wilkes case, in 1774, settled that the rights of constituencies cannot be abridged by the House of Commons; and whenever a vexed question arises, upon which it proves impossible for Prime Minister and Parliament to agree, the dissolution of Parliament, with the ensuing new election, is simply an appeal to the sovereign people to decide the question. The difference between the United States and Great Britain is not in the fundamental doctrine, but in the way in which the doctrine is asserted. In America, as Mr. Taylor says, it is through explicit documentary limitations. "Such limitations naturally arose out of the process of historic development through which American legislatures came into existence. From the very beginning the powers of the colonial assemblies were more or less limited through the terms of the charters by which such assemblies were either created or recognized." In the colonial times, as Mr. Bryce has pointed out, "questions sometimes arose . . . whether the statutes made by these assemblies were in excess of the powers conferred by the charter; and if the statutes were found to be in excess they were held to be invalid by the courts; that is to say, in the first instance, by the colonial courts, or, if the matter was carried to England, by the Privy Council." The colonial legislature established by charter could do everything except "violate the terms and transcend the powers of the instrument to which it owed its existence." During the colonial period, the power whose will was expressed in the charter was the British government. After the separation from Great Britain, that power was the people of the independent American commonwealth. The legislature, never a supreme body, was limited thereafter by a written constitution, as it had before been limited by a written charter. Mr. Taylor refers to the famous case of Trevett *v.* Weeden, decided in Rhode Island in 1786, as probably "the first case in which a legislative act was declared void by reason of repugnance to the principles of a state constitution." That state constitution itself happened to be the colonial charter of Rhode Island, granted in 1662, and not superseded until 1842. From this peculiarly American system of constitutional limitations upon the legislative power there grew, naturally, the brilliant conception of our federal Supreme Court, which, as Sir Henry Maine says, is "a virtually unique creation of the founders of the Constitution." Mr. Taylor is right in saying that "judicial tribunals have existed as component parts of other federal systems, but the Supreme Court of the United States is the only court in history that has ever possessed the power to finally determine the validity of a national law." Not only has this great court rendered inestimable service in building up the federal power, in checking its undue encroachments upon the States, and in harmonizing the relations of the States with one another, but, moreover, since the jurisprudence by which its proceedings are regulated is English jurisprudence, "it has become a new fountain not only of federal, but of English law."

After his interesting and suggestive Introduction, our author goes on to treat of the Old English Commonwealth, the Norman Conquest, and the Growth and Decline of Parliament, ending the volume at the accession of Henry VII. In this historical survey he follows Stubbs and Freeman quite closely. Perhaps he does not make many points which have not, in one way or another, been mentioned or hinted at by these authors. But, in truth, so far as English history is concerned, Stubbs and Freeman now stand at the head of the stream of investigation and interpretation, just as Spencer and Darwin stand at the head

of the stream in all that concerns biology and evolution. Whatever comes down stream, they must, of course, have had a hand in it. Mr. Taylor's relation to the great masters is by no means that of a servile copyist. He has himself made a careful study of original sources. In his discussions of special points he shows a thoroughly critical spirit, and his extremely lucid arrangement would of itself suffice to make his book one of original value. The only formal defect in it is the occasional detailed repetition of an argument where it comes to be used in a new connection, and where a briefly allusive reference would be quite enough for the intelligent reader. Throughout the book, even where the bearings of the subject upon American history are not explicitly mentioned, there is a certain fresh suggestiveness arising from the very fact that the author is an American, and has in mind illustrations such as would not so readily occur to any but an American.

Especially to be commended are the sections or passages which describe the influence of Christianity in promoting the coalescence of the so-called heptarchic kingdoms into the English nation; the effects of the Norman Conquest upon central and local organization respectively; the differentiations of the *curia regis;* and the development of the itinerant judicature and of trial by jury. The early forms of taxation, — as hidage, carucage, and talliage, — with the origin of indirect taxation, and the connection between taxation and representation, are also very clearly and judiciously treated. The constitutional history of the period which saw the deadly struggle between York and Lancaster is set forth so lucidly as to make the book a valuable help in a special study of that period. Indeed, this first volume is so well done as to make us impatient to see the second. In the Tudor and Stuart periods, and their relations to the beginnings of American history, in the divergent growths of English institutions in the Old World and the New, and in the origin of our federal system, there is a rich field, in which our author's methods will be sure to work to advantage.

In conclusion we must express our satisfaction that a book so thoughtful and solid should come from Alabama, in illustration of the rapidly growing interest in historical studies in our Southern States.

MR. LOWELL ON IZAAK WALTON.

This very beautiful limited edition of Walton's Complete Angler[1] clothes in a fit dress one of the unique works of our literature which has made good its title to permanence, and is, indeed, cherished by its lovers with a peculiar affection. Type and page are all that can be desired even in an *édition de luxe*, and there are a great number of illustrations appropriate to the text, including several portraits. The work is introduced by an editorial essay by Mr. Lowell, and this makes it most noticeable; for a critical appreciation of Walton from so fine a hand, at once sympathetic and just, is the best good fortune both for the author and his readers, and is the ornament most to be desired in such a book.

[1] *The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton.* With an Introduction by James Russell Lowell. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1889.

Mr. Lowell's essay is biographical in form, such as an editor would naturally write; it contains the facts of the author's life, a discussion of the vexed points in his career and in his literary work, an account by the way of some of his friends, and a personal and critical characterization. The whole is deftly handled: facts alternate with thought, pages of necessary but dry information with other pages of quiet reflection, glimpses of the time and persons with outlooks on the country scene; and so the essay ends with having given rare pleasure.

The one purpose which Mr. Lowell has kept in mind is apparently to render Walton's personality and literary charm. He does this the more effectively by not making too great claims. He does not assert the genius, or the style, or the literary value of his author as grounds of admiration; on the contrary, Walton does not seem to him to be entitled to his fame because of any reason of this sort. He was a delightful character, with many qualities to give pleasure, and he charged his writings with this personality so simply and immediately that in his books we love the man. This is his originality in literature, and by it he lives. Mr. Lowell's brief runs to this effect; and in accordance with it he takes pains to show Walton in his own dress and habits, and to make sensible the charm of his presence. He begins by reminding us of the quietude of Walton's life, a by-path in that time of discord, and of the inwardness of his spirit, wedded as it was to contemplative moods. He follows him through his uneventful days until he withdrew from business into that retirement which was his natural home. He takes notice of his liking for talk and his appreciation of men, of the amiable, mild-mannered friendships for which Walton had a genius, of his simple enjoyment of nature. He touches upon his verses very lightly, only to illustrate the value they may have had in giving to his prose measure and sweetness of cadence, or to show the sincerity of his regard for Donne evinced in a funeral elegy. So even is the flow of Mr. Lowell's thought and narrative that one hardly feels the successive touches, but is surprised to find Walton almost at once a man already known and familiar. It is not unnatural that he should seem elderly, with a character developed from within so wholly without effort that it appears the mere growth of the qualities with which he was born little affected by the exterior chances of life. Simplicity belongs to such a fortunate temperament, but there is something more than the charm of simplicity in him; and the literary talent which he possessed by nature wins by some quality other than plainness. He enjoyed his life, and his writings convey to us the pleasure he took in it, not as if he had set it forth for us and called attention to it, but as if we had overheard his confidences to himself. Few authors have so entirely succeeded in making their literary utterance at one with their natural speech; one would say that he writes less to please than because he is himself pleased, and feels the wish to express something intimate from his own life. He had great respect or real affection for some men whom he had known, and he writes their lives as one would write a letter on the death of a valued friend, with a familiar touch, a direct and homely detail, a feeling appreciative of excellence in character and mind; or he is delighted with a pleasant morning, with the little sights and sounds of nature, the common things of sun and air and field, and he writes a chapter to express his joy and to thank God for it. This immediacy of life in his literary work is the secret of Walton, the prime trait of his books, looked at from a critical point of view; and the peacefulness, the sincerity, and what Mr. Lowell calls the "innocency" of this life clothe it with charm.

In addition to all this there is the cheerfulness and companionableness of Walton, his rambling genius, his keen observation, his wholesome nature, of which the critic also takes due notice, while reminding us how valuable such comradeship is for those portions of our days, too often only intervals, when we have leisure to attend to the daily beauty of existence and to surrender ourselves to it, and to find in the familiar and habitual that undeparting presence which ennobles and delights us, illuminating without disturbing the spirit. This poetical suggestion is never far off in Walton, but is implicit in his way of taking life. He does not excite the mind, as the poet does, with too intense a feeling of the beautiful, but he soothes it, or, rather, encourages us to hold the tenor of our way with temperate happiness. This mood of his falls in with the taste, and indeed the capacity, of many among those of real poetic susceptibility, yet not of the make that can long suffer the fervors of stronger emotions and intenser thought. It is one secret of his hold on those men whose sympathies move with most pleasure to themselves in this level of feeling. But over and above all, his out-door quality, his lack of literary pretension, and his habit of looking a man in the face are the strongest influences that keep his books alive for the class to which they specially appeal.

It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Lowell has mingled with the lines of this portrait something of himself, and in drawing it has occasionally stopped to say a word of his own upon a variety of topics naturally arising in connection with the subject. A word here upon the publicity of the present days, remarks upon the character of elegies in general, reflections on style, on what gives permanence to literature, and on other matters, diversify the interest of his essay, and bring the reader into immediate contact with himself. It results from this that the reader not only obtains a truthful and living portrait of Walton, full of intelligence and sympathy with his shy and withdrawn genius and touched with a poet's appreciation of a peculiarly gentle and open nature, but together with this he sees Walton in the light of that criticism which takes proportion and justice from the widest acquaintance with literature in its whole compass.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE.

Fifty years ago, Emerson wrote, "Our age is retrospective;" to-day we might write with equal truth, Our age is introspective. That habit of self-dissection, which so many persons indulge almost to the point of self-slaughter, has grown to be national in its scope. We speak of the spirit of the age, of the characteristics of this or that people, of the tendency of the human race as a whole; and just as each of us turns his eyes inward to discover the mysterious springs of his temperament, and to foresee what should be its development, so we apply our microscope and scalpel to the time in which we live, in order that we may foresee its products. Science has taught us that law is omnipresent, and that all things are perpetually changing — some for the better, some for the worse — in accordance with law. In history, we follow the growth and decay of nations: each link in the chain is so evident that we can affirm, with all the assurance of those who prophesy after the fact, that this result, or that, was

inevitable. In many cases we are astonished that bygone events were not as clear to those who took part in them as they are to us who regard them through this retrospect of history. What could be more certain, for instance, than that the Roman Empire at the beginning of the third century was hastening to decay? Yet the Romans of that time did not perceive this any more than the Venetians of the sixteenth century perceived that Venice was moribund. Napoleon deemed himself mightier in 1812 than in 1804. Metternich, up to the very eve of the Revolution of 1848, imagined that Europe, like a patient mule, would work on indefinitely in the treadmill of despotism where he had put her. Any intelligent school-boy could now correct the Venetians, or Napoleon, or Metternich in their mistaken security, because every school-boy understands the significance of symptoms which they misunderstood.

But, we ask ourselves, cannot we interpret our present conditions correctly, and predict, with a great show of reason, the probable complexion of the age to come? We believe we can, — although the failure of the wisest men in the past should warn us to be modest, — and so we examine all the more eagerly every sign, every symptom, in our national life to-day. And just as to-day is the child of yesterday, so to-morrow will be the child of to-day. It behooves us, therefore, to study most carefully the events of yesterday: in them we shall find the germs of our present disorders, and the preparations for our present achievements. From time long past we can get only general knowledge: the influence of Marathon, or Tours, or Hastings is too remote, and has already been estimated; but the influence of the battles, and especially of the men who fought the battles and shaped the policy of the generation preceding our own, still affects us. To them we must turn for the key with which to unlock the present. Strange as it may seem, this is the hardest period of history about which to obtain accurate information. Some persons, indeed, deny that there can be any history of events so near: we must have traveled far enough, they say, to be able to look back over a long perspective; and time, which lulls passions and puts prejudices to sleep, time, which winnows with impartial fingers the true from the false, must have been long at work before the historian should begin to write. In this view, an epoch must be stone-dead, a corpse on which the historian-surgeon performs the autopsy. And yet our symptoms to-day are living symptoms, many of which have survived from the past, and to interpret them we must feel that the past was alive. Our chief concern is with what we now are, and with what we are presently becoming, not with phases of human development that are dead and gone forever; nevertheless, owing to the huge mass of material, which makes it all the harder for the historian to sift and condense, and owing to the uncertainty of contemporary verdicts, this information which we all desire cannot be obtained without much labor. Our academies and colleges send out every year students who can tell you all that is known about Hannibal or Hildebrand, but who have only the vaguest knowledge about the recent actions of Gortschakoff or Bismarck.

A book which will aid many to understand the present conditions and tendency of European life is Mr. Murdock's Reconstruction of Europe.[1] To say that it is the best work of the kind would be to give it inadequate praise, because works of this kind are few and dry,

[1] *The Reconstruction of Europe.* A Sketch of the Diplomatic and Military History of Continental Europe, from the Rise to the Fall of the Second French Empire. By Harold Murdock. With an Introduction by John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

whereas this is interesting, clear, rapid, and symmetrical. Mr. Murdock has not the philosophic depth nor the vivid imagination of historians of the first rank, and he lacks distinction of style; but he has the power of perceiving the really important events, and of describing them consecutively, and these are rare and admirable qualities. Human development, like the flow of a river, is continuous, but for historical purposes we are justified in marking it off into periods; and we should concentrate our attention upon those periods which have the most variety or significance, just as we visit that part of the Niagara River where it breaks into rapids and falls, and not the twenty miles where it flows placidly and monotonously. Mr. Murdock has been wise, therefore, to choose for his subject the period between 1850 and 1870, — the period of the Second French Empire; and although the limits set are arbitrary, it would be hard to point to any other twenty years so complete and self-comprised, so nearly forming a distinct epoch. Doubtless many of the seeds then sown are growing to-day, but, on the other hand, many questions of long growth were then uprooted and dispatched forever.

In looking back over this period, we are struck, first of all, by its distance from the present, — a distance not of time, for many men are still living who sent the despots of Europe into exile in the Revolution of 1848 and 1849, and most of us can remember the days when Sólferino, or Sadowa, or Sedan were fresh, but a distance in methods and motives. The régime which prevailed in the fifties seems now almost as far away and ancient as that which prevailed before the French Revolution. We find it hard to realize that the Italians and Austrians and Germans of less than forty years ago had to stake their very lives upon questions which we now regard as political truisms, — upon national independence, freedom of speech, and representative government; yet so it was.

Two principles have dominated the development of Continental Europe during this century, — the principle of nationality and the principle of popular representation. To one or the other of these can be referred the chief episodes in European progress since Waterloo; and both of them are the direct outcome of the French Revolution. The movement begun in France in 1789 aimed at destroying absolute monarchy, and at substituting constitutional government; but for a while this purpose was obscured, at first by the excesses of the revolutionists, and then by the ambition of Napoleon, who employed the mighty forces thus liberated in establishing an empire not less autocratic, but far more extensive, than the Bourbon monarchy which had been overthrown. The absolute monarchs and privileged classes of Europe combined against him, and after a ten years' struggle they crushed him. In his fall, the principles of the Revolution seemed to have fallen too; the old order was restored, and kings and courts were willing to believe that the Napoleonic episode had no more significance than an earthquake or a hurricane, which wreaks temporary havoc, but will not recur. In reality, however, Napoleon's triumph had been but a magnificent digression; his splendid exploits had blinded the world. The question proclaimed by the Revolution was not, Shall one Frenchman rule over Europe? but, Shall each nation rule itself, and shall each citizen have a share in the government of his nation? The very coalition of the European states against Napoleon intensified the feeling of nationality. When Germany roused herself to shake off his tyranny in 1813, she gave warning that she would submit to no foreign domination; and from this patriotic national resolve in Germany and elsewhere issued the desire for freedom at home. Nevertheless, the old régime was re-

stored, and during thirty years Europe seemed outwardly to have forgotten the principles of 1789.

But in 1848 the Revolution, which had been arrested by the wonderful power of Napoleon and diverted to his selfish ends, and had run underground for a generation, came once more flood-high to the surface, and everywhere swept despotisms before it. In their place, constitutional governments were everywhere established. The victory seemed won; but erelong the partisans of privilege, who had a common interest, united, and one by one they overwhelmed the partisans of liberty, who were isolated. The Second European Revolution failed because it was local and not national. In the history of Europe which Mr. Murdock has written, we see the triumph of the Revolution between 1850 and 1870 through the development of the principle of nationality. Patriotism is the strongest bond which can unite a people; but intelligent and lasting patriotism can flourish only among men who are joined by ties of blood, by a common ancestry, by the sympathies of race and tradition, by the same language and country, and by common interests. In the mediæval world, provinces and kingdoms were parceled out among the heads of a few families: the scheme was dynastic, having no respect for the preferences of the inhabitants of any region. So an Austrian might rule over the Netherlands, or a Spaniard over the Two Sicilies, without having his right to do so questioned. In 1850, this mediæval system still obtained in Italy, which was split up into several political fragments, in which the Austrians, or the Bourbons who were foreigners by descent, held sway; only in Piedmont were Italians governed by a native monarch, for the Pope, though Italian by birth, depended upon foreign support to preserve his temporal power. Germany was likewise made up of nearly two-score states, some no larger than a single town. No foreign despot tyrannized over these, no foreign army wrung taxes from the unwilling people, but Austrian influence preponderated in all the states except Prussia. The history of these twenty years records the effort of Prussia to counteract this Austrian influence, and, having accomplished this, to secure for herself the leadership of Germany; the unification of Germany into an empire was almost an afterthought. The rise of Prussia and the liberation and unification of Italy are the two great facts in the reconstruction of modern Europe. They were accomplished at the expense of Austria and France; we may say, indeed, that Napoleon III. unwittingly helped both Italy and Prussia to bring about his own ruin. That he was Emperor at all was due to an after-wave of the first Napoleonic tide; and no better evidence could be given of the tremendous force of the First Napoleon than that, nearly forty years after his downfall, the prestige of his name and the memory of his achievements sufficed to keep Louis Napoleon, who was neither a great soldier, nor a great statesman, nor magnetic in his personality, on the throne of France for twenty years.

Many points strike us as we review this period. First of all, we are startled at the number and persistence of mediæval conditions which still survived in 1850. Europe has been struggling for a century to shake herself free from feudalism, yet even now she is not wholly rid of it; even now the privileged classes enjoy an unwarranted social preeminence, although their political supremacy has been curtailed. We recognize, further, the unparalleled expansion of militarism. The profession of soldier has become the highest in the state. Millions of men are kept constantly under arms, all their training, all their thoughts, being devoted to war. So war, which should be the supreme emergency, the last resort, of civilized peoples, has

come to be regarded almost as the natural condition, and peace is but a temporary armistice. Barracks and iron-clads consume wealth that should be applied to education. Even the warlike reign of Napoleon I. did not equal in the cost and magnitude of its campaigns the wars between 1850 and 1870, of which here is the list: 1854–55, Crimean War, England, France, Turkey, and Piedmont against Russia; 1859, Italian War, France and Sardinia against Austria; 1864, Schleswig-Holstein War, Prussia and Austria against Denmark; 1866, Seven Weeks' War, Prussia and Italy against Austria; 1870, Franco-Prussian War, France against Prussia. Besides these great conflicts in Europe, there was Garibaldi's conquest of Sicily and Naples, in 1860; the Polish revolt, in 1863; the Spanish revolution, in 1868; and the long-smouldering Cretan insurrection. Outside of Europe, there was the Sepoy mutiny, in 1857; the American Civil War, the longest and bloodiest of all, 1861–65; the Mexican War, 1863–67; and perennial revolutions in Cuba and South America. An amazing list, for an epoch which calls itself civilized! This readiness to resort to arms to settle disputes bears witness to the fact that deep in the heart of mankind there still nestles the conviction that neither reason nor justice, but brute force, is the arbiter of human affairs, — that might is right. And this shows us how far national morals fall below individual morals. If an individual is injured by his neighbor, he does not take the law into his own hand, and demand an eye for an eye, but he seeks satisfaction in a court of law; but if a nation fancies itself insulted, or covets one of its neighbor's provinces, it concocts a pretext for war, and dispatches its armies over the frontier to wreak vengeance on the insulter and to seize the desired territory. In modern Europe, the principles of Christianity have hardly had a perceptible influence in the conduct of international affairs. Selfish interests and dynastic ambitions have, for the most part, controlled diplomacy; only after cabinets and kings declare war do they sing Te Deums and offer prayers to the Lord of Hosts, and discover that they are engaged in a most Christian enterprise.

A complete history of Europe during the Second Empire would chronicle many changes. In warfare, for instance, the introduction of long-range weapons almost put an end to the old-fashioned hand-to-hand combats. The employment of railroads made it possible to mobilize vast bodies of troops and to convey them to the front in a very short time, and enabled an army to advance rapidly without being in want of provisions or ammunition. The telegraph facilitated the quick transmission of orders and reports, and increased the knowledge of a commander-in-chief on the battle-field. The Germans, who were the first to adapt their military system to these larger possibilities, have revolutionized the art of war, until it has become, not an art, but a science, a great game of chess, with army corps for pawns and kingdoms for squares. The telegraph has also done away with the old system of diplomacy, lessening the importance of ambassadors and envoys, and enormously increasing that of the prime minister, who knows every day what is going on in every capital of Europe. More significant still is the gradual social reconstruction: the old régime was feudal, the new régime is commercial; the old privileged class held its title by birth, the new holds its title by wealth. And already we have premonitions that the next great revolution will be fought between wealth, on the one hand, and labor, on the other. The unexampled progress in mechanical inventions has brought material comforts down almost to the lowest social strata, with the effect, temporarily at least, of materializing all classes, so that the standard of public policy is set not

by the best, but by the majority of average men. Quite as important, but more difficult to determine, is the change in religious beliefs, through the natural decay of superstition and the dissemination of scientific and critical theories.

These are some of the considerations awakened by a review of the period dealt with in Mr. Murdock's history. Just at present, when it is the fashion among one school of historical students to disparage the influence of the individual and to exaggerate the influence of the masses, who, they assert, would arrive at a goal whether one man or another led them, it is interesting to observe how the strong personality of a very few men has shaped European affairs in recent times. Two of these men loom above all the others, whether we take for a measure the work they achieved, or the range and vigor of their genius. These two are Cavour and Bismarck. The former had the harder task, for there were opposed to him not only Austrian and Bourbon tyrants, but the far more subtle antagonism of the Pope; he had not only to free his countrymen, but also to teach them the uses of freedom; he had first of all to interest Europe in Italy's behalf, and then to show Europe that Italy could govern herself according to constitutional methods. He was a liberal of the highest English type, but superior in native power to any British statesman of the century. Bismarck, on the other hand, has had no faith in popular government. His aim was first to place Prussia at the head of the states of Germany, and then to place Germany at the head of Europe. He has worked consistently for the aggrandizement of the House of Hohenzollern. Had his ambition been selfish, he might perhaps have played the part of a Cromwell or a Napoleon, whom he resembles in his autocratic nature. Undaunted, unscrupulous, and unsubdued, he has for nearly a quarter of a century held the balance of power in Europe: a huge, Brennus-like conqueror, who throws his sword into the scales, and cries out, *Væ victis!* He has the un-German quality of common sense; he sees clear, and sums up a policy in a sentence. *Ferro et igne; Do ut des; Beati possidentes; La France fait une politique de pourboire:* these phrases and many more like them have the true Bismarckian ring. More fortunate than Cavour, he has lived to see the fulfillment of all his plans; but, we may well ask, will the despotism he has erected endure after his death? The unification of Germany has been the product of that principle of nationality which we have before referred to as one of the chief forces of the century: how long will it be before Germany adopts that other principle of genuine constitutional government? And when she shall have secured that, to what use will she devote it?

Of the Second Empire, with its tinsel grandeur and shoddy Cæsar; of that ridiculous anachronism, the temporal power of the Pope; of England's sanctimonious support of the Sultan and blundering campaign in the Crimea; of Austria's bombastic pretensions and their complete collapse; of the injustice done to Denmark and the cruelty done to Poland, we have no room to speak. The reader will find a lucid account of them in Mr. Murdock's volume, where the main currents of diplomacy are clearly mapped, and where a full description is given of the military campaigns of the period. This history, read intelligently, will interpret many of the political and social conditions amid which Europe now moves, and it may even whisper hints as to the nature of the changes towards which our own age is tending.

RECENT BOOKS ON AMERICAN HISTORY.

WORKS on American history are descending upon the country in a flood. Either publishers are doing a very losing business, or our people are rushing into the task of reading about their country and their Constitution with the same wholesale ardor with which they have extirpated Indians, felled forests, built railroads, crushed rebellion, and populated a continent. From modest monographs on town government to elaborate constitutional treatises and voluminous histories of the country and the people, the new list which each month brings is various and crowded. This epidemic has come suddenly. Those of us who are not far advanced in middle life recall the days when American history was eschewed by common consent as the dullest of topics, and when American writers of an historical bent turned their backs on the unalluring prospect presented by their own country and took refuge in the picturesqueness of other lands. Not many years ago, a faithful student of the full curriculum at our best universities could have graduated with honor, yet in ignorance of the fact that the United States had any history. The real reason of this condition was not that American history was in fact intolerably dull, but rather that prior to 1865 no man could feel entirely sure that our republic would not prove merely a fleeting, unsuccessful experiment. It was with the removal of the peril of disintegration and the approach of centenaries — an hundred years implying to the American mind hoary antiquity and aged traditions — that there arose a genuine interest in that past which the war made really remote, without regard to the actual measurement of years. Thereupon, with characteristic readiness, the host of writers spread themselves over the narrow space which the century presented, and have already betracked and betrampled it into a sadly dusty condition.

Weariness, however, must not be allowed to prevail until the volumes lately contributed by Mr. Adams[1] have been read, for they contain the work of a diligent student and a trained and profound thinker on historical subjects. The book has to encounter the misfortune of having been overmuch expected, since nearly a score of years must have elapsed since it was first whispered abroad that this work was in process of creation; and when a member of the historic Adams family, presumably steeped in fitness for this especial labor, devotes so long a time to incubation the world has a right to anticipate a great production. The anticipation is very nearly fulfilled; Mr. Adams has given us a history which, if the subsequent volumes maintain an equality of merit with the first two, will be almost great. That he should have added much to the store of facts previously known concerning the period was impossible; but he has shed upon the old facts many new lights, has established for them fresh relationships and hitherto unappreciated proportions, and has illustrated them by comments and reflections of very great value.

The opening chapters contain a sketch of the moral, political, intellectual, social, and industrial condition of the country about the year 1800. Infinite reading and research have gone to the making of this sketch, and probably in its accuracy not a flaw can be detected. Yet in dealing with the New England and Middle Atlantic States, Mr. Adams's point of view is very unfortunate; he

[1] *History of the United States of America, during the First Administration of Thomas Jefferson.* By HENRY ADAMS. Vols. I. and II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1889.

is too obviously possessed by a carping, critical spirit, which enables him to discern no good whatsoever in a community which can hardly have been altogether devoid of abilities and of serviceable qualities. He seems to like to express the truth through negatives, and he makes his chief object the furnishing antidotes to the somewhat exaggerated praises of which other writers have been undoubtedly over-liberal. He allows himself to be run away with by this disposition, and at the very threshold of his work he shows a certain contradictoriness of temper, which is too often perceptible throughout, as though the truth were now to be told for the first time, and all the blunders of earlier groping and ill-informed writers were to be exposed and swept away. Thus at first false tones are given to a picture whose outlines are probably correct, and our author appears more accurate as a draughtsman than successful as a colorist. If the people were as he depicts them, they were a sorry set of fellows, quite unfit for liberty, and whose recent achievement and subsequent wise use of it are incomprehensible. In describing the Southern States he lapses into gentler paragraphs; and at last, in taking leave of this part of his book, he frees himself for a brief while from his contradictoriness; even his style, which thus far has been dry, labored, and uneasy, now improves; the reader, who has felt himself jolting uncomfortably over a cobblestone road, through scenery very distasteful to him, rolls out on a smoother way and is cheered by a fairer prospect. Perhaps it is a cloudland that now seems ravishing; for Mr. Adams, laying aside the rôle of historian for that of seer and orator, engages in sketching, by dim rhetorical innuendo, the destiny and the mission of the new country, and he does it with a swelling enthusiasm which pleasantly offsets his earlier denying disposition. One only wonders a little where, in the society which he has been sketching, he finds a basis for this cloudy palace of his imagination.

Through these radiant portals Mr. Jefferson is ushered upon the scene, bringing with him the new American revelation, and assuming to be the wise and good man who is to give to the nation its first powerful impulse along the road of human happiness. Mr. Adams admires Jeffersonianism, and so depicts it that his readers will admire it likewise, at least as an abstraction. But the observant ones among them will separate Jeffersonianism from Jefferson. The doctrine Mr. Adams sets forth attractively, but his position as towards the man is curious. He constantly interrupts his narrative to attribute some fine quality to his hero, yet it is impossible not to remark how widely the Jefferson of his fancy differs from the Jefferson of his facts; for no sooner does he ascribe a trait than he seems to adduce evidence to disprove it. He utters repeatedly the undeniable assertion that Jefferson was a great man, but he wholly fails to set forth how or wherein he was great. In creating and organizing the Democratic party, giving it a policy and leading it to a brilliant victory, Jefferson had shown the highest powers as a politician and no small capacity as a statesman. A brief preliminary sketch, showing us what the man was and what he had done, would have been a valuable introduction. Many students of Jefferson's career think that as chief administrator and head executive of the country his greatness was less apparent than it had previously been. But Mr. Adams does not hint at all this, contenting himself with alleging the greatness at frequent intervals throughout a history in which he shows his hero abandoning every principle he has ever avowed, creating no new policy in place of that which he throws away, yielding to others, failing to carry his own points, drifting along the current of circumstances.

Even if Mr. Adams were Jefferson's detractor instead of his admirer, this would be unfair; and as it is, the reader feels a little irritation at a display falling so far short of the advertisement, and is justly provoked that the showman will not make his monkey perform his boasted tricks.

In other ways more trifling Mr. Adams pursues the same course, impelled apparently by that strange vein of contradictoriness which too often sets him obliquely and very uncomfortably across the stream of received belief and universal opinion. For example, he insists that Jefferson's private life was eminently pure, contrary to accepted traditions. Then by a strange perversity he places upon one page two statements: first, that there was foundation for the story that Jefferson was turned out of a gentleman's house for writing a secret love-letter to the gentleman's wife; and second, that Jefferson's "nature was feminine; he was more refined than many women in the delicacy of his private relations." Many women are pretty bad in their private relations, of course; but this thought hardly saves Mr. Adams's consistency.

Our author reaches the extreme of audacity in his strenuous reiterations of Jefferson's honesty, even his guilelessness and simplicity. Now Jefferson's honesty has been much more seriously impugned than ever were his greatness and his purity; and his best friends have preferred to describe him as astute rather than as artless. In this, as in all the rest of his description, Mr. Adams alleges one thing and proves another. He uses euphemisms not altogether ingenuous. "The exaggerations or equivocations," he says, "that Jefferson allowed himself . . . amounted to nothing when compared with the dishonesty of a corrupt man. . . . He was true to the faith of his life, and would rather have abdicated his office and foregone his honors than have compassed even an imaginary wrong against the principles he professed." Now the position thus laid down is fairly tenable, as many writers who have held a brief for Jefferson have shown. But Mr. Adams, with a strange kind of impartiality, having thus set up his abstract assertion in favor of his great-grandfather's enemy, goes on to array his facts with much skill upon the opposite side. He has told us of "equivocations," but in a few pages he narrates a deliberate and direct falsehood; he calls it "incorrect," but it is impossible to accept his own gloss of his own story. He next assures us and convinces us that Jefferson was saying in public precisely the opposite of what he was saying in private; and perhaps the strangest argument that ever was made for a man's consistency and honesty is here introduced. For while Jefferson's public official utterances are stated by Mr. Adams to have given the lie to all that he had been saying for years, we are told that, in fact, he was all right, since his private utterances showed no change of sentiment and were probably true. How far it is possible for any man utterly to repudiate all the principles he has for long years been professing, and still to be politically honest, may perhaps be an open question beneath those singular rules which dominate the code of political ethics. But it is that no writer, Federalist or Jeffersonian, has ever yet set forth Jefferson's desertion of his published faith with such painstaking elaboration, such conclusive elucidation, as Mr. Adams has brought to the task. The result is that the reader finds himself hopelessly bewildered between that which he is bidden to believe and that which the facts, as narrated and explained, compel him to believe. Mr. Adams's condition of mind as towards Jefferson becomes almost a psychological study, though such an element of perplexity is not altogether agreeably introduced when the reader would like

to be clearly guided to sound conclusions.

In praising Jefferson Mr. Adams buries very deep the ancestral hatchet. But he cannot do the same for Hamilton. During the last hundred years four generations of Adamses have clung to the faith that Hamilton was nothing greater than an ingenious treasury clerk, and no more fit to meddle with statesmanship than Jefferson would have been to conduct a campaign against Napoleon. True to the family feud, Mr. Adams now assures us that Hamilton's "supremacy" among men of the calibre of the leading Federalists of Washington's and Adams's days was chiefly due to no higher intellectual quality than "the faculty of expressing the prejudices of his followers more tersely than they themselves could do"! And he introduces to us that blatant orator and mimic statesman, William B. Giles, for whom rarely has any writer had words of commendation, as the person who had "distinguished" himself by an attack upon Hamilton; whereas in fact Giles was much nearer to extinguishing than to distinguishing himself by one of the most ridiculous fiascos in history. But to have aimed a shot at this quarry is enough to secure Mr. Adams's good-will.

Mr. Adams is not especially happy in depicting persons; he leaves Madison no more lifelike than a mummy, and even his favorite Gallatin performs acts after the fashion of a marionette rather than a man. But with Randolph Mr. Adams achieves greater success, and we have many lively glimpses of that erratic creature. Chief Justice Marshall also seems to bring some little inspiration. Yet on the whole the portraiture of these volumes is disappointing.

In narration our author is happier, telling a story with clearness and force. The most interesting and novel portion of his work relates to the acquisition of Louisiana, and the history of this transaction has never been so exhaustively given. Mr. Adams keeps us long in Europe with Bonaparte, whom he hates and would like to despise, and no short time in St. Domingo with Toussaint Louverture, whom he rather fancies, and sketches kindly and well. The scenery is more picturesque than the American stage setting, and we linger not unwillingly to see Napoleon take his perfumed bath before our very eyes, and to hear naughty *bons mots* concerning the Queen of Spain. We forgive Mr. Adams for putting all this into his story, where it does not at all belong, because Jefferson's career certainly needs a little lighting up, or one would get sleepy in its monotonous half-light. The position of the Jeffersonians concerning this great deviation from strict construction is very fairly given, and the arguments and bearing of the whole business are very lucidly stated. The same may be said of the impeachments of Pickering and of Chase. If Macaulay had never drawn the scenery of Warren Hastings's trial, Mr. Adams's sketch of that of Judge Chase would have seemed very fine. But it is fair to remember that the American accessories and stage setting were not picturesque in spite of the effort of Aaron Burr. Further, it should be said that Mr. Adams displays great skill in the terse statement of the arguments, the lucid explanation of the political position.

It may be thought that we have spoken of these volumes in a somewhat critical temper; it is therefore only fair to say that it is the very importance of the work and the high ability shown in it which tempt, and in some degree necessitate, the mention of its peculiarities, and of those of its views which seem questionable. It is those writings which have such merits as to insure them a far-reaching influence that stimulate discussion, criticism, and in some particulars inevitably also dissent. The historian is a guide to his less instructed reader through the domain of history as

the compass is to the mariner, and the personal bent of the writer must be discovered and allowed for no less than the deviation of the compass. It is certainly true that by this sample of his whole work Mr. Adams appears to have written a history which will not be soon or easily displaced from the important function of largely shaping the views of Americans concerning the interesting changes and developments carried on during the Jeffersonian era. It is evident that he has exhausted all accessible knowledge, has turned it to and fro and churned it, so to speak, in his mind, until accumulation, analysis, and comparison can no further go. The period may be discussed with different predilections; it will never be discussed more keenly or more profoundly. In a word, the book is one of marked ability and very great value. It is also to be said that Mr. Adams's idea of the way in which history should be written leaves nothing to be desired. He has an excellent sense of the proportion to be preserved between the narration of facts, the presentation of political arguments, and the explanation and comments properly to be furnished by the historian. His own elucidations and reflections, strung thickly, but not too much so, along the thread of his story, are always an important aid, always a stimulus to independent reflection. He has many of the best qualifications for historical writing: not only is his industry untiring, his research unlimited, but he is thoroughly trained in the difficult art of thinking historically; he is also, perhaps, as impartial as a man who has ideas and strong convictions ever can be. His style is a trifle uneven in its quality; possibly it is because his pages are so full of condensed thought that they often cannot be read without a sense of exertion. Yet, on the other hand, he is usually clear; often he glides onward with a pleasant current, but anon he shows inflexibility and hardness. If he is seldom brilliant, he is nearly always correct and scholarly. In a work which manifests so much care and painstaking, more observant proofreading ought to have eliminated some grotesque disfigurements in such little details as the division of words; but on the whole the accuracy in all matters of literary finish is highly commendable.

A contribution to American constitutional literature is made by A. Lawrence Lowell.[1] It is pleasant for the New Englander to see so often as he does the young men who bear the historic names familiar in his part of the country still working along such lines of public service, proving the enduring qualities of the strong old Puritan blood. Mr. Lowell has chosen topics which the ordinary reader usually passes by, with a slight sensation of surprise at the attraction which they seem to possess for persons more studious than himself. But even such a reader may find pleasure as well as profit in this small and very well written volume. Mr. Lowell's style flows so clearly, his skill in expression is so great, that one runs easily and rapidly through his pages without once losing the thread of his reasoning.

His first essay deals with the oft-suggested plan for giving to the President's Cabinet ministers seats in the House of Representatives, and shows plainly that, instead of being the simple and easy matter which it is usually supposed to be, it would work fundamental and far-reaching alterations in the whole character of the government. The second essay is the most interesting in the book, dealing with the nature and the sufficiency of the safeguards erected in this country against democratic tyranny. There is much new and suggestive thought in this paper, admirably set forth. The character of the power with which the Supreme Court is invested for declaring acts of Congress unconstitutional is

[1] *Essays on Government.* By A. Lawrence Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

very ingeniously discussed. It seems as though the court, in thus avoiding a statute passed by the representatives of the sovereign people, was exercising a very perilous privilege of veto. But, says Mr. Lowell, "a legislature which passes an unconstitutional statute is usurping power over the people; and the court, in refusing to enforce such a statute, is giving effect to the popular will." The declaration is in effect "that the present wishes of the people cannot be carried out, because opposed to their previous intention and to the views of their remote ancestors." These ancestors wisely believed "that there were principles more important than the execution of every popular wish, and rights which ought not to be violated by the impulse and excitement of a majority." We have reason to be thankful that later generations have not eschewed the good sense of the forefathers; but our safeguards look uncomfortably fragile.

Speaking of the Constitution, Mr. Lowell makes the excellent statement, "The utmost that a Constitution can be expected to do is to protect directly a small number of vested rights, and check indirectly the growth of a demand for radical measures." He adds timely words of warning against "the growing tendency of the people of the States to take a direct part in legislation by means of constitutional amendments." What he says concerning the advance of paternal theories of government cannot easily be abbreviated. Once it was fancied that the franchise given to the people might satisfy them, but it has proved only a tub to the whale, not satisfying at all. What the poor man wants is not a vote, which pays no bills for food, fuel, or clothes, but a rearrangement of industrial systems to enhance his material comforts; and to compass this end he will use his vote persistently. The comparison between the United States and Great Britain in this respect, made by Mr. Lowell, is very striking, and we fancy that most readers will be surprised, and even startled, at the recitation of recent English legislation, some of which is simply confiscatory. With Germany adopting nationalism, and England legislating communistically, it seems not impossible that the United States will soon appear like one of the conservative laggards in the march of the nations. In this connection, it may be remarked, Mr. Lowell gives one of the most intelligent criticisms which we have yet seen of a portion of Mr. Bryce's book.

The essay on The Theory of the Social Compact is an interesting historical sketch of that plausible but untenable theory. The Responsibilities of American Lawyers also is excellent. There is space only to name these, but when a man can write on such subjects so well and so agreeably as Mr. Lowell has done, wise readers will not rest content with reading only a review of his book.

Another work,[1] which Monsieur le Duc de Noailles has ill-advisedly seen fit to write and publish concerning our hundred-year-old republic, we cannot so confidently recommend. Our royalist critic has fortunately never seen the country or the people. We say fortunately, for if his views had been gathered from personal observation among us, we should have reason to feel both hurt and discouraged. As it is, however, he has got his ideas by reading a few standard writers, some magazinists, and many newspapers. It is really curious to see what an impression is conveyed by the perusal of our newspapers by a person who does not know how to construe them as the native American does. The book also gives us cause to wonder whether we are as ludicrously astray in our opinions and judgment concerning French systems as this Duke is concerning American systems. If so,

[1] *Cent Ans de République aux Etats Unis.* Par le Duc de Noailles. Paris: Calmann Lévy, Editeur. Vol. I., 1886. Vol. II., 1889.

we had better rub out our ideas, and leave our minds a blank upon the subject.

Some of the ducal statements may prove entertaining. The Pittsburg riot, for example, which we regard as an isolated episode, is to the Duke an appalling and instructive indication of a national status. To us it seems like the fall of a meteorite; to him it is a deplorable symptom of a permanent social and industrial condition. The Philadelphia Exposition, now almost forgotten, is resuscitated as a painful display of social, political, and financial scandals, which astounded and disillusioned European visitors. Let us take warning for our coming "World's Fair"! Communism, saith Monsieur, is striding to rapid success, and has lately obtained full domination in California. The enfranchised negroes have become the oppressors of the vanquished white race in the South, and "America may be said to be governed by Ethiopia." The Constitution has degenerated into a "*panoplie banale*," furnishing weapons as freely for the attack as for the defense of the national institutions; the old-time machinery of checks and counter-checks has grown rusty, and the limitations of power, originally prescribed, but long since passed by, serve now only as milestones to show the distance traversed on the road to ruin. The presidency, as an office, has lost all inherent force, and is weak or strong only according to the personal character of the incumbent. The Supreme Court is admitted to have preserved its dignity, but inferior tribunals have become the field of scandalous trafficking. The legislative business is conducted in a lax, ill-organized fashion by standing committees; independence no longer exists in legislative bodies; debates in proper form have been superseded by obscure underhand practices, and effective power is lodged in the lobby. The Duke discusses the propriety of seating the Cabinet officers in Congress, but hardly gets so far into the subject as Mr. Lowell has done. He considers that the present arrangement leaves Congress bereft of intelligent guidance and that it has been disastrous, and he pronounces the "American method" a failure.

All this is discouraging indeed; yet a little comfort may be gathered from the statement that the American people, dissatisfied with the wretched condition of their affairs, constantly make violent efforts at reactionary movements to check the fatal speed with which the great republic is spinning rapidly down the grooves of decadence. Unfortunately, however, these wrenches, doing only slight and temporary good, produce, on the other hand, a very uncomfortable instability, vacillation, and change, peculiarly distasteful to the French mind. The Duke admits that reform may be thus effected, but he admits it with a mournful and ominous air, which shows that it is French courtesy rather than sincere hopefulness which inspires the remark. He frankly explains that the trouble lies in the fact that the people are no longer of much real account in the management of their own public affairs, having been rendered helpless by the arts of politicians and party mechanism.

There may be wholesome food for reflection in much which this writer says, and at least it might prove really useful as a medicine to moderate the shrill cry of the national bird, especially on the Fourth of July. But it is certain that the seasoning of his dish will not suit the American palate, too long pampered by the highly flavored rhetoric of its flattering orators. We could not honestly advise any enterprising publisher to offer a translation of these two goodly octavos to American readers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Antipodean Verse.

JUST as our earliest forefathers brought with them from fabled Jutland the Beowulf, that broken torso of a mighty folk-epic, long to remain the unequaled model of many imitators, so each successive swarm from England, the *officina gentium* of the Anglo-Saxon race, has taken with it its literary Penates, setting them on new altars, to be worshiped in the glow of strange fires. But much time must elapse while the new race reduces nature to subjection and undergoes that Titanic warfare that must ever precede an age of song. He that lives his epic in the stern realities of colonization must leave the celebration of his deeds to other hands than his own, and he that would evolve the lyric effect of new environment in poetry must enjoy that mastership over the claims of the body that a pioneer's life can never yield.

Hence in a consideration of antipodean verse we must remember that Australia is laboring under a charge of that heinous crime, extreme youth, under which we Americans are suffering only to a less frightful degree. True, we have passed the age of tutelage, and in some things, at least, think that we know a great deal more than our seniors. We are far from disputing the dictum of the clever author of Jonathan and his Continent, that "there are Americans in plenty, but the American does not yet exist." But if we are not yet "assimilated," what is to be said of the Anglo-Australian, with the wonders and the terrors of a strange continent yet fresh upon him? He has felled huge forests, he has built great cities, but the afternoon of his day of labor is still well before him, and it will be long before he can sit down carelessly in the lengthening shadows of his own work and contemplate the deeds that he has done.

As Gulliver long since discovered, all things are largely a matter of proportion, and the "masculine countenance" of the king of Lilliput and his lofty stature, that exceeded that of his courtiers by the breadth of a nail, are things as important in themselves as the comparative dimensions of Alps and Andes. On the scale of Shakespeare all men are pigmies; on the scale of the talented contributor to the Ulladulla Weekly Post a Laureate Pye may assume visible proportions. We should fall into grave difficulties were we to apply the standards of either; but some few things we must demand.

Among the antipodes, "the first Australian poem of note" is generally considered to be Wentworth's Australasia, published in 1823. This is a sufficiently stiff and Pope-like address to the "illustrious Cook," of whom it is pertinently asked, —

> "Why were thy mangled relics doomed to grace
> The midnight orgies of a barbarous race?"

Of another early Australian poem, entitled The Kangaroo, Charles Lamb slyly remarked that he thought he could detect in it "some relish of the graceful hyperboles of our elder writers." However, these were only beginnings, and deserve perhaps as much notice as Cromwell's contemporary, Mrs. Bradstreet's Tenth Muse lately Sprung up in America.

To Charles Harpur, according to the best Australian authorities, belongs the honor of being "the gray forefather of Australian poets." Harpur published many poems during the "forties," showing a mind strongly affected by the pathos of the settler's life, and by the grand natural scenery about him.

With 1860 appeared Domett, Gordon, McCrae, and Kendall, all represented in Longfellow's Poems of Places, Oceana.

Nor must we omit to mention Richard Hengist Horne, whose witty estimation of the value of an epic to the modern English public at a penny a copy gained for his poem, Orion, a greater popularity than its real merit could have attained. Horne removed to Australia in 1852, and added no little in his later poems to the store of Australian verse. We shall not seek to detract from the glory of Orion by quoting from the South Sea Sisters, a Lyric Masque.

Alfred Domett, too, is among the poets which England has sent out to her colonies, but his achievements are so identified with his adopted home that his Ranalf and Amohia, the Maoris' Hiawatha as it has been called, must always remain the chief epic jewel of Oceana's poetic crown. Domett gave much attention to the fast-fading traditions and folk-lore of the various native tribes, though, if we are to judge from the resulting poems, he has cast about them the raiment of that true poetry that has long since gained him the recognition of such men as Browning and Longfellow. We cannot refrain from quoting the direct words of the conclusion of the Legend of Tawháki from Ranalf and Amohia: —

"Then as he flings off forever
That disguise's dim defilement, Hapae smiles
sweet reconcilement;
Swift the child they bathe, baptize it, lustral
waters o'er it dashing;
And Tawháki — breast and brow sublime in-
sufferably flashing,
Hid in lightnings, as he looks out from the
thunder-cloven portals
Of the sky — stands forth confest — a God and
one of the Immortals."

McCrae, too, worked in this vein of aboriginal folk-lore, — a vein to which the poet must bring the gold of his own thoughts, if he would make anything out of it but the veriest dross. Decaying aboriginal races are not interesting, and noble savagery is apt to lose much of its picturesqueness upon too close an acquaintance.

An enthusiastic eulogist of Gordon, of whom it is unnecessary to say that he is a fellow-countryman, writes as follows: "Gordon has one supreme merit, — he is interesting to everybody: as much to the stable-boy and stock-man as to the scholar, as much to the school-boy as to the sentimentalist." Our Australian's enumeration of "everybody" is instructive. He goes on to add, "No other Anglo-Saxon poet, of anything like Gordon's gifts, has approached him in knowledge of the horse." We will venture to say, "doubtless;" and, considering the difficulty that some have had in catching and saddling Pegasus, this is an admirable equipment for a poet to begin with. Our critic concludes with an Anglo-Australian coinage: "It is as a *horse-poet* that Gordon will principally be remembered,"—probably not meaning exactly a centaur. Have we not said that this whole subject is a matter of proportion? Our little critic from Lilliput here holds a massive measuring-rod in his hand, a rod just six inches long. By any taller standard Gordon is a rough border spirit of the "Bret Harte" type, with a true, earnest heart and a limited gift of verse. The poor fellow committed suicide; perhaps these lines from his Sick Stock-Rider, which have pathos if no poetry, would not be an unfitting epitaph: —

"Let me slumber in the hollow where the
wattle-blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the
bush-flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping over-
head."

In the Athenæum of September 27, 1862, appeared a review of a packet of manuscript poems of Henry Kendall, then a youth of scarcely twenty. The Athenæum confessed that the packet was by no means the first that had found its way to Wellington Street, Strand, "an appeal from the neglect which genius finds in the colonies to the more liberal

and impartial literary courts of the mother country." The review continued, "Mr. Kendall has much to learn; but he has received from Nature some of that strong poetic faculty and power which no amount of learning can bestow." This early verdict of the Athenæum has stood the test of time, and it is interesting to quote in this connection a clipping from one of the great London dailies of quite recent date: "Kendall occupies, it may justly be said, much the position in Australia as Edgar Allan Poe does in America. At any rate, nothing so wholly unique has reached England since the brilliant young American's poems first took the English public by storm. Kendall . . . is undoubtedly the first notable native-born Australian poet." Not to say more, it is to be noticed that even the mighty Brobdingnagian vision occasionally confuses the inhabitants of Lilliput with those whose stature, we trust, is a trifle greater.

But Kendall really is a poet with not a few natural gifts. Further than this, he is a student of other poets; but in some instances he has allowed his masters to show too much in his method. The metre, though handled far less sombrely, and especially the repeated refrain of the following have in them an echo of The Raven: —

"And hither they will flock again, the ghosts
of things that are no more,
While, streaming down the lattices, the rain
comes sobbing to the door:
While, streaming down the lattices,
The rain comes sobbing to the door."

Again, remembering that September is May for the poor antipodes, who have many things topsy-turvy: —

"September comes in with the wind of the
west,
And the spring in her raiment.
. . . . . .
September, the maid with the swift, silver
feet,
She glides, and she graces
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of heat,
With her blossomy traces."

This has in it more than an alliterative resemblance to Swinburne's "lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."

But who can carp against an amiable poet who thus disarms his critic in his Prefatory Sonnets? —

"So take these kindly, even though there be
Some notes that unto other lyres belong,
Stray echoes from the elder sons of song;
And think how from its neighboring native
sea
The pensive shell doth borrow melody."

Kendall's faults — and he has plenty of them — are largely the result of a want of real culture. Errors in taste are not frequent. Some of his devices for a rhyme are so naive as to raise a smile. In the weird, and we may add distasteful poem, From Cooranbean, — by the way, a great favorite among the Australians, — fifty-seven years are described as "these forty-nine winters and eight;" and further on, the exigencies of the rhyme demanding, "fifty-four winters and three." The advantages of this arithmetical method are patent when the torturing of a rhyme is in question.

With characteristic energy the Australian critics praise those poems which deal most with their own flora and fauna. Beyond the peradventure of a doubt they are the best judges of these matters; and we blush to acknowledge that we have never seen a *wattle-blossom*, nor heard the *moko-moko's* bell or the *warrigal's* bark.

There may be a future for poetry among the antipodes, but much is to be done before a man can rise among them sufficiently great to challenge a place for himself in English literature. Most of what Australians have written is newspaper verse, deservedly as ephemeral as newspaper prose; and until Australian writers can cease to say, "The character of Australian poetry is now determined a good deal by the taste of the editors of the great weekly papers," but little advancement can be predicted.

Rhythmical Forms in Lorna Doone.

— Prophecies so often fail to be fulfilled, especially in regard to literary works, that it might be hazardous to predict that Lorna Doone will be ranked among English classics; but certainly there are few novels by living authors which seem so likely to keep a secure, distinguished place in literature. Critical study of such a work can never be untimely, and I wish to call attention to a curious and interesting feature in the construction of this pastoral romance.

I suppose that most readers of Lorna Doone, particularly if they have read it aloud, have noticed the author's tendency to fall into rhythmical forms of expression. A glance over a few pages gives us: "Then life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching hollow;" "And every man had much to say, and women wanted praising;" "So, like half a wedge of wild fowl, to and fro we swept the field;" "These had bloodless hands put upward, white as wax and firm as death;" "I love you more than tongue can tell, or heart can hold in silence." Instances like these abound; these swinging rhythms are noticeable throughout the entire book. But there are also three brief passages which are strictly metrical in construction, — passages which really are verse, although printed as prose.

The first of these occurs in the closing paragraph of the twenty-eighth chapter. In the beginning of the paragraph prose and verse alternate, and seem to strive together for the mastery, the one asserting itself only to be repressed by the other, until finally verse can no longer be curbed; it prevails, and, like a brook freed from obstructions, the words flow onward in a smooth and beautiful rhythm. Here is the paragraph: —

"Upon that she laughed at me in the sweetest manner, and with such provoking ways, and such come-and-go of glances, and beginning of quick blushes, which she tried to laugh away, that I knew, as well as if she herself had told me, by some knowledge (void of reasoning, and the surer for it), —

I knew quite well, while all my heart was burning hot within me,
And mine eyes were shy of hers,
And her eyes were shy of mine;
For certain and forever this I knew — as in a glory —
That Lorna Doone had now begun and would go on to love me."

The second of these little poems is in the twenty-ninth chapter. Visions of Lorna have come to John as he works in the grain-field. He gives over his reaping, and stands idle, lost in day-dreams, until he sees that the laborers have taken advantage of his reverie, and have left the field. The final transition to prose is startlingly abrupt: —

"But confound it, while I ponder,
With delicious dreams suspended,
With my right arm hanging frustrate
And the giant sickle drooped,
With my left arm bowed for clasping
Something more germane than wheat,
And my eyes not minding business,
But intent on distant woods — confound it,
What are the men about, and why am I left vaporing?"

Upon first reading these lines, I had a perplexing sense of their resemblance to something quite well known to me. After vainly puzzling over the matter for a while, I presently found myself humming the lines to a familiar air, and was amused to find that the rhythm was that of one of the Pinafore songs, — "Never mind the why and wherefore."

The third passage is in the fifty-eighth chapter, telling how John broke the great rock in Master Huckaback's gold mine:

"Then I swung me on high to the swing of the sledge,
As a thresher bends back to the rise of his flail,
And with all my power descending
Delivered the ponderous onset."

It would be interesting to know the history of these verses. Were they framed with deliberate purpose, and la-

boriously chiseled and polished into artistic symmetry? Or did they spring from the author's mind as natural, spontaneous utterances? It is scarcely conceivable that such work could have been done without design, or without consciousness of its real character.

Pastimes for Patients.

— "Killing time" is a dreary affair, as all know who have tried it; and if the weight becomes too oppressive, the problem of getting rid of it calls for serious consideration. Supposing that, from invalidism, impaired eyesight, or any such cause, the ordinary employments of health and activity are in a measure suspended, what is to fill the empty hours? Reading perhaps proves exhausting, and those feminine industries generically known as "fancy-work" will pall; for they are mechanical, and, while keeping the fingers busy, leave the mind to travel wearily in one dull round. To be forced to do absolutely nothing for any length of time produces, in a nervous person, an unbearable restlessness, and a very little thing may be welcome as a diversion. A few suggestions I offer will, perhaps, be of use to somebody, and I am ready to receive any in return with gratitude.

If memorizing favorite passages of prose or verse be too great an effort, the patient may be able to amuse himself with the repetition of those learned at an earlier time. For my own part, I have always been resolving to learn numbers of good things out of books, laying up against the day of old age, dull hearing, and failing eyesight; but my forethought has mostly remained matter of theory rather than practice.

Another occupation, which has proved valuable in the experience of a friend who has traveled extensively, may serve others who have not gone far from home. Name to yourself some object, and, letting your mind rest on it awhile, see what it will call up for you in the way of pleasant recollection. For instance, I name "tree," and specify three sorts, — oak, cedar, and beech. The first shows me at once my childhood's home, — the house surrounded by the great oaks which gave the place its name of Oakwood. Here I may let my mind wander as it lists through those golden days of early youth. The second tree, the cedar, is not a beautiful member of the great family, but I love it for the same clinging association, and the memory of the little blue berries that used to represent pills in my doll's apothecary shop. But this memory is effaced by a later one. I see an island in the ocean, where the dark cedar groups, the only native growth, stand up in sharpest contrast with the light of the sky above, the dazzling whiteness of the coral roads, and the brilliant peacock blue of the surrounding water, its edge fringed with pink-blossomed oleanders. It is a color vision, that Bermuda island, which fades not quickly from the mental eye. Again, I say "beech," and I am walking, on a fresh May morning, in a wood clothing a hill overhanging the Rhine, and the sunshine showers down softly through delicate young leaves; and then I step out of the pleasant light into a dark little pavilion, and, being bidden to look through a narrow slit in the wall, my eye travels down a long and beautiful avenue cut through the beechwood, till it lights at last on one of the most picturesque of castles, perched high on the opposite bank of the river.

One may, of course, recall at will whole scenes without the suggestion of a single object; and there is no reason why one should tire of these mind pictures more than of a canvas on a wall.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. The Master of Ballantrae (Scribner's Sons) is not one of Mr. Stevenson's unequivocal successes. We think that Mr. Stevenson handicapped himself by the method he chose to develop his narrative. There are so many episodes, so many persons brought in to tell the story, and consequently so much backing and filling, as to render the whole effect fragmentary. A single narrator would have made more of the really ingenious and powerful plot. — Alexia, by Mary Abbott (McClurg & Co.), is an excellently planned little social sketch, in which the writer's real cleverness shows through her newness in the art of story-writing. — Consuelo, by George Sand, translated by Frank H. Potter, is presented to the public in four very handsome volumes by Dodd, Mead & Co. — Literary Gems is the title given to a series of six tiny books (Putnams), each containing one or more brief selections in prose or verse. There, very prettily printed, the reader will find The Culprit Fay of Drake; Dr. Brown's Rab and his Friends, and Marjorie Fleming; The Gold Bug, by Poe; Goldsmith's Good-Natured Man; Our Best Society, by Curtis; and Arnold's essay on Sweetness and Light. — The reader will be glad to get a choice selection from Zschökke's shorter tales in so convenient a shape as that of the Knickerbocker Nuggets. (Putnams.) — Strange True Stories of Louisiana, by George W. Cable (Scribner's Sons), is a volume (partly compilation) which sustains the old saying. The facts in these narrations are quite as strange as any of the inventions Mr. Cable has hitherto given us, and nearly as delightful, which is saying a great deal in praise of truth. — Standish of Standish, a Story of the Pilgrims, by Jane G. Austin. (Houghton.) Mrs. Austin intimates that this is a fragment of the Chronicles of the Pilgrims. She has attacked the material bravely, and though she keeps close to the facts of history uses her imagination cleverly to animate the figures and to supply those probabilities of life at Plymouth which are the just property of the faithful novelist. We do not know where else the reader can possess himself so well of a knowledge of the first years of the Pilgrim colony. We like especially the conscience which Mrs. Austin shows in refusing to manufacture excitement for the purpose merely of holding possibly impatient readers at the cost of fidelity to truth. — Bijou, the Foundling of Nag's Head, by Albert P. Southwick. (American News Co., New York.) A crude piece of work, in which the realism is a glittering generality, and the idealism is the reflection of other fiction. — The Dalbroom Folks, by J. Smith. (Alexander Gardner Paisley.) A well-written, good-natured novel of Scottish life, involving a study of theology as related to character. The writer gives a minute picture of village life, and one feels in reading such a book what an advantage English novelists have in the contrasts they are able to draw between life in a country village and life in London. The existing contrast provides them at once with material. — In the time of the Cherry Viewing, an episode in Japan, by Margaret Peale. (Putnams.) A bright little sketch, in which the adventures of an enthusiastic American woman shopping in Japan, and a cynical dealer in curios also on the same errand in a more business-like manner, end in a wedding. In the course of the lively narrative there is an opportunity to depict some of the outside of Japanese life. — Kit and Kitty, by R. D. Blackmore, is No. 663 of the Franklin Square Library. (Harpers.) We must refuse, regretfully, to read the book. Even one of Blackmore's stories is too high a price to pay for damaged eyesight. — An Odd Man's Story, by Isidore G. Ascher. (Elliott Stock, London.) The story of a man who was duped by a rascal of a brother aided by a weak wife. There is no special reason for the tale, though it opens in a manner which seems to promise something a little out of the common. — Stories from Carleton, with an Introduction by W. B. Yeats. (Walter Scott, London.) A convenient little book, for Carleton's tales have become nearly classic in their way. — The title of Mark Twain's new book, A Yankee in King Arthur's Court (Webster & Co.), tells the story. It was a delightful idea to take a Hartford man of the present day to the England of the sixth century. For an account of the pleasing and natural adventures which befall our countryman among the hardware gentlemen of the Table Round, the reader is referred to the pages of the ingenious humorist. Incidentally the feudal system gets some hard knocks, but as the feudal system is dead there is no great harm done, and the moral purpose shines. — Recent and welcome additions to the almost invariably well-selected Leisure Hour Series (Holt) are, A Crooked Path, by Mrs. Alexander, and the latest novels of Mr. W. E. Norris, Miss Shafto, and Mrs. Fenton, both, of course, eminently readable, and the latter a really striking character-study.

Education and Text-Books. Board-School

Laryngitis, by Greville Macdonald. (A. P. Watt, London.) A curious commentary on the condition of the children in the elementary schools of England. Dr. Macdonald, called upon to treat many cases of throat trouble among teachers in these schools, has drawn the inference that the disease is produced by overwork and mental strain among ill-clad, ill-fed, and ill-washed children in ill-kept schoolhouses, and he states on the authority of Dr. Fayette Smith, a member of the New York Board of Education, that throat troubles are unknown amongst the teachers in that city. — Selections from Wordsworth, with notes by A. J. George. (Heath.) An admirable selection with notes, which are not only useful as giving the young student Wordsworth's own matter of fact bases for his poems, but also interpretative and stimulating. The little note on "Nutting" is an example of what a true annotator may do for his poet. — Victor Hugo's Bug Jargal, edited by James Boïelle, and Holberg's Niels Klim's Wallfahrt in die Unterwelt, edited by E. H. Babbitt, are two additions to Heath's Modern Language Texts. — The World and its People is a little work in three books, forming volumes five, six, and seven of the Young Folks' Library, edited by Larkin Dunton. (Silver, Burdett & Co.) The design is to supplement the study of geography with simple dialogues, of a progressive kind, regarding the subjects treated in geography, the lessons proceeding from the familiar to the less known. The simplicity is often quite attractive, though the effort at simplicity is sometimes a little too apparent, and there is the stiffness of a conscious purpose. Pieces of verse are interspersed to break the monotony. — An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare, by Hiram Corson. (Heath.) This book is interesting as a prolonged protest against a linguistic, æsthetic, or historic treatment of Shakespeare, in place of one which regards his art from the ethical and the transcendental point of view. Professor Corson brings to the study of Shakespeare a wealth of knowledge and a great deal of philosophic insight. He has many admirable passages on the technique, but the value of the book lies mainly in the spiritual mind which is at work on the dramas. — Autobiography of Friedrich Froebel, translated and annotated by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) This volume, which contains two autobiographic letters and some supplementary matter, is altogether the most attractive and satisfactory book we have yet had upon the personality of Froebel, and it is well appointed with notes, bibliography, and chronology. It is interesting to notice that the kindergarten is becoming more common in America than it is in Germany, though we suspect the philosophic study regarding it has entered more decidedly into educational literature there than here. — A General History for Colleges and High Schools, by P. V. N. Myers. (Ginn.) Mr. Myers's book is not so useful to the student as that of Professor Fisher, for it does not make any pretense at bibliographic details, but it is a clear summary, fresher and more readable than such books are apt to be. The maps partake of the character of the text; all subordinate details are excluded, and one is given only the broad features. There is a certain commonplaceness about the characterization of persons and events, and some venerable anecdotes, but the book strikes us as an unusually serviceable text-book. — A German Reader for beginners; with notes and vocabulary, by H. C. G. Brandt. (Allyn & Bacon.) The introductory notes, which are to the point, appear to have been written to stand at the head of the several poems and prose papers, but have all been placed at the end of the book without any change of style. — Natural History Object Lessons; a manual for teachers, by George Ricks. (Heath.) The first part of this book is occupied with information regarding plants and their products, and animals and their uses; the second part is devoted to specimen lessons. A convenient and suggestive book for teachers who have already had a careful training in the study of botany and zoölogy; but it can hardly supply the lack of such training. — Fact, Fancy, and Fable, compiled by Henry Frederic Reddall (McClurg & Co.), is a hand-book of ready reference, in which the results of the editor's personal researches are combined with the salient features of several works in the same kind, — for example, Wheeler's Noted Names in Fiction and Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable. The list of pseudonyms in the present volume is fuller than that given in either of the two books mentioned. Mr. Reddall's articles on the Iron Mask, the Wandering Jew, and Casper Hauser add special value to his ingenious and, on the whole, careful compilation.

Poetry. The Hermitage and Later Poems, by Edward Rowland Sill (Houghton). We have already attempted an assay of Sill's ore, and will only add here that this volume will be acceptable to all who know Sill already, for once a poet takes possession of the affection of his readers, his variations of song become dear to them. The longer poem will have a special interest to those who desire to trace Sill's growth. There is a good portrait prefacing the volume. — Florecita, by Bella French Swisher (John B. Alden, New York). A novel in verse. — Celestial Scenes, by Franz Ludwig Nagler (Cranston & Stone, Cincinnati).

The first part only of this poem has appeared, and embraces only The Universe. Other parts are to follow. — Forest Leaves, and Three; or Genevra's Tower. By Mary Hulett Young. (Printed at the Riverside Press.) A collection of poems, some narrative, some religious, some based upon historical incidents. They are fluent, and appear to be the result of reading good verse. — Day Lilies, by Jeanie Oliver Smith (Putnams). There is rather more variety, and a homely sort of poetic feeling, in this volume, than in some of more distinct poetic value. — Poems, by Anna Alcott Commelin. (Randolph.) It is singular how unconsciously a poet may fall into hyperbole. Here is this writer, in a poem called Atmospheres, saying to a friend,

> "Friend, like west wind, true and brave,
> Well for those who own thee nearest;
> And, if any know thee not,
> Drear must be their earthly lot."

Now, would the writer honestly say in prose that the unfortunate people who do not know her friend, necessarily, thereby, and in consequence thereof, other friends to the contrary notwithstanding, have a dreary earthly lot?

Biography. Every-day Biography; containing a collection of brief biographies, arranged for every day in the year, as a book of reference for the teacher, student, Chautauquan, and home circle. By Amelia J. Calver (Fowler & Wells Co., New York). This is an expanded birthday book or calendar, without the blank space for accessions to the ranks of immortals. The biographical data are brief and to the point. The compiler has forborne wisely to comment much on her subjects. — Portraits of Friends, by John Campbell Shairp (Houghton). Principal Shairp's best work was in such papers as that on Keble, in which he described a movement in religious life and the persons engaged in it, as known to him by personal acquaintance. His sympathy and his strong religious nature made him ready to take a lively interest in such subjects, and his poetic nature made him quick to penetrate surfaces. This little book has kindly portraits of Erskine, Cotton, Dr. John Brown, Macleod, Campbell, Mackintosh, and Clough, besides a very agreeable sketch of Shairp himself, by Professor Sellar. — Louisa May Alcott; her Life, Letters, and Journals. Edited by Ednah D. Cheney (Roberts). It will be a great pleasure for the many who have learned to care for Miss Alcott through her books, to know her now by her own report, for the abundant letters and passages from diaries set vividly before the reader the personality of this brave, cheerful woman. The book is, besides, a bit out of the history of New England social life. — John Davis, the Navigator, by Clements R. Markham (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The first of a series of The World's Great Explorers and Explorations. Mr. Markham's qualifications for his task are well known, and this book bears the marks of his patient investigation and careful statement. The maps are good, but the reproductions of wood-cuts are inferior.

Books for Young People. Ready for Business; or Choosing an Occupation. A series of practical papers for boys. By George J. Manson. (Fowler and Wells Co.) This is a sensible little book, for though it cannot tell a boy a great deal in its few pages, it does in various ways enforce the principle that success in any calling is founded on steady work. — The Golden Days of '49, a tale of the California Diggings, by Kirk Munroe. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A tale full of adventure in California at the time of the discovery of gold. Almost anything might happen then for the benefit of the story-teller. — Margaret Ellison, a story of Tuna Valley, by Mary Graham. (Miss M. G. Connell, La Grange, Philadelphia.) A story of the life of a young girl growing up in the oil region. The story is an artless one, but somehow draws upon the reader's interest and respect. It has a positive religious tone, there are signs of a close reproduction of actual life, and, though conventional and not the work of a trained mind, it has qualities of honesty and simplicity which commend it to the reader. — The Mossback correspondence, together with Mr. Mossback's views on certain practical subjects, with a short account of his visit to Utopia, by Francis E. Clark. (Lothrop.) A volume of short, blunt letters on minor morals, under the assumption of age and experience. Perhaps too fine an edge to Mr. Clark's weapon would weaken its sawing power.

Literature and Criticism. English Lands, Letters, and Kings, from Celt to Tudor, by Donald G. Mitchell. (Scribners.) Apparently the first of a series in which Mr. Mitchell uses a familiar, kindly speech with which to set forth in a desultory yet chronological manner the England of our literary lore; the land and the kings are only background for the poets and other writers. The readers, or listeners, for the book has the form of talk, are supposed to be young rather than juvenile, and a certain general acquaintance with history and geography and literature is understood. There is a very agreeable sympathy in Mr. Mitchell's mind with his subject. — Sesame and Lilies, by John Ruskin. (McClurg.) A pretty reprint of Ruskin's famous lectures, with the preface which he wrote for his purple calf edition. We notice that the numbering of paragraphs employed by Mr. Ruskin is retained, but the chief value of the numbering is for purposes of reference in an index, and no index is given.

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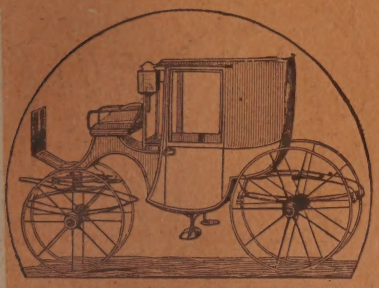

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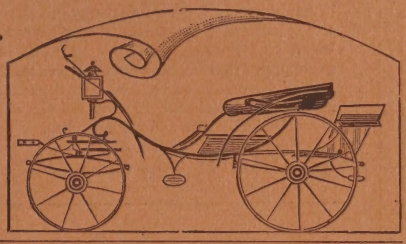

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SPECIAL FEATURES FOR 1890.

The Editors take pleasure in announcing the coöperation in Biblical and Theological Articles of Professors *Briggs*, *Smith*, and *Riggs*, of the Presbyterian Church; Professors *Allen*, *Bartlett*, and *Gould*, of the Episcopal Church; together with Professors *Ladd*, *Stevens*, *Thayer*, and other representatives of advanced scholarship.

Sociological and Literary Articles will appear by President *E. B. Andrews*, Bishop *Hurst*, Dr. *S. W. Dike*, Rev. Dr. *W. R. Huntington*, Professor and Mrs. *George H. Palmer*, Professor *A. S. Hardy*, Rev. Dr. *C. H. Parkhurst*, and others.

Religious Life in Colleges will be discussed by several writers, including President *Angell* and Professor *Harper*.

Book Reviews. — In addition to the monthly notices, the REVIEW WILL BE ENLARGED IN EACH THIRD NUMBER for the thorough criticism of new books coming within its scope.

The *Departments* of Missions, Social Economics, Archæological Notes, English and German Correspondence will be continued.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW comes near to being an ideal religious magazine for orthodox, conservative Christianity. — *The Churchman*, June 22, 1889.

That most interesting of all periodicals of its class. — *Boston Advertiser*, Nov. 14, 1889.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW is becoming a magazine which thinking persons must read. — *The Literary World*, Oct. 12, 1889.

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DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXV.—NUMBER 389

MARCH, 1890

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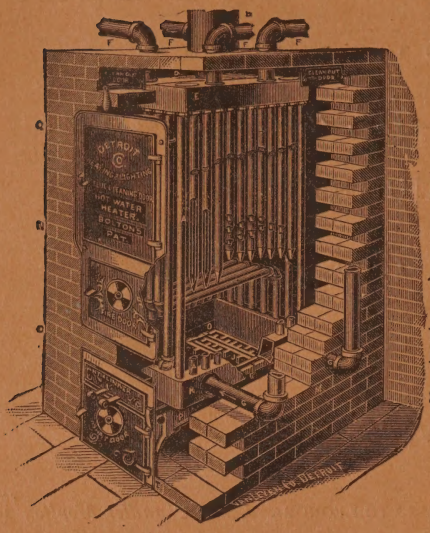

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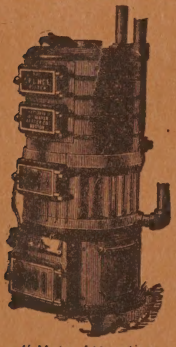

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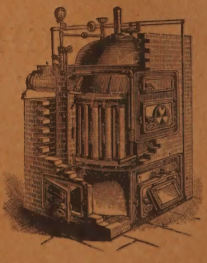

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THE TRIAL, OPINIONS, AND DEATH OF GIORDANO BRUNO.

On Saturday, the 23d of May, 1592, Giovanni Mocenigo, son of the late excellent Marcantonio Mocenigo, addressed to the Father Inquisitor of Venice a letter containing charges of heresy against Giordano Bruno, the Nolan. Among other things, he alleged that Bruno had said "that it is a great blasphemy to say, as Catholics do, that bread is changed to flesh; that he is hostile to the mass; that no religion satisfies him; that Christ was a good-for-nothing, and did wretched tricks to seduce the people, and ought to have been hanged; that there is no separating God into persons; that the world is eternal; that worlds are infinite, and God makes an infinite number of them continually; that Christ wrought apparent miracles and was a magician, and so were the Apostles; that Christ showed that he died unwillingly, and evaded death as long as he could; that there is no punishment of sins; and that souls created by the agency of nature pass from one animal into another, and that as the brutes are begotten of corruption, so also are men. Further, he has denied that the Virgin could have borne a child; he asserted that our Catholic faith is full of blasphemies against the majesty of God; that he wished to give himself to the diviner's art, and draw the whole world after him; that St. Thomas and all the doctors were blockheads compared with himself. Therefore, urged by my conscience and by command of my Emperor, I have denounced this Bruno to the Holy Office. Suspecting that he might depart, I have locked him up in one of my rooms, at your requisition; and because I believe him possessed of a demon, I pray you to take speedy resolution concerning him."

Two days later, this Mocenigo, of whom we know no more than that he belonged to one of the illustrious families of Venice, and was thirty-four years of age, added to his accusations: "On that day when I had Giordano Bruno locked up, on my asking him if he would teach me what he had promised, in view of the many courtesies and gifts he had had from me, so that I might not accuse him of the many wicked words which he had said to me, both against our Lord and against the Holy Catholic Church, he replied that he was not afraid of the Inquisition, because he offended nobody in living as he chose; and then that he did not remember to have said anything bad to me, and that even if he had said it he had said it to me alone, and that he did not fear that I could harm him in this way, and that even should he come under the hand of the Inquisition, it could at the most force him to wear his friar's gown again."

On May 29, Mocenigo, who had in the mean time, at the suggestion of the Inquisition, dredged in the slimy depths of his memory for other charges, informed the Father Inquisitor that he had heard Bruno say "that the forms which the Church now uses are not

those which the Apostles used, because the Apostles, by preaching and by example of a good life, converted the people; but that now he who will not be a Catholic must suffer the rod and punishment, because force is used, and not love; that the world could not go on thus, because now only ignorance, and not religion, is good; that the Catholic religion pleased him more than the others, but that it had need of great formalities, which was not right; but very soon the world would see itself reformed, because it was impossible that such corruption should endure. He told me, too, that now, when the greatest ignorance flourishes which the world ever had, some glory in having the greatest knowledge there ever was, because they say they know what they do not understand, — which is, that God can be one and three, — and that these are impossibilities, ignorances, and most shocking blasphemies against the majesty of God. Besides this, he said that he liked women hugely, and that the Church committed a great sin in calling sin that which is according to nature."

After these charges, we hear no more of this latter-day Judas, Giovanni Mocenigo. Honest we can hardly deem him, for he confesses that he intended to betray Bruno long before he did betray him, and only delayed till he should gather sufficient damning evidence against him. And so we dismiss him to join the despicable crew of those who were traitors to their lords and benefactors.

The Inquisition examined four other witnesses. Two booksellers, Ciotto and Bertano, deposed that they had known Bruno at Frankfort-on-the-Main, whither they went to attend the famous book-fairs; that they had not heard him say aught which caused them to believe he was not a Catholic and a good Christian; but that he had the reputation of being a philosopher, who spent his time in writing and "in meditating new things." Andrea Morosini, a gentleman of noble birth, testified that during the recent months Bruno had been at his house, whither divers gentlemen and also prelates were wont to meet to discuss letters, and principally philosophy; but that he had never inferred from Bruno's remarks that he held opinions contrary to the faith. Finally, Fra Domenico da Nocera, of the order of preachers, deposed that "one day, near the feast of Pentecost, as I was coming out of the sacristy of the Church of John and Paul, a layman, whom I did not know, bowed to me, and presently engaged in conversation. He said he was a friar of our province of Naples, a man of letters; Fra Giordano of Nola, his name. So we sought out a retired part of the aforesaid church. Then he told me how he had renounced the gown; of the many kingdoms he had traversed, and the royal courts, with his important exercises in letters; but that he had always lived as a Catholic. And I asking him what he was doing in Venice, and how he was living, he said that he had been in Venice but very few days, and was living comfortably; that he proposed to get tranquillity and write a book he had in his head, and to present it to his Holiness, for the quiet of his conscience and in order to be allowed to remain in Rome, and there devote himself to literary work, to show his ability, and perhaps to obtain a lectureship."

So far as we know, the Holy Office examined no other witnesses. That tribunal of the Inquisition at Venice was composed, in 1592, of the Apostolic Nuncio, Monsignor Taberna; of the Patriarch, Monsignor Lorenzo Priuli; of the Father Inquisitor, Giovanni Gabriele da Saluzzo, a Dominican; and of three nobles appointed by the state, and called the *savii all'eresia* (sages in heresy), who reported all proceedings to the Doge and Senate, and stopped the deliberations when they deemed them contrary to the laws and customs of the state, or to the secret instructions they

had received. These three sages were, in that year, Luigi Foscari, Sebastian Barbarigo, and Tomaso Morosini.

Before this tribunal, which sat at the prison of the Inquisition, appeared the prisoner, Giordano Bruno, on Tuesday, May 26, 1592. He was a small, lean man, in aspect about forty years old, with a slight chestnut beard. On being bidden to speak, he began : —

"I will speak the truth. Several times I have been threatened with being brought to this Holy Office, and I have always held it as a jest, because I am ready to give an account of myself. While at Frankfort last year, I had two letters from Signor Giovanni Mocenigo, in which he invited me to come to Venice, as he wished me to teach him the art of memory and invention, promising to treat me well, and that I should be satisfied with him. And so I came, seven or eight months ago. I have taught him various terms pertaining to these two sciences; living at first outside of his house, and latterly in his own house. And, as it seemed to me that I had done and taught him as much as was necessary and as was my duty in respect to the things he had sought me for, and deliberating, therefore, to return to Frankfort to publish certain of my works, I took leave of him last Thursday, so as to depart. He, hearing this, and doubting lest I wished to leave his house to teach other persons the very sciences I had taught him and others rather than to go to Frankfort, as I announced, was most urgent to detain me; but I none the less insisting on going, he began at first to complain that I had not taught him all I had agreed, and then to threaten me by saying that if I would not remain of my own accord he would find means to compel me. And the following night, which was Friday, seeing me firm in my resolution of going, and that I had put my things in order and arranged to send them to Frankfort, he came when I was in bed, with the pretext of wishing to speak to me; and after he had entered, there followed his servant Bortolo, with five or six others, who were, as I believe, gondoliers of the sort near by. And they made me get out of bed, and conducted me up to an attic, and locked me in there, Master Giovanni saying that if I would remain and instruct him in the terms of memory and of geometry, as he had wished hitherto, he would set me at liberty; otherwise, something disagreeable would happen to me. And I replying all along that I thought I had taught him enough and more than I was bound, and that I did not deserve to be treated in that fashion, he left me till the next day; when there came a captain, accompanied by certain men whom I did not know, and had them lead me down to a store-room on the ground-floor of the house, where they left me till night. Then came another captain, with his assistants, and conducted me to the prison of this Holy Office, whither I believe I have been brought by the work of the aforesaid Ser Giovanni, who, indignant for the reason I have given, has, I think, made some accusation against me.

"My name is Giordano, of the Bruno family, of the city of Nola, twelve miles from Naples; I was born and brought up in that town; my profession has been and is that of letters and every science. My father's name was Giovanni, my mother's Fraulissa Savolina; he a soldier by profession, who died at the same time with my mother. I am about forty-four years old, being born, according to what my people told me, in the year 1548. From my fourteenth year I was at Naples, to learn humanity, logic, and dialectics, and I used to attend the public lectures of a certain Sarnese; I heard logic privately from an Augustinian father, called Fra Theofilo da Vairano, who subsequently lectured on metaphysics at Rome. When I was fourteen or fifteen, I put on the habit of St. Dominic at the convent of St. Dom-

inic at Naples. After the year of probation I was admitted to the profession, and then I was promoted to holy orders and to the priesthood in due time, and sang my first mass at Campagna, a town in the same kingdom. I lived there in a convent of the same order, called St. Bartholomew, and continued in this garb of St. Dominic, celebrating mass and the divine offices, and obedient to the Superiors of the said order and of the priors of monasteries, till 1576, the year after the Jubilee. I was then at Rome, in the convent of the Minerva, under Master Sisto de Luca, procurator of the order, whither I had come because at Naples I had been brought to trial twice: the first time for having given away certain representations and images of the Saints and kept only a crucifix, wherefore I was charged with spurning the images of the Saints; and again for saying to a novice, who was reading The History of the Seven Joys in verse, what business he had with such a book, — to throw it aside, and to read sooner some other work, like The Lives of the Holy Fathers; and this case was renewed against me at the time I went to Rome, together with other charges, which I do not know. On this account I left the order and put off the gown.

"I went to Noli, in Genoese territory, and stayed there about four months, teaching small boys grammar, and reading lectures on the sphere [astronomy] to certain gentlemen; then I went away, first to Savona, where I tarried about a fortnight, and thence to Turin. Not finding entertainment there to my taste, I came to Venice by the Po, and lived a month and a half in the Frezzaria, in the lodging of a man employed at the Arsenal, whose name I do not know. Whilst I was here, I had printed this work [On the Signs of the Times], to make a little money for my support; I showed it first to Father Remigio de Fiorenza. Departing hence, I went to Padua, where I found some Dominican fathers, acquaintances of mine, who persuaded me to wear the habit again, even if I should not choose to return to the order; for it seemed to them more proper to wear that habit than not. With this view I went to Bergamo, and had made a garment of cheap white cloth, and over it I put the scapular, which I had kept when I left Rome. Thus attired I set out for Lyons; and at Chambery, going to lodge with the order, and being very decently entertained, and talking about this with an Italian father who was there, he said to me, 'Be warned, for you will not meet with any sort of friendliness in these parts; and you will find less the farther you go.' So I set out for Geneva. There I lodged at the hostelry; and, a little after my arrival, the Marquis de Vico, a Neapolitan who was in that city, asked me who I was, and whether I had gone there to settle and to profess the religion of that place. I replied to him, after giving an account of myself and the reason why I had left the order, that I did not intend to profess that religion, because I did not know what it was; and that therefore I wished to abide there to live in liberty and to be safe, rather than for any other purpose. Being persuaded to put off that habit in any case, I took these clothes, and had a pair of hose made and other things; and the marquis, with some other Italians, gave me a sword, hat, cloak, and other necessary articles, and, in order that I might support myself, they procured proof-reading for me. I kept to that work about two months, going, however, sometimes to preaching and sermons, whether of the Italians or of the French who lectured and preached there; among others, I heard more than once Nicolo Balbani, of Lucca, who read the Epistles of St. Paul and preached on the Evangelists. But when I was told that I could not stay long in that place unless I should accept its religion, because I would have

no employment from them, and finding too that I could not earn enough to live on, I went thence to Toulouse, where there is a famous university. Having become acquainted with some intelligent persons, I was asked to lecture on the sphere to divers students, which I did — with other lectures on philosophy — for perhaps six months. At this point, the post of 'ordinary' lecturer in philosophy, which is filled by competition, falling vacant, I took my doctor's degree, presented myself for the said competition, was admitted and approved, and lectured in that city two years continuously on the text of Aristotle's De Anima and other philosophical works. Then, on account of the Civil Wars, I quitted and went to Paris, where, in order to make myself known and to give proof of myself, I undertook an 'extraordinary' lectureship, and read thirty lectures, choosing for subject Thirty Divine Attributes, taken from the first part of St. Thomas. Later, being requested to accept an 'ordinary' lectureship, I would not, because public lecturers in that city go generally to mass and the other divine offices, and I have always avoided this, knowing that I was excommunicated because I had quitted my order and habit; and although I had that 'ordinary' lectureship at Toulouse, I was not forced to go to mass, as I should have been at Paris. But conducting the 'extraordinary' there, I acquired such a name that the king, Henry III., sent for me, and wished to know whether my memory was natural or due to magic art. I satisfied him, both by what I said and proved to him, that it was not by magic art, but by science. After this I published a work on the memory, under the title De Umbris Idearum, which I dedicated to his Majesty, — on which occasion he made me 'lecturer extraordinary,' with a pension; and I continued to read in that city perhaps five years, when, on account of the tumults which arose, I took my leave, and with letters from the king himself I went into England to reside with his ambassador, Michael de Castelnau. In his house I lived as a gentleman. I stayed in England two years and a half, and when the ambassador returned to France I accompanied him to Paris, where I remained another year. Having quitted Paris on account of the tumults, I betook myself to Germany, stopping first at Mayence, an archiepiscopal city, for twelve days. Finding neither here nor at Würzburg, a town a little way off, any entertainment, I went to Wittenberg, in Saxony, where I found two factions, — one of philosophers, who were Calvinists, the other of theologians, who were Lutherans. Among the latter was Alberigo Gentile, whom I had known in England, a law-professor, who befriended me and introduced me to read lectures on the Organon of Aristotle; which I did, with other lectures in philosophy, for two years. At that time, the son of the old duke having succeeded his father, who was a Lutheran, and the son being a Calvinist, he began to favor the party opposed to those who favored me; so I departed, and went to Prague, and stayed six months. Whilst there, I published a book on geometry, which I presented to the Emperor, from whom I had a gift of three hundred thalers. With this money, having quitted Prague, I spent a year at the Julian Academy in Brunswick; and the death of the duke[1] happening at that time, I delivered an oration at his funeral, in competition with many others from the university, on which account his son and successor bestowed eighty crowns of those parts upon me; and I went away to Frankfort to publish two books, — one De Minimo, and the other De Numero, Monade, et Figura, etc. I stayed about six months at Frankfort, lodging in the convent of the Carmelites, — a place assigned to me by the publisher, who was obliged to

[1] "Who was a heretic" is written on the margin of the original *procès-verbal*.

provide me a lodging. And from Frankfort, having been invited, as I have said, by Ser Giovanni Mocenigo, I came to Venice seven or eight months ago, where what has since happened I have already related. I was going anew to Frankfort to print other works of mine, and one in particular on The Seven Liberal Arts, with the intention of taking these and some other of my published works which I approve — for some I do not approve — and of going to Rome to lay them at the feet of his Holiness, who, I have understood, loves the virtuous, and to put my case before him, with a view to obtain absolution from excesses, and permission to live in the clerical garb outside of the order. . . . I said I wish to present myself at the feet of his Holiness with some of my approved works, as I have some I do not approve, meaning by that that some of the works written by me and sent to the press I do not approve, because in them I have spoken and discussed too philosophically, unbecomingly, and not enough like a good Christian; and in particular I know that in some of these works I have taught and maintained philosophically things which ought to be attributed to the power, wisdom, and goodness of God according to the Christian faith; founding my doctrine on sense and reason, and not on faith. So much for them in general; concerning particulars, I refer to the writings, for I do not now recall a single article or particular doctrine I may have taught, but I will reply according as I shall be questioned and as I shall remember. . . .

"The subject of all my books, speaking broadly, is philosophy. In all of them I have always defined in the manner of philosophy and according to principles and natural light, not having most concern as to what, according to faith, ought to be believed; and I think there is nothing in them from which it can be judged that I professedly wish to impugn religion rather than to exalt philosophy, although I may have set forth many impious matters based on my natural light.

"I have taught nothing directly against Catholic Christian religion, although [I may have done so] indirectly; as was judged at Paris, where, however, I was allowed to hold certain disputes under the title of One Hundred and Twenty Articles against the Peripatetics and Other Vulgar Philosophers (printed with permission of the Superiors); as it was permitted to treat them by the way of natural principles, without prejudice to the truth according to the light of faith, in which manner the books of Aristotle and Plato may be read and taught, which are in similar fashion indirectly contrary to faith, — nay, much more so than the articles propounded and defended by me in the manner of philosophy: all these can be known from what is printed in my last Latin books from Frankfort, entitled De Minimo, De Monade, de Immenso et Innumerabilibus, and in part in De Compositione Imaginum. In these particularly you can see my intention and what I have held, which is, in a word, I believe in an infinite universe, — that is, the effect of infinite divine power; because I esteemed it unworthy of the divine goodness and power that, when it could produce besides this world another, and infinite others, it should produce a single finite world: so I have declared that there is an infinite number of particular worlds similar to this of the earth, which, with Pythagoras, I consider a star, like which is the moon, other planets, and other stars, which are infinite; and that all these bodies are worlds, without number, which make up the infinite university in infinite space, and we call this the infinite universe, in which are numberless worlds: so that there is a double infinitude, that of the greatness of the universe, and that of the multitude of the worlds, — by which indirectly it is meant to assail the truth according to faith.

"Moreover, in this universe I place a

universal Providence, in virtue of which everything lives, vegetates, moves, and reaches its perfection; and I understand Providence in two ways: one in which it is present as the soul in all matter, and all in any part whatsoever, and this I call nature, the shadow and footprint of the Deity; the other in the ineffable way with which God, by essence, presence, and power, is in all things and over all things, not as a part, but as Soul, in a manner indescribable. In the Deity I understand all the attributes to be one and the same substance, — just as theologians and the greatest philosophers hold; I perceive these attributes, power, wisdom, and goodness, or will, intelligence, and love, by means of which things have first being (by reason of the will), then orderly and distinct being (by reason of the intelligence), and third, concord and symmetry (by reason of love); this I believe is in all and above all, as nothing is without participation in being, and being is not without its essence, just as nothing is beautiful without the presence of beauty; so nothing can be exempt from the divine presence. In this manner, by use of reason, and not by use of substantial [theological] truth, I discern distinctions in the Deity.

"Regarding the world as caused and produced, I meant that, as all being depends on the First Cause, I did not shrink from the term 'creation;' which I believe even Aristotle expressed, saying that God is, on whom the world and nature are dependent: so that, according to the explanation of St. Thomas, be the world either eternal or temporal according to its nature, it is dependent on the First Cause, and nothing exists in it independently.

"Next, concerning that which belongs to faith — not speaking in the manner of philosophy — about the divine persons, that wisdom and that son of the mind," called by philosophers *intellect* and by theologians the *Word*, which we are to believe took upon itself human flesh, I, standing within the bounds of philosophy, have not understood it; but I have doubted, and with inconstant faith maintained, — not that I recall having shown a sign of it in writing or in speech, excepting as in other things indirectly one might gather from my belief and profession concerning those things which can be proved by the reason and deduced from natural light. And then concerning the divine spirit in a third person, I have been able to comprehend nothing in the way in which one ought to believe; but in the Pythagorean way, conformable to that way which Solomon points out, I have understood it to be the soul of the universe, or assistant in the universe, according to that saying in the Wisdom of Solomon, 'The Spirit of the Lord filleth the world; and that which containeth all things hath knowledge of the voice.'[1] This seems to me to agree to the Pythagorean doctrine explained by Vergil in this passage of the Æneid:[2] —

'Principio cœlum ac terras camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum Lunæ Titaniaque astra,
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem.'

"I teach in my philosophy that from this spirit, which is called the Life of the Universe, the life and soul of everything which has life and soul springs; that it is immortal, just as bodies, so far as concerns their substance, are all immortal, death being nothing else than division and coming together; this doctrine seems to be expressed in Ecclesiastes, where it says, 'There is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new?' and so on."

Inquisitor. "Have you held, do you hold and believe, the Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one in essence, but distinct in person, as is taught and believed by the Catholic Church?"

[1] Chap. I. v. 7.

[2] Book VI. 724–27.

Bruno. "Speaking as a Christian, and according to theology, and as every faithful Christian and Catholic ought to believe, I have indeed had doubts about the name 'person' as applied to the Son and the Holy Spirit; not understanding these two persons to be distinct from the Father, except as I have said above, speaking in the manner of philosophy, and assigning the intelligence of the Father to the Son, and his love to the Holy Spirit, but without comprehending this word 'persons,' which in St. Augustine is declared to be not an ancient but a new word, and of his time: and I have held this opinion since I was eighteen years old till now, but in fact I have never denied, nor taught, nor written, but only doubted in my own mind, as I have said."

Inquisitor. "Have you believed, and do you believe, all that the Holy Mother Catholic Church teaches, believes, and holds about the First Person, and have you ever in any wise doubted concerning the First Person?"

Bruno. "I have believed and held undoubtingly all that every faithful Christian ought to believe and hold concerning the First Person. Regarding the Second Person, I declare that I have held it to be really one in essence with the First, and so the Third; because, being indivisible in essence, they cannot suffer inequality, for all the attributes which belong to the Father belong also to the Son and Holy Spirit: only I have doubted, as I said above, how this Second Person could become incarnate and could have suffered; nevertheless I have never denied nor taught that, and if I have said anything about this Second Person, I have said it in quoting the opinions of others, like Arius and Sabellius and other followers of theirs. I will tell what I must have said, and which may have caused scandal and suspicion, as was set down in the first charges against me at Naples, to wit: I declared that the opinion of Arius seemed less pernicious than it was commonly esteemed and understood, because it is commonly understood that Arius meant to say that the Word is the first thing created by the Father; whereas I declared that Arius said that the Word was neither creator nor creature, but midway between creator and creature, — as the word is midway between the speaker and the thing spoken, — and therefore that the word was the first-born before all creatures, not *by* which but *through* which everything has been created, not *to* which but *through* which everything is referred and returns to the ultimate end, which is the Father. I exaggerated on this theme so that I was regarded with suspicion. I recall further to have said here in Venice that Arius did not intend to say that Christ, that is the Word, is a creature, but a mediator in the sense I have stated. I do not remember the precise place, whether at a druggist's or bookseller's, but I know I said this in one of these shops, arguing with certain priests who made a show of theology: I know not who they were, nor should I recognize them if I saw them. To make my statement more clear, I repeat that I have held there is one God, distinguished as Father, as Word, and as Love, which is the Divine Spirit, and that all these three are one God in essence; but I have not understood, and have doubted, how these three can get the name of persons, for it did not seem to me that this name of person was applicable to the Deity; and I supported myself in this by the words of St. Augustine, who says, 'Cum formidine proferimus hoc nomen personæ, quando loquimur de divinis, et necessitate coacti utimur;' besides which, in the Old and New Testaments I have not found nor read this expression nor this form of speech."

Inquisitor. "Having doubted the Incarnation of the Word, what has been your opinion about Christ?"

Bruno. "I have thought that the di-

vinity of the Word was present in the humanity of Christ individually, and I have not been able to understand that it was a union like that of soul and body, but a presence of such a kind that we could truly say of this man that he was God, and of this divinity that it was man; because between substance infinite and divine and substance finite and human there is no proportion as between soul and body, or any other two things which can make up one existence; and I believe, therefore, that St. Augustine shrank from applying that word 'person' to this case: so that, in conclusion, I think, as regards my doubt of the Incarnation, I have wavered concerning its ineffable meaning, but not against the Holy Scripture, which says 'the Word is made flesh.'"

Inquisitor. "What opinion have you had concerning the miracles, acts, and death of Christ?"

Bruno. "I have held what the Holy Catholic Church holds, although I have said of the miracles that, while they are testimony of the divinity [of Christ], the evangelical law is, in my opinion, a stronger testimony, because the Lord said 'he shall do greater than these' miracles; and it occurred to me that whilst others, like the Apostles, wrought miracles, so that, in their external effect, they seemed like those wrought by him, Christ worked by his own virtue, and the Apostles by virtue of another's power. Therefore I have maintained that the miracles of Christ were divine, true, real, and not apparent; nor have I ever thought, said, nor believed the contrary.

"I have never spoken of the sacrifice of the mass, nor of transubstantiation, except in the way the Holy Church holds. I have believed, and do believe, that the transubstantiation of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ takes place really and in substance."

Inquisitor. "Did you ever say that Christ was not God, but a good-for-nothing, and that, doing wretched works, he ought to have expected to be put to death, although he showed that he died unwillingly?"

Bruno. "I am astonished that this question is put to me, for I have never had such opinions, nor said such a thing, nor thought aught contrary to what I said just now about the person of Christ, which is that I believe what the Holy Mother Church believes. I know not how these things are imputed to me." At this he seemed much grieved.

Inquisitor. "In reasoning about the Incarnation of the Word, what have you held concerning the delivery of the said Word by the Virgin Mary?"

Bruno. "That it was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of Mary as Virgin; and when any one shall find that I have said or maintained the contrary, I will submit myself to any punishment."

Inquisitor. "Do you know the import and effect of the sacrament of penance?"

Bruno. "I know that it is ordained to purge our sins; and never, never have I talked on this subject, but have always held that whosoever dies in mortal sin will be damned. It is about sixteen years since I presented myself to a confessor, except on two occasions: once at Toulouse, to a Jesuit, and another time in Paris, to another Jesuit, whilst I was treating, through the Bishop of Bergamo, then nuncio at Paris, and through Don Bernardin de Mendoza, to reënter my order, with a view to confessing; and they said that, being an apostate, they could not absolve me, and that I could not go to the holy offices, wherefore I have abstained from the confessional and from going to mass. I have intended, however, to emerge some time from these censures, and to live like a Christian and a priest; and when I have sinned I have always asked pardon of God, and I would also willingly have confessed if I could, because I

have firmly believed that impenitent sinners are damned."

Inquisitor. "You hold, therefore, that souls are immortal, and that they do not pass from one body into another, as we have information you have said?"

Bruno. "I have held, and hold, that souls are immortal, and that they are subsisting substances, that is rational souls, and that, speaking as a Catholic, they do not pass from one body into another, but go either to paradise, or to purgatory, or to hell; but I have, to be sure, argued, following philosophical reasons, that as the soul subsists in the body, and is non-existent in the body [that is, not an integral part of it], it may, in the same way that it exists in one, exist in another, and pass from one to another; and if this be not true, it at least seems like the opinion of Pythagoras."

Inquisitor. "Have you busied yourself much in theological studies, and are you instructed in the Catholic resolutions?"

Bruno. "Not a great deal, having devoted myself to philosophy, which has been my profession."

Inquisitor. "Have you ever vituperated the theologians and their decisions, calling their doctrine vanity and other similar opprobrious names?"

Bruno. "Speaking of the theologians who interpret Holy Scripture, I have never spoken otherwise than well. I may have said something about some one in particular, and blamed him, — some Lutheran theologian, for instance, or other heretics, — but I have always esteemed the Catholic theologians, especially St. Thomas, whose works I have ever kept by me, read, and studied, and honored them, and I have them at present, and hold them very dear."

Inquisitor. "Which have you reckoned heretical theologians?"

Bruno. "All those who profess theology, but who do not agree with the Roman Church, I have esteemed heretics. I have read books by Melanchthon, Luther, Calvin, and by other heretics beyond the mountains, not to learn their doctrine nor to avail myself of it, for I deemed them more ignorant than myself, but I read them out of curiosity. I despise these heretics and their doctrines, because they do not merit the name of theologians, but of pedants; for the Catholic ecclesiastical doctors, on the contrary, I have the esteem I should."

Inquisitor. "How, then, have you dared to say that the Catholic faith is full of blasphemies, and without merit in God's sight?"

Bruno. "Never have I said such a thing, neither in writing, nor in word, nor in thought."

Inquisitor. "What things are needful for salvation?"

Bruno. "Faith, hope, and charity. Good works are also necessary; or it will suffice not to do to others that which we do not wish to have done to us, and to live morally."

Inquisitor. "Have you ever denounced the Catholic religious orders, especially for having revenues?"

Bruno. "I have never denounced one of them for any cause; on the contrary, I have found fault when the clergy, lacking income, are forced to beg; and I was surprised, in France, when I saw certain priests going about the streets to beg, with open missals."

Inquisitor. "Did you ever say that the life of the clergy does not conform to that of the Apostles?"

Bruno. "I have never said nor held such a thing!" And as he said this he raised his hands, and looked about astonished. In answer to another question, he continued, "I have said that the Apostles achieved more by their preaching, good life, examples, and miracles than force can accomplish, which is used against those who refuse to be Catholics; without condemning this method, I approve the other."

Inquisitor. "Have you ever said that the miracles wrought by Christ and the Apostles were apparent miracles, done by magic art, and not real; and that you have enough spirit to work the same or greater, and wished finally to make the whole world run after you?"

Bruno (*lifting up both his hands*). "What is this? What man has invented this devilishness? I have never said such a thing, nor has it entered my imagination. O God, what is this? I had rather be dead than that this should be proposed to me!"

Inquisitor. "What opinion have you of the sin of the flesh, outside of the sacrament of matrimony?"

Bruno. "I have spoken of this sometimes, saying, in general, that it was a lesser sin than the others, but that adultery was the chief of carnal sins, whereas the other was lighter, and almost venial. This, indeed, I have said, but I know and acknowledge to have spoken in error, because I remember what St. Paul says. However, I spoke thus through levity, being with others and discussing worldly topics. I have never said that the Church made a great mistake in constituting this a sin. . . .

"I hold it a pious and holy thing, as the Church ordains, to observe fasts and abstain from meat and prohibited food on the days she appoints, and that every faithful Catholic is bound to observe them; which I too would have done except for the reason given above; and God help me if I have ever eaten meat out of contempt [of the Church]. As for having listened to heretics preach, or lecture, or dispute, I did so several times out of curiosity and to see their methods and eloquence, rather than from delight or enjoyment; indeed, after the reading or sermon, at the time when they distributed bread according to their form of communion, I went away about my business, and never partook of their bread nor observed their rites."

Inquisitor. "From your explanation of the Incarnation there follows another grave error, namely, that in Christ there was a human personality."

Bruno. "I recognize and concede that these and other improprieties may follow, and I have stated this opinion, not to defend, but only to explain it; and I confess my error such and so great as it is; and had I applied my mind to this adduced impropriety and to others deducible from it, I should not have reached these conclusions, because I may have erred in the principles, but certainly not in the conclusions."

Inquisitor. "Do you remember to have said that men are begotten of corruption, like the other animals, and that this has been since the Deluge down to the present?"

Bruno. "I believe this is the opinion of Lucretius. I have read it and heard it talked about, but I do not recall having referred to it as my opinion; no more have I ever believed it. When I reasoned about it, I did so referring it to Lucretius, Epicurus, and their similars, and it is not possible to deduce it from my philosophy, as will readily appear to any one who reads that."

Inquisitor. "Have you ever had any book of conjurations or of similar superstitious arts, or have you said you wished to devote yourself to the art of divination?"

Bruno. "As for books of conjurations, I have always despised them, never had them by me, nor attributed any efficacy to them. As for divination, particularly that relating to judicial astrology, I have said, and even proposed, to study it to see if there is any truth or conformity in it. I have communicated my purpose to several persons, remarking that, as I have examined all parts of philosophy, and inquired into all science except the judicial, when I had convenience and leisure I wish to have a look at that, which I have not done yet."

Inquisitor. "Have you said that the

operations of the world are guided by Fate, denying the providence of God?"

Bruno. "This cannot be found either in my words or in my writings; on the contrary, you will find, in my books, that I set forth providence and free will. . . . I have praised many heretics and also heretic princes, but not as heretics, but only for the moral virtues they possessed. In particular, in my book De la Causa, Principio et Uno, I praise the Queen of England, and call her 'divine;' not as an attribute of religion, but as a certain epithet which the ancients used also to bestow on princes; and in England, where I then was and wrote that book, it is customary to give this title 'divine' to the Queen; and I was all the more persuaded to name her thus because she knew me, for I often went with the ambassador to court. I acknowledge to have erred in praising this lady, who is a heretic, and especially in attributing to her the epithet 'divine.'" . . .

Inquisitor. "Are the errors and heresies committed and confessed by you still embraced, or do you detest them?"

Bruno. "All the errors I have committed, down to this very day, pertaining to Catholic life and regular profession, and all the heresies I have held and the doubts I have had concerning the Catholic faith and the questions determined by the Holy Church, I now detest; and I abhor, and repent me of having done, held, said, believed, or doubted of anything that was not Catholic; and I pray this holy tribunal that, knowing my infirmities, it will please to accept me into the bosom of the Holy Church, providing me with remedies opportune for my safety and using me with mercy."

Bruno was then requestioned concerning the reason why he broke away from his order. He repeated, in substance, the testimony already given, adding that his baptismal name was Philip.

Inquisitor. "Have you, in these parts, any enemy or other malevolent person, and who is he, and for what cause?"

Bruno. "I have no enemy in these parts, unless it be Ser Giovanni Mocenigo and his followers and servants, by whom I have been more grievously offended than by any other man living, because he has assassinated me in my life, in my honor, and in my goods, — having imprisoned me in his own house, confiscating all my writings, books, and other property; and he has done this, not only because he wished me to teach him all I knew, but also because he wished that I should not teach it to any one else; and he has always threatened my life and honor if I did not teach him what I knew."

Inquisitor. "Your apostasy of so many years renders you very suspicious to the Holy Faith, since you have so long spurned her censures, whence it may happen that you have held sinister opinions in other matters than those you have deposed; you can, therefore, and ought now to purify your conscience."

Bruno. "It seems to me that the articles I have confessed, and all that which I have expressed in my writings, show sufficiently the importance of my excess, and therefore I confess it, whatsoever may be its extent, and I acknowledge to have given grave cause for the suspicion of heresy. And I add to this that I have always had remorse in my conscience, and the purpose of reforming, although I was seeking to effect this in the easiest and surest way, still shrinking from going back to the straitness of regular obedience. . . . And I was at this very time putting in order certain writings to propitiate his Holiness, so that I might be allowed to live more independently than is possible as an ecclesiastic. . . .

"Beginning with my accuser, who I believe is Signor Giovanni Mocenigo, I think no one will be found who can say that I have taught false and heretical doctrine; and I have no suspicion that any one else can accuse me in matters of

holy faith. It may be that I, during so long a course of time, may have erred and strayed from the Church in other matters than those I have exposed, and that I may be ensnared in other censures, but, though I have reflected much upon it, I have discovered nothing; and I now promptly confess my errors, and am here in the hands of your excellencies to receive remedy for my salvation. My force does not suffice to tell how great is my repentance for my misdeeds, nor to express it as I should wish." Having knelt down, he said: "I humbly ask pardon of God and your excellencies for all the errors committed by me; and I am ready to suffer whatsoever by your prudence shall be determined and adjudged expedient for my soul. And I further supplicate that you rather give me a punishment which is excessive in gravity than make such a public demonstration as might bring some dishonor upon the holy habit of the order which I have worn; and if, through the mercy of God and of your excellencies, my life shall be granted to me, I promise to make a notable reform in my life, and that I will atone for the scandal by other and as great edification."

Inquisitor. "Have you anything else to say for the present?"

Bruno. "I have nothing more to say."

This is the confession and apology of Giordano Bruno, taken from the minutes of the Inquisition of Venice, so far as I have been able to interpret the ungrammatical, ill-punctuated report of the secretary. The examinations were held on May 26 and 30, June 2, 3, 4, and July 30; and as there were, consequently, many repetitions of statement, I have condensed where it seemed advisable. From Bruno's lips we hear the explanation of his philosophical system, his doubts, his belief, and his recantation of any opinions which clashed with the dogmas of Catholicism. Was his recantation sincere? Before answering this question, let us glance at his opinions as he expressed them freely in his works; for upon Bruno's value as a thinker must finally rest the justification of our interest in him. True, the romance of his strange vagabond career and the pathos of his noble death will always excite interest in his personality; but the final question which mankind asks of prophet, philosopher, poet, preacher, or scientist is, "What can you tell us concerning our origin and our destiny?"

Be warned at the outset that Bruno furnished no complete, systematic reply to this question. He did not, like Spinoza, reduce his system to the precision of a geometrical text-book, all theorems and corollaries; nor, like Herbert Spencer, did he stow the universe away in a cabinet of pigeon-holes. He is often inconsistent, often contradicts himself. Perhaps his chief merit is that he stimulated thought on every subject he touched, and that he made sublime guesses which experiment, toiling patiently after him, has established as truths. Like all searchers after truth, his purpose was to discover the all-embracing Unity. Our reason shows us an unbridgeable chasm between matter and mind; the world of ideas and the outward world are in perpetual flux; nature is composed of innumerable separate objects, yet a superior unity pervades them. Life and death subsist antagonistically side by side: what is the substance, greater than both, which includes both? What is the permanence underlying this shifting, evanescent world? Conscience likewise reports the conflict between good and evil: what is the cause anterior to both? Many solutions have been offered; perhaps the commonest is that which, taught by the Manicheans and adopted by early Christians, announces that there are two principles in the universe, — one good, God, the other evil, Satan. But insuperable difficulties accompany this view. If God be, as assumed, all-powerful, why does

he not exterminate Satan; if he be just, why does he permit evil to exist at all? Bruno, as we have seen in his deposition, proclaims that God is one and indivisible, the Soul of the universe; that his attributes are power, wisdom, and love; that he is in all things, yet above all things, not to be understood, ineffable, and whether personal or impersonal man cannot say; that nature is his footprint, God being the nature of nature; that since every material atom is part of him, by virtue of his immanence in nature, it is eternal, and so are human souls immortal, being emanations from his immortal spirit; but whether souls preserve their identity, or whether, like the atoms, they are forever re-composed into new forms, Bruno does not decide. This, speaking broadly, is pantheism; and pantheism is a system from which we are taught to recoil with almost as much horror as from atheism. "That is mere pantheism!" exclaimed John Sterling, aghast, at one of Carlyle's conclusions. "And suppose it were *pot*-theism? If the thing is true!" replied Carlyle, — a reply not to be taken for valid argument, perhaps, yet worthy of being pondered. As a pantheist, then, we must classify Bruno, — in that wide class which includes Spinoza, Goethe, Shelley, and Emerson. "Within man is the soul of the whole," says Emerson; "the wise silence, the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related, the eternal ONE. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one." The Inquisition in 1600 would have burned Emerson for those two sentences.

Coming to details, we find that Bruno shakes himself free from the tyranny of Aristotle, — a mighty audacity, to measure which we must remember that upon Aristotle's arbitrary dicta the fathers and doctors of the Catholic Church had based their dogmas. Though a pagan, he had been for fifteen hundred years the logical pillar of Christendom, uncanonized, yet deserving canonization along with St. Thomas and St. Augustine. Bruno dared to attack the mighty despot in his very strongholds, the Sorbonne and Oxford, and by so doing helped to clear the road for subsequent explorers of philosophy and science. Equally courageous was his championship of the discoveries and theories of Copernicus. Bruno, we may safely say, was the first man who realized the full meaning of the Copernican system, — a meaning which even to-day the majority have not grasped. He saw that it was not merely a question as to whether the earth moves round the sun, or the sun moves round the earth; but that when Copernicus traced the courses of our solar system, and saw other and yet other systems beyond, he invalidated the strong presumption upon which dogmatic Christianity was reared. According to the old view, the earth was the centre of the universe, the especial gem of God's creation; as a final mark of his favor, God created man to rule the earth, and from among men he designated a few — his "chosen people" — who should enjoy everlasting bliss in heaven. But it follows from Copernicus's discoveries that the earth is but one of a company of satellites which circle round the sun; that the sun itself is but one of innumerable other suns, each with its satellites; that there are probably countless inhabited orbs; that the scheme of salvation taught by the old theology is inadequate to the new conceptions we are bound to form of the majesty, justice, and omnipotence of the Supreme Ruler of an infinite universe. The God whom Bruno apprehended was not one who narrowed his interests to the concerns of a Syrian tribe and of a sect of Christians on this little ball of earth, but one whose power is commensurate with in-

finitude, and who cherishes all creatures and all things in all worlds. Copernicus himself did not foresee the full significance of the discovery which dethroned the earth and man from their supposed preëminence in the universe; but Bruno caught its mighty import, and the labors of Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Herschel, and Darwin have corroborated him.

Inspired by this revelation, Bruno was the first to envisage religions as human growths, just as laws and customs are human growths, expressing the higher or lower needs and aspirations of the people and age in which they exist. His famous satire The Expulsion of the Beast Triumphant[1] has a far deeper purpose than to ridicule classic mythology, or to satirize the abuses of Romanists and Protestants, or to scoff at the exaggerated pretensions of the Pope. Under the form of an allegory, it is a prophecy of the ultimate passing away of all anthropomorphic religion. It shows how the god whom men have worshiped hitherto has been endowed by them with human passions and attributes, "writ large," to be sure, but still unworthy of being associated with that Soul of the world which is in all things, yet above all things. The Beast Triumphant of the allegory is this personification of human qualities in the popular representation of the deity. Jove discovers that he is growing old; that he and the Olympian gods must wane and perish just as mortals do; and that Fate, to whom he and they are subjected, will establish a nobler god in his place. Smitten with remorse for past wrong-doing and negligence, he determines that his latter reign, at least, shall be worthier. So he calls a conclave of the gods, and they decide to expel from the heavens all those evidences of their sins and caprices that have too long dwelt there in the constellations. The Bears, Little and Great, the Archer, Perseus, Andromeda, Hercules, Cassiopeia, and all the other symbols of the human and bestial degeneracy of the gods are dispatched: in their stead is summoned, first, Truth, "whom the talons of detraction do not reach, whom the venom of envy does not poison, whom the darkness of error cannot veil;" then, Prudence, who in heaven is providence and on earth foresight; then, Wisdom, and Law, and Justice, and other virtues.

One might detach a series of remarkable short essays on the principal virtues and vices, from Bruno's allegory; but I have room to quote only a few passages which illustrate his cardinal principles. Everywhere he assails the doctrine that faith, without good works, can lead to salvation. "It is an unworthy, stupid, profane, and blameworthy thing," he says, "to believe that the gods seek the reverence, fear, and love, the worship and respect, of men for other good end and utility save of men; because, being most glorious in themselves, and as glory cannot be added to them from outside, they have made laws not so much in order to receive glory as to communicate it to men; therefore, in so far as laws and justice depart from the goodness and truth of Law and Justice, by so far they fail to order and approve, especially that which consists in the moral actions of men towards each other." Celibacy and other rules of the Catholic Church Bruno denounces, "because no law which is not fitted to the practice of human society ought to be accepted." Contrary to the Jesuits, and those who urge that there are occasions on which it is justifiable to break faith or dissemble, he declares that that "is the law of some brutish

[1] This, the most famous of Bruno's works, was until recently so rare that only two or three copies of it were known to exist. Hence numerous blunders and misconceptions by critics who wrote about it from hearsay. Outwardly, it reminds one of Lucian's dialogue Zeus in Heroics, with which Bruno was undoubtedly acquainted, and which has been translated by Froude in his Short Studies on Great Subjects.

and barbarous Jew or Saracen, and not of a civilized and heroic Greek or Roman." Of the doctrine of original sin he says: "It is against all law that, through the fault of their father, the sheep and their mother be punished. I have never found such a judgment except among wild savages, and I think it was first found among the Jews, a people so pestilent, leprous, and generally pernicious that it merits to be blotted out rather than born." He rebukes the worship of idols, "whereby men seek the deity, of whom they have no understanding, in the refuse of dead and inanimate things;" but he points out how different this worship is from that of the Egyptians and others who venerated animals. In those animals, he says, they saw a partial revelation or expression of God. One creature, the eagle for instance, personified magnanimity; another, the serpent, personified sagacity. So they revered not the mere outward body, but the divine attribute made manifest in it. "Jove was a king of Crete, a mortal man, whose body has rotted or was burned. Venus was a mortal woman, a most delightful queen, and beyond expression beautiful, in Cyprus. Men did not adore that Jove as if he were the deity, but they adored the divinity as it showed itself in Jove. Thus the eternal beings, without in the least supposing any impropriety against what is true of their divine substance, have temporal names, differing in different times and among different nations; for you can learn in histories that Paul of Tarsus was called Mercury, and Barnabas the Galilean was called Jove, not because they were believed to be those gods themselves, but because men deemed that that divine virtue which Mercury and Jove had in other times was found at present in these men, through the eloquence and persuasion which were in one, and the useful effects which proceeded from another." Bruno cites the discovery of new races in America as evidence that mankind are not all descended from Adam and Eve: wherefore, since the Mosaic cosmogony is too narrow to explain the creation and growth of mankind, the Hebrew scheme of human destiny and redemption is inadequate. He ridicules the idea of a "chosen people." As if the "deity is wholly a mother to the Greeks, and but a step-mother to other peoples, so that nobody can get the favor of the gods except by *grecianizing*, that is making himself Greek! As if the biggest rascal and poltroon there is in Greece, because he belongs to the [supposed] people of the gods, is incomparably better than the most magnanimous and just man who may have issued from Rome in the time when she was a republic, or from any other race, however superior in customs, sciences, strength, justice, beauty and authority!" Over and over again Bruno derides the assertion that, in order to be saved, we must despise our divinest guide, Reason, and be led blindly by Faith, reducing ourselves so far as we can to the level of donkeys. His satire La Cabala del Cavallo Pegaseo, which supplements The Beast Triumphant, is a mock eulogy of this "holy asininity, holy ignorance, holy stupidity, and pious devotion, which alone can make souls so good that human genius and study cannot surpass them." "What avails, O truth-seeker," he exclaims in one of his finest sonnets, "your studying and wishing to know how nature works, and whether the stars also are earth, fire, and sea? Holy donkeydom cares not for that, but with clasped hands wills to remain on its knees, awaiting from God its doom."

Here is a passage which socialists have pitched upon as proof that Bruno sympathized with their theories; but it occurs in a very clever plea which Idleness makes to persuade the gods that he is entitled to a seat among the celestials: "All magnify the golden age, and yet they praise and call virtuous that wretch

Industry, who put an end to it. Industry, who discovered *meum* and *tuum;* who has divided and granted to this man and to that not only the earth, which belongs to all her creatures, but the sea also, and perhaps even the air; who has framed laws against the pleasures of others, and has caused that what sufficed for all has become too much for some and too little for others, whereby some are surfeited, and others perish of hunger. Industry, who has crossed the seas to violate the laws of nature, mixing up peoples whom the benign mother separated, and to propagate the vices of one race in another; because virtues are not so easily propagated, unless we call goodness and virtues those qualities which by mistake and custom are so called and esteemed, although their fruits are condemned by every sense and natural reason: such as the open ribaldry and follies and malignities of the usurping proprietary laws of *meum* and *tuum* and of the 'more just man,' who was the stronger possessor; and of the 'more worthy,' who was the most eager and industrious, and the first occupant of those bounties and members of the earth which nature, and consequently God, gave impartially to all."

In another place, Bruno explains that evil is relative. "Nothing is absolutely bad," he says, "because the viper is not deadly and poisonous to the viper, nor the lion to the lion, nor dragon to dragon, nor bear to bear; but each thing is bad in respect to some other, just as you, virtuous gods, are evil towards the vicious." Again he says, "Nobody is to-day the same as yesterday." The immanence of the universal soul in the animal world is thus illustrated: "With what understanding the ant gnaws her grain of wheat, lest it should sprout in her underground habitation! The fool says this is instinct, but we say it is a species of understanding."

These are some of Bruno's characteristic opinions. Their influence upon subsequent philosophers has been much discussed. His conception of the universe as an "animal" corresponds with Kepler's well-known view. Spinoza, the great pantheist of the following century, took from him the idea of an immanent God, and the distinction between *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*. Schelling, who acknowledged Bruno as his master, found in him the principle of the indifference of contraries; Hegel, that of the absolute identity of subject and object, of the real and the ideal, of thought and things. La Croze discovers in Bruno the germs of most of Leibnitz's theories, beginning with the monad. Symonds declares that "he anticipated Descartes's position of the identity of mind and being. The modern theory of evolution was enunciated by him in pretty plain terms. He had grasped the physical law of the conservation of energy. He solved the problem of evil by defining it to be a relative condition of imperfect energy. . . . We have indeed reason to marvel how many of Bruno's intuitions have formed the stuff of later, more elaborated systems, and still remain the best which these contain. We have reason to wonder how many of his divinations have worked themselves into the common fund of modern beliefs, and have become philosophical truisms." [1] Hallam, who strangely undervalued Bruno, states that he understood the principle of compound forces.

From this review of Bruno's opinions, and from his own interpretation of them, we come now to that perplexing question, "Why did he recant? How could he, who was so evidently a freethinker and a rationalist, honestly affirm his belief in the Roman Catholic dogmas?" His confession seems to be straightforward and candid: had he wished to propitiate the Inquisitors, he needed only

[1] From J. A. Symonds's Renaissance in Italy: The Catholic Reaction, chap. ix., which gives the best account of Bruno yet published in English.

not to mention his philosophic doubts about the Incarnation and the Trinity; he needed only to admit that there were errors in his writings that he no longer approved, and to throw himself on the mercy of his tribunal. What then was the motive? Was it physical fear? Did life and liberty seem too tempting to him who loved both so intensely; preferable to death, no matter how great the sacrifice of honor? Did he simply perjure himself? Or was he suddenly overcome by a doubt that his opinions might be, after all, wrong, and that the Church might be right? He testified, and others testified, that before he had any thought of being brought to trial he had determined to make his peace with the Pope, and to obtain leave, if he could, to pass the remainder of his life in philosophical tranquillity. Did the early religious associations and prejudices, which he supposed had long ago ceased to influence him, unexpectedly spring up, to reassert a temporary tyranny over his reason? Many men not in jeopardy of their lives have had this experience of the tenacious vitality of the doctrines taught to them before they could reason. Did it seem to him a huge Aristophanic joke that a church which then had but little real faith and true religion in it should call any one to account for any opinions, and that therefore the lips might well enough accept her dogmas without binding the heart to them? Many men, of unquestioned sincerity, have subscribed in a "non-natural sense" to the Thirty-nine Articles of Anglicanism; did Bruno subscribe to the Catholic Articles under a similar mental reservation? Or, believing, as he did, that every religion contains fragments of the truth, could he not honestly say he believed in Catholicism, at the same time holding that her symbols had a deeper significance than her theologians perceived, and that the truth he apprehended was immeasurably wider? — just as a mathematician might subscribe to the multiplication table, knowing that it is not the final bound of mathematical truth, but only the first step towards higher and unlimited investigations. Throughout his examination Bruno was careful to make the distinction between the province of faith and the province of speculation. "Speaking after the manner of philosophy," he confessed he had reached conclusions which, "speaking as a Catholic," he ought not to believe. This distinction, which we think uncandid and casuistical, was nevertheless admitted in his time. All through that century men had argued "philosophically" about the immortality of the soul; but "theologically" such an argument was impossible, because the Church assumed the immortality of the soul to be an indisputable fact. But, we ask, can a man honestly hold two antagonistic, mutually destroying beliefs; saying, for instance, that his reason has disproved the Incarnation, but that his faith accepts that doctrine? Or was Bruno unaware of his contradictions? Of how many of your opinions concerning the ultimate mysteries of life do you, reader, feel so sure that, were you suddenly seized, imprisoned, brought face to face with a pitiless tribunal, and confronted by torture and burning, you — one man against the world — would boldly, without hesitation, publish and maintain them? Galileo, one of mankind's noblest, could not endure this ordeal, although the evidence of his senses and the testimony of his reason contradicted the denial which pain and dread wrung from him. Savonarola, another great spirit, flinched likewise. These are points we are bound to consider before we pronounce Bruno a hypocrite or a coward.

The last glimpse we have of him in Venice is when, "having been bidden several times," he rose from his knees, after confessing his penitence, on that 30th of July, 1592. The authorities of the Inquisition at Rome immediately

opened negotiations for his extradition. The Doge and Senate demurred; they hesitated before establishing the precedent whereby Rome could reach over and punish Venetian culprits. Time was, indeed, when Venice allowed no one, though he were the Pope, to meddle in her administration; but alas! the lion had died out in Venetian souls. At last, "wishing to give satisfaction to his Holiness," Doge and Senators consented to deliver Bruno up; the Pope expressed his gratification, and said that he would never give the republic "bones hard to gnaw." So Bruno was taken to Rome. In the "list of the prisoners of the Holy Office, made Monday, April 5, 1599," we find that he was imprisoned on February 27, 1593. What happened during almost seven years we can only surmise. Doubtless the Inquisitors searched his books for further heretical doctrine. We hear that they visited him in his cell from time to time, and exhorted him to recant, but that he replied that he had nothing to abjure, and that they had misinterpreted him. A memorial which he addressed to them they did not read. Growing weary of their efforts to save his soul, they would temporize no more; on a given day he must retract, or be handed over to the secular arm. That day came: Giordano Bruno stood firm, though he knew the penalty was death.

We cannot tell when he first resolved to dare and suffer all. Some time during those seven years of solitude and torment, he awoke to the great fact that

> "'T is man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die."

Mere existence he could purchase with the base coin of cowardice or casuistry; but that would be, not life, but a living shame, and he refused. Who can tell how hard instinct pleaded, — how the thoughts of freedom, how the longings for companions, how the recollections of that beautiful Neapolitan home which he loved and wished to revisit, how the desire to explore yet more freely the beauties and the mysteries of the divine universe, came to him with reasons and excuses to tempt him from his resolution? But conscience supported him; he took Truth by the hand, turned his back on the world and its joy and sunshine, and followed whither she led into the silent, sunless unknown. Let us dismiss the theory that he was impelled by the desire to escape in this way from an imprisonment which threatened to be perpetual; let us dismiss, and contemptuously dismiss, the insinuation of an English writer, that Bruno's purpose was, by a theatrical death, to startle the world which had begun to forget him in his confinement. To impute a low motive to a noble deed is surely as base as to extenuate a crime. Bruno had no sentimental respect for martyrs; but on the day when he resolved to die for his convictions, he proved his kinship with the noblest martyrs and heroes of the race.

On February 8, 1600, he was brought before Cardinal Mandruzzi, the Supreme Inquisitor. He was formally degraded from his order, sentence of death was pronounced against him, and he was given up to the secular authorities. During the reading, he remained tranquil, thoughtful. When the Inquisitor ceased, he uttered those memorable words, which still, judging from the recent alarm in the Vatican, resound ominously in the ears of the Romish hierarchy: "Peradventure you pronounce this sentence against me with greater fear than I receive it." After nine days had been allowed for his recantation, he was led forth, on February 17, to the Campo di Fiora, — once an amphitheatre, built by Pompey, and now a vegetable market. When he had been bound to the stake, he protested, according to one witness, that he died willingly, and that his soul would mount with the smoke into paradise. Another account says that he was gagged, to prevent his uttering blasphemies. As the flames leaped up, a crucifix

was held before him, but he turned his head away. He uttered no scream, nor sigh, nor murmur, as Hus and Servetus had done; even that last mortal agony of the flesh could not overcome his indomitable spirit. And when nothing remained of his body but ashes, these were gathered up and tossed to the winds.

Berti, to whose indefatigable and enlightened researches, extending over forty years, we owe our knowledge of Bruno's career,[1] says justly that Bruno bequeathed to his countrymen the example of an Italian dying for an ideal, — a rare example in the sixteenth century, but emulated by thousands of Italians in the nineteenth. To us and to all men his death brings not only that lesson, but it also teaches that no tribunal, whether religious or political, has a right to coerce the conscience and inmost thoughts of any human being. A man's deeds, so far as they affect the community, should be amenable to its laws, but his opinions should be free and inviolable. We can grant that the Torquemadas and Calvins and Loyolas were sincere, and that, from their point of view, they were justified in persecuting men who differed from them in religion; for the heretic, they believed, was Satan's emissary, and deserved no more mercy than a fever-infected rag; but history admonishes us that their point of view was not only cruel, but wrong. No man, no church, is infallible: therefore it may turn out that the opinions which the orthodoxy of yesterday deemed pernicious have infused new blood into the orthodoxy of to-day. Bruno declared that the universe is infinite and its worlds are innumerable; the Roman Inquisition, in its ignorance, knew better. Galileo declared that the earth moves round the sun; the Inquisition, in its ignorance, said, No. It burned Bruno, it tortured Galileo; yet, after three centuries, which do we believe? And if the Roman Church was fallible in matters susceptible of easy proof, shall we believe that it, or any other church, is infallible in matters immeasurably deeper and beyond the scope of finite demonstration? Cardinal Bellarmine, an upright man, and perhaps the ablest Jesuit of any age, was the foremost Inquisitor in bringing Bruno to the stake and Galileo to the rack; but should a school-boy of ten now uphold Bellarmine's theory of the solar system, he would be sent into the corner with a fool's-cap on his head.

Strange is it that mankind, who have the most urgent need for truth, should have been in all ages so hostile to receiving it. Starving men do not kill their rescuers who bring them bread; whereas history is little more than the chronicle of the persecution and slaughter of those who have brought food for the soul. Doubtless, the first savage who suggested that reindeer-meat would taste better cooked than raw was slain by his companions as a dangerous innovator. Ever since that time, the messengers of truth have been stoned, and burned, and ganched, and crucified; yet their message has been delivered, and has at last prevailed. This is, indeed, the best encouragement we derive from history, and the fairest presage of the perfectibility of mankind. The truth, once uttered, is indestructible; once sown, it will ripen for the harvest. The records of all martyrdoms but show us how futile — how ludicrous, we might say, were it not so tragic — is every attempt to destroy ideas by destroying the body of the man who proclaims them. Ideas can never be expelled except by better ideas. The fire kindled round the body of Giordano Bruno is as a beacon light drawing posterity to read his doctrines; it brings them out of that very oblivion into which the Roman Church wished to plunge them. Thanks to his fortitude, and to that of scores of other

[1] See the last edition of Berti's work: Giordano Bruno da Nola; Sua Vita e Sua Dottrina, 1889. This excellent biography deserves to be translated into English.

martyrs since his time, we have become so tolerant that we no longer put to death those who differ from us in religion; we may persecute them by subtle social processes, but we do not punish their heresies through the flesh. Nevertheless, in political matters there are still parts of Europe where to hold that a constitutional monarchy is preferable to an autocracy, or that a republic is more desirable than a despotic empire, subjects one to the peril of imprisonment, of exile, even of death. But this intolerance, founded on the old notion of the divine right of kings, and that other intolerance which poisons any church which arrogates infallibility, will surely pass away; not in our time, perhaps not for several generations, but if not sooner, then later, irrevocably and forever. Absolute freedom of conscience is indispensable to an enlightened, spiritualized civilization.

The study of the works of Giordano Bruno, which has been revived and deepened during this century, is one evidence of a more general toleration, and of a healthy desire to know the opinions of all kinds of thinkers. One reason why Bruno has attracted modern investigators is because so many of his doctrines are in tune with recent metaphysical and scientific theories; and it seems probable that, for a while at least, the interest awakened in him will increase rather than diminish, until, after the republication and examination of all his writings, a just estimate of his speculations shall have been made. Much will undoubtedly have to be thrown out as obsolete or fanciful; much as flippant and inconsistent; much as vitiated by the cumbrous methods of scholasticism and the tedious fashion of expounding philosophy by means of allegory and satire. But after all the chaff has been sifted and all the excrescences have been lopped off, something precious will remain.

The very diversity of opinions about the upshot and value of his teaching insures for him the attention of scholars for some time to come. Those thinkers who can be quickly classified and easily understood are as quickly forgotten; but those who elude classification, and constantly surprise us by turning a new facet towards us, and provoke debate, are sure of a longer consideration. And see how conflicting are the verdicts passed upon Bruno. Sir Philip Sidney and that fine group of men who just preceded the great Shakespearean company were his friends, and listened eagerly to his speculations. Hegel says: "His inconstancy has no other motive than his great-hearted enthusiasm. The vulgar, the little, the finite, satisfied him not; he soared to the sublime idea of the Universal Substance." The French *philosophes* of the eighteenth century debated whether he were an atheist; the critics of the nineteenth century declare him to be a pantheist. Hallam thought that, at the most, he was but a "meteor of philosophy." Berti ranks him above all the Italian philosophers of his epoch, and above all who have since lived in Italy except Rosmini, and perhaps Gioberti. Some have called him a charlatan; some, a prophet. Finally, the present Pope, in an allocution which has been read recently from every Romish pulpit in Christendom, says that "his writings prove him an adept in pantheism and in shameful materialism, imbued with coarse errors, and often inconsistent with himself;" and that "his talents were to feign, to lie, to be devoted wholly to himself, not to bear contradiction, to be of a base mind and wicked heart." As we read these sentences of Leo XIII., and his further denunciation of those who, like Bruno, ally themselves to the devil by using their reason, we reflect that, were Popes now as powerful as they were three centuries ago, they would have found reason enough to burn Mill and Darwin, and many another modern benefactor.

Bruno's character, like his philosophy,

offers so many points for dispute that it cannot soon cease to interest men. He is so human — neither demi-god nor demon, but a creature of perplexities and contradictions — that he is far more fascinating than those men of a single faculty, those monotones whom we soon estimate and tire of. His vitality, his surprises, stimulate and excite us. In an age when the growing bulk of rationalism casts a pessimistic shadow over so many hopes, it is encouraging to know that the rationalist Bruno saw no reason for despair; and when some persons are seriously asking whether life be worth living, it is inspiring to point to a man to whom the boon of life was so precious and its delights were so inexhaustible. At any period, when many minds, after exploring all the avenues of science, report that they perceive only dead, unintelligent matter everywhere, it must help some of them to learn that Bruno beheld throughout the whole creation and in every creature the presence of an infinite and endless Unity, of a Soul of the world, whose attributes are power, wisdom, and love. He was indeed "a God-intoxicated man." Aristotle, Ptolemy, and Aquinas spun their cobwebs round the border of the narrow circle in which, they asserted, all truth, mundane and celestial, was comprehended; Bruno's restless spirit broke through the cobwebs, and discovered limitless spaces, innumerable worlds, beyond. To his enraptured eyes all things were parts of the One, the Ineffable. "The Inquisition and the stake," says Mr. Symonds, "put an end abruptly to his dream. But the dream was so golden, so divine, that it was worth the pangs of martyrdom. Can we say the same for Hegel's system, or for Schopenhauer's, or for the encyclopædic ingenuity of Herbert Spencer?" By his death Bruno did not prove that his convictions are true, but he proved beyond peradventure that he was a true man; and by such from the beginning has human nature been raised towards that ideal nature which we call divine.

William R. Thayer.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE, PRO AND CON.

> "I chiefly, who enjoy
> So far the happier lot enjoying thee,
> Preëminent by so much odds."

THESE, on as good authority as exists upon the subject, were the thankful words of our unfallen mother to her "guide and head." "Woman is the superior of man, and the reason why he denies her the suffrage is that she would reform him with it, and man does not wish to be reformed," declares a modern daughter of Eve, of the one hundred and seventy-seventh generation, who still, like her worthy ancestress, though from the opposite point of view, appears to see cause for thankfulness that she is not as men are. An interesting spectacle is this for the cynic; a sad one, indeed, for the moralist! The miserable masculine biped, after six thousand years of tyrannizing over his better half, now willfully monopolizes the ballot as a last desperate means of continuing his degenerate ways, in spite of the eagerness of progressive woman to lift him again to the heights of virtue; and certainly it is not an unreasonable proposition that if an apple in woman's hand caused man's fall, a ballot in the same hand might work his restoration. Still, it must be admitted that this argument has less value now than before the days of the higher criticism.

The Epicurean poet once observed

that the greatest pleasure of the true philosopher was to watch from an intellectual elevation the stumblings and errors of the common crowd of mankind below. So now, if Lucretius could look down on the modern American world, seething with new ideas, projects, reforms of every description, he would find in the midst of it all no little diversion in contemplating the confusion of truth and nonsense which the discussion of woman's rights and woman suffrage has produced.

It is the higher enjoyment of our Christian philosophy to enter the world of action and seek to solve its problems; but it would still be well, if it were possible, to draw aside occasionally, and survey the field with the impartial though not with the indifferent eye of the Epicurean. While impartiality may be impossible of attainment for one who already has strong convictions, or, if the reader please, violent prejudices, on this subject, yet if a little truth can be separated from the error, some progress may perhaps be made toward a true understanding of the problem.

It certainly seems as if our advanced civilization ought to carry with it perfect social organization, but nothing is further from the fact. The material progress of the century has been too rapid for the social development to keep pace with it; and nowhere is the change greater, or the present situation in many respects less satisfactory, than in the case of woman. It is true that she at last receives the equal education which is her right, while pursuits till recently closed to her are now open, and this is well; but at the same time the number of those whom necessity or inclination leads into callings wholly dissociated with the home and its peculiar offices appears to be ever on the increase, and this is far from well. This changed condition of women must, however, be recognized as a fact, and the suffrage movement is its consequence. With many women doing a man's work, yet often deprived by law or custom of equal rights and an equal chance with man, what was to be expected but a cry for the ballot, that talisman by virtue of which man is supposed to be secure in all his rights against any possible oppression? Yet as the demand for woman suffrage is thus largely the result of an unnatural, and it is to be hoped temporary, state of human society, so it may well be questioned whether the desired boon would prove a palliative, or only an aggravation, of the evil which has produced it.

But while the fact that so many women are doing the same work as men gives added force to their demand for the same social status, many advocates of woman suffrage rest their claims for enfranchisement on far broader ground. It is as the sacred right of every human being, regardless of sex, that they demand the ballot for woman. The argument for this is based on two very plausible fallacies: (1) that the right to vote is a natural right, and (2) that the unit of society is the individual. The truth is that the unit of society is not the individual, but the family; and that the right to vote is not a natural right, but is only contingent upon the natural right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." For the sake of these, men organize society; and that such organization may be possible it is necessary — as on the principle of securing the greatest good to the greatest number it is right — to insist that every individual shall be included in this society; and further, as each must of very necessity have his full share of its benefits, that each shall also bear his share of its burdens. But the right to vote, a share in the direction of the public life, does not arise from the circumstance that the individual is affected by the acts of government, but is dependent on the benefit his participation in public affairs is likely to confer on society, or on the necessity of furnish-

ing him a defense against the selfishness of his fellows. If disinterestedness were proportioned, in human nature, to ability, an aristocracy would be the model government; but, as a fact, we deem it essential for the preservation of equal rights to give all equal power at the polls. As a result, we have come in America to consider the right to vote as inherent in manhood, without regard either to the extent of the voter's interest or to his qualifications for intelligent participation in public affairs. Nevertheless, it remains true that no class whose exercise of the franchise is neither beneficial to the State nor necessary for its own protection has any just claim on the ballot. In accordance with this view, not only educational tests, but property requirements, are still maintained in some States. It is absurd on the face of things to say that one can have a natural right to that which exists at all only under an artificial social order.

Again, it is impossible to discriminate so as to select only those best fitted for the duties of citizenship. The ballot must be given to classes as a whole, regardless of the merits or demerits of particular individuals thereby included or excluded. Thus, on the principle that the unit of society is the family, and that for self-evident physical reasons man must be the representative of the family in public life, the ballot is given to man, and not to woman; and because on the one hand all men alike have the same interests in the State, while on the other the exceptional position of single women is one neither of peculiar fitness nor peculiar needs for the suffrage, no distinction is made between the married and the unmarried. The mere fact that single women are as a body the youngest and least experienced of their sex would be sufficient objection to any such discrimination. A system that should send the girl of the period to the polls and exclude her mother would be no less dangerous than ridiculous. Moreover, while to declare that a woman loses her individuality by marriage, and to take the ballot from her at the very moment when her interest in the future of the State is increased, would be dishonorable to her; it would, on the other hand, be hardly less dishonorable to assume that in single life she comes so far from filling her true sphere as to deserve classification with men. Single women have thus no good ground for a special claim to the ballot by reason of their exceptional situation. At the same time, for the very reason that their situation is exceptional, they have no right to assume the position of spokesmen for their sex. The mothers of the land alone have the right, speaking for women, to say, "We want this," or "We want that." The franchise should not be given to women as an inalienable right, nor for the sake of any peculiar class among them, however worthy, least of all in response to the clamor of that small but noisy set who affect to despise the honors of maternity. It should be given, if given at all, in the belief that the time has come when the direct force of woman's vote at the polls may wisely supplement the indirect but far greater influence of her character and teaching in the home.

But though we deny the natural right of either man or woman to the ballot, and refuse to exalt the individual above the family, the actual desirableness of woman suffrage is not disproved. In that subject is involved the whole question of the differences between men and women, and their mutual relations in the world's life. On these fundamental matters argument sometimes waxes uncomplimentary. One ardent suffragist, already referred to, reasoning by analogy from lower to higher, proves the worthlessness of man by the fact that the female spider devours her male consort. Man, on his part, with equal logic, argues that higher in the scale the male is the tyrant. Singularly enough, too, the cir-

cumstance that among the lower races of human beings woman is drudge and burden-bearer has been cited by women themselves to prove not only their equality, or rather sameness, with men, but also their greater consequence, and even their ability to maintain by physical force their will as expressed at the polls. In fact, it would be amusing, if it were not pitiful, to observe how those who most vaunt the importance of woman are the very ones who seek most to imitate man and to belittle true womanhood.

The more moderate, however, prefer to assert the superiority of woman by virtue of her difference from man, as the possessor of finer moral qualities and of an instinct which is above reason. By these she stands ready to bring in the millennium, if man will only let her try. This calm assertion of a few women is matched only by the arrogant assumption of feminine inferiority by some on the other side. That unfortunate phrase, "the weaker vessel," is the most abused of all Scripture texts. The absolute inability of woman's mind to cope with certain mathematical problems has been proved no less conclusively on the pages of a periodical than its capacity for distancing the masculine mind in that department is demonstrated on the examination papers of a prominent college. Viewing with profound alarm the increasing assertiveness of his better half, "creation's lord," in the failure of logic, his peculiar gift, intrenches himself behind the family Bible, invokes to his aid the spirit of the Apostle to the Gentiles, and hurls forth the battle-cry, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." This argument is given general application to every suggested change in woman's position, and before the days of her higher education it did quite effective work. Now, however, armed with the original text and Harper's lexicon, the "sweet girl graduate" advances undaunted to the assault, proves that λαλεῖν means, not "to talk," but "to chatter," clinches her argument by a reference to the women who prophesied, and retires her discomfited adversary to his study. If I may be pardoned for intruding my own unscholarly opinion upon this learned controversy, I would say that it seems to me the women are right. It is clear that the Apostle is uttering a timely warning against gossip, in prophetic vision of the modern church sewing society.

It is only natural that where opinions differ so decidedly as to fundamentals, they should be equally divergent in regard to the results to ensue from woman suffrage. On that subject the more prominent advocates of the change have little doubt. Women would vote on the moral side, and being, happily, a majority, would introduce a grand era of moral reform. To hasten this desirable end, one orator, at least, has assumed that the first step, when women get control of any legislature, will be to lower to eighteen years the age of their qualification for voting. This would give them a safe permanent majority, and the speaker gleefully intimated that when that time came man would be relegated to his true place. In fact, though most women desire the ballot solely for the laudable purpose of regenerating man, the truth must be told that there are some who cherish no higher object than the passage of a decree that every widower shall be legally referred to as the "relict" of his late superior. It is doubtful, however, whether terror of such retaliatory measures counts for so much as anticipation of quarrels in families, — an argument against woman suffrage which, in defiance of logic and ridicule, still maintains a lingering existence, thus arousing suspicion that it must, after all, have its root in human nature. Yet a woman ought to endure her husband's difference of political opinion with greater equanimity for being able to express her own at the polls; and if any men

think they could not tolerate such independence on the part of their wives, the fact is too discreditable to them to be paraded in discussion.

A fair compromise of these conflicting claims and expectations seems to be that to which calmer thinkers on both sides are tending, and which they accept as common ground: that woman is the equal of man, but not the same; different, but not superior; superior in certain respects, inferior in others; having a special sphere of her own, and a common sphere with him. It is in regard to the limits of these spheres, and the play of the peculiar qualities of either sex in each of them, that the discussion must be carried on.

A division of the duties of life between the sexes is the necessary result of the physical difference which incapacitates woman for a considerable period for public life or hard labor. As an accompaniment, if not as a result, of this physical difference, we find also the peculiar qualities of heart and head which distinguish woman from man, and which must have recognition in considering the probable effect of her participation in the government. The introduction of a body of women voters would not be simply an increase in the total number of polls. It would be, as its advocates claim, though to much less extent than many of them claim, the addition of a new element to the mass of citizens. Whether the time has come for such an innovation is the question. It is, perhaps, a question as to the present stage of progress of the human race.

There are two means by which the conduct of men may be affected, force and influence. The one is man's, the other woman's. The one is brutal in analogy, the other is divine. Force is the disappearing relic of the past; influence is the growing power of the future. The whole progress of Christian evolution has been through the subjugation of force by influence alone; while, simultaneously with this progress, woman has risen from a position of contempt to one of honor. Her power in the State begins at the cradle of the future citizen; and if she fulfill her womanly duty, use well her womanly opportunities, she has more than her share of public importance already. Her position in the State is superior to that of man in so far as it is a higher office to inculcate the guiding principles on which the commonwealth depends than it is, weighing pros and cons, to attempt the application of those principles to particular questions. "Yes," it may be urged; "but in the acknowledged disappearance of brute force as a factor, the power which is so salutary in the home might well be extended to the polls. Man ought not to be jealous of woman's influence." Certainly not. On the contrary, he jealously guards it. Behind the ballot is coercion; and in so far as it appeals to coercion moral influence loses its effect. The popular vote is, at bottom, not a declaration of principles nor a testing of opinion, but an expression of will. A man may be almost persuaded to go to church, but if I take him by the shoulders and try to shove him in he will rebel. A woman may induce a drunkard to give up drinking, but if she votes that he shall not drink he becomes defiant. Again, it is easier to lay down sound principles than to apply them to special cases; and while we respect the honesty of those who differ from us, our regard for their precepts is seriously impaired by witnessing their misapplication. For example, a son's respect for his mother's instructions on the sacredness of honor might be destroyed by seeing her vote cast, though only in error of judgment, for a debased currency. This is weakness, but it is human nature. The apprehension so often expressed of a diminution of woman's moral influence in the event of her entrance into politics may be exaggerated, but it can have its origin

only in the consciousness of those who entertain it. It must be granted, too, that it arises from the honor, not from any disesteem, in which woman is held.

Moreover, while there is reason to fear that the power of woman's character in the home and in society would thus be weakened by her exercise of the suffrage, the very qualities which do such good in moulding character would be ill applied to public action. Our votes are determined by two forces, sentiment and reason: the former quality preëminently woman's, the latter man's; the former a quality of the heart, the latter of the head. Now it is generally admitted that the heart of the people is right, and that the mistakes of a democracy are mistakes of the head; right purpose, but not right judgment. Thus, though our government has been that of men exclusively, we have still had too much of the womanly quality. To be sure, our legislation is by no means surfeited with morality. It is in the interest of good morals that women ask for the ballot. Yet it must be conceded that we already have a good many laws which are not enforced, because they are in advance of the aggressive morality of the people. If women voted, we should have more of these laws. Thus what we need is more of the manly quality of sound judgment in our public life; and it would be a grave mistake to transfer the influence of woman's peculiar traits from the home, where they are beneficent, to the forum, where they would be likely to be mischievous. Neither should women underestimate the importance of their present position. Those who were the heart and soul of the anti-slavery movement were not the guiding hands, but it is the names of Phillips and Garrison that are famous in the history of that time, while to the rising generation the men who organized political parties and directed the movement inspired by these great spirits are unknown.

Still further, women have, on the whole, less information on political subjects than have men. As their powers are of the domestic rather than the political sort, so their ordinary course of life is not such as to give them much knowledge of public questions or of the character of public men. They need special preparation in order to vote intelligently. So, it may be said, do men. Nevertheless, very few men do make a study of politics. The great majority, except for the questionable information furnished by the partisan press, go to the polls with only such knowledge of the issues and the candidates as comes to them in their every-day life. But, fortunately, this is considerable. It is much more than women have. The average man understands the difference in functions of national and state governments, and knows what part the candidate for whom he votes will have to play if elected. The average woman knows nothing of this. Neither has she any idea what the tariff is, though she may applaud or denounce it with all the vehemence of the party newspaper she occasionally reads. This ignorance is not discreditable to her, for she has enough to do already, but it exists. There is, of course, a large number of women of high education and comparative leisure, who are well informed on public questions; better informed, perhaps, than any corresponding number of men, except it be those whose profession is politics, and in impartiality women must be much superior to these. There is, however, no possible way of making selection from the mass. Some one has contended that all women ought to be allowed to vote, because Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is far better fitted for citizenship than is the average male voter. This sort of argument proves too much, for by the same token we would all gladly submit to a despotism if only Mrs. Howe were to be the despot. There is no reason for believing that the average woman would

take any more pains to fit herself for the duties of a voter than the average man takes; and the information which comes to her without special effort is certainly less, as is consequently her interest in public affairs, unconnected as they are with her daily life. It is very likely that on their first enfranchisement only the best qualified women would vote, as is said to be the case in Kansas; but the exigencies of party politics would never permit such a state of things to continue long. Thus, to enfranchise women would be, in the end, to diminish, if not the average sound judgment of the body of voters, at least the average information and the average interest in public affairs.

But, apart from general principles, what would be the effect of woman's ballot on the laws, on women, and on society? First of all, does woman need enfranchisement as a means of protection against unequal laws? That there are some such, especially concerning independent rights in property, it would be idle to deny. Women ask for the ballot that they may repeal them. Their argument is valid. The need of any class for protection against acknowledged wrongs must be admitted to justify a demand for the suffrage. But this argument, though unanswerable, is not conclusive of the whole subject. If the votes of women were to be, in the future, continually necessary to save them from oppression, their claim to the franchise would be just. But the objectionable laws are not the deliberate expression of present public sentiment; they are a relic of past prejudice, and are, moreover, gradually disappearing. If those who magnify their sufferings under them had put into direct effort to secure their repeal one half the energy they have expended on the circuitous method of repeal by means of woman suffrage, these obnoxious statutes would now be a thing of the past. It is, in fact, impossible to avoid the suspicion that the suffragists, who in all their tactics display the wisdom of the serpent, are not very anxious to destroy their strongest argument. Yet woman suffrage is a far more serious matter than any mere question of hastening the death of a few antiquated laws. The end desired is insignificant in comparison with the means proposed for obtaining it. Nevertheless, a sense of unfairness in existing statutes is one of the strongest motives in arousing women to discontent with their present condition, and in prompting a demand for the suffrage as a remedy. Policy on the part of opponents of woman suffrage, no less than justice to women, demands that this cause of discontent, wherever it still exists, be removed. Men certainly ought to be more ready to give women just laws alone than to give the laws and the suffrage at the same time. After all, it is by no means certain that woman suffrage would bring "women's rights."

Aside, however, from the question of special laws, the ballot is claimed for women who are property holders, on the ground that they are taxed without representation. But property taxes are laid without discrimination. Women do not need the ballot for protection against impositions directed with especial severity against their possessions. Rightly or wrongly, we give equal suffrage to all, in this country, regardless of their wealth. To grant the ballot to women of property, while withholding it from others, would be to increase the relative power in the State of property holders as such, regardless of the question of sex. Thus the proposition to enfranchise those women alone who are taxpayers ought to be treated as a measure designed to increase the political power of property, rather than as one required to guard any peculiar rights of woman. That would, very likely, be a good thing, especially in cities; but a distinction so contrary to American ideas could not long be maintained. The re-

sult would inevitably be the admission of all women to the right of suffrage. Besides, it is women without property, wage-earners, who most need legal protection; while every mother has a stronger interest in the commonwealth than stocks and bonds can give. To extend the franchise to widowed mothers, who must otherwise be unrepresented in the State, would be a gracious and reasonable act. Moreover, being a recognition of the principle of family representation, it would count as a precedent against, rather than for, any further enfranchisement of women. For this reason, probably, such a proposal finds no favor with professional agitators.

In the second place, what would be the effect of woman's participation in politics on her own character and life? Would she find herself burdened by an additional duty, or uplifted by the inspiration of broader interests? Women have their share of the world's work as it is, and on the principle of division of labor the duties of government should be left where they now are, with men. But, on the other hand, women ought not to be discouraged from entering any field of thought, least of all, as the English petitioners say, "the concerns of their country." Is participation in political action, then, essential to interest in political subjects? In certain cases, doubtless, it creates such an interest; it must be observed, however, that many of our most intelligent men, though to their shame, neglect their public duties entirely. The educating power of the ballot is much exaggerated in popular estimation. Some women might be aroused by its possession, but only a few. Moreover, even for these few there is danger that the right of suffrage would develop false ideals. The work of the home is already too much put off upon school and church. The idea seems to be prevalent in some quarters that commonplace women will do well enough for mothers, but that superior women should teach. One of the latter class has lately said that a college graduate "had no business to go and get married." It was "obtaining her education on false pretenses." Her higher duty lay in the school-room. In the same way, the past year has furnished abundant illustration, in its prohibition campaigns, of the notion that the ballot, woman's ballot if she had it, could do the work for morality which the home, the church, and the school combined have failed to do. If women actually had the ballot, those of them who cherish this mistake would indulge in it still further, and, until disappointment taught them wisdom, would neglect their real opportunities for their imaginary ones. They would lower themselves in the delusion that they were elevating politics. In this respect, then, to just what extent it is idle to conjecture, woman suffrage might at present, in this country, have an injurious effect on her ideals and life. I do not wish to magnify this danger, nor to underrate the benefit which the franchise would confer on women who have both opportunity and disposition to make the most of it. Its influence in enlarging their range of thought, and in giving them one more common interest with men, would be one certain good result of their enfranchisement; but it would be realized by comparatively few. To the majority, suffrage would be only a burdensome duty, sometimes ill performed, more often neglected.

An exaggerated conception of the power in the ballot would, however, appear most conspicuously in attempts at legislation. The much-vaunted superior morality of women is called on to enact reform. Its success even in enacting would fall short of expectation, and in enforcing would be still less. Those who entertain high hopes from woman's exercise of the voting power grow indignant at the suggestion that their laws would not be enforced. It is a reflection on human nature, they say.

Yes, "but," as Alexander Hamilton observed, in reply to similar logic, "what is government itself but the greatest of all reflections on human nature?" Society cannot be controlled like a Browning Club. It is not yet a mere company of ladies and gentlemen, whose laws are only methods of procedure, and so, in a sense, automatic. Laws are still, for the most part, restraints on human depravity, and those who violate them will doubtless continue in their old habit of escaping the consequences if they can. Offenses are of two very different sorts. In one case there are two parties, injurer and injured, the latter interested in exposure. In the other there is a single offender, or two conspiring offenders, both interested in concealment from the public at large. Violence against persons and private property belongs in the first list; bribery and illegal liquor-selling are in the second. Laws against the first class of offenses are comparatively easy to enforce, while those against the second class furnish a far more difficult problem. But it is chiefly in the case of this second class that women propose to accomplish their good work, and they are fond of arguing by analogy from the first class that their edicts could be maintained; failing to realize that between laws so unlike no analogy is admissible. "It is so easy just to drop a ballot in the box," some woman has said. "A woman can do that just as well as a man." This is a charmingly innocent, not to say limited view of the responsibilities of citizenship and of the docility of mankind under restraint. Yet though, as is sometimes urged, women could not serve on the police and militia to maintain their authority, it is probably true that their laws would be disregarded, not out of contempt for the physical weakness of the sex supposed to have passed them, but simply in contempt for the laws themselves.

It is not more laws, but better enforcement of those we have, that is wanted. Accordingly, if the right of suffrage is to be extended to women, it should be given first for executive rather than for legislative officers. The moral earnestness that would be expended in vain in making laws might accomplish much good in enforcing them. Then, when women prove their ability to elect officials who succeed in exacting from a perverse generation all the goodness at present legally required of it, they will have a proud claim to a share in legislation as well.

At present it appears to be their plan of campaign, in States where local option exists, to ask for the ballot on the license question by virtue of their interest in the home. Moreover, as they beset legislatures with all the importunity of the woman in the parable of the unjust judge, they have a fair chance to gain their request from temporizing Solons. Yet it is no less dangerous than inconsistent to let women vote No license, while leaving them without a voice in the appointment of officers to enforce it; and this they know very well. As soon as their first petition is granted they will have ready a second, this time for the ballot in elections of local executive officials; and the claim will be perfectly just.

The demand for a share in local elections is, in fact, the most reasonable form in which the cause of woman suffrage is presented; not only because municipal officers have little opportunity to indulge in legislative vagaries, but also because women often take a lively and intelligent interest in municipal affairs, though they may care nothing for state and national questions. About the schools, police, and streets they are as much concerned as any one; the burden of municipal taxes is directly felt upon the family income, and if the wife is secretary of the treasury in the household, as Socrates tells us she will be if her husband is a Christian gentleman, she can appreciate good financial administration. Then, too, if woman be

given the ballot in local elections only, she can act freely on her best judgment, unbiased by attachment to either national party. Doubling the number of voters in town and city elections by the addition of such a body of independents would be, perhaps, the greatest of the possible benefits to ensue to society from woman suffrage. It must be observed, however, that the realization of this benefit depends on their exclusion from any further share in politics.

More important still, this possible good depends on the readiness of women to avail themselves of their right, or rather to perform their duty; for voting is a duty to be conscientiously and regularly performed, not merely a privilege to be exercised at pleasure. This principle ought to be insisted on, but is persistently ignored. The welfare of the State depends on the faithful public spirit of its citizens. It is dangerous in itself to make any extension of the suffrage which will result in diminishing the proportion of those who have the right, and fail to use it. As to the question whether women would vote as generally as men, it is not fair to form sweeping conclusions from the few facts yet available. Besides, though they do not care to vote at first, they may soon grow to an appreciation of their privilege. The experience of Massachusetts, where women have school suffrage, is interesting, and it must be confessed, rather discouraging. The opportunity to vote was neglected in its novelty by all save a very few women, and as time went on was neglected more and more. In 1888, however, in the city of Boston, under exceptional circumstances involving peculiar need of calmness and circumspection, repeated appeals to religious enthusiasm, emphasized by race prejudice, availed to bring nearly half as many women as men to the polls, and prompted the nomination, and possibly secured the election, of a "women's ticket." Now, apart from the question of the result of this particular election, it is not well that there should exist in the community a large body of negligent voters, whose inertia can be overcome only in times of unusual excitement, but who, when once aroused, come forth to decide in passion questions that, beyond all others, need to be decided in reason. Some will say that the women are a reserve guard, who come forward to save the State in time of peril, but that is a fanciful picture. It is quite true that in the election referred to many of them voted considerately, with a strong sense of duty, and often, too, under protest; but the fact remains that, the graver the issue, the more important is it that decision be made by those who take sufficient interest in the public welfare to perform their duties as citizens with regularity. Yet it is to this Boston election that women suffragists "point with pride," as the politicians say, asserting that they redeemed the city; and I am not unaware of the disdain which awaits such views as I have expressed upon it. Neither do I wish to contradict that pious interpretation of Genesis, which avers that the Creator made woman for the express reason that he was dissatisfied with his work in man. On that theory it is unquestionably woman's legitimate business to repair the failures of her inefficient consort, and nowhere has man been less successful than in American municipal government. That the assistance of women in this field might help matters there are some reasons for hoping, but they are not to be found in the experience of Boston.

Of the three views taken by suffragists as to woman's relation to man, — that of the enthusiasts that she is his superior, that of the unwomanly that she is the same, and that of the reasonable that she is his complement, — the first keeps itself unfortunately prominent in this country, at present; but the last is held by a slowly increasing number, and it is only fair to judge a cause by the

best that can be said for it. The attitude of the majority of women themselves is, however, the vital consideration, and that most ignored even by the more thoughtful supporters of the suffrage movement. While that attitude remains, as at present, one of indifference or aversion, the gain from the enfranchisement of women would be realized by but few, and would consist chiefly in enlarging the scope of their interests and thought; the injury, on the other hand, would be: first, to women, in imposing a new duty on those who already have their full share of life's burdens; and second, to society, in doubling the number of voters by the addition of a class who, in spite of the superior qualifications of some of their number, would have less interest in politics and less information on public matters than have men, — who, because of this lack of interest, would be disposed to neglect the duty of voting, and, because of their inadequate information, would be peculiarly liable to prejudice. The participation of women in politics would not result in a moral revolution; it would be less likely to elevate politics than to prove a misapplication of the emotional qualities of woman, where there is need rather for the rational quality of man; and it would tend to encourage misconceptions, already too prevalent, as to those forces that are most potential in moulding the character of individuals and of nations. Those women who imagine that their highest sphere of usefulness is in the schoolroom and at the polls need to learn that, in promoting the progress of the human race, education cannot take the place of heredity, nor the ballot do the work of the home. It is safe to say that when a majority of the mothers in our land wish for the ballot they will obtain it. The danger just now is of the opposite sort. The wrong of withholding the privilege of voting from the few who ask it is a slight matter in comparison with the injustice of imposing the duty on the many who neither seek nor wish it. For this reason, those men who distrust the desirableness of woman suffrage beg leave to plead "not guilty" to the charge of brutality and tyranny. Temporary questions may be decided by man, but the future is in the power of woman. In honor to her, it can never be admitted that her present place in the world is less important or less worthy than his. In accordance with this view, if woman receives the ballot, it will not be given to establish her equality, not to satisfy the importunity of any special class, not to carry any particular legislation, but, in her evident desire to accept the additional duty, it will be given in the belief that society as a whole will be the gainer for woman's active participation in its government.

Charles Worcester Clark.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XLIV.

[Continued.]

Mrs. Rooth explored the place discreetly, on tiptoe, gossiping as she went, and bending her head and her eyeglass over various objects with an air of imperfect comprehension which did not prevent Nick from being reminded of the story of her underhand commercial habits told by Gabriel Nash at the exhibition in Paris, the first time her name had fallen on his ear. A queer old woman from whom, if you approached her in

the right way, you could buy old pots — it was in this character that she had originally been introduced to him. He had lost sight of it afterwards, but it revived again as his observant eyes, at the same time that they followed his active hand, became aware of her instinctive appraising gestures. There was a moment when he laughed out gayly — there was so little in his poor studio to appraise. Mrs. Rooth's vague, polite, disappointed bent back and head made a subject, the subject of a sketch, in an instant: they gave such a sudden pictorial glimpse of the element of race. He found himself seeing the immemorial Jewess in her, holding up a candle in a crammed back-shop. There was no candle, indeed, and his studio was not crammed, and it had never occurred to him before that she was of Hebrew strain, except on the general theory, held with pertinacity by several clever people, that most of us are more or less so. The late Mr. Rooth had been, and his daughter was visibly her father's child; so that, flanked by such a pair, good Semitic reasons were surely not wanting to the mother. Receiving Miriam's little satiric shower without shaking her shoulders, she might, at any rate, have been the descendant of a tribe long persecuted. Her blandness was imperturbable, and she professed that she would be as still as a mouse. Miriam, on the other side of the room, in the tranquil beauty of her attitude (it was "found" indeed, as Nick had said), watched her a little, and then exclaimed that she wished she had locked her up at home. Putting aside her humorous account of the dangers to which she was exposed from her mother, it was not whimsical to imagine that, within the limits of that repose from which the Neville-Nugents never wholly departed, Mrs. Rooth might indeed be a trifle fidgety and have something on her mind. Nick presently mentioned that it would not be possible for him to "send home" this second performance; and he added, in the exuberance of having already got a little into relation with his work, that perhaps that did n't matter, inasmuch as — if Miriam would give him his time, to say nothing of her own — a third masterpiece might also, some day, very well come off. His model rose to this without conditions, assuring him that he might count upon her till she grew too old and too ugly, and that nothing would make her so happy as that he should paint her as often as Romney had painted the celebrated Lady Hamilton. "Ah, Lady Hamilton!" deprecated Mrs. Rooth; while Miriam, who had on occasion the candor of a fine acquisitiveness, inquired what particular reason there might be for his not letting them have the picture he was now beginning.

"Why, I've promised it to Peter Sherringham — he has offered me money for it," Nick replied. "However, he 's welcome to it for nothing, poor fellow, and I shall be delighted to do the best I can for him."

Mrs. Rooth, still prowling, stopped in the middle of the room at this, and Miriam exclaimed, "He offered you money — just as we came in?"

"You met him, then, at the door, with my sister? I supposed you had — he 's taking her home," said Nick.

"Your sister is a lovely girl — such an aristocratic type!" breathed Mrs. Rooth. Then she added, "I've a tremendous confession to make to you."

"Mamma's confessions have to be tremendous to correspond with her crimes," said Miriam. "She asked Miss Dormer to come and see us — suggested even that you might bring her some Sunday. I don't like the way mamma does such things — too much humility, too many *simagrées*, after all; but I also said what I could to be nice to her. Your sister is charming — awfully pretty and modest. If you were to press me, I should tell you frankly that it seems to me rather a social muddle, this rubbing

shoulders of 'nice girls' and *filles de théâtre:* I should n't think it would do your young ladies much good. However, it 's their own affair, and no doubt there 's no more need of their thinking we 're worse than we are than of their thinking we 're better. The people they live with don't seem to know the difference — I sometimes make my reflections about the public one works for."

"Ah, if you go in for the public's knowing differences, you 're far too particular," Nick laughed. "*D'où tombez-vous?* as you affected French people say. If you have anything at stake on that, you had simply better not play."

"Dear Mr. Dormer, don't encourage her to be so dreadful; for it *is* dreadful, the way she talks," Mrs. Rooth broke in. "One would think we were not respectable — one would think I had never known what I have known, and been what I have been."

"What one would think, beloved mother, is that you are a still greater humbug than you are. It 's you, on the contrary, that go down on your knees, that pour forth apologies about our being vagabonds."

"Vagabonds — listen to her! — after the education I 've given her and our magnificent prospects!" wailed Mrs. Rooth, sinking, with clasped hands, upon the nearest ottoman.

"Not after our prospects, if prospects they are: a good deal before them. Yes, you 've taught me tongues, and I 'm greatly obliged to you — they no doubt impart variety, as well as incoherency, to my conversation; and that of people in our line is, for the most part, notoriously monotonous and shoppy. The gift of tongues is, in general, the sign of your genuine adventurer. Dear mamma, I 've no low standard — that 's the last thing," Miriam went on. "My weakness is my exalted conception of respectability. Ah, *parlez-moi de ça* and of the way I understand it! Oh, if I were to go in for being respectable you 'd see something fine. I 'm awfully conservative, and I know what respectability is, even when I meet people of society on the accidental middle ground of glowering or smirking. I know also what it is n't — it is n't the sweet union of little girls and actresses. I should carry it much further than any of these people: I should never look at the likes of us! Every hour I live I see that the wisdom of the ages was in the experience of dear old Madame Carré — was in a hundred things she told me. She is founded a rock. After that," Miriam went on, to her host, "I can assure you that if you were so good as to bring Miss Dormer to see us we should be angelically careful of her and surround her with every attention and precaution."

"The likes of us — the likes of us!" Mrs. Rooth repeated plaintively, with ineffectual, perfunctory resentment. "I don't know what you are talking about, and I decline to be turned upside down. I have my ideas as well as you, and I repudiate the charge of false humility. I 've been through too many troubles to be proud, and a pleasant, polite manner was the rule of my life even in the days when, God knows, I had everything. I have never changed, and if, with God's help, I had a civil tongue then, I have a civil tongue now. It 's more than you always have, my poor perverse and passionate child. Once a lady always a lady — all the footlights in the world, turn them up as high as you will, won't make a difference. And I think people know it, people who know anything (if I may use such an expression), and it 's because they know it that I 'm not afraid to address them courteously. And I must say — and I call Mr. Dormer to witness, for if he could reason with you a bit about it he might render several people a service — your conduct to Mr. Sherringham simply breaks my heart," Mrs. Rooth concluded, with a jump of several steps in the fine avenue of her argument.

Nick was appealed to, but he hesitated a moment, and while he hesitated Miriam remarked, "Mother is good — mother is very good; but it is only little by little that you discover how good she is." This seemed to leave Nick free to ask Mrs. Rooth, with the preliminary intimation that what she had just said was very striking, what she meant by her daughter's conduct to Peter Sherringham. Before Mrs. Rooth could answer this question, however, Miriam interposed, irrelevantly, with one of her own. "Do you mind telling me if you made your sister go off with Mr. Sherringham because you knew it was about time for me to turn up? Poor Mr. Dormer, I get you into trouble, don't I?" she added sympathetically.

"Into trouble?" echoed Nick, looking at her head but not at her eyes.

"Well, we won't talk about that!" Miriam exclaimed, with a rich laugh.

Nick now hastened to say that he had nothing to do with his sister's leaving the studio — she had only come, as it happened, for a moment. She had walked away with Peter Sherringham because they were cousins and old friends; he was to leave England immediately, for a long time, and he had offered her his company going home. Mrs. Rooth shook her head very knowingly over the "long time" that Mr. Sherringham would be absent — she plainly had her ideas about that; and she conscientiously related that in the course of the short conversation they had all had at the door of the house her daughter had reminded Miss Dormer of something that had passed between them, in Paris, in regard to the charming young lady's modeling her head.

"I did it to make the question of our meeting less absurd — to put it on the footing of our both being artists. I don't ask you if she has talent," said Miriam.

"Then I need n't tell you," answered Nick.

"I 'm sure she has talent and a very refined inspiration. I see something in that corner, covered with a mysterious veil," Mrs. Rooth insinuated; which led Miriam to ask immediately —

"Has she been trying her hand at Mr. Sherringham?"

"When should she try her hand, poor dear young lady? He 's always sitting with us," said Mrs. Rooth.

"Dear mamma, you exaggerate. He has his moments, when he seems to say his prayers to me; but we 've had some success in cutting them down. *Il s'est bien détaché ces-jours-ci*, and I 'm very happy for him. Of course it 's an impertinent allusion for me to make; but I should be so delighted if I could think of him as a little in love with Miss Dormer," the girl pursued, addressing Nick.

"He is, I think, just a little — just a tiny bit," said Nick, working away; while Mrs. Rooth ejaculated, to her daughter, simultaneously —

"How can you ask such fantastic questions when you know that he 's dying for you?"

"Oh, dying! — he 's dying very hard!" cried Miriam. "Mr. Sherringham is a man of whom I can't speak with too much esteem and affection, and who may be destined to perish by some horrid fever (which God forbid!) in the unpleasant country he 's going to. But he won't have caught his fever from your humble servant."

"You may kill him even while you remain in perfect health yourself," said Nick; "and since we are talking of the matter, I don't see the harm in my confessing that he strikes me as bad — oh, as very bad indeed."

"And yet he 's in love with your sister? — *je n'y suis plus*."

"He tries to be, for he sees that as regards you there are difficulties. He would like to put his hand on some nice girl who would be an antidote to his poison."

"Difficulties are a mild name for them; poison, even, is a mild name for the ill he suffers from. The principal difficulty is that he does n't know what he wants. The next is that I don't either — or what I want myself. I only know what I don't want," said Miriam brightly, as if she were uttering some happy, beneficent truth. "I don't want a person who takes things even less simply than I do myself. Mr. Sherringham, poor man, must be very uncomfortable, for one side of him is perpetually fighting against the other side. He 's trying to serve God and Mammon, and I don't know how God will come off. What I like in you is that you have definitely let Mammon go — it 's the only way. That 's my earnest conviction, and yet they call us people light. Poor Mr. Sherringham has tremendous ambitions — tremendous *riguardi*, as we used to say in Italy. He wants to enjoy every comfort and to save every appearance, and all without making a sacrifice. He expects others — me, for instance — to make all the sacrifices. *Merci*, much as I esteem him and much as I owe him! I don't know how he ever came to stray, at all, into our bold, bad Bohemia: it was a cruel trick for fortune to play him. He can't keep out of it, he 's perpetually making dashes across the border, and yet he 's not in the least at home there. There 's another in whose position (if I were in it) I would n't look at the likes of us!"

"I don't know much about the matter, but I have an idea Peter thinks he has made, or at least is making, sacrifices."

"So much the better — you must encourage him, you must help him."

"I don't know what my daughter is talking about — she is much too clever for me," Mrs. Rooth put in. "But there 's one way you can encourage Mr. Sherringham — there 's one way you can help him; and perhaps it won't make it any worse for a gentleman of your good nature that it will help me at the same time. Can't I look to you, dear Mr. Dormer, to see that he does come to the theatre to-night — that he does n't feel himself obliged to stay away?"

"What danger is there of his staying away?" Nick asked.

"If he 's bent on sacrifices, that 's a very good one to begin with," Miriam observed.

"That 's the mad, bad way she talks to him — she has forbidden the dear, unhappy gentleman the house!" her mother cried. "She brought it up to him just now, at the door, before Miss Dormer: such very odd form! She pretends to impose her commands upon him."

"Oh, he 'll be there — we 're going to dine together," said Nick. And when Miriam asked him what that had to do with it he went on, "Why, we 've arranged it; I 'm going, and he won't let me go alone."

"You 're going? I sent you no places," Miriam objected.

"Yes, but I 've got one. Why did n't you, after all I 've done for you?"

She hesitated a moment. "Because I 'm so good. No matter," she added: "if Mr. Sherringham comes, I won't act."

"Won't you act for me?"

"She 'll act like an angel," Mrs. Rooth protested. "She might do, she might be, anything in the world; but she won't take common pains."

"Of one thing there 's no doubt," said Miriam: "that compared with the rest of us — poor, passionless creatures — mamma does know what she wants."

"And what is that?" inquired Nick, chalking away.

"She wants everything."

"Never, never — I 'm much more humble," retorted the old woman; upon which her daughter requested her to give, then, to Mr. Dormer, who was a reasonable man and an excellent judge, a general idea of the scope of her desires.

As, however, Mrs. Rooth, sighing and deprecating, was not quick to comply with the injunction, the girl attempted a short cut to the truth with the abrupt inquiry, "Do you believe for a single moment he 'd marry me?"

"Why, he has proposed to you — you 've told me, yourself — a dozen times."

"Proposed what to me? I 've told you that neither a dozen times nor once, because I 've never understood. He has made wonderful speeches, but he has never been serious."

"You told me he had been in the seventh heaven of devotion, especially that night we went to the *foyer* of the Français," Mrs. Rooth insisted.

"Do you call the seventh heaven of devotion serious? He 's in love with me, *je le veux bien;* he 's so poisoned, as Mr. Dormer vividly says, as to require an antidote; but he has never spoken to me as if he really expected me to listen to him, and he 's the more of a gentleman from that fact. He knows we have n't a common ground — that a grasshopper can't mate with a fish. So he has taken care to say to me only more than he can possibly mean. That makes it just nothing."

"Did he say more than he can possibly mean when he took formal leave of you yesterday — forever and ever?"

"Pray don't you call that a sacrifice?" Nick asked.

"Oh, he took it all back, his sacrifice, before he left the house."

"Then has *that* no meaning?" demanded Mrs. Rooth.

"None that I can make out."

"Oh, I 've no patience with you: you can be stupid when you will as well as clever when you will!" the old woman groaned.

"What mamma wishes me to understand and to practice is the particular way to be clever with Mr. Sherringham," said Miriam. "There are doubtless depths of wisdom and virtue in it. But I can see only one way; namely, to be perfectly honest."

"I like to hear you talk — it makes you live, brings you out," Nick mentioned. "And you sit beautifully still. All I want to say is, please continue to do so; remain exactly as you are — it 's rather important — for the next ten minutes."

"We 're washing our dirty linen before you, but it 's all right," Miriam answered, "because it shows you what sort of people we are, and that 's what you need to know. Don't make me vague and arranged and fine, in this new thing," she continued: "make me characteristic and real; make life, with all its horrid facts and truths, stick out of me. I wish you could put mother in too; make us live there side by side and tell our little story. 'The wonderful actress and her still more wonderful mamma' — don't you think that 's an awfully good subject?"

Mrs. Rooth, at this, cried shame on her daughter's wanton humors, professing that she herself would never accept so much from Nick's good-nature, and Miriam settled it that, at any rate, he was some day and in some way to do her mother and sail very near the wind.

"She does n't believe he wants to marry me, any more than you do," the girl, taking up her dispute again after a moment, represented to Nick; "but she believes — how indeed can I tell you what she believes? — that I can work it (that 's about it), so that in the fullness of time I shall hold him in a vise. I 'm to keep him along for the present, but not to listen to him, for if I listen to him I shall lose him. It 's ingenious, it 's complicated; but I dare say you follow me."

"Don't move — don't move," said Nick. "Excuse a beginner."

"No, I shall explain quietly. Somehow (here it 's *very* complicated and you must n't lose the thread), I shall be an actress and make a tremendous lot of

money, and somehow, too (I suppose a little later), I shall become an ambassadress and be the favorite of courts. So you see it will all be delightful. Only I shall have to go straight! Mamma reminds me of a story I once heard about the mother of a young lady who was in receipt of much civility from the pretender to a crown, which indeed he, and the young lady too, afterwards more or less wore. The old countess watched the course of events and gave her daughter the cleverest advice: '*Tiens bon, ma fille*, and you shall sit upon a throne.' Mamma wishes me to *tenir bon* (she apparently thinks there 's a danger I may not), so that, if I don't sit upon a throne, I shall at least parade at the foot of one. And if before that, for ten years, I pile up the money, they 'll forgive me the way I 've made it. I should hope so, if I 've *tenu bon!* Only, ten years is a good while to hold out, is n't it? If it is n't Mr. Sherringham it will be some one else. Mr. Sherringham has the great merit of being a bird in the hand. I 'm to keep him along, I 'm to be still more diplomatic than even he can be."

Mrs. Rooth listened to her daughter with an air of assumed reprobation which melted, before the girl had done, into a diverted, complacent smile — the gratification of finding herself the proprietress of so much wit and irony and grace. Miriam's account of her mother's views was a scene of comedy, and there was instinctive art in the way she added touch to touch and made point upon point. She was so quiet, to oblige her painter, that only her fine lips moved — all her expression was in their charming utterance. Mrs. Rooth, after the first flutter of a less cynical spirit, consented to be sacrificed to an effect of an order she had now been educated to recognize; so that she hesitated only for a moment, when Miriam had ceased speaking, before she broke out, endearingly, with a little titter and "*Comédienne!*" She looked at Nick Dormer as if to say, "Ain't she fascinating? That 's the way she does for you!"

"It 's rather cruel, is n't it," said Miriam, "to deprive people of the luxury of calling one an actress as they 'd call one a liar? I represent, but I represent truly."

"Mr. Sherringham would marry you to-morrow — there 's no question of ten years!" cried Mrs. Rooth, with a comicality of plainness.

Miriam smiled at Nick, appealing for a sort of pity for her mother. "Is n't it droll, the way she can't get it out of her head?" Then, turning, almost coaxingly, to the old woman, "*Voyons*, look about you: they don't marry us like that."

"But they do — *cela se voit tous les jours.* Ask Mr. Dormer."

"Oh, never!" said Miriam: "it would be as if I asked him to give us a practical illustration."

"I shall never give any illustration of matrimony; for me that question 's over," said Nick.

Miriam rested kind eyes on him. "Dear me, how you must hate me!" And before he had time to reply she went on, to her mother, "People marry them to make them leave the stage; which proves exactly what I say."

"Ah, they offer them the finest positions," reasoned Mrs. Rooth.

"Do you want me to leave it, then?"

"Oh, you can manage, if you will!"

"The only managing I know anything about is to do my work. If I manage that, I shall pull through."

"But, dearest, may our work not be of many sorts?"

"I only know one," said Miriam.

At this Mrs. Rooth got up with a sigh. "I see you do wish to drive me into the street."

"Mamma 's bewildered — there are so many paths she wants to follow, there are so many bundles of hay. As I told you, she wishes to gobble them all,"

Miriam went on. Then she added, "Yes, go and take the carriage; take a turn round the Park — you always delight in that — and come back for me in an hour."

"I'm too vexed with you; the air will do me good," said Mrs. Rooth. But before she went she added, to Nick, "I have your assurance that you will bring him, then, to-night?"

"Bring Peter? I don't think I shall have to drag him," said Nick. "But you must do me the justice to remember that if I should resort to force I should do something that's not particularly in my interest — I should be magnanimous."

"We must always be that, must n't we?" moralized Mrs. Rooth.

"How could it affect your interest?" Miriam inquired, less abstractly, of Nick.

"Yes, as you say," her mother reminded him, "the question of marriage has ceased to exist for you."

"Mamma goes straight at it!" laughed the girl, getting up, while Nick rubbed his canvas before answering. Miriam went to Mrs. Rooth and settled her bonnet and mantle in preparation for her drive; then stood for a moment with a filial arm about her, as if they were waiting for their host's explanation. This, however, when it came, halted visibly.

"Why, you said awhile ago that if Peter was there you would n't act."

"I'll act for *him*," smiled Miriam, encircling her mother.

"It does n't matter whom it 's for!" Mrs. Rooth declared sagaciously.

"Take your drive and relax your mind," said the girl, kissing her. "Come for me in an hour; not later, but not sooner." She went with her to the door, bundled her out, closed it behind her, and came back to the position she had quitted. "*This* is the peace I want!" she exclaimed, with relief, as she settled into it.

XLV.

Peter Sherringham said so little during the performance that his companion was struck by his dumbness, especially as Miriam's acting seemed to Nick Dormer magnificent. He held his breath while she was on the stage — she gave the whole thing, including the spectator's emotion, such a lift. She had not carried out her fantastic menace of not exerting herself, and, as Mrs. Rooth had said, it little mattered for whom she acted. Nick was conscious, as he watched her, that she went through it all for herself, for the idea that possessed her and that she rendered with extraordinary breadth. She could not open the door a part of the way to it and let it simply peep in; if it entered at all it must enter in full procession and occupy the premises in state.

This was what had happened on an occasion which, as Nick noted in his stall, grew larger with each throb of the responsive house; till by the time the play was half over it appeared to stretch out wide arms to the future. Nick had often heard more applause, but he had never heard more attention; for they were all charmed and hushed together, and success seemed to be sitting down with them. There had been, of course, plenty of announcement — the newspapers had abounded, and the arts of the manager had taken the freest license; but it was easy to feel a fine universal consensus and to recognize the intrinsic buoyancy of the evening. People snatched their eyes from the stage for an instant, to look at each other, and a sense of intelligence deepened and spread. It was a part of the impression that the actress was only now really showing, for this time she had verse to deal with and she made it unexpectedly exquisite. She was beauty, she was music, she was truth; she was passion and persuasion and tenderness.

She caught up the obstreperous play in soothing, entwining arms and carried it into the high places of poetry, of style. And she had such tones of nature, such concealments of art, such effusions of life, that the whole scene glowed with the color she communicated, and the house, as if pervaded with rosy fire, glowed back at the scene. Nick looked round in the intervals; he felt excited and flushed — the night had turned into a feast of fraternity and he expected to see people embrace each other. The crowd, the flutter, the triumph, the surprise, the signals and rumors, the heated air, his associates, near him, pointing out other figures, who presumably were celebrated but whom he had never heard of, all amused him and banished every impulse of criticism. Miriam was as satisfactory as some right sensation — she would feed the memory with the ineffaceable.

One of the things that amused Nick, or at least helped to fill his attention, was Peter's attitude, which apparently did not exclude criticism; rather indeed mainly implied it. Sherringham never took his eyes off the actress, but he made no remark about her and he never stirred out of his chair. Nick had, from the first, a plan of going round to speak to her, but as his companion evidently meant not to move he had a delicacy in regard to being more forward. During their brief dinner together (they made a rigid point of not being late), Peter had been silent and irremediably serious, but also, his kinsman judged, full of the wish to make it plain that he was calm. In his seat he was calmer than ever; had an air even of trying to suggest to Nick that his attendance, preoccupied as he was with deeper solemnities, was slightly mechanical, the result of a conception of duty, a habit of courtesy. When, during a scene in the second act — a scene from which Miriam was absent — Nick observed to him that, from his inexpressiveness, one might gather he was not pleased, he replied after a moment, "I've been looking for her mistakes." And when Nick rejoined to this that he certainly would n't find them he said again, in an odd tone, "No, I sha'n't find them — I sha'n't find them." It might have seemed that, since the girl's performance was a dazzling success, he regarded his evening as rather a failure.

After the third act Nick said candidly, "My dear fellow, how can you sit here? Are n't you going to speak to her?"

To which Peter replied inscrutably, "Lord, no, never again; I bade her good-by yesterday. She knows what I think of her manner. It 's very fine, but she carries it a little too far. Besides, she didn't want me to come, and it 's therefore more discreet to keep away from her."

"Surely it is n't an hour for discretion!" cried Nick. "Excuse me, at any rate, for five minutes."

He went behind, and reappeared only as the curtain was rising on the fourth act; and in the interval between the fourth and the fifth he went again for a shorter time. Peter was personally detached, but he consented to listen to his companion's vivid account of the state of things on the stage, where the elation of victory had made every one merry. The strain was over, the ship was in port, and they were all wiping their faces and grinning. Miriam — yes, positively — was grinning too, and she had n't asked a question about Peter nor sent him a message. They were shaking hands and fraternizing, all round. They were on the eve (more was the pity) of a tremendous run. Peter groaned, irrepressibly, at this; it was, save for a slight manifestation a moment later, the only sign of emotion that Nick's report elicited from him. There was but one voice of regret that they had n't put on the piece earlier, as the end of the season would interrupt the

run. There was but one voice, too, about the fourth act — it was believed that all London would rush to see the fourth act. There was a wonderful lot of people, and Miriam was charming; she was receiving there, in the ugly place, like a kind of royalty, with a smile and a word for each. She was like a young queen on her accession. When she saw him, Nick, she had kissed her hand to him, over the heads of the courtiers. Nick's artless comment on this was that she had such pretty manners. It made Sherringham laugh, apparently at his companion's conception of the manners of a young queen. Mrs. Rooth, with a dozen shawls on her arm, was as red as a turkey; but you could n't tell whether Miriam was red or pale: she was so cleverly, awfully cleverly, painted — perhaps a little too much. Dashwood, of course, was greatly to the fore, but you did n't have to mention his own performance to him: he was magnanimous and would use nothing but the feminine pronoun. He did n't say much, indeed, but he evidently had ideas; he nodded significant things and whistled inimitable sounds — "heuh, heuh!" He was perfectly satisfied; moreover, he looked further ahead than any one.

It was on coming back to his place after the fourth act that Nick put in, for Sherringham's benefit, most of these touches in his sketch of the situation. If Peter had continued to look for Miriam's mistakes he had not yet found them: the fourth act, bristling with dangers, putting a premium on every sort of cheap effect, had rounded itself without a flaw. Sitting there alone, while Nick was away, he had leisure to meditate on the wonder of this — on the art with which the girl had separated passion from violence, filling the whole place and never screaming; for it had seemed to him, in London, sometimes, of old, that the yell of theatrical emotion rang through the shrinking night like a fatal warning. Miriam had never been more present to him than at this hour; but she was inextricably transmuted — present, essentially, as the romantic heroine she represented. His state of mind was of the strangest, and he was conscious of its strangeness; just as he was conscious, in his person, of a cessation of resistance which identified itself absurdly with liberation. He felt weak at the same time that he felt excited, and he felt excited at the same time that he knew, or believed he knew, that his face was a blank. He saw things as a shining confusion, and yet somehow something monstrously definite kept surging out of them. Miriam was a beautiful, actual, fictive, impossible young woman, of a past age and undiscoverable country, who spoke in blank verse and overflowed with metaphor, who was exalted and heroic beyond all human convenience, and who yet was irresistibly real and related to one's own affairs. But that reality was a part of her spectator's joy, and she was not changed back to the common by his perception of the magnificent trick of art with which it was connected. Before Nick Dormer rejoined him Sherringham, taking a visiting-card from his pocket, wrote on it in pencil a few words in a foreign tongue; but as at that moment he saw Nick coming in he immediately put it out of view.

The last thing before the curtain rose on the fifth act Nick mentioned that he had brought him a message from Basil Dashwood, who hoped they both, on leaving the theatre, would come to supper with him, in company with Miriam and her mother and several others: he had prepared a little informal banquet in honor of so famous a night. At this, while the curtain was rising, Peter immediately took out his card again and added something — he wrote the finest small hand you could see. Nick asked him what he was doing, and after an hesitation he replied —

"It's a word to say I can't come."

"To Dashwood? Oh, I shall go," said Nick.

"Well, I hope you'll enjoy it!" his companion replied, in a tone which came back to him afterwards.

When the curtain fell on the last act the people stayed, standing up in their places for the most part. The applause shook the house — the recall became a clamor, the relief from a long tension. This was a moment, in any performance, that Sherringham detested, but he stood for an instant beside Nick, who clapped like a school-boy. There was a veritable roar, and the curtain drew back at the side most removed from them. Sherringham could see that Basil Dashwood was holding it, making a passage for the male "juvenile lead," who had Miriam in tow. Nick redoubled his efforts; heard the plaudits swell; saw the bows of the leading gentleman, who was hot and fat; saw Miriam, personally conducted and closer to the footlights, grow brighter and bigger and more swaying; and then became aware that Sherringham had, with extreme agility, slipped out of the stalls. Nick had already lost sight of him — he had apparently taken but a minute to escape from the house. Nick wondered at his quitting him without a farewell, if he was to leave England on the morrow and they were not to meet at the hospitable Dashwood's. He wondered even what Peter was "up to," since, as he had assured him, there was no question of his going round to Miriam. He waited to see this young lady reappear three times, dragging Dashwood behind her at the second with a friendly arm, to whom, in turn, was hooked Miss Fanny Rover, the actress entrusted, in the piece, with the inevitable comic relief. He went out slowly, with the crowd, and at the door looked again for Peter, who struck him as deficient for once in form. He could n't know that, in another direction and while he was helping the house to "rise" at Miriam, his kinsman had been particularly explicit.

On reaching the lobby Sherringham had pounced upon a small boy in buttons, who appeared to be superfluously connected with a desolate refreshment-room and was peeping, on tiptoe, at the stage, through the glazed hole in the door of a box. Into one of the child's hands he thrust the card he had drawn again from his waistcoat, and into the other the largest silver coin he could find in the same receptacle, while he bent over him with words of adjuration — words which the little page tried to help himself to apprehend by instantly attempting to peruse the other words written on the card.

"That's no use — it's Italian," said Peter; "only carry it round to Miss Rooth, without a minute's delay. Place it in her hand, and she will give you some object — a bracelet, a glove or a flower — to bring me back as a sign that she has received it. I shall be outside; bring me there what she gives you, and you shall have another shilling — only fly!"

Sherringham's small messenger sounded him a moment with the sharp face of London wage-earning, and still more of London tip-earning, infancy, and vanished as swiftly as a slave of the Arabian Nights. While his patron waited in the lobby the audience began to pour out, and before the urchin had come back to him Peter was clapped on the shoulder by Nick Dormer.

"I'm glad I have n't lost you," said Nick; "but why did n't you stay to give her a hand?"

"Give her a hand? I hated it."

"My dear fellow, I don't follow you," Nick rejoined. "If you won't come to Dashwood's supper I fear our ways don't lie together."

"Thank him very much; say I have to get up at an unnatural hour." To this Peter added, "I think I ought to tell you she may not be there."

"Miss Rooth? Why, it's for her."

"I'm waiting for a word from her — she may change her mind."

Nick stared at his companion. "For you? Why, what have you proposed?"

"I've proposed marriage," said Peter, in a strange voice.

"I say" — Nick broke out; and at the same moment Peter's messenger squeezed through the press and stood before him.

"She has given me nothing, sir," the boy announced; "but she says I'm to say, 'Yes, sir.'"

Nick marveled a moment. "You've proposed through *him?*"

"Ay, and she accepts. Good-night!" Peter exclaimed; and, turning away, he bounded into a hansom. He said something to the driver through the roof, and Nick's eyes followed the cab as it started off. Nick was mystified, was even amused; especially when the youth in buttons, planted there and wondering too, remarked to him —

"Please, sir, he told me he'd give me a shilling, and he've forgot it."

"Oh, I can't pay you for *that!*" Nick laughed. He was vexed about the supper.

XLVI.

Peter Sherringham rolled away through the summer night to St. John's Wood. He had put the pressure of strong words upon Miriam, entreating her to drive home immediately, without any one, without even her mother. He wished to see her alone, for a purpose that he would fully and satisfactorily explain — could n't she trust him? He supplicated her to remember his own situation and throw over her supper, throw over everything. He would wait for her, with unspeakable impatience, in Balaklava Place.

He did so, when he got there, but it took half an hour. Interminable seemed his lonely vigil in Miss Lumley's drawing-room, where the character of the original proprietress came out to him, more than before, in a kind of afterglow of old sociabilities, a vulgar ghostly vibration. The numerous candles had been lighted for him, and Mrs. Rooth's familiar fictions were lying about; but his nerves forbade him the solace of taking a chair and a book. He walked up and down, thinking and listening, and as the long window, the balmy air permitting, stood open into the garden, he passed several times in and out. A carriage appeared to stop at the gate — then there was nothing; he heard the rare rattle of wheels and the far-off hum of London. His impatience was unreasonable, and though he knew this it persisted; it would have been no easy matter for Miriam to break away from the flock of her congratulators. Still less simple was it, doubtless, for her to leave poor Dashwood with his supper on his hands. Perhaps she would bring Dashwood with her, to time her; she was capable of playing him — that is, playing Sherringham — or even playing them both that trick. Perhaps the little wretch in buttons (Peter remembered now the neglected shilling) had only pretended to go round with his card, had come back with an invented answer. But how could he know, since, presumably, he could n't read Italian, that his answer would fit the message? Peter was sorry now that he himself had not gone round, not snatched Miriam bodily away, made sure of her and of what he wanted of her.

When half an hour had elapsed he regarded it as proved that she would not come, and, asking himself what he should do, determined to drive off again and seize her at Basil Dashwood's feast. Then he remembered Nick had mentioned that this entertainment was not to be held at the young actor's lodgings, but at some tavern or restaurant, the name of which he had not heeded. Suddenly, however, Sherringham became

aware with joy that this name did n't matter, for there was something at the garden-door at last. He rushed out before Miriam had had time to ring, and saw, as she stepped out of the carriage, that she was alone. Now that she was there, that he had this evidence she had listened to him and trusted him, all his impatience and exasperation melted away and a flood of pleading tenderness came out in the first words he spoke to her. It was far "dearer" of her than he had any right to dream, but she was the best and kindest creature — this showed it — as well as the most wonderful. He was really not off his head with his contradictory ways; no, before heaven he was n't, and he would explain, he would make everything clear. Everything was changed.

Miriam stopped short, in the little dusky garden, looking at him in the light of the open window. Then she called back to the coachman — they had left the garden-door open — "Wait for me, mind; I shall want you again."

"What 's the matter — won't you stay?" Peter asked. "Are you going out again at this absurd hour? I won't hurt you," he urged gently. And he went back and closed the garden-door. He wanted to say to the coachman, "It 's no matter; please drive away." At the same time he would n't for the world have done anything displeasing to Miriam.

"I 've come because I thought it better to-night, as things have turned out, to do the thing you ask me, whatever it may be. That is probably what you calculated I would think, eh? What this evening has been you 've seen, and I must allow that your hand is in it. That you know for yourself — that you doubtless felt as you sat there. But I confess I don't imagine what you want of me here, now," Miriam added. She had remained standing in the path.

Peter felt the irony of her "now," and how it made a fool of him, but he had been prepared for it and for much worse. He had begged her not to think him a fool, but in truth, at present, he cared little if she did. Very likely he was, in spite of his plea that everything was changed — he cared little even himself. However, he spoke in the tone of intense reason and of the fullest disposition to satisfy her. This lucidity only took still more from the dignity of his tergiversation: his separation from her the day before had had such pretensions to being lucid. But the explanation, the satisfaction, were in the very fact, and the fact had complete possession of him. He named it when he replied to Miriam, "I 've simply overrated my strength."

"Oh, I knew — I knew! That 's why I entreated you not to come!" she groaned. She turned away impatiently, and for a moment he thought she would retreat to her carriage. But he passed his hand into her arm, to draw her forward, and after an instant he felt her yield.

"The fact is we must have this thing out," he said. Then he added, as he made her go into the house, bending over her, "The failure of my strength — that was just the reason of my coming."

She burst out laughing at these words, as she entered the drawing-room, and her laugh made them sound pompous in their false wisdom. She flung off, as a good-natured tribute to the image of their having the thing out, a white shawl that had been wrapped round her. She was still painted and bedizened, in the splendid dress of her fifth act, so that she seemed in a certain way covered and alienated by the character she had been representing. "Whatever it is you want (when I understand), you 'll be very brief, won't you? Do you know I 've given up a charming supper for you? Mamma has gone there. I 've promised to go back to them."

"You 're an angel not to have let her come with you. I 'm sure she wanted to," said Sherringham.

"Oh, she 's all right, but she 's nervous," Miriam rejoined. Then she added quickly, "Could n't she keep you away, after all?"

"Whom are you talking about?" Biddy Dormer was as absent from Sherringham's mind as if she had never existed.

"The charming girl you were with this morning. Is she so afraid of obliging me? Oh, she 'd be so good for you!"

"Don't speak of that," said Peter gravely. "I was in perfect good faith yesterday, when I took leave of you. I was — I was. But I can't — I can't: you are too unutterably dear to me."

"Oh, don't — please don't," moaned Miriam. She stood before the fireless chimney-piece with one of her hands upon it. "If it 's only to say that, don't you know, what 's the use?"

"It is n't only to say that. I 've a plan, a perfect plan: the whole thing lies clear before me."

"And what is the whole thing?"

He hesitated a moment. "You say your mother 's nervous. Ah, if you knew how nervous I am!"

"Well, I 'm not. Go on."

"Give it up — give it up!" stammered Sherringham.

"Give it up?" Miriam fixed him like a mild Medusa.

"I 'll marry you to-morrow if you 'll renounce; and in return for the sacrifice you make for me I 'll do more for you than ever was done for a woman before."

"Renounce, after to-night? Do you call that a plan?" asked Miriam. "Those are old words and very foolish ones: you wanted something of the sort a year ago."

"Oh, I fluttered round the idea then; we were talking in the air. I did n't really believe I could make you see it then, and certainly you did n't see it. My own future, moreover, was n't definite to me. I did n't know what I could offer you. But these last months have made a difference, and I do know now. Now what I say is deliberate, it 's deeply meditated. I simply can't live without you, and I hold that together we may do great things."

"What sort of things?" Miriam inquired.

"The things of my profession — of my life — the things one does for one's country, the responsibility and the honor of great affairs; deeply fascinating when one 's immersed in them, and more exciting than the excitements of the theatre. Care for me only a little and you 'll see what they are, they 'll take hold of you. Believe me, believe me," Sherringham pleaded, "every fibre of my being trembles in what I say to you."

"You admitted yesterday it would n't do," said Miriam. "Where were the fibres of your being then?"

"They trembled even more than now, and I was trying, like an ass, not to feel them. Where was this evening, yesterday — where were the maddening hours I 've just spent? Ah, you 're the perfection of perfections, and as I sat there to-night you taught me what I really want."

"The perfection of perfections?" the girl repeated interrogatively, with the strangest smile.

"I need n't try to tell you: you must have felt, to-night, with such rapture, what you are, what you can do. How can I give that up?" Sherringham asked.

"How can *I*, my poor friend? I like your plans and your responsibilities and your great affairs, as you call them. *Voyons*, they 're infantile. I 've just shown that I 'm a perfection of perfections: therefore it 's just the moment to renounce, as you gracefully say? Oh, I was sure, I was sure!" And Miriam paused, resting kind, pitying eyes upon her visitor, as if she were trying to think of some arrangement that would help him out of his absurdity. "I was sure,

I mean, that if you did come your poor dear doting brain would be quite addled," she presently went on. "I can't be a muff, in public, just for you, *pourtant*. Dear me, why do you like us so much?"

"Like you? I loathe you!"

"*Je le vois parbleu bien!* I mean, why do you feel us, judge us, understand us so well? I please you because you see, because you know; and because I please you, you must adapt me to your convenience, you must take me over, as they say. You admire me as an artist, and therefore you wish to put me into a box in which the artist will breathe her last. Ah, be reasonable; you must let her live!"

"Let her live? As if I could prevent her living!" Peter cried, with unmistakable conviction. "Even if I wanted, how could I prevent a spirit like yours from expressing itself? Don't talk about my putting you in a box, for, dearest child, I'm taking you out of one. The artist is irrepressible, eternal; she'll be in everything you are and in everything you do, and you'll go about with her triumphantly, exerting your powers, charming the world, carrying everything before you."

Miriam's color rose, through her paint, at this vivid picture, and she asked whimsically, "Shall you like that?"

"Like my wife to be the most brilliant woman in Europe? I think I can do with it."

"Are n't you afraid of me?"

"Not a bit."

"Bravely said. How little you know me, after all!" sighed the girl.

"I tell the truth," Peter went on; "and you must do me the justice to admit that I have taken the time to dig deep into my feelings. I'm not an infatuated boy; I've lived, I've had experience, I've observed; in short I know what I'm about. It is n't a thing to reason about; it's simply a need that consumes me. I've put it on starvation diet, but it's no use — really, it's no use, Miriam," poor Sherringham pursued, with a soft quaver that betrayed all his sincerity. "It is n't a question of my trusting you; it's simply a question of your trusting me. You're all right, as I've heard you say yourself; you're frank, spontaneous, generous; you're a magnificent creature. Just quietly marry me, and I'll manage you."

"Manage me?" The girl's inflection was droll; it made Sherringham change color.

"I mean I'll give you a larger life than the largest you can get in any other way. The stage is great, no doubt, but the world is greater. It's a bigger theatre than any of those places in the Strand. We'll go in for realities instead of fables, and you'll do them far better than you do the fables."

Miriam had listened to him attentively, but her face showed her despair at his perverted ingenuity. "Excuse me for saying so, after your delightful tributes to my worth," she returned, in a moment, "but I've never listened to such a flood of determined sophistry. You think so well of me that humility itself ought to keep me silent; nevertheless, I *must* utter a few shabby words of sense. I'm a magnificent creature on the stage — well and good; it's what I want to be, and it's charming to see such evidence that I succeed. But off the stage — come, come; I should lose all my advantages. The fact is so patent that it seems to me I'm very good-natured even to discuss it with you."

"Are you on the stage now, pray? Ah, Miriam, if it were not for the respect I owe you!" her companion murmured.

"If it were not for that I should n't have come here to meet you. My talent is the thing that takes you: could there be a better proof than that it's to-night's exhibition of it that has settled you? It's indeed a misfortune that you are so sensitive to this particular kind of talent,

since it plays such tricks with your power to see things as they are. Without it I should be a dull, ignorant, third-rate woman, and yet that 's the fate you ask me to face, and insanely pretend you are ready to face yourself."

"Without it — without it?" Sherringham cried. "Your own sophistry is infinitely worse than mine. I should like to see you without it for the fiftieth part of a second. What I ask you to give up is the dusty boards of the play-house and the flaring footlights, but not the very essence of your being. Your talent is yourself, and it 's because it 's yourself that I yearn for you. If it had been a thing you could leave behind by the easy dodge of stepping off the stage I would never have looked at you a second time. Don't talk to me as if I were a simpleton, with your false simplifications! You were made to charm and console, to represent beauty and harmony and variety to miserable human beings; and the daily life of man is the theatre for that — not a vulgar shop with a turnstile, that 's open only once in the twenty-four hours. Without it, verily!" Sherringham went on, with rising scorn and exasperated passion. "Please let me know the first time you 're without your face, without your voice, your step, your exquisite spirit, the turn of your head and the wonder of your eye!"

Miriam, at this, moved away from him with a port that resembled what she sometimes showed on the stage when she turned her young back upon the footlights and then, after a few steps, grandly swept round again. This evolution she performed (it was over in an instant) on the present occasion; even to stopping short with her eyes upon him and her head erect. "Surely it 's strange," she said, "the way the other solution never occurs to you."

"The other solution?"

"That *you* should stay on the stage."

"I don't understand you," Sherringham confessed.

"Stay on *my* stage; come off your own."

Sherringham hesitated a moment. "You mean that if I 'll do that you 'll have me?"

"I mean that if it were to occur to you to offer me a little sacrifice on your own side, it might place the matter in a slightly more attractive light."

"Continue to let you act — as my wife?" Sherringham demanded. "Is it a real condition? Am I to understand that those are your terms?"

"I may say so without fear, because you 'll never accept them."

"Would *you* accept them, from me — accept the sacrifice, see me throw up my work, my prospects (of course I should have to do that), and simply become your appendage?"

"My dear fellow, you invite me with the best conscience in the world to become yours."

"The cases are not equal. You would make of me the husband of an actress. I should make of you the wife of an ambassador."

"The husband of an actress, *c'est bientôt dit*, in that tone of scorn! If you 're consistent," said Miriam, "it ought to be a proud position for you."

"What do you mean, if I 'm consistent?"

"Have n't you always insisted on the beauty and interest of our art and the greatness of our mission? Have n't you almost come to blows with poor Gabriel Nash about it? What did all that mean if you won't face the first consequences of your theory? Either it was an enlightened conviction or it was an empty pretense. If it was heartless humbug I 'm glad to know it," Miriam rolled out, with a darkening eye. "The better the cause, it seems to me, the better the deed; and if the theatre *is* important to the 'human spirit,' as you used to say so charmingly, and if, into the bargain, you have the pull of being so fond of me, I don't see why it should be

monstrous to give us your services, in an intelligent indirect way. Of course, if you 're not serious we need n't talk at all; but if you are, with your conception of what the actor can do, why is it so base to come to the actor's aid, taking one devotion with another? If I 'm so fine I 'm worth looking after a bit, and the place where I 'm finest is the place to look after me!"

"You were never finer than at this minute, in the deepest domesticity of private life," Sherringham returned. "I have no conception whatever of what the actor can do, and no theory whatever about the importance of the theatre. Any infatuation of that sort has completely quitted me, and for all I care the theatre may go to the dogs."

"You 're dishonest, you 're ungrateful, you 're false!" Miriam flashed. "It was the theatre that brought you here; if it had n't been for the theatre I never would have looked at you. It was in the name of the theatre you first made love to me; it is to the theatre that you owe every advantage that, so far as I 'm concerned, you possess."

"I seem to possess a great many!" groaned Sherringham.

"You might certainly make more of those you have! You make me angry, but I want to be fair," said the glowing girl, "and I can't be unless you will. You are not fair, nor candid, nor honorable, when you swallow your words and abjure your faith, when you throw over old friends and old memories for a selfish purpose."

"'Selfish purpose' is, in your own convenient idiom, *bientôt dit*," Sherringham answered. "I suppose you consider that if I truly esteemed you I should be ashamed to deprive the world of the light of your genius. Perhaps my esteem is n't of the right quality (there are different kinds, are n't there?); at any rate, I 've explained that I propose to deprive the world of nothing at all. You shall be celebrated, *allez!*"

"Rubbish — rubbish!" Miriam mocked, turning away again. "I know, of course," she added quickly, "that to befool yourself with such platitudes you must be pretty bad."

"Yes, I 'm pretty bad," Sherringham admitted, looking at her dismally. "What do you do with the declaration you made me the other day — the day I found my cousin here — that you 'd take me if I should come to you as one who had risen high?"

Miriam reflected a moment. "I remember — the chaff about the orders, the stars and garters. My poor dear friend, don't be so painfully literal. Don't you know a joke when you see it? It was to worry your cousin, was n't it? But it did n't in the least succeed."

"Why should you wish to worry my cousin?"

"Because he 's so provoking. And surely I had my freedom no less than I have it now. Pray, what explanations should I have owed you and in what fear of you should I have gone? However, that has nothing to do with it. Say I did tell you that we might arrange it on the day that you should come to me covered with glory in the shape of little tinkling medals: why should you anticipate that transaction by so many years and knock me down such a long time in advance? Where is the glory, please, and where are the medals?"

"Dearest girl, am I not going to America (a capital promotion) next month," Sherringham argued, "and can't you trust me enough to believe that I speak with a real appreciation of the facts — that I 'm not lying to you, in short — when I tell you that I 've my foot in the stirrup? The glory 's dawning. *I* 'm all right, too."

"What you propose to me, then, is to accompany you *tout bonnement* to your new post."

"You put it in a nutshell," smiled Sherringham.

"You 're touching; it has its charm.

But you can't get anything in America, you know. I 'm assured there are no medals to be picked up there. That 's why the diplomatic body hate it."

"It 's on the way — it 's on the way," Sherringham hammered, feverishly. "They don't keep us long in disagreeable places, unless we want to stay. There 's one thing you can get anywhere if you 're clever, and nowhere if you 're not, and in the disagreeable places, generally, more than in the others: and that (since it 's the element of the question we 're discussing) is simply success. It 's odious to be put on one's swagger, but I protest against being treated as if I had nothing to offer — to offer to a person who has such glories of her own. I 'm not a little presumptuous ass; I 'm a man accomplished and determined, and the omens are on my side." Peter faltered a moment, and then, with a queer expression, he went on: "Remember, after all, that, strictly speaking, your glories are also still in the future." An exclamation, at these words, burst from Miriam's lips, but her companion resumed quickly: "Ask my official superiors, ask any of my colleagues, if they consider that I 've nothing to offer."

Henry James.

THE VALUE OF THE CORNER.

Solitude is a kind of posterity. That is, it gives us a position from which we can survey our contemporaries and ourselves somewhat as a future generation may be expected to look at us. "How much solitude, so much power," also, was De Quincey's persuasive formula. But that statement is no doubt excessive; for solitude works in extremes, and may at times foster too much egotism. Yet those people who never have any solitude, whose existence is a restless whirling amid the dusty sunbeams of the business world or of social amusement, are apparently just as liable to an exaggerated self-esteem (and that, too, of a small and grasping sort) as the men and women who live quietly, somewhat withdrawn. Further, if solitude engenders egotisms, one must admit that it also tends frequently to the other extreme of developing great modesty. It is, in fact, the mixture of these two moods, an alternation of quiet, isolated self-confidence with an equally pronounced modesty in rating the worth of human efforts, which enables one to withstand the popular optimistic current, and throw things into that perspective which, as I have hinted, resembles the view of posterity.

Not, of course, that either posterity itself or this imaginary anticipation of it is always right. We of the present may be appreciably wrong in many of our most confident and cherished judgments upon a former age; and, similarly, the generations yet to come are likely enough to misjudge us. What more likely, seeing that a whole race of fathers and sons living together, with every facility for explaining themselves and interchanging ideas, so frequently fail to understand each other or to form just mutual estimates? So, the man who plays at posterity by getting off into a corner to do his thinking, and there passing in review current actions or affairs, may no doubt surround himself with an abundance of errors. Numerous evidences of this are to be met with in literature. Yet mistakes are really one of the greatest charms of literature; they take a large part in composing that curious, inimitable combination known as individuality. Do we accept without

question all that we find in Carlyle or, especially, in Ruskin, writers who seemingly have often gone out of their own way in order to put themselves in *our* way? Not at all. They are the sort of men who have drawn much from solitude, have built up their intellectual character in seclusion, and have believed themselves commissioned to correct the faults of their time; to pronounce upon the present from the stage of a sort of improvised futurity, entered only by their own little side-doors and belonging exclusively to them. We sometimes question their utterances as freely as we would those of our most gifted but unrenowned companions of daily life; although if, everything considered, the choice were to be made deliberately, we should hardly dare to wish their defects and misconclusions removed, since, without these, they would lose their peculiar value as individuals. I do not at the moment think of any American writer (unless it be Thoreau) possessing their vigor of self-assertion, or their delightful vein of error, wandering like a thread of gold through solid blocks of what would generally be received as good sense.

Of the quality which they represent we have hardly enough, as it seems to me, in our books and magazines. Vigor and downrightness crop out plentifully enough in our newspapers, where, however, they are for the most part dissociated from the literary element, and lack the saving grace of frank and earnest personality. In American character, again, there is any quantity of resolute force and untrammeled expression. The country abounds in persons who believe in themselves, confidently hold positive opinions, and have little hesitation in announcing them. They are bold in their utterances; they know how to make their way; they effect prodigies by their energetic action. This is what makes us interesting and refreshing to Europeans, and sometimes puzzling; for they never know just where or how we are going to explode, in some new form, with some new notion or unexpected scheme. A democratic republic, one would suppose, ought to afford an almost unlimited opportunity for the manifestation of such characteristics in its literature. But, so far as we may judge by actual accomplishment, our republic does not do so. Among the reasons usually given to explain the fact, by those who are convinced that it is a fact, there are two that seem to account for it in a measure. One of them is our formerly natural dependence on foreign literature; which dependence we have taken pains to continue by artificial means, and with some success, — notwithstanding the steady growth of American authorship under difficulties, — through our unhealthy system of seizing upon such literature without remuneration. The other reason, which possibly has a good deal more to do with the matter, is our observable inclination to cultivate a certain outward uniformity; although it is impossible to extend this uniformity to our real and interior selves, which, in spite of every effort to the contrary, insist upon remaining diverse. To some extent, of course, uniformity is indispensable in every civilized nation. The willingness of men in the mass to have their hair cut and brushed, their beards trimmed or effaced, according to prevalent custom, and their submissiveness in wearing clothes substantially alike, are unconscious tributes to that unity of the race which most of us regard as something to be prized. Custom in these little matters is an essential accompaniment in the organization of society, as consent to certain principles and adherence to the forms of civil government are necessary. It is more than doubtful whether custom should apply with the same rigidness to the exhibition of thought and character in literature. But in this country we seem to treat our literature as if it were a church or state; a fixed and accepted form of belief or

a political party; something to be organized and "run" on a particular plan, within lines which a constant pressure tries to fix exactly and conventionally, in the spirit of hair-cutting and clothing.

A friend of mine tells an amusing anecdote about a tailor, which I shall venture to borrow. Having long been puzzled to guess why millions of men, through one decade after another, should persist in wearing on the backs of their coats, just at the waist, two buttons for which there is no discoverable use, he asked his tailor why buttons are invariably attached in that spot. "Oh," was the answer, "they are put there to — to carry out the idea!" The nature of the idea, however, was not explained; and probably it never can be. So with too much of American literature: it must have buttons on its back. It must be deferential to — something, I don't know what; for it is as hard to say what the standard is as to find out who fixes it and why. At all events, there is a lack of independence, an insufficient variety of bold opinion, an indefinable disposition to discourage or modify salient individuality, in our writing, which is detrimental to vigor and diversity. Yet we have no lack of appreciation for those qualities when we find them in the foreign authors whose works we read with avidity.

If I am wrong in this view, still it may be of service to state it; for some one will perhaps take the trouble to set me right. The wise are careful of their wisdom; remembering the precept as to a proper economy in disposing of pearls. But sometimes they are more careful than they need be. They become too reticent. It is possible to push reticence to the extent of making it a foible. A wise man should at least make known his conclusions, for the benefit of the world; and upon the foolish man also it is incumbent occasionally to present for inspection such opinions as he may have. Let it be admitted that I am now meditating in a corner, and speaking from one, — a corner where, although I have an impression that it is light, I may be in the dark. Even so, we are testing the supposed benefit of solitude, of thinking and speaking for one's self. A very natural effect of solitude is to cause divergence from the beaten track. It is apt to stimulate a disposition to differ from what may seem to be the general belief or want of belief, the prevailing sentiment or absence of sentiment, among our fellows. It emphasizes the distinction between that which we actually think and that which we are expected to think or assent to; between our own views as we know them and the views of others as we see them. These little differences are of immense importance in life. There is much more significance in fractions than the world commonly recognizes, except when it is dealing with arithmetic or driving a bargain. It is the small variations from tone to half-tone in the scale of sound that make it possible, when we understand them, to create music and command harmony. In stating a difference or uttering dissent, one may not be setting forth indisputable truth, but may on the contrary be sounding merely one of those discords without which, curiously enough, some of the highest reaches of harmony would be impossible. Perhaps one has got hold of a partial truth or a bit of error; but, whatever be the fragment, he has grasped it by means of his own conviction, and contributes it towards that general fund of ideas, or half-ideas if you choose, which is bound to become by additions from many hands a complete and beneficent accumulation. We shall understand the whole truth better from having handled and helped to gather the imperfect parts; including sundry isolated half-truths and errors, deposited somewhat at random but sure to be adjusted at last.

It is very well, I should say, to hoard up your wisdom for use at the suitable

moment; but, on the theory just advanced, you should be quite as solicitous to treasure up your unwisdom, your error, knowing it to be a valuable commodity. You will do well, of course, to be modest in displaying it, and expend it cautiously. But your caution should not obey the ordinary motive, which is simply a fear that some one will deride your foolishness. The controlling idea should rather be that, having this element which may become useful, you ought not to throw it away. Most persons see no more value in a good, sound, conscientious mistake than the Indian sees in the coal mine under his wigwam. Yet there is very little doubt that mistakes may serve excellently as fuel. If they do nothing else, they keep us warm with debate; and heat, in the human system, is necessary to circulation and life. To confer a mistake upon the world, candidly and good-naturedly, is a notable performance. I like the man or woman who comes to us, with the frankness and good faith of childhood, bringing some little shard or honest scrap of observation, and exclaiming in substance, "See what a beautiful specimen of dissent, what a sparkling crystal of protest, I 've discovered!"

These, it must be confessed, are not usually the popular persons. But they exercise an influence which is often wholesome, and in emergencies they may actually become leaders; for their little pebbles, which seem to be so misdirected when cast into our reservoir of reflection, send out ripples spreading through a wide circuit, that, unlike glory, do not "disperse to naught." It may be asked, by the way, What is a real leader in the accepted sense? What is that man who is adopted by large bodies of other men as a guide, and somehow or other is always found going with the current, or, if he seem to oppose it for a time, first makes sure of a strong following? In the actual course of events, he frequently turns out to be no more than an aggressive combination of errors, with a leavening measure of truth and accuracy, varied in its proportions to meet the situation of the hour. The extraordinary career of Gladstone gives a striking illustration in point. Here is an eminent man, of wonderful ability, who has never hesitated to move in a circle, and at the same time has always risen; his course being a spiral, on which at different stages he has stood diametrically opposed to some position which he had previously occupied. In passing through so many changes of opinion and policy, some of them very pronounced and extreme, it is fair to infer, without throwing the slightest discredit on his essential sincerity, that he must at some time have been wrong, may be wrong now, or may be wrong hereafter. Perhaps he has been somewhat carried away, here and there, by the necessities of public life, which compel a popular leader to keep moving, and at all hazards to keep on top. But it cannot well be denied by us, who are impartial observers at a distance, that he has been a factor of the utmost importance in the conduct of English affairs, notwithstanding his inconsistencies, and perhaps in part because of them. It is also clear, I think, that in those crises where he has felt obliged to make some new stand, to adopt a view contradicting some former view, he must first have fallen back upon convictions independently matured by him, in solitary reflection. He must have retreated into a corner of his own mind, and fortified himself there, before beginning a fresh campaign on a new plan. So much he has in common with humbler minds that consult their own convictions. Gladstone is popular, though he has often had to face the hisses of transient unpopularity. The man who is not swept away by public life, and ensconces himself in his corner for free reflection, will not be popular, like Gladstone. He will appear less graceful,

because he will fail to accommodate himself to the elastic Gladstone spiral; but he will have the compensation of facing things squarely and straightforwardly at all times, instead of at uncertain intervals.

It is in the nature of a corner, if well constructed, that it should be square; and in the support of its rectangled sides there is something that braces and reassures. Every life built on enduring lines should have its points of support in angles that include something of the recluse and the dissenter. In a letter to Sir George Beaumont, dated May, 1807, Wordsworth wrote, after publishing his complete poems: "Trouble not yourself upon their present reception; of what moment is that, compared with what I trust is their destiny? To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous: this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves. I am well aware how far it would seem, to many, I overrate my own exertions when I speak in this way, in direct connection with the volume I have just made public. I am not, however, afraid of such censure." In those words one hears the tone of solitude and self-reliance. Doubtless, if any man were so to prophesy concerning himself to-day, his condition of mind would appear to the majority of observers fatuous. Yet the resolve to look beyond the immediate popular estimate, precisely as Wordsworth did; to sustain individuality, and make bases for independent thought and action, might well be brought to a higher pitch than it now reaches in our common life, our literary development, and our public functions. Loyalty to party, for example, which is quite necessary up to a certain point, is insisted upon among us to an extent that may easily work against the real good both of parties and of the country. Party leaders do not hesitate to be inconsistent, and a party itself becomes inconsistent. Its membership is sometimes greatly changed within ten years; perhaps within a single year. New captains come to the front, with new aims that may differ essentially from those which controlled it before. Nevertheless, the citizen who has once joined such a body is loudly called upon to follow without question, wherever it may bid him go. In this unqualified demand there is an obvious element of unreasonableness; yet, familiar and self-evident though the conditions are that I am here only restating, how seldom they are recognized, and how often are they misunderstood or perversely misrepresented! It is the habit, with many, to assume that a careless or insincere ballot, yielded to a party for form's sake, offends but venially; is a mere political white lie, harmless and spotless as the paper of which it consists. But the ethereal chemistry of morals remarks a change in the hue of that ballot, as it falls into the voting-box and is converted into a dark calumny against good citizenship.

To apply our idea, for a moment, on a somewhat large scale, we may say that in politics and government, in the science of society, the centre of gravity is found somewhere between the extremes of license and tyranny. Both the anarchist and the tyrant, instead of poising on this centre, attempt to balance themselves on some line along the perilous edge of things, — at the supposititious "jumping-off place." The healthily independent and useful citizen, therefore, must try to counteract their misplaced weight. In doing so he will sometimes be obliged to place himself in unexpected corners, and prop himself therein with all his force. It is quite likely, also, that his attitude at such moments may appear to a casual spectator

exaggerated and unnecessary, that it may give him the air of throwing himself altogether too much on one side; when the real reason for his leaning in that direction is, not a desire to be extreme, but, on the contrary, an earnest effort to maintain an equilibrium, and keep the vehicle of civilization (upon which he is riding as a humble passenger) from overturning. The strict and immovable conservative fancies that, by staying always in one spot, as near to the apparent centre as he can get, he is doing the best that can be done to prevent an upset; and undoubtedly this precaution of his will prove essential to the general safety. He too uses the support of a strong and secure corner, if he can; but none the less the attitude of the man on the side will present itself to him as ridiculous. When we come to divergences less wide-reaching, and conflicts of opinion as to details in literary and social questions, the same difference of attitude will still exist, naturally, and the same effect of absurdity will be produced on the mind of the fixed conservative. In a light, unconscious way, the negro minstrels present us with a general though imperfect scheme of the arrangement of minds in society. Does not the traditional "Mr. Johnson," in the minstrels' hemicycle, always occupy the precise middle of the line? He typifies the *juste milieu;* he is the sedate and dignified representative of the conventional; while the extravagant, frolicsome, or defiant members are the bones and tambourine, who sit in opposite corners. But who would abolish the bones or the tambourine? They appear eccentric, they excite our laughter; yet if we look deeply enough we shall see that they have, if not precisely a sober purpose, at least a solid reason for being. For all sound comedy or travesty is in the end, even if remotely, an independent commentary on the serious business of life, and one that we cannot dispense with.

Just as the independent criticism implied in good comedy is an element of health, so is that kind of impartial observation which adopts the serious tone; even though at times it may seem to be as extreme as the bones and tambourine, and may actually be the reverse of amusing. What we need, at present, is an increased proportion of this comment, — the comment of the corner. Swayed as we are in this country by majorities, let us not overlook the value of the distinct individual voice. The quiet confidence of Wordsworth, the belligerent castigations of Carlyle, the calm, cultivated, slightly obstinate persistence of Matthew Arnold in administering correction to his countrymen, have all played their important part in English literature and life. It can hardly be that our development is so nearly perfect as to relieve us from the need of minds akin to these, — vigorous minds which refuse to be intimidated, which do not hesitate to make protest, and are willing to incur unpopularity, for the sake of preserving to all men the benefit of free expression. It is possible that we rely too much upon a theoretical freedom of speech, as the excuse for our comparative neglect to encourage or support this order of mind, or to develop it in sufficient strength for uttering the untrammeled but reasonable and requisite word of independence. Perhaps it would be well for us if we were to consider and respect more carefully than we do now the man in the corner, who sometimes emerges thence as Abraham Lincoln did, with its angular impress upon him. May we not pertinently bear in mind that Lincoln, skilled in many ways to deal with men, but in other points uncouth and crude, offended some of his strongest associates and allies by his unconventionality, as also by his determined reliance on his own judgment? Yet had it not been for those peculiar traits, which came from his growing up in his own way, his own place, and acting upon his own plan,

he would have been of little value to the nation in its time of need. The Lincoln type and quality do not appear often in our public life; and in our literature they have as yet appeared hardly at all. There is plenty of room for them still, and they would have their use. In the quiet fireside nooks of remote villages there are doubtless many young men to-day who are destined to take an important part in affairs. It is to be hoped that, instead of trying to make corners in the market, some of them will demonstrate the value of the corner in resolute thought and action for some higher end.

George Parsons Lathrop.

SIDNEY.

VII.

Alan Crossan, as Miss Sally said, was really devoted to his friend. There had been scarcely a day since Robert had come to the major's that the doctor had not called to see him. "And it 's so nice for Sidney and me," Miss Sally asserted, in one of her long, pleasant talks with Mr. Steele. "To think, now, that he should have taught her to carve so beautifully! But then Sidney could be taught anything. I 've always said that."

They were in the long parlor, which was only a little more dreary than usual, with the gray rain sweeping in under the dark roof of the porch against the front windows, and spattering down the chimney once in a while upon the fire. Except Miss Sally Lee's kind face, the soft-coal fire was the only cheerful thing in the room; it burned with a dancing whirl of flames in an old-fashioned grate, which had an iron back wrought into the flaring rays of a broad-faced sun, and two brass balls on the hobs. On the high black mantelpiece stood an ormolu clock, with a dome-like glass shade to protect the figures of Iphigenia and Diana; it had not moved a gilt hand across its fretted face for years. Robert Steele watched it now vaguely, listening to the rain and to Miss Sally's chatter. He was thinking of her rather than of what she said. She was so upon the outside of what was greatest to her, so ignored and unnoticed, and yet so true and good, that she stirred his pity and then his tenderness. When to tenderness he added gratitude, it is no wonder that the quiet little spinster was transformed in his eyes. "Yes, a noble woman, nobly planned," he thought. Yet he did not finish the quotation; he could not, despite his convictions, looking at the simple, gentle face, matter of fact and incapable of subtlety, with mild eyes under sleek brown hair, which she wore in old-fashioned bands over her ears. But though she might not warn or command, at least she comforted, because, he said to himself, she believed in him; he did not reflect that she believed in every one, even in Miss Sidney Lee, whose neglect of her aunt filled him with indignation. Nor did he realize that to be one's self neglected will sometimes bias the judgment. With this thought of Sidney, he glanced, reluctantly, towards the portrait at the other end of the room: here was the same insolent sweetness, the same serene selfishness, the same charm which stung him into anger and, he said, dislike. Yet he still looked at the painting, with something beneath his anger, which he called content. It was so much better to be with Miss Sally, he thought, than to see that look in the face of Miss Sidney Lee.

"You are so much better," he heard Miss Sally saying; "and when you are well, just think what good things you will do with that money." Robert had made some dreary comment upon his money, and it was thus Miss Sally received it, following out a suggestion she had made some time before, but which she had taught Robert to feel had been his own.

"If the thirty pieces had come back to Judas," he answered, "do you think that the establishment of a lazaretto would have washed them clean?"

"But it is not the same kind of thing," said Miss Sally, with a little awe at the allusion, but much good sense; "and it's time for you to have your beef-tea, anyhow."

"I think," returned Robert, smiling at her with wistful eyes, "that your good opinion is better for me than beef-tea."

"I'm afraid," she said, with a gleam of fun (it was wonderful how, under kindly influences, she was developing a harmless gayety, which had never been called out when it might have better matched her years), — "I'm afraid that you could n't live up to the good opinion without the beef-tea." She nodded and smiled, as she went to fetch it, with a small assumption of authority, and presently came back, balancing on her hands a tray on which was a frail blue bowl of soup and a glass of sherry.

"How are you so wise in caring for people, Miss Sally?" Robert asked, watching her spread a little table at his side. "You know just what to do for everybody."

"Well, I am an old woman, you know," she answered brightly. But it was strange how young she looked with the glow of the fire on her face, although there were some threads of gray in the knot of ringlets at the back of her head.

"You are not old," Robert protested loyally; but nevertheless he was astonished when she said she was but thirty-seven. "You are so wise," he explained, with the simple candor which Miss Sally had been quick to appreciate, "so wise and kind, that I had thought you were more than thirty-seven. I am thirty-five, you know, and you are so much wiser than I am."

Miss Sally blushed. "Oh, but indeed I am not at all clever. When I think how much Mortimer knows, and Sidney, I feel as if I really belonged in the kitchen with Susan. But you?" she added, with sudden constraint, — "why, I thought you were Alan's age."

It was curious what an instant change of atmosphere this mutual knowledge caused. Miss Sally began to wonder if she had been quite polite in telling a man as old as Mr. Steele what he ought or ought not to do. She began to feel a little awe of him. Perhaps he had thought her forward? Robert, too, was aware of a subtle difference. He became more assertive; sympathy and confidence meant more from a woman of his own age than from one so much his senior as he had supposed Miss Sally to be. A friendship which holds a possibility within it is always attractive, whether the possibility is recognized or not. Robert, hearing at that moment Sidney's voice in the hall, said to himself that while he was honored with Miss Sally's friendship it made no difference whether Miss Sidney Lee ignored him or not. But he felt suddenly old and tired, as the room darkened with a sudden dash of rain against the windows, and Sidney and Alan entered.

As he looked up at them a surprising thought first presented itself to his mind. Perhaps it sprung from Sidney's careless glance; but he did not stop to analyze it. His thoughts went back to the dull rooms in town, the empty days, the weight of undesired wealth; and then — he was so far recovered — came the thrill of fear at the old bondage, but with it the thought of Miss Sally's belief in him, and then — the possibility!

"Steele," Alan's voice broke in, — Miss Sally had slipped away, "to look after somebody's comfort," Robert was sure, — "Steele, I have been telling Sidney about your charming cousin, Miss Townsend. I can't persuade her to go to see her. She would teach you lots of things, Sidney; even to read novels, perhaps. Bob, did you know Miss Sidney Lee scorned novels?"

"No, I don't," said the girl; "only I do not read them, Alan. Is n't it a little waste of time to read novels? And Miss Townsend — if she is a teacher, I should think she might be positive, and" —

"And what, pray, are you?" cried Alan. "No, really, she is delightful. I called on her last night, which is more than you 've done for a month, Bob. School-ma'am? Not a bit of it! Simply a charming woman, though worldly and decidedly practical."

Sidney smiled, with serious eyes. To hear him talk in this way gave her a curious feeling of being left out; she did not understand it. She did not answer him, but waited for him to go on, with that peculiar and silent graciousness which stirred Alan's heart as an unseen and noiseless wind blows red coals into a flame.

"She brought up a question which interested me," Alan proceeded. "I don't know whether to call it ethics or taste. Bob, listen. You look half asleep. She had come across a sketch, or story, or something, — she said it was true, — about a man and his wife who came over in a steamer; I think it was that one which went down on the Newfoundland coast. Well, the man, it seems, was the sole support not only of his wife, but of his mother and his sisters. When the steamer began to sink, it was found that only a few could be saved; so of course the women were to go first. But this fellow's wife would n't move. 'No,' she said. 'You 've got to be saved because of your mother and sisters.' And the man — if you 'd call him a man — actually did go off in the life-boat, and leave his wife to drown! What do you think of that, Steele? Your cousin told me of half a dozen people who upheld him. He saved his miserable life at the cost of his wife's."

"I don't see that he had any choice," Robert answered.

"Bob," the doctor admonished him, "I shall have to order you to bed, if you utter such sentiments; it shows that you are not strong. Sidney, you are not going to agree with him?"

She shook her head. "I think they should have died together. They had a right to themselves. Why should the woman have insisted that her husband should live heart-broken all his days? Oh, she was cruel! She did n't really love him."

"Do you think that?" Robert asked, with that hesitation which always came into his voice when he spoke to Sidney. "I think she loved him divinely, because she wanted the highest thing for him; and what must have been his passion for duty that he could leave her!"

"My dear fellow," said Alan, "the value of an effort is determined by its result, not by the nobility of motive which prompts it. You are both wrong; he should have saved her and died himself. Here 's Miss Sally. What do you say, Miss Sally?" And then he told her the story.

"I think they should both have put on life-preservers," answered Miss Sally earnestly; at which they laughed at her, even Robert; yet there was a new consciousness in his heart as he did so, a sort of pity that she had not seen the deeper thing; and with it that tenderness, without reason, which excuses and commends at the same time. The laughter, Sidney's at least, made him resentful as well as tender.

Robert Steele, not yet strong, very pitiful, very grateful, was drifting gradually to a position where he should say,

"She is so kind to me. I am so sorry for her. I will try to be worthy of her friendship. I — love her!" He sighted this point that rainy morning in December, though it was nearly two weeks later that he fairly rounded it, being then within three days of his departure from Major Lee's house. His visit had prolonged itself far beyond Alan's expectation; indeed, it had been evident to the doctor ten days before that Robert had stayed as long as the most ardent hospitality might desire; but such a thought had not occurred to the sick man. Miss Sally had assured him, when he protested at the trouble he gave, and said he must go away, that it was a pleasure to have him stay; and Major Lee, courteous, indifferent, almost unconscious of the young man's presence, but never forgetful of that forlorn, half-invalid life of which he had had a glimpse, said, too, "Pray do not think of leaving us, sir." So Robert had remained. He had, of course, no inkling of Mrs. Paul's joy in this, as he had not seen her. She had fallen ill, "and when I have a cold in my head," she announced to Miss Sally, "I don't go about making an object of myself." It was for this reason, too, that the tea-party had been postponed, and that she did not know that John had gone away from home for a week; for it was not Mrs. Paul's habit to receive her son in her bedroom, and no one cared to impart the information. Only Scarlett and Miss Sally were privileged to see the undress of their tyrant, and they found her more awful with her white hair drawn straight and tight away from her fierce eyes, and without the softness of lace about her neck and wrists, than in the dignity of her satin gowns.

She had taken cold the day of the sleet storm, — she remembered the date with angry exactness, — and the Lord only knew when she could be downstairs again, and able to ask the people to tea. Yet Mr. Steele's lengthened stay was somewhat pacifying, and the first time that she was in the drawing-room again, and had had a talk with Sidney about him, she was really pleasant for the rest of the evening, even to Mr. Brown, when he called, as was his duty, to congratulate the richest member of his parish upon her recovery. But all the while that she was listening to him or giving advice ("I never shrink from giving advice," she had declared more than once, which, indeed, was strictly true), she was making many plans for Sidney and Robert Steele.

It was almost a pity, for it would have saved her much disappointment in the future, that she could not at that moment have seen Miss Sally and Robert Steele sitting by the fire in the yellow parlor. The major was in his library, where, as a matter of course, Sidney had joined him; so these two persons, no longer young, and therefore to be trusted, were alone.

It was a relief to Robert when Sidney left them. That wide, questioning look in her frank eyes always kindled in him a hot disgust with himself, and a desire to be soothed by Miss Sally's gentle if ignorant approval. How well she understood his moods, he said to himself, as she fell into a pleasant silence. So long as he did not know that her thoughts were upon the failure of her beef stock to clear, his content could not be lessened. He sat in his usual attitude, his head resting on his hand, and his sad eyes watching the dancing shine of the flames. Miss Sally had drawn a bit of cambric from her green work-bag, and was softly stroking the gathers with her needle.

"That is something for somebody, I am sure?" Robert commented, looking at her.

She nodded pleasantly. "Sidney does n't like to sew," she explained.

Robert Steele sighed. "I suppose you have never known the feeling of self-reproach for neglect of any one you love?"

"Why, I almost think," said Miss Sally, "that love means self-reproach. I don't see how a person can ever be satisfied with what he does for any one he cares for."

"Still, love always forgives love," Robert answered, "even for apparent neglect." He was thinking of that last look in his mother's face, when weakness and fear had silenced her reproaches, and she had — how Robert blessed her for it! — "forgiven" him. Then his thoughts followed the story of his own miserable cowardice. "It is your own forgiveness that it is hardest to get," he said.

Miss Sally looked puzzled; then, with a gleam of that good sense which seems an actual part of a somewhat foolish character, she said, "But I think you forgive yourself when you make yourself worthy to be forgiven by somebody else; not when they do forgive you, but when they ought to. Sometimes, it seems to me," continued Miss Sally, who could not remember an injury over night, "that we pardon things too easily."

Robert sighed. "You are so kind, in spite of your justice. "You have forgiven me."

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Steele," protested Miss Sally, "I did n't mean — why, of course I was not talking about you; you have done nothing which needs forgiveness; you know what I think about that money."

As for his remorse for his cowardice, it never entered Miss Sally's mind. To tell the truth, she had been reproaching herself for not scolding Susan about the ruined beef stock, and wishing that she had been more strong-minded than to forgive her so quickly.

"If I am ever anything in this world," cried Robert, his face lighting with earnestness, "it will be because you believe in me, Miss Sally!"

"Oh, Mr. Steele," she said humbly, "don't say that. God gives you the hope and strength. I only see it. I sometimes think that I can see such things, because I am a little on the outside of life, you know; and so perhaps I have more time to see what is good in other people."

"If you think that a man is good, it will make him so. He has got to live up to it," Robert answered.

Miss Sally laughed. It was so strange and pleasant, this talking out her little thoughts.

"If you believe in me," he went on, "I will grow into something for your sake. I will build a better future on this miserable past, if you will show me how." Miss Sally put her work down, startled by the earnestness in his voice. His eyes had a strained and hunted look in them, and his lips, under his soft brown beard, were pressed hard together. "And you shall not be on the outside of anybody's life; you shall be in mine, you shall make it!"

"I — I 'll help you all I can," she said simply, but her voice trembled; she did not know why, but she was vaguely frightened; she began to sew very fast, and looked towards the door, as though meditating flight.

"I will be something in the world. Oh, care for me just a little, Miss Sally!"

"I — I don't understand," she faltered, and then regained her presence of mind. "I 'm sure we all like you, Mr. Steele." But her hands shook, and the needle flashed in and out unsteadily.

"Why, I" — he paused, and put his hands over his face for an instant; he was saying to himself that it was for her sake that he was conquering his sin — "I love you. You have been good to me, you have made me feel that there is hope for me yet, you have given me life — and I love you!"

Nothing could have been more honest than this declaration. No young man who has played the sighing lover for a year could, at that one instant of unrecognized pity and profound gratitude,

have felt himself more truly in love than did Robert Steele now. How could he tell that his growing hold upon life was due not only to Miss Sally's belief in him, but also to a firmer pulse and a healthier circulation? And how could the timid, trustful little spinster discriminate? She had had no past experience with a man in love, with which to compare this scene; she merely began to cry with all her might, stealthily wiping her eyes on the bit of cambric, and saying, "Oh, why, my! You must n't talk that way, Mr. Steele!"

Robert had risen, and stood beside her; one nervous hand upon the back of her chair, and the other covering the bit of cambric and her trembling fingers. It would have been hard to say which trembled most. He had always seen her strong for him, and this weakness stirred him profoundly. "Don't you see? I love you. I want you to love me, Miss Sally," — he spoke as gently as to a sobbing child, — "care for me, and for your sake I will try and be all you can desire."

"You 've got to have your wine," replied Miss Sally, with sudden determination and calmness. "I don't know what I 've been thinking of to let you talk — so much."

She thrust her sewing into the green bag in a resolute way, but her lips were unsteady, and the tears glittered upon her lashes.

"Just say one word," he pleaded. His own earnestness was like wine to him. "Love me, and I 'll be worthy of you."

"I — I must think," she said. So many things came rushing into her mind: assured comfort for Sidney and the major; some one who would care for her; a happiness of her own, which might show Sidney many things. All this without the slightest thought of love itself. "I *must* think!" she repeated, and, without waiting to hear his entreaty, she slipped out into the hall and up to the darkness of her bedroom. Her face burned and throbbed, and she put her hands up to her throat, as though she could not breathe; a little quivering sob parted her lips. She made haste to light her lamp, for the reserve of darkness was not a comfort to Miss Sally. Then she sat down on the edge of her high bed, and tried to compose herself; but her breath was hurried, and her eyes blurred once or twice with half-frightened tears.

"I must really," said Miss Sally to herself, — "I must really take some pellets. I am — I am agitated." A small chest, holding many little vials, stood on the straight-legged dressing-table. Miss Sally lifted the lid and regarded the contents critically. "What would be best?" she pondered, and was not satisfied until she had opened her Domestic Physician, and, glancing down the list of emotions of the mind, learned that fear, excessive joy, violent anger, and unhappy love might be benefited by — and then a list of names. Miss Sally did not pause to classify her emotion. Ignatia was advised for three of the four conditions, so it was the safest thing to try. Five little white pills were counted carefully into one shaking palm, and then placed upon her tongue, while she stood, the bottle in her hand, waiting for their effect. A moment later she went over to her bedside, and, kneeling, buried her face in her hands. She was ashamed that she had not thought of this before. The small pills had no doubt calmed her mind enough for faith. She prayed with all her simple heart for wisdom, then looked up to see that the lamp was not smoking, and prayed again.

It must have been nearly three hours later, when the house had fallen into the sleepy silence of night, that Sidney, sitting by the old hour-glass table in her bedroom, her smooth forehead frowning over some accounts the major had begged her to settle for him, heard a hesitating knock at her door, and Miss Sally entered.

The bare and lofty room was full of shadows, except for the spot of light in which the young woman sat, so, glancing up in a preoccupied way, she did not see that Miss Sally's eyes were red and her mouth tremulous. Miss Sally's gray flannel dressing-gown was short and scanty, and when she knelt by the hearth and stirred the fire she shivered a little.

"It is cold in here, Sidney," she said.

"Is it?" the girl answered tranquilly. With the soft color in her cheek and the swift, warm youth in every vein, how could Sidney know that the little drowsy fire in the wide black fireplace quite failed to heat the big room? There were many draughts in Sidney's bedroom, which had windows on two sides, and sagging doorsills, and a great chimney, and the room was cold, — so cold that on the small fan-lights which capped the windows there was a faint cross-hatching of frost, and when the moon looked in upon Sidney, adding the columns of figures, these wonderful lines and feathers sparkled as though a diamond had been shivered against the glass. A path of moonlight lay across the floor, and touched the pillows and the white canopy of the bed. It glimmered on the brass knobs of the dressing-table, and spread a film of silver upon the oval mirror balanced on the chest of drawers. It showed, too, Miss Sally crouched upon the hearth, and holding up one hand to shield her face from the fire.

Is a woman ever too worldly or too simple, too young or too old, to desire sympathy in a love affair? A man rarely burns to pour even a successful love into any other man's bosom; but a woman must say, or look, "My life is not uncrowned." The acceptance or non-acceptance of the crown is the usual excuse for such confidences. Miss Sally felt vaguely that her niece was altogether remote from love and loving, and yet, she must talk to some one!

"Sidney," she began.

The girl glanced at the forlorn gray heap beside the fire, and noted, with the cruel exactness of youth, that Miss Sally's hair showed some white threads about the temples. "Well, dear?" she said.

"How do you think" — Miss Sally seemed absorbed in following the pattern of the brass fender with her eyes — "that a woman knows she is in love?"

Sidney put down her pen, and stared at her aunt in undisguised astonishment. "I am sure I don't know! How do you suppose?" There was the impersonal interest in her voice with which an inhabitant of another world might question a state of mind he could never know. "Who has been asking your advice?"

Miss Sally shook her head miserably. "I've always thought, at least it has seemed to me, that one would feel, if she fell in love," — Miss Sally blushed, — "that she could n't have any life in the future without — the other person; and as if she had not been alive in the past, not having had — the other person. And yet, you see, Sidney, there are so many other things?"

"What other things?" Sidney asked, curiously. This odd conversation did not suggest anything serious; it only amused her. Miss Sally never needed a premise, and was incapable of reaching a conclusion, so her niece was not apt to look for meaning in her chatter.

"Well, if you like a person very much, and he likes you very much, and he will make you happy, and he needs you, and you think it would be pleasant, — only of course life would be pleasant, anyhow, but not *as* pleasant, — in fact — well, if you want to — Sidney, I suppose that 's a kind of love?"

Sidney flung her head back with a laugh, closing her account-book with a soft bang. "I don't pretend to know what love is, but I know what it is not! Has your Mr. Steele been asking your advice? Has he fallen in love with

anybody? He had better ask father's advice." A quick gravity came into her face as she spoke of the major.

Miss Sally shook her head. "You know I don't think as brother does?"

Perhaps if she had not just risen from her knees, she would not have invited argument by even so mild an assertion of her opinion. Very long ago, she had given up discussion upon such subjects, and put her theories into an unselfish life. In earlier days she had tried argument once or twice, but she had been quickly worsted by her brother's logic, given in Sidney's silver voice.

"It 's better," Miss Sally had assured herself with wistful humility, "for little minds to leave great things alone; somehow, if I meddle with them, it is n't only I that am ridiculous, but the great things are, too." That she referred to her belief now showed how deeply she was moved.

"I think people are happier when they love each other," she said.

"If they believe themselves immortal," Sidney answered, with that pitying contempt which affection keeps good-natured, "or if they can forget death."

"I think," answered Miss Sally, rising and looking at her niece with another kind of pity, "that if they remember the dear Lord, they can trust the rest." She was so earnest, she almost forgot that she had been asking advice for herself. "If they just take God into their lives, darling, they need n't fear death."

Sidney smiled. "Dear!" she said, putting her strong young arms about the little figure; and the amusement in those starlike eyes silenced Miss Sally.

VIII.

It was sadly a matter of course that Sidney should forget that half hour by her bedroom fire, and Miss Sally's troubled look. Like every one else, she was used to her aunt's inconsequence; and that Miss Sally should have discussed the symptoms of falling in love meant nothing more practical than did her views on political economy, when she suggested that all the money in the world might be divided, so that there should not be any more poverty. "Well, at least," she had explained, blushing but persistent, "it would be more like the golden rule." Only Robert Steele had had the insight to know how brave she was to stand by her little foolish opinion, and it was he, now, who knew the meaning of the blush that flickered in her face when any one spoke to her.

There was a look of half-frightened importance in Miss Sally's eyes the morning after Robert had told her that he loved her, and a fluttering delight, which, however, had no relation to love. She was undeniably pleased, but as for accepting Mr. Steele, — that was another matter. Yet there were so many reasons for it, she said to herself, absently dusting the library for the second time. "It would be a good thing for Sidney, oh, in so many ways! And if I still lived here" (it did not occur to her to say "we"), — "if I still lived here, I could take better care than ever of Mortimer. And oh, what pretty dresses Sidney should have!" And there was something as near malice as could come into her gentle soul, when she reflected, "How surprised Mrs. Paul would be!" To Robert himself she had only said, looking hard out of the window, as she handed him his beef-tea, in a sidewise, crablike manner, "Please to wait a little, Mr. Steele; please to let me think." She looked so small and frightened that, with a warmer wave of that impulse he had called love, he answered very tenderly, "Yes, Miss Sally, — only do not give me up."

The pleading in his voice seemed to his listener irresistible; she had the same desire to make him happy which

she felt whenever she stopped to comfort a crying child in the street, and give it a penny and a kiss. But she could not frame the words for which he asked. Instead, he heard her in the hall, and caught the major's patient impatience as she fussed about his coat. "Fussed" was the uncompromising word which flashed into Mr. Steele's mind; yet he knew very well, as he resented his own thought, that had that care been expressed in his behalf he would not have called it "fuss." He was to leave the major's the next day, and as the two households were almost one, it was only proper that he should say good-by to Mrs. Paul; the strain of expectation made it hard to sit alone in the parlor, and Miss Sally seemed suddenly occupied up-stairs, so it was a relief to go out.

He found Mrs. Paul just getting into her carriage, a bad moment for pleasant commonplaces, or indeed for anything, — a moment at which Davids, diplomat as he was, always quailed. She was angry that Robert Steele should see her thus, muffled in hideous wraps and supported by her man-servant; looking — no one knew it better than she — old, and awkward, and pitifully feeble. Yet the quiet way in which Mr. Steele took Davids' place, and with wonderful gentleness lifted her into the carriage, disarmed her pride by its appeal to the suffering body. She glared at him through her veils, and said grudgingly, "Come, get in. You might as well call upon me in the carriage as anywhere else." Yet when he had seated himself opposite her, and Davids had slammed the door, pride asserted itself. With weak, uncertain hands, and bitter impatience at the weakness, she pulled the lace back from her face. She was perfectly aware that the soft black folds made a fitting frame for her dark eyes and her shadowy puffs of white hair. Then she smiled.

"Really, this is very nice of you," she said, "though I wonder Sally Lee permitted you to come out alone. She has been a most devoted nurse." She lifted her eyebrows, with that air which says, "I can sympathize with you!"

"She has indeed," Robert answered. He was aware that he spoke warmly, and vaguely dismayed at his own consciousness. "There is no one so kind as Miss Lee," he added.

"True," returned Mrs. Paul, with the slightest shrug under her laces. "Kindness is Sally's *métier*. A woman has to have some peculiarity; goodness is Sally's. It is very monotonous."

"If it were more general, it would not be a peculiarity," Robert answered curtly.

"I suppose you have found it amusing sometimes," said Mrs. Paul, again with that look of *camaraderie* and understanding. "A little of it is amusing; it is only when one goes through years of it, as I have done, — really from a sense of duty, you know, to keep my hold upon Sidney, — that one finds it a bore. Poor little Sally! How well I remember when I saw her first! Mortimer Lee brought her with him to take care of Sidney, when he came North, after his wife's death. But it was a pity he could n't have had a person of more sense. She has encouraged all his wicked ideas, even that folly of never going into the parlor where his wife's picture hangs, you know. She means well, no doubt, but she is so silly; sometimes I almost fear she makes Sidney dull."

She looked at him keenly as she said that. Mrs. Paul knew very well that a little slur is like oil upon the fire, and there certainly was a quick annoyance in his face, which gave her much satisfaction.

"Yes," she went on, "Sally was quite plump when she first came to Mercer, — twenty years ago and more; let me see, she must have been twenty-five, — and she looked for all the world like a pincushion in a tight black cover; she wore a jacket, — should n't you know that Sally would wear a jacket?"

Robert Steele tingled under the contempt in her voice. "Whatever Miss Lee wore must have been suitable."

Mrs. Paul laughed. "I am glad you admire Sidney's aunt, — that is quite proper. But, really, between ourselves, she is amusing? Oh, how I used to admire her moral courage in those days! It was before there was a Mrs. Brown at the Rectory, and Lord! how regularly Sally went to church! Really, you know, Mr. Steele, where an unmarried woman goes with increasing devotion to a church where the clergyman is attractive and also unmarried, it shows a willingness to be misunderstood which is noble. It is a common virtue among old maids; if the clergy only knew how the female mind confounds religion and love, they might not be so hopeful of their converts."

"There was never such a thought as that in Miss Lee's mind!" cried Robert, his face dark with anger. (If only she had given him the right to defend her!)

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Paul carelessly, "it does n't signify. Mr. Brown was too intelligent a man; although once I really did fear — but I had a word with him! I 've no doubt he 's been grateful ever since; for a clergyman is so unsuspecting that a designing — Who was that young woman you bowed to?"

"My cousin, Katherine Townsend," Robert answered; "and if you will allow me, I shall say good-afternoon. I must see her for a moment."

This terrible drive must end. He could not protect Miss Sally, but he need not listen to her maligner.

"She walks superbly," observed Mrs. Paul, watching the tall, straight figure hurrying along the road. "Is she handsome? Who is she?"

Robert gave her antecedents, with one hand on the door-knob, and said she was not at all handsome; but Mrs. Paul nodded approvingly at the name of Drayton, and forgave the lack of beauty.

"A woman," she declared, "who holds her head like that can afford to be positively ugly. And poor, you say? That is nothing. She 's her mother's daughter, and she can't escape the habit of good manners any more than any other habit. And it is manner that counts."

She was reluctant to have him leave her, and as he stood bareheaded by the carriage door she dealt one more blow for her cause.

"Sidney will miss you when you go," she said; "she hears so little sensible talk; for Mortimer Lee, with his egotism, — his grief is nothing in the world but inordinate self-love, — is as absurd in his way as Sally is in hers. Good-by, good-by, — let me see you often."

Robert joined his cousin, and walked on with her to make the long-delayed call; but when he went away Katherine Townsend drew a breath of relief. He was so preoccupied, so silently depressed, that it was an effort to talk to him. He had had an instant of dismay in realizing that he perceived a perverted truth in some of the things Mrs. Paul had said of the woman he loved, — "the woman I love with all my heart;" and his dismay was, he declared, because of the weakness of his character, not the weakness of his love. "That is the strongest thing about me, at least," he thought drearily. He brightened up a little when, upon the bridge, Alan overtook him. Alan made too many demands upon his friends to admit of anything so selfish as depression. Just now, too, the doctor was full of an impetuous determination to be happy. He had come out to walk with this purpose distinctly in his mind.

It was one of those still, raw days, with a feeling of snow in the air, and a mist settling like smoke along the thawing ground. On hills that faced the south, patches of sodden grass showed here and there through the melting snow. The river had not been frozen over for nearly a fortnight, but its black, hurrying current bore occasional blocks of

broken, snowy ice. Alan was blind to the cheerlessness of the day. He was thinking, with an intentness which was a new sensation, of Sidney and her view of life. Not because he feared it, but because it was a part of her charm, this strange and exquisite aloofness from the things which other women took into their lives. He would not have had it otherwise, he told himself, and yet — he was not altogether happy. "We are queer beings, — men," he declared, smiling and frowning together.

He had taken this walk out into the country for the pleasure of thinking about Sidney, but sometimes this pleasant thinking was interrupted by an annoyed remembrance of a certain erratic action of his heart, which he had watched with a good deal of interest for nearly two years now. "That 's the worst of being a doctor," he grumbled; "knowledge divides your chances by two. But hang it! I won't think about it." And he dismissed it, as he had often done before, but this time with a new unwillingness to see a thing which might affect Sidney Lee! This determination and the joyous flight of his fancy had brought exhilaration and satisfaction into his face.

"Hello, Bob!" he called out gayly, as he saw Robert walking slowly through the mist; and, as he reached him, he struck him lightly on the shoulder. "Where do you hail from? Been to see the charming Katherine?"

"Yes," Robert answered, "and Mrs. Paul. Alan, what a woman she is!"

"Superb!" cried the other, with a grimace.

Robert was in no mood for flippancy. He did not reply, but looked drearily before him and sighed. He was trying to understand his depression. "With such hope of happiness as I have," he was saying to himself, "why can I not conquer what is, of course, bodily weakness?" But he sighed again; it was at such a moment as this that his face was an especial index of his character. Deep, wistful gray eyes, under a sweep of brown hair that fell across his forehead, and required at times a half-backward toss of his head to keep it in its place; a delicate and sensitive mouth hidden in a pointed beard, which concealed a chin whose resolution belied the tenderness of his eyes and the weakness of his lips. It was an interesting face; not from what it hinted of reserve, but because of its confiding sweetness. He was only silent now, he thought, because he had no right to tell Alan of his new hope.

On the bridge the two men stopped and, leaning on the hand-rail, looked down into the water. The river was so high that there was a jar and thrill all through the tumbling old structure.

"Look here," Alan said, when they had watched the sweep of the water a moment in silence, "what a mighty fine girl Miss Townsend is!"

"Why, of course," Robert answered, smiling; "is n't she my cousin, man?"

"No nonsense about her," Alan proceeded; "no money; reasonably good-looking; no morbid father with preposterous theories." (Alan had not yet reached the point where he could take the major seriously, although, to be sure, he was apprehensive that the major might take him seriously.) "I should think you would be the fellow to say you saw the hand of Providence in it."

"I don't know what kind of a hand John Paul would see in it, then," returned Robert.

"Oh!" said Alan. "What? Well, I always knew Paul was a man of intelligence, though he has no tongue. I 'm sorry for you, Bob."

"You need n't be," Robert assured him.

"Now, look here," Alan insisted. ("Come on, don't stand here in the cold.) There must be some reason that you did n't fall in love with her, because it was so plainly the thing for you to do. A girl who is poor, charming — well, I said all that — and yet you did n't?"

"I don't see why this does n't apply equally to you," answered the other; "and, furthermore," — he looked at his friend with affection shining in his eyes, — "furthermore, I don't see how she or any other woman could have helped" —

"Bah!" cried Alan. "No, there 's a reason for your not doing it. I swear, Steele, I believe there is 'Another'! What?"

Robert's face flushed. Alan was delighted.

"Come, now," he demanded, "out with it!" Then his amusement suddenly faded in the thought of Sidney; he even looked anxious.

"Don't be an ass," Robert began, laughing to protect himself. But Alan was in earnest under his lightness.

"You 'd better tell me," he said. "If you don't, I 'll think that it is — Miss Sally! There! I 've no business to jest about her. But, seriously, you may just as well make up your mind to ask my advice, because, you know, you 've got to have my consent, and" —

Robert had been breathless for a moment; then he broke in sternly, "You are right; you have no business to use Miss Lee's name."

The doctor looked at him in astonishment. "Bob" — he began, and paused. A woman had brushed past them, coming with hesitating and uncertain steps out of the mist. Alan, seeing her face, forgot his raillery, and forgot too the thought which had flashed into his mind at Robert's words. "Poor soul!" he said; "did you see that, Bob? What a face! — sick with misery. A look like that strikes on your heart like a hammer." He stopped and glanced back, but seemed to check the impulse to follow her. "Poor, forlorn creature! At least, we never saw that kind of wretchedness in Italy. The earth was kind, and the air. People were not physically wretched, and to me physical suffering is no end worse than moral misery."

"That is unworthy of you, Alan," Robert began to say, hearing only the end of the sentence in his confusion at those other words; then he too looked back at the hurrying shape in the fog. "Hold on a minute, will you?" he said. "She is in some sort of trouble; perhaps a little help" — and he turned to follow the gaunt young figure which had so old and awful a face. Alan tried to detain him.

"No good, Bob; money given that way does no good except to the giver. Sidney says that 's the use of all philanthropy."

But Robert had gone, and Alan sauntered on slowly, alone. He smiled as he spoke Sidney's name, and now, as he walked, he whistled softly to himself. Just then, back from the middle of the bridge, and wavering down to the water, came a shrill scream, followed by a splash which sent a shudder through the darkening mist. Alan turned and ran back, while the sound still rang in his ears. How very long the bridge seemed before he reached Robert! He had one glimpse of him, starting forward as though to jump into the river, and then staggering back, faint with horror, against the side of the bridge. "She climbed upon the rail," he gasped, "and then" —

Alan pulled off his coat, and with one bound swung himself over the hand-rail and would have dropped into the water, but Robert clung to his arm.

"No," he cried, "you shall not, you 've no right" —

"Let go!" the doctor said between his teeth; he twisted himself from his friend's grasp, and in another moment was in the river. He must have known, even as he jumped, that it was too late, and that Death had already pulled the woman under the water. But he called out to her not to fear, — that he was coming, that he would save her. The echo of that brave young voice surely followed her into eternity.

As for Robert, he stood an instant

in horror and dismay, staring at the hurrying river, with its flecks of white ice, where Alan, buffeting the water and the mist, was whirling out of his sight. Then he made as though he would follow his friend; then cried out, "My God, what have I done!" then ran towards the toll-house, shouting madly for a boat. But a skiff had been put out. Mrs. Jennings had seen the girl jump, and had screamed to a man upon the shore, with all the might of her little voice hid in folds of flesh. The whole thing was over in ten minutes, and Alan safe on land. But it seemed to Robert Steele as if he lived a year as he stood waiting for the boat to come back. He saw them rowing about, — looking for the woman, he supposed; the suspense was unbearable.

"You 're hardly able to stand," Job Todd was saying to Alan, for it was he who had pulled the doctor into the skiff; "and what made you try to do it, anyhow? A woman 's bound to have her own way about dyin', like everythin' else. And in that current you had about as much heft as a shavin'."

Alan was shivering so that he could scarcely speak; but he laughed. "I believe you 'd have been the very man to do it, if I had n't had the first chance."

"Well, very likely I should have been just such a fool," Job admitted modestly, and then leaped ashore to help Alan out of the boat and hurry him up to the toll-house.

"I 'm all right," the doctor said to Robert, "but, poor soul — we were too late!" As he spoke, it occurred to him that Robert had been almost at the woman's side when she threw herself into the river. He was too confused by the shock, just making itself felt, of his plunge into the icy water to have anything but puzzled wonder in his mind; but when he was in the toll-house, and Mrs. Jennings, with tears and brandy and hot blankets, was hovering about him, ponderous, but ecstatic, his wonder took definite shape. Why had not Robert tried to save her? Why had he waited? Fear? He refused to harbor the thought. But *why?*

Mrs. Jennings was pouring out her unheeded praises, and regretting that her 'Liza had not been at home to see such bravery, though it "would 'a' been a shock, too, — that poor, dear, beautiful young woman. Job, take a sup o' somethin' hot; it 's agitatin' to see such sights, — I feel it myself." So she took the sup of something hot, which Job, having signed the pledge for Eliza's sake, declined. Then she looked at Robert, standing silent, with despair agonizing in his eyes, which he never lifted from Alan's face. "I suppose," she said, "you ain't in no great need of anythin'? I saw you on the bridge watchin' her, till this dear gentleman came up. Well, the Lord knows it 's pleasanter not to be so feelin' as some of us is. 'T is n't everybody as could 'a' stood there, and not 'a' tried to save the poor creature. Now, this blessed gentleman here, I see he 's one to give way to his feelin's, like me," declared the mistress of the toll-house, weeping comfortably. Then she asked him, being anxious to learn his name, to write in her 'Liza's autograph album. Alan laughed, protested that he did not deserve the honor of Miss Eliza's autograph book, admired the geraniums, and told Mrs. Jennings he believed she 'd make a first-rate nurse, especially for any one needing stimulants; but he never looked at Robert Steele.

When the carriage which Job had made haste to order had arrived, it seemed as though Mrs. Jennings' enthusiasm would lead her to bundle herself into it; it made her praises of Alan almost insulting to the silent "coward" — she only hinted at that word — who took his place beside the doctor. But when the two men were alone in the carriage, with Mrs. Jennings' admiration

shut out, it was Alan who was silent.

"Oh, Alan," Robert said, in a smothered voice, "what is right?" The doctor frowned. "I thought — and yet to see you do it — risk your life because of me! And if you had died, what then?" He covered his face with his hands, in overwhelming and passionate pain.

"Please do not give it another thought," Alan answered, with a carelessness which seemed too perfect for disdain; "you see I am none the worse."

"I saw her first," Robert went on, almost as though speaking to himself, and with that singularly distinct enunciation with which a man baffled by conflicting emotions seeks to keep one idea clear in his mind. "I — I watched her there in the water, in an eddy, — I could have saved her then. But I felt so sure — then you came. Oh, what is right? That man in the toll-house would have done it; even that woman said" —

"Pray drop the subject," Alan interrupted, impatient and shivering. The suggestion of Mrs. Jennings was more than he could bear. He was saying to himself, "He was afraid."

"Oh, Alan," cried the other, in an agony, "help me! Was I right? You saw it one way, I another. To which of us does God speak, Alan? What is right?"

"I was very glad to do it," Alan answered curtly; "probably you were not strong enough to attempt such a thing. Of course you were wise to hesitate, and — oh, damn it, Steele! why did n't you do it?" His face was quivering.

Robert looked at him, dimly seeing what his friend's thought had been. He was not hurt. The moment was too great for personal pain.

"I did not try to save her," he said simply, "because I believe that no one ought to interfere with a moral act. The woman had a right to take her own life; it lay between herself and her God."

Alan stared at him incredulously, but his face flushed with shame.

"I dared not interfere," Robert ended, with sad sincerity.

Alan drew a quick breath; then he caught his friend's hands in his own, his voice breaking as he spoke. "Forgive me, Steele," he said.

IX.

Of course, afterwards, they talked it all over. "Suicide is another name for insanity, Bob," the doctor declared. "To my mind, we have as much right to try to save such a person as to treat a man with a fever." But Robert insisted that no one had a right to say that weariness of life was insanity.

"What about the right and wrong of it?" Alan questioned.

"It is a sin," the other admitted.

"Then," said Alan, "according to your theory, one should not interfere to prevent crime?"

"If it injures no one but the sinner, I should not interfere; but there are few crimes which do not injure others than the criminal. For instance, I should not feel justified in preventing a man by force from shameless drunkenness, if the community did not see it, so that no one could be contaminated by his example. Otherwise, I should prevent him. With suicide, only the principal and his God are concerned."

"Stuff!" cried Alan, with wholesome common sense. "It depresses the community; and, by Jove! it's given my heart a knock that takes a year off my life. I don't believe any act can be confined in its consequences to the principal. There is always the example."

But Robert would not grant that.

"Bob," said the doctor, his hands clasped behind his head and a cigar between his lips, "I give you up, — I can't

follow you; and in the matter of this poor soul, you may be right, — you may be right. But I never should have had the courage to let her drown!"

Robert shook his head. "I cannot seem to see the point at which what is theoretically right begins to be practically wrong," he said after a while, sadly. "I tell you, Alan, I understand the comfort of making somebody else your conscience. That is the peace of the Catholic Church."

"Stuff!" cried Alan again, good-naturedly.

When Robert went back to the major's, that evening, he was very silent. "Very sad," Miss Sally thought, touched, and filled with self-reproaches for her uncertainty.

She had been trying all day to make up her mind, but to see him now unhappy, and about her! She *must* decide. She grew more shy, and scarcely spoke, so that Robert almost forgot her presence. It was recalled to him, however, when, with a curious mixture of humiliation and justice, he mentioned at the tea-table what Alan had done that afternoon. Even before her pity for the "poor thing" and pride in Alan could be put into words, Miss Sally's thought of Robert sprang to her lips. "Oh, I am so glad you did n't do it," she said; "you might have taken cold!" There was a half sob in her voice, and an instant resolution to "ask Mortimer" at once. For the first time since he had been her patient, Robert did not find Miss Sally's solicitude sweet.

Mr. Steele was to go away in the morning, and although Miss Sally was inclined to be sentimental in the silence of her heart, she knew, vaguely, that she should feel a curious kind of relief when the excitement of his presence had been withdrawn, — an excitement felt only since he had declared himself her lover. It was not, however, until the evening of that day that Miss Sally summoned courage to ask her brother's consent to Mr. Steele's proposal. There was, to her mind, a sort of impropriety in speaking of it while Robert was still under the major's roof.

"May I come to-morrow, Miss Sally?" he had said meaningly, when he bade her good-by; and she, remembering his low-spiritedness of the night before, could only reply, trembling, "Yes, please." The necessity of having some sort of an answer ready gave her the courage to knock at the library door that night.

She had waited in her bedroom, growing momentarily more chilly and more timid, until she had heard Sidney's door close, and knew that her brother was alone. Then she went out into the upper hall and looked over the stair-rail, to see that no one was wandering about below. She felt her heart pounding in her throat, and her small hands clasped themselves nervously together. All was quiet; there was only the faint crackle of the fire in the parlor, which still sent a dull glow out into the darkness of the hall. It took her many minutes to go down the wide staircase, but the very effort made something which had a likeness to love stir in her heart.

Major Lee, writing at the square table in the room beyond the library, looked up with surprise as his sister entered. He even put on his glasses for a moment, with a keen glance at the agitation in her face.

"Mortimer," began Miss Sally, "may I have a few words — a short conversation with you?" Only Robert Steele had seen the pathos of Miss Sally's unfailing effort to "express herself well" when talking to her brother.

"Pray sit down, Sarah," said the major, with grave politeness. "I trust nothing has troubled you?"

"I am sure you are very good," Miss Sally answered. She was so silent after that one speech, and her agitation was so apparent, that the major looked at her with sudden alarm.

"Is there anything wrong with Sidney?" he asked sharply, half rising from his chair.

"Oh, dear me, no!" said Miss Sally, relieved to have something to say; then she coughed a little, and gazed intently at the small, scuffed toe of her slipper. "I merely wished to say — to observe, at least — don't you think, Mortimer, that there has been a good deal of snow this winter?"

The major did not smile. This was probably his sister's way of leading up to the needs of the coal-bin; poor Sarah had a somewhat tiresome habit of coming to the point sidewise. She seemed to the major like a little hurrying sailboat, which yet tacked and tacked, in an endless zigzag, before reaching its destination; especially when she wished to make a request was there this rather foolish hesitation.

But Major Lee's unfailing courtesy forbade that he should hurry his sister, so he only replied, "Yes, a great deal; and the skies are overcast, so that it is probable there will be more before daybreak."

"Yes," said Miss Sally, "very true," and then lapsed into silence.

Major Lee's habit of refusing to be interested spared him much. He did not urge her to proceed. He sat brooding and dreaming before the fire; whatever she had to say, good or bad, would come soon enough without a question from him. It did not concern Sidney; that was all he cared to know.

"Mortimer," she began, and stopped to cough behind her hand, "I — I think it is wonderful how well Mrs. Paul keeps; it is really remarkable for a woman of her age."

This needed no reply. The major, gazing at the fire, his chin resting on his breast, was twisting, absently, the thin gold ring upon his left hand.

"What a pity Annette did not live to cheer her!" Miss Sally commented. "Only, perhaps she would have married, and left her mother. Most young women do."

"Yes," said the major, noticing only the pause for his reply.

"Don't — don't you think they do, Mortimer? Don't you think most women marry — more than men do?"

He smiled. "I should think it was about equal."

"But women," Miss Sally explained, "generally expect to be married. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose," the major admitted, with a politeness that might have softened his words even to a more sensitive hearer, "that they are generally less intelligent than men."

Miss Sally did not see the connection, but she was too intent upon her subject to seek an explanation. I know, Mortimer," she said, "that you think marriage is a mistake, but — but I can't help thinking Annette might have been happier married."

Her brother made no comment.

"And oh, dear me, if somebody had been living in the same house with her, and — and cared for her, you could n't really blame her?"

"Pity, Sarah, — pity, pity. One does not blame a child."

"But you see" — Miss Sally was too earnest to pause — "if he cared, oh, very much, and would be unhappy if she — did n't! And oh, Mortimer, I do respect him!" The major put on his glasses and looked at her in sudden astonishment. This emotion was not because of Mrs. Paul's dead daughter. He was interested, but vaguely alarmed. "You see," she proceeded tremulously, "he has been with us for more than a month now; long enough for anybody to learn to like him. And when he told me — oh, Mortimer, I was so surprised I did n't know what to say! Nobody knows it, of course; not even Sidney."

Miss Sally's fright had made her eyes overflow, so that she did not see the flush on Major Lee's face. "What!"

he said, in a low voice. "But you say Sidney does not know it?"

Miss Sally shook her head, in a bewildered way. "No, no; it did n't seem proper to tell her."

Major Lee had risen, in his alarm and indignation. "Certainly not; but are you sure that he has not told her?"

"Oh, no, indeed," answered Miss Sally. "He would n't say a word until — until I said he might. And if you are not willing that I should accept him, Sidney need never know it."

"Sarah," he said, after an empty moment of astonishment, "I thought he spoke of — her."

"Sidney?" she repeated vaguely. "Oh, no; it 's only me."

Major Lee turned sharply away, and walked the length of the room and back before he could trust himself to speak. Miss Sally had risen, and stood watching him. Her brother's relief did not hurt her; it was only natural. "Sarah," he said, coming back to her, "I fear I was abrupt. Pray sit down. I am distressed that you should have been annoyed by this young man. I have been neglectful, or such a thing could not have come about. I will see him to-morrow."

"You — you are so kind, dear brother," Miss Sally answered, trembling very much, and with a look of the keenest perplexity on her face.

"I am much disappointed," the major began sternly. "The young man was my guest. It had not struck me that it was necessary to protect my household from possible annoyance. I must beg your pardon, Sarah."

Miss Sally twisted her fingers together and breathed quickly. "But, Mortimer, I thought — I thought perhaps you would be willing for me to — to live here, so that I could still take care of you and Sidney."

It was a long time since Mortimer Lee had experienced such successive shocks of emotion. He looked at her a moment in silence; then he said, "Sarah, do I understand that it is your wish to accept Mr. Steele?"

"Yes, if you please, dear Mortimer," she answered faintly.

Again the major walked away from her and back before he spoke. "Sally, of course you shall do as you wish, but — I am sorry."

She looked at him furtively. His voice was so gentle that she realized vaguely the thought behind his words, and yet it eluded her as she tried to speak. "I — I 'm sure he is a good man, Mortimer. You don't disapprove of him, brother, do you? I 'm sure he will do anything you wish, — only he seemed to want me, Mortimer?" The major smiled. "I know," proceeded Miss Sally, the words fluttering upon her lips, "that you think it 's a mistake to — to care; but I 've never been afraid of sorrow."

"Have you ever known any joy?" he said. "But I wonder if you can know joy, — I wonder if you can love." He looked at her with sad intensity. "Do you love him, Sally?"

His sister's face flushed from her little chin to the smooth line of her hair. "I — I have a regard for Mr. Steele," she said.

The major threw himself down into his chair. "You are safe. You might as well marry him. And I suppose he has a regard for you? Well, that is as it should be. Never cease to have a regard for him, my dear, and you need not fear the future."

Miss Sally saw that he was amused by something, and she smiled, but with a wistful tremor of her lips. "Then you are willing, Mortimer?"

He did not reply for a moment; then he said, "I see no reason to object. I hope you will not be too happy, but I think there is no danger, at least for you." Mortimer Lee would not permit himself to think that Miss Sally could not inspire profound love. He took her hand and led her to the door. "Good-

night, Sally," he said; and then, taking her face between his hands, he gently kissed her forehead.

The fire had burned low before he left it that night, and the wind, rumbling in the upper chimney, had scattered the white ashes out upon the hearth.

Margaret Deland.

LOITERING THROUGH THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

A BEAUTIFUL, brilliant Paris, a Paris all gayety and good-humor, a Paris without politics, — this was the Paris of the past centenary summer. Every street, every shop, had its link with the great show on the Champ de Mars, which pervaded the town and had possession of an entire quarter, extending to both banks of the Seine. I felt, on first crossing the threshold of the Porte Rapp, that it would be foolish and futile to spoil a holiday by working at the Exposition as if it were a task, so I made no study of its serious aspect, and addressed myself to some of its pleasure-giving sides. But the most irresponsible loafer could not fail to pay a tribute of admiration to France for the magnificent scope of plan and completeness of execution which give this a place above former world's fairs. The achievement was not cosmopolitan, but French, — a world-wide manifestation of French genius, to which the nations of the earth have lent helping hands. It is the outcome of her best qualities, — method, organization, executive ability, a liberal conception, exactness of detail, finish, industry, the desire for knowledge and for its diffusion, the love of art, and, above all, taste. These are combined and controlled by practical sense and a splendid imagination; the same which signalized the Grand Siècle and the Napoleonic era.

The lounger was idly aware of how much there must be to engage the attention of the publicist and political economist, not in the history of human labor only, in its manifold illustrations, but at almost every step of his round. On the Esplanade of the Invalides, for instance, there was a pompous muster of the French colonies, a long double row of architectural caprices in gold, white, red and other gay colors, diminished reproductions of royal abodes, or places of worship or amusement, in the far East. Cochin China, Tonkin, Annam, Senegal, Algeria, and portions of other fractured empires had representative structures on each side of the wide thoroughfare, along which slim, smiling little Asiatics ran nimbly, pulling portly Europeans in jinrikshas. There was an air of family resemblance among these buildings and their contents and inhabitants, which may have existed chiefly in the ignorant eye of the beholder. They were imposing in name and number, however, and calculated to rouse the pride of the French and the jealousy of rival countries.

Americans bore no part in these heart stirrings and burnings, and the Malay village was more attractive to most of us than the party-colored, lacquered erections of the colonies. It was nothing more than a cluster of bamboo cottages thatched with palm-leaves, but so light and graceful in their simplicity that no civilized architect could excel them in design. They were disposed with such art that the effect was less of their having been brought from Java than of our having been transported thither. The delicate maize-colored surfaces were half hidden by the dark green foliage of

planes, and in recalling them there is an impression, possibly delusive, of mango and cocoanut trees. In a larger and more decorated inclosure, roofed over, but open at the sides, was a sort of theatre, where a troop of Javanese girls danced at intervals all day. They were pretty, diminutive creatures, like a cross between babies and idols, wearing helmet-shaped head-dresses, heavy armlets, brooches, and buckles, and beautifully embroidered garments which swathed the figure from the armpits to the feet, leaving the shoulders and arms bare. The dance was a curious performance and a puzzling one, *bizarre* rather than barbarous; as monotonous as the devotional exercises of the Shakers, but graceful and sinuous, it ran through a series of evolutions, each dancer advancing, retreating, sidling, circling, without a partner, and punctuating the time slightly with the head. The clothes hid the feet, but although there was very little action from the waist down, the movements indicated a swift succession of mincing steps. The arms and hands were incessantly in play, and were extraordinarily lithe and flexible; each finger moved independently of the rest, like leaves on a twig, and the hand turned on the wrist like the twig on a branch, and the arm on the shoulder like the branch on a tree. There were many pairs of slender arms, inviting, repelling, interlacing, now arched like bowers, now stretched out like wings for flight, more bewildering than the legs in a ballet, for those at least follow the same step, while each of these bayaderes danced her *pas seul* subservient only to a common idea. What that may have been nobody could guess, even after watching them for half an hour through different figures, in some of which they whisked the end of a sash from one shoulder to the other. The steps, at times, became more rapid, complex, and mazy, and either the dancers or the musicians, I could not make out which, uttered little cries like the mew of a cat, but the dance did not become more exciting nor apparently reach a climax; it seemed like an Oriental tale, full of trivial incident, and ending without crisis or conclusion. The part played by the hands and arms is akin to the manner of Spanish gypsy dancing, but the immobility of the lower limbs, with a constant use of the feet, recalled the dancing of our Southern negroes, which is strange, as the Malay race has nothing in common, and can hardly have had communication, with the primitive tribes of Africa, from whom both the plantation and the Andalusian dancing come. The music was much wilder and queerer even than the dances; it was in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, and had the dotted notes which mark the double shuffle of the bamboula, but recalled no other music I ever heard, not even Chinese. The instruments are all said to be made of reeds, but included a sort of drum and several rude frames like the ancient lyre and Irish harp, from which the players drew sounds like the violin and viola and flute, as well as a ringing note, like musical glasses. The strains were rapid, plaintive, monotonous, and sweet, despite discords and insane intervals, which no musician in his senses could catch; there was less melody than rhythm, and a repetition which produced a not unpleasing irritation of the nerves. When musicians and dancers both came to a pause, the wonder still remained what it was all about.

Outlandish minstrels have become a feature of the great Expositions. In 1878, the gypsy bands from Hungary, at the Trocadéro, made a furore which led to a final solution of the mystery of gypsy music. A good deal had been written on the subject, to which Liszt devoted an entire volume, but a Hungarian gentleman settled the question by proving authoritatively that all their melodies were popular tunes of his native country, so old that they had been

generally forgotten, which the gypsies had picked up ages ago on the steppes. This being established, the African character of the gypsy music in Spain is explained, and no doubt the Russian gypsy music can be tested by the same theory, Russia being rich in ancient melodies; it would account, too, for the absence of music among the English gypsies, England proper having no native music. Last summer I met a large party of Alsatian gypsies, most of them showing purity of type in feature, complexion, and other physical signs, and speaking no language fluently except Romany. They practiced peddling in addition to their usual modes of making a livelihood, were Roman Catholics, and said that they had been members of that church and inhabitants of Alsace from the beginning of time; they had never heard of Egypt or Bohemia. They knew nothing of gypsy music as a tribal possession; three of them played hackneyed waltzes and opera airs on fiddles distractingly out of tune, yet with original modulations and intervals unlike mere vulgar strumming; they said they had learned these tunes *par principe*, whatever that meant. Yet they were genuine gypsies, — swapped horses, told fortunes, and were not above robbing hen-roosts. The fact is that the gypsies, who, as far as I know, pretend to nothing themselves and have nothing mysterious about them, but, like most other uncivilized people, sincerely wish to be let alone, have been put into the position of impostors by a class of pseudo-philologists who have made some small fame thereby. But now that this wandering race are proved to have no music of their own, the only art that was ever claimed for them, and have given up their tents and wagons, and taken to traveling and living in omnibuses, with cast-iron stoves and all the modern conveniences, they have lost every pretext to interest.

This must have occurred to the European public, for one heard of no gypsy bands at the late Exposition; there were several Hungarian ones, and most likely gypsies among them. One of these was led by the Princess Lilia Dolgourowki, an eccentric Russian who, being separated from her husband and poor, plays the first violin of her little orchestra at *cafés chantants*. Another and better band, played at the Café Franco-Américain, was also led by a woman, very handsome and defiant-looking, pony-built, but with a fine, free bearing, aquiline features with sharp, spirited curves, great dark eyes open to the temples and overarched by high, slender brows, a fruity complexion, and a thick plait of black hair hanging down her back. She wore a white cloth dress, braided and corded with gold; a green hussar jacket on one shoulder; and a stiff white cap like a visor turned back, from which fell a soft purse-shaped green crown ending in a gold tassel. She led, playing the violin with immense dash and go, the time beating through her from head to foot. Some of the other instruments were played by young girls, slim and flashing, but swarthy, unlike their queen, wearing short, dark blue dresses, red jackets braided with black, black Astrakhan caps shaped liked hers, and red, drooping purse-crowns. They played Strauss's waltzes, airs from Offenbach and Lecoq, interspersed with Hungarian marches and dances, without notes, and with astonishing rapidity, rhythm, and a wild vagabond carelessness of consequences, looking about, chatting and laughing all the while. The consequences were a blissful jingle and clash, producing an indescribable intoxication in the hearer, differing with different temperaments, like more vulgar forms of the same vice. The difficulty is to get away from that music; it is easier after the first piece than the second, and after the second than the third. You eat and drink as much as you can, and more than you want; other people are waiting for your

table and chair; the waiter fidgets about, but his fee has been in keeping with your lavish, reckless mood, so he does not remonstrate; you call for another glass of Tokay or Voslauer, which you cannot drink, as a new lease of your place. The crowd thickens; you feel that there is no excuse for staying, but you stay on until the queen comes in from her home stretch with a flourish of her bow, and lays down her violin. Then she and her musicians descend from the platform, sit down at an inner table, call for large cups of coffee and small glasses of Cognac, and light cigarettes, with a tranquil air of leisure in strong contrast to the tearing pace of their last performance, and you see your chance and go. Yet this was a shrill, noisy, rattling band compared to that which played nightly at the Hungarian restaurant, under the trees of goodness knows what remote spot, which was reached through garden paths, and pillared solitudes, and lurid cafés, and Egyptian darkness. There was nothing picturesque or military in the aspect of this orchestra, composed of eight or ten men, untidy and unkempt, but their music was entrancing. There were not a dozen instruments; the leader played the first violin like a master, and the viola, if viola it was, and violoncello were scarcely inferior. They did not play from notes, and often as I heard them I could not discover whether they played by memory, ear, or improvisation. The first violin always took the air; the other musicians, who played on instruments which clashed like cymbals, rang like musical glasses, and clattered like castanets, seemed merely to follow. At the beginning of the concert they did not always pull together, there was a lack of sympathy; but as they played, especially if it were one of their national marches or dances, a perfect understanding came about. While the leader rushed along, the second violin neck and neck, like Faust and Mephistopheles on their midnight ride, the others marked the time by a monotonous beat, or pranced off into wild caracolings or mad spurts, racing back to the theme as to the goal. The melody is wild, but not always frantic; sometimes it is a long, slow rhapsody drawn from the heart of memory and longing, of precious moments missed, of everything "by hopeless fancy feigned;" the voice of the violin grows softer and lower, until it sinks to a whisper, then to a murmur, yet the tones steal into the ear and thrill the soul with the passion for what is out of reach, past forever, with the persuasion that could one follow that music it would lead to the land of desire. It is the tune the Pied Piper played to the children of Hammelin, and that the gypsy sang to the Duchess. The accompaniment purls like a brook muffled in rushes. When the charm is at its height, and musicians and listeners are rapt in the same ecstasy, one vibrating stroke of the bow breaks up the sorcery, and the mood changes, frenzy possesses the Hungarians again, and they are flying like a handful of Attila's horde through the strains of some barbaric march. The hearers sit spellbound, with burning eyes and bewildered brains, before empty glasses and plates. A train on the Decauville railroad comes shrieking by, hidden in the night, overpowering the music for a moment, and everybody jumps up and tears themselves away.

Yet fickle Parisian fashion went over, at this Exposition, to the Roumanian band. Their instruments are for the most part stringed; there were some reeds, and the pandean pipe, more associated now with Punch and Judy than with Arcadia, but giving a rustic character to the performance, sentimental or humorous according to the melody. They played in excellent time and tune, with extreme sweetness and tenderness of expression. The airs have not the originality of the Hungarian, nor a spark of their fire; they seem, like the Roumanian language, enfeebled, uncultivated

Italian; when they are more distinctly national they are pastoral, with a certain regretfulness which pervades even the lively tunes. It is the music of a conquered people, without the martial despair of the Polonaises or the unconquerable turbulence of the Cszardas. The musicians are a fine-looking set of men, tall, well made, with Roman profiles, olive or ivory complexions, lustreless black hair in masses, and the same absence of polish on the thick black eyelashes which shadow soft, gleaming dark eyes, — long almond-shaped Eastern eyes, which have nothing European in their setting or glance, though they are noble and pensive. The national costume, white relieved by red, and profusely braided with black, is handsome and striking, and gives them a capital advantage. Costume had something to do with success at the Exposition; there was an orchestra of Viennese girls, prettily dressed in the Austrian colors, yellow and black, who played gay dance music with great style and swing, and who attracted a crowd as much by their likeness to a female regimental band in an *opéra bouffe* as by their music.

Yet costume did not play an important part in the general view; the pictorial effect which so gladdens the eye when it is brought about by arrangement or accident was missing. Men and even women in their national attire were to be met at every few steps, but the excessive preponderance of the so-called European dress, which is more truly English and American, extinguished more graceful and picturesque modes. The only relief from this prosaic aspect of the crowd was caught for an instant, now and then, in the Rue du Caire; there, minarets, moucharabies, Saracenic roofs, horseshoe arches, and fretted lattices, under a strip of dark blue sky, overhung booths in which a brilliant confusion of Eastern colors, shapes, fabrics, physiognomies, turbans, fezes, perfumes, and sounds, with the more frequent Oriental dress, created a theatrical East, neither genuine nor spurious, but illusory and fantastic, like the hallucinations of anodynes. If at these moments a magnificent white donkey, bearing himself as proudly and gently as if he were carrying a Caliph, broke through the throng, with a bronzed Arab keeping step beside him, you had one of Gérôme's pictures; it had not local color or spirit enough for a Fromentin. The stately donkeys were much petted and patronized, not by children only, but by that class of sight-seer whom the French denominate *badaud*, — human jackass, in fact. One evening, early in September, the plaintive strains of the Roumanians were broken by the sound of feet tramping in step, men's voices singing in unison, mixed with cheers and laughter. A big white donkey trotted by, with a bedizened *badaude* (the noun takes the feminine) jolting and bouncing, followed by a procession of volunteers from the Latin Quarter, in double file, carrying their hats on canes and umbrellas, and chanting a soldier's chorus. Everybody laughed and cheered as they passed, and some young men joined the procession, which lengthened indefinitely as they burst along the Rue du Caire. Nevertheless, there was something that made the blood run cold in this demonstration on such a centenary; it was like a sinister parody.

Except among the historical portraits and in the building dedicated to the Arts of War, there was nothing at the Main Exposition to wake terrible recollections. The Revolution was commemorated with excellent judgment by a separate exhibition in the remaining wing of the Tuileries. A bright garden with flowers and fountains occupies the area of the Place du Carrousel, which some of us remember filled by the beautiful buildings of the old palace, and later with the heaps of its ruin. There was a double fitness in this site for the Exposition Historique de la Révolution

Française. It was divided with great exactness into periods, beginning with the Preliminaries and the Precursors, among whom were reckoned Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, with likenesses of the last two at almost every age and in every material: they were represented in bronze, marble, earth, plaster, alabaster, china, *biscuit*, oil, crayon, pastel, pen and ink, pencil, ivory, terra cotta, and even some sort of dry goods stuff; by engravings, etchings, colored prints; on snuff-boxes, clocks, trinkets; and treated in every spirit, from apotheosis to caricature. Madame du Châtelet was there, too, — Voltaire's divine Emilie, rather a pinched great lady. Washington and Franklin figured among the Precursors. Then came Louis XVI. and his hapless family, from the early scenes of his reign to the last act in the Temple. The pictures of the unfortunate Dauphin, first as a young prince, then as an abused and broken-hearted child, slipping from stage to stage of physical degeneration, were on the whole the most painful objects in the collection. There were departments for the Assemblée Constituante and the Assemblée Législative, chiefly illustrated by engravings and prints of processions and celebrations and of the taking of the Bastille. The portraits of Delaunay, the valiant governor of the Bastille, and of the Abbé Bailly, gentle, venerable, learned-looking, were very affecting. The National Convention followed, and the clubs, among which were some fine heroic heads, carried away and lost by a great idea, conspicuously many of the Girondists'. Danton was there with mother and sisters, broad, short, strong middle-class faces, and Camille Desmoulins with his Lucile. Of them there were several portraits; two in crayon were the most interesting, — comely, youthful, enthusiastic countenances. Lucile is the perfect example of the extinct race of *grisette*, rather pretty, arch and charming; her betrothal ring was there, a token which could not fail to rouse emotion, even in the breasts of royalists. There was a later portrait of her, powdered and dressed like a fine lady, not so pleasing. Among the leaders of the Revolution a type occurs peculiarly repulsive in its anomaly, — the *muscadin*, the bloodthirsty dandy. Fabre l'Eglantier and St. Just were of this class, though the patriotic flash of the last named belies his frills and ruffles. Robespierre was the worst specimen; it was frightful to see him as a pretty little man in a high starched muslin cravat and smart waistcoat. But there were plenty of faces and mementoes to curdle the blood, in that collection. The actors of the Terror elbowed the victims; there were sanguinary and incendiary proclamations, vile lampoons, decrees of exile and confiscation, sentences of death. There were clothes which belonged to the royal family, remnants of female finery, pieces of furniture, fans, a little carpenter's tool with which the poor harmless king worked hours when he should have been saving his kingdom and his life: these relics of short-sighted frivolity and short-lived happiness were the most pathetic of all.

The transition from the rule of the lamp-post to that of the guillotine brought in the Committee of Public Safety; the objects connected with the deaths of Marat and Robespierre were revolting, hideous in their association. With the Directory the horror abated: military engravings of the bridge of Lodi, Arcola, the Pyramids, commemorated the new era of hope; the classic fashions came in, — portraits with hair *à la Titus*, the exaggerations of the *merveilleuses* and *incroyables*, which the folly of the year 1889, reproduced for women. The fatal, predestined face of Bonaparte in its haggard young beauty appeared among the pictures, as if every painter to whom he sat had the prophetic eye. In this department were curious engravings and relics of the festivals in honor of the Supreme Being, of Reason, of Youth, of

Age. With the Consulate the family of Bonaparte comes on the scene, sculptural, august, antique; and portraits of the generals of the republican armies, young, ardent, triumphant, with beautiful young wives, recalling Madame Junot's observation, "They were all thirty, we were all twenty." As fitting accompaniment to these were the flags and arms of their victories. Besides the portraits of soldiers of the last period were those of physicians, men of letters, actors and actresses, musicians, painters, men of science, clergymen. The series closed with the Consulate.

The French talent for classification and arrangement, which made this illustrious chapter in modern history so remarkable, was shown in a line of buildings setting forth the progress of human habitation. Beginning with the caves of the troglodytes, they passed through prehistoric stages, marked by cabins of mud and straw, by huts of unhewn stone, by the tents of the nomads, by the wattled cots on piles of the lake villagers, by the baked clay and thatched lodge of a later period. The infant race could be traced through the stone age, the iron and bronze ages, and the misery of those silent eras, struggling with the obdurate substances of nature in the search for a home. By degrees these were turned into weapons and tools. But the great stride of man in raising his home from a mere shelter against weather and wild beasts to an abode of comfort, with the incipient notion of adornment, begins with nations who had easily worked materials at hand, — the Egyptians and Assyrians, who built in brick, the Phœnicians, who used wood. Their constructions had symmetry and a style of their own a thousand years before the Christian era, and were more ornamental than the Greek house of the time of Pericles, five hundred years later. The refinement of an older civilization, too, was apparent in these models; it was like going back to ruder times when one reached the European dwelling of the Merovingians in its due place and period. Yet it had architectural merit, the first qualities of which in a house are stability and comfort. The example at the Exposition was very striking, with its outer staircase of stone, the arched recess over the door, the belfry, and the walls built of both rough and hewn stone, mixed with broken pillars and capitals, fragments of the Roman Empire which had been trampled under the hoofs of barbarian hordes over the whole surface of Europe. Those invaders were recalled by a rude wain, of primitive pattern, such as served the Huns for transporting their women and children and storing their booty; except that it was covered, it could not have differed much from the state chariot of the Merovingian princes. The prettiest abodes were those of the latest Carlovingians, during the tenth century, and of the time of St. Louis of France, three hundred years later. The first was a cheerful example of domestic Romanesque; the second was a large cottage, Gothic and cross-timbered. Next to them stood the most charming, the gayest of European habitations, a "hostel of the Renaissance," which looked like the wing of a Valois château transported from the banks of the Loire to the Seine. It was at this point, and scarcely anywhere else, that want of room was felt; the dwellings of different epochs and races were crowded too close for each to fill its place in the gaze or the imagination. These exquisite reproductions, in most cases necessarily reduced from the original size, would have gained greatly by being isolated and screened by trees or shrubbery; it must have been a grief to the architect, Mr. Charles Garnier, to see them set thus cheek by jowl. The elegance with which he has invested every structure, from the ancient Hindoo palace and the hostel of Henri II., to the red man's wigwam and the bee-hive huts of central Africa, is

the property of his individual talent, and to reconstruct them from monuments and exhumed or excavated specimens is a feat of artistic capability, knowledge, and ingenuity. It would have gladdened Prescott to look upon the abodes of the Mexicans and Peruvians as he depicted them before the Spanish invasion, in their smiling and simple luxury, — the luxury of warm and kindly climates, which foster the passive enjoyment of existence. There was a general resemblance between these shreds of the annihilated civilizations of our hemisphere and some of the world's older half, Moorish, Arab, and Persian, but not to any of Mongol origin.

The interest of this review insensibly roused the desire for information, against which I had shut my mind. From the history of human habitations there was an inevitable tendency to see something of the earth on which they are based. In a separate pavilion there was a model of the terrestrial globe, some forty feet in circumference, therefore about the size of an ordinary three-story house; the reduction from reality was one millionth. It was not only the globe of the school-room magnified, — it was a synopsis of the conditions and the resources of this world of ours: the course of the rivers, the chains of the mountains, the infractuosities of the coast and the appalling expanse of the sea, the extent of the forbidden region which guards the poles, could be seen and comprehended; the mineral products were indicated by dots of different colors for the different species; the lines of navigation and railway travel and telegraphic communication could be traced. The globe slowly revolved, and the spectators, hushed and subdued for the most part by the grandeur of the scheme, passed round it by a spiral gallery of three grades, by which they could look down on the north pole and up at the southern one. The enormous disproportion between the habitable earth and the inhospitable sea amazed the mortals creeping along the huge ball; *terra firma* is degraded to the rank of an island. To me, the numerous chains of great lakes in various countries which I had supposed to be arid, and the gradual passage from the equatorial to the arctic zones in lands which I habitually think of as tropical, were the greatest surprise. But it was less any detail than the whole by which I was impressed, and by the overwhelming calm of the vast blue ocean spaces. M. Melchior de Voguë, who has described the Exposition in some very able and agreeable papers for the Revue des Deux Mondes, noticed the "majestic gravity" which settled on the visages of the spectators, who, as the globe turned before their eyes, felt that they were becoming suns. I cannot say what the effect of this contemplation had on Frenchmen, but certain Americans found their personality entirely absorbed by it for the moment.

One left the terrestrial globe with renewed curiosity about the countries so far apart on its surface, so near together on the Champ de Mars. The Centennial Exposition of 1876, and the multiplication of Chinese, Japanese, Turkish, and Algerine shops in the cities of Europe and America, have singularly cheapened the fascination which ten years ago was so powerful in sticks and straws, paper screens, and olive-wood rosaries. The mongrel Levantines, who represent many Eastern countries at world's fairs, help to dispel the charm and illusion. In the Rue du Caire, the semblance of an Oriental street justified the trumpery wares of the booths and bazaars; but many of their departments, notwithstanding some really precious things which they had to show, made an irritating display of pinchbeck gimcracks and rubbish. There was relief in getting out of them into the solid semi-barbaric gorgeousness of Siam, with its scarlet and gold, and deep, rich flower-pattern carving. Stroll-

ing away from more distant regions, which had been brought too near, I came upon Greece, where gaudy tastelessness was to be seen on every side. For one ungrateful moment, the indolent dilettante forgot that the museums of other countries contain the treasures of Greece; the best modern objects in her exhibition were fierce and fine-looking manikins in beautiful costumes. In the miniature republic of San Marino, on the contrary, the taste and harmony of assorted color were remarkable, not only in old carpets and canopies, but in modern imitations of them, almost large enough to cover the whole of that interesting little state. The Danubian principalities excited sympathy by their uncomfortable position of nuts in the crack of a door; whichever face Janus turns, they fare ill. With manners of hardy simplicity, they possess some of the perceptions and talents of luxury, as their embroidery shows, but their native arts are said to be perishing under the grind of political pressure and the importation of cheap manufactures. The Norse countries have a fresh, unspoiled originality and charm, a distinct character, which will be remembered by everybody who went to the American Centenary Exposition in 1876; they have lost nothing of it, and Norway in particular has pursued her handicrafts along the old lines, which continue to lead only to successful results.

But at every turn one came face to face with France, giving new delight by some new outgrowth of her versatile genius. The Exposition was a summary of her characteristics, her serious qualities, and her seductive foibles. Taste, ingenuity, and manual skill are present in her humblest work, and her artisans are nearly always artists in their crafts. There were jewels in the Parisian exhibition worthy of a place in the Green Vaults at Dresden, or among the *cinquecento* trinkets in the Louvre; there was a minute monster formed of a pearl, pink coral, and enamel, from the firm of Froment-Meurice, as perfect as any similar product of the Renaissance. But it was among the toys that the frivolous side of the French was seen in its most attractive light. One glimpse of the show-cases made men and women merely children of a larger growth. They crowded about the plate-glass, leaving the little people to howl for a sight. The loveliness, the exquisite raiment, the infinite variety, of the dolls, and the scenes which they enacted, were enough to keep an intelligent visitor amused all day. They included every nation and social station. For the most part, they represented children, though there were some Lilliputian ladies and gentlemen variously occupied, as, for instance, in learning the minuet, three figures in the dress of Louis XVI.'s reign, — an old gentleman playing the violin, and a handsome young couple dancing; they were mechanical puppets, and the slow, stately motions, the ineffable airs and graces, the pointing of the lady's toe and dropping of her fringed eyelids, were in keeping with the business on hand. A delicate sense of high life and humor designed that group, which even to the very chair and music-book were of the *ancien régime;* but what fingers trimmed their dresses, and tied the bows, and fastened the shoe-buckles? It was in such creations that French finish and perfection of detail could be studied. Even more delightful than this was the party round the cherry-tree, — half a dozen boys and girls, about a third the size of life: one exulting in having got to the top; another, with a face of consternation, losing his grasp and about to fall; those below holding up hats and pinafores for the fruit. They represented charming children of eight or nine, with expressions as natural and vivacious as portraits. A group on a smaller scale gave the daily drama of the Tuileries gardens. The Russian nurse, in national costume (for whom there is now a fashion in France),

sits on a bench, holding a beautifully dressed baby; but her attention is absorbed by a rakish doll in uniform leaning over her shoulder, while a toddling child falls on the gravel, and cries with a piteous grimace and tears of glass, a little elder sister, full of anxiety, stooping to pick him up. There was the utmost cleverness and truthfulness in these small parodies of life; the smiles which the nurse and her admirer exchanged were enough to raise a blush.

A large portion of the toy department was taken up by military playthings, weapons of every sort, which might furnish the arsenals of Oberon. There were cavalry, infantry, artillery and ordnance, sappers and miners, sailors and marines, correct in every accoutrement; battles fought by the latest rules of warfare; sieges by land and water, where gun-boats and torpedoes played their part, and redoubts were assaulted and defended by hundreds of tiny soldiers of every grade, with every appliance of modern engineering. These toys were exceedingly beautiful and instructive; they testified painfully to the determination constantly expressed by French people of fortune to bring their children up from the cradle in familiarity with military science and the art of war.

The arts of luxury were on the whole best set forth by the Lyons silk manufacturers. There were velvets, satins, brocades, crapes, gauzes, and other fabrics, costly and ephemeral, an inexhaustible variety of hue, shade, and texture. The harmonious effect of so many colors thrown together was an æsthetic feat of the persons who arranged the show-cases. The revived taste for flowered stuffs and ribbons, the latter a separate branch and worth an hour's study, has opened a new field for the French workman, and many of the designs had the beauty of fine flower-painting. It is distressing that these superb and exquisite inventions, that so much taste, sentiment, and fancy, should be expended on the most transient of caprices; a year, three at the most, and the fashion will have changed, the designs and tints will be out of date, the very names of the tissues forgotten. Their duration is as fugitive as that of the delicious scents which exhaled from the perfumery department, near by; heliotrope or violet are the odors of elegance one season, ylang-ylang or vetiver the next, and the last choice essence makes those of former years vulgar. It is not too much to say that the Lyons exhibition gave a pleasure akin to that one finds in picture-galleries and flower-gardens.

But there were real gardens, besides the gay, graceful planting which embellished the grounds of the Exposition in every direction, and set the pavilions of distant countries among the bloom and foliage of their native climate; for the grassy slopes of the Trocadéro were the scene of successive flower-shows, each seeming more lovely and luxuriant than the last. And there were real pictures, so many and so fine that not a few visitors turned their backs on everything else, and gave themselves up to the Gallery of Fine Arts. There too France led, far in advance, and her superiority has been recognized by all the other countries which could presume to compete with her. Belgium, Holland, Bavaria, and Austria at eight international expositions have given her the palm, and at Paris, last spring, the international jury proposed to award a medal of honor to every Frenchman who exhibited a picture. The rules of the Exposition wisely forbade such a compliment, but the jury incorporated in their report the tribute to the supremacy of their hosts. It was with mingled excitement and calm, the emotion of great moments, that the picture-lover crossed the threshold of the Gallery of Fine Arts, where the eye was instantly held by the novelty of material and color and the new mode of architecture. Blue was the predominant tone, clear and positive like the

sky of May, and the first effect was cold and crude, particularly in juxtaposition with the many-shaded terra cotta; but it was soon found to be restful and soothing to the nerves, and peculiarly advantageous to the statuary which filled the porticoes and halls of entrance. Few people who entered them with the belief that sculpture is a lost art can have come away of the same mind. There was much that was ugly and some that was bad, but there was a vigorous manifestation of creative power. The French have the secret of giving life to their statues and busts, among which there were many strong and many beautiful productions. There were fine groups of men and animals, some, I believe, from Belgium; and in the small exhibition from Scandinavia there were works of great talent, grace, and spirit, though I am uncertain whether they were Norwegian, Swedish, or Danish. The art of those northern countries, which has slumbered since their appearance in history, except as regards architecture, has begun to make itself seen and heard. First arose a school of music. Lindblad, Jenny Lind's countryman and early master, has left a large collection of beautiful songs, which are not as well known as they deserve to be. Since his time there has been a great change: the name of some Scandinavian composer is now to be seen on the programme of almost every fine concert; such artists as Ole Bull, Christine Nilsson, the brothers De Reszké, Madame Essipoff, — for Russia awoke at the same time, — prove that neither creative genius, nor the gift of voice, nor the facility of the virtuoso, nor dramatic talent is wanting among them. With almost the sole exception of Thorwaldsen, the Norsemen were absent from fine art exhibitions, but of late years they have claimed a modest place. There were small compartments devoted to Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, and even Finnish painting, opening on the long gallery in the second story of the Palace of Fine Arts, in the Champ de Mars. Some of them were merely creditable school compositions by pupils of Parisian painters; others showed true originality and developing strength. There are fewer tricks, and mannerisms, which the French call *tics*, in the contributions from those remote coasts than from the studios of central Europe. One characteristic which they have in common with the Russians (who made no great show on this occasion) is a look of hard truth, something different from so-called realism. They have their share of this tendency, too, and in many of their pictures there is struggle between it, a raw realism like a child's attempt at painting, and a childlike, dreamy imaginativeness, as if they had not got their foothold yet. Their *technique* is painstaking in every branch, but they succeed best with landscape, and with strange atmospheric effects which are nevertheless felt to be faithful. These offspring of the vikings paint the ocean well. A small and exceedingly beautiful sea-piece, by a Norwegian named Nils, holds its place in my mind's eye, — a rising tide under a sunset sky. It was touching to see the light-haired men and women staring with their sea-blue eyes at their countrymen's pictures. Some of them wore their handsome national dress; in one party there was a fair bride, with glittering golden locks and a complexion like sunset on snow, in her fresh veil and bravery.

English and American visitors owe a word of thanks to these good people and to all like them, who enlivened the prosaic crowd by a touch of variety and sentiment. There were French peasants, men and women, who went about with intent, intelligent faces and manners often of chilling dignity, in smart, clean array, unconsciously helping to keep alive a sense of the picturesque.

The English made a fine show, which must have been a consolation to national vanity, if it ever needs consoling, for the

lamentable competition in London, last season, at the Royal Academy, Grosvenor and New galleries. No doubt these had suffered by so many good pictures having been sent to Paris, but it was noteworthy that the painters who made the best figure there were those whose canvases had redeemed the London exhibitions.

The Belgians came next the French, to my thinking. They made an agreeable display with the largest proportion of pictures which would be suitable for drawing-rooms and boudoirs; but perhaps it might be termed a subdivision of the French school, of which they show the influence far more than of their own glorious predecessors.

The excellence of the United States department of painting must have been a joyful and proud surprise to a great many diffident Americans, if such there be. The trademark of the Paris studio is on many of our pictures, too, but not to the same degree as with the Flemish; it might also be objected that such names as Dannat, Rheinhart, Klumpke, De Meza, and many more equally foreign do not represent native American talent; but they would represent a vote at our elections, and if the genius of our people derives some of its quality from an infusion of foreign blood, no doubt some of our progress in art comes from the same element. Among the painters who are most vivid in their inspiration and most noxious in their influence are Whistler and Duverneck. There were very few pictures of the former, but one, at least, was a masterpiece, — a portrait. At his best he is inimitable, and he is not to be imitated when he is below it. Hitchcock's Madonna among the Lilies attracted the attention of American visitors more than his Tulip Culture, — a large canvas, on which a woman clad in lilac-gray stands among bands of deep pink, white, straw-color, and pale pink flowers diversified by green, crossing the picture horizontally, against the near background of a gray barn and olive-green cottage, wall, and trees. This memorandum gives an idea of the composition, but not of its charming result. Alexander Harrison had a fine picture, even if to the mere observer of nature the color might not seem quite true, — artists know best, — a gentle surf and full moon above the horizon. A beautiful sea-piece by T. W. Richards, and one or two more studies of the same subject by painters not yet famous, gave promise that we shall soon have a fine marine school. I could give a long list of the pictures before which I spent some time, though less than I wished, in the United States exhibition; but a catalogue of names would be tedious, and trying to describe works of art is vain, unless one be both painter and writer.

The French pictures were so many and so good that it would be hopeless to try to do them justice. The last exhibition I had seen was the triennial Salon of 1883, comprising the best works of art of the previous three years. The exhibition at the Champ de Mars was a decennial one, again made up chiefly of the cullings from the annual Paris exhibitions since their last international exposition. I noticed three marked improvements, from an æsthetic point of view: as a rule, the representations of the nude were not indecent, the scenes of violence were not revolting, and there was a distinct decrease of the mode of painting which makes a picture look like the wrong side of worsted work or a bit of rag carpet. But there never was a time in which there were so many diversities of style; contrasts could hardly go further in conception and treatment of the same subject in every school of painting, — portraits, landscapes, religious, marine, military. One would like to say, "My brethren, be not many masters," but the difficulty is rather that there are too many pupils. The military painters were all there; the French certainly put action, furious action, the *furia francese*

of their old charges, into their battle-pieces. The landscape school of this century was magnificently represented: all the great names were seen in great works; there was an autumn wood by Rousseau, into which you seemed to be walking as you advanced toward the picture. An uncomfortable conviction for Americans follows an hour in a Paris fine arts exhibition, that notwithstanding famous names and fabulous prices the best specimens of contemporary French art do not come to us, not even in *genre* pictures; the Angelus and its companions at the American Art Association are the exceptions which prove the rule.

Besides the decennial exhibition, there was a centennial collection of paintings in the broad, square gallery under the dome of the Palace of Fine Arts, brought not only from the Louvre, but from the provincial museums throughout the country. After the effete, effeminate art of the expiring monarchy, the splendid outburst of artistic vitality is as striking as the explosion of military genius under the Consulate and the Empire.

The retrospective exhibitions at the Trocadéro went back to the rise of the various arts and trades. The history of sculpture in France filled a suite of spacious halls with reproductions of her most venerable and interesting monuments and examples of every period and style. The extraordinary dignity and beauty of the series and the impression it made on the imagination contrasted singularly with the effect produced on me, not long before, by the collections in the South Kensington Museum, with their modern air of well-classified facsimiles.

This exhibition of sculpture was one of the few departments of the Exposition where the past was not pressed out of sight by the present and the future. Modern invention possessed the field. The Seine was bordered by a line of buildings exhibiting the operations of the Commissariat of Subsistence of peace, the Panification of Paris, the development of coffee and chocolate. It was a pleasure to look at them from the opposite bank with the certainty of never setting foot inside them. Enough could be guessed of the place which, supplying the mere necessaries of life, holds in life itself by making the round of the Exposition grounds on the little Decauville railroad. The stations and track had a holiday air, and you took a seat in the wagonette with a feeling that you would presently arrive in an unknown country. Directly it whirled by Eastern kiosks, modern manufactories, Chinese pagodas, mediæval battlements, bamboo inclosures, openings into contemporaneous Paris with its omnibuses, tramways, and cabs. The juxtaposition and sequence were brain-feverish. There were intervals of relief, when nothing could be seen on either side but a row of trees within walls posted with cautions to the passengers in every known and unknown tongue. Though not an Orientalist, I felt at home with the Arabic, Hebrew, Persian, and Chinese inscriptions, after puzzling over the bewildering characters of Coptic and Malay. There was one in Latin which began "O Cives," with a Ciceronian appeal to passengers not to put their heads and arms out of the windows, etc., and the Spanish placards headed "Haro!" stirred the spirit of adventure instead of repressing it. To satisfy the cosmopolitan, there was a notice in Volapük, which must commend itself to every linguist in search of a simple, natural basis for the universal language: "Sanitö! Diedolsöd bimis no pladolsöd lögis ni kapi plö vars."

The praise bestowed on the architecture of the Galerie des Machines, or, as M. Melchoir de Voguë termed it, the Palace of Force, led me once to traverse it slowly. The might of Nature, the tremendous energy of man, come home to the mind with overwhelming

power in the presence of the enormous engines by which the one holds the other in check and subservience. They justify the boast of Archimedes. But the monster of Frankenstein and M. Renan's Caliban, and the awful revenges of these stupendous slaves when they turn upon their masters, haunt the fancy. The brain reels between exultation at the Titanic achievements of man and the perpetual defeat and sacrifice of men; at the thought of the innumerable victims to these victories, of the more innumerable whose existence is lifelong thrall to those mastodons. I nearly forgot that I was there for enjoyment, and made haste to get into the open air.

To a mind incapable of grasping the simplest principle of mechanics, the sight of the Eiffel Tower and the adjacent buildings was a pleasanter manifestation of human prowess. I found that they were most imposing by night. Then the vulgarity inseparable from an indiscriminate crowd, the trivial details, the clap-trap, the pasteboard aspect of huge temporary structures, were lost in a vaster and more comprehensive impression, at once more real and more fantastic. At a stated hour, the illumination of the fountains produced a marvelous transformation scene, beautiful enough for fairy-land if it could have been watched from some coign of vantage out of reach of the many thousand pairs of elbows below; this drew the crowd to one point, and then was the time to see the exterior of the Exposition. Then the palaces and temples threw black silhouettes on wide glaring white spaces, and quivering shadows of leaves and tendrils decorated the black walls. Then the broad alternations of darkness and brightness were deserted, and one wandered among their mysterious pavilions and strange gardens like Haroun Alraschid in search of adventures. There was a transcendent grandeur in the luminous outlines of the main buildings against the soft summer dusk. Through the broad arch in the base of the Eiffel Tower, across a murky interval warmed by the presence of indistinguishable gold and color, rose the colossal semblance of an altar lighted with numberless tapers; it was like the nave and choir of some Byzantine cathedral of fabulous dimensions, waiting for the nations of the earth to gather for midnight mass. From a different angle one saw the halls and colonnades of Lucifer,

> "High on a hill far blazing, as a mount
> Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
> From diamond quarries hewn and rocks of gold."

The steadily shining high altar seen through the overarching vault was the terrace of the Trocadéro, on the right bank of the Seine. In crossing the Alma bridge to reach it, another wonderful scene was revealed: as far as the eye could follow, the banks glittered with millions of many-colored lights, jeweling the darkness and doubled in the jet-black stream. Along the edge they threw a reflection like the pillars of an endless arcade; elsewhere they were flung and heaped together like flowers of fire. The river was spanned by gleaming bridges, below which the dark ripples changed to a sparkling network, and the surface was broken into lines and dashes of light by boats of every size darting to and fro like fireflies, the gilded Bucentaur of the Louvre gliding smoothly between the flashing links mirrored from its galleries. My companion and I passed from this into an embowered avenue, emerging on a broad gravel walk between borders of emerald turf: a high rose hedge on one hand, covered with countless buds and full-blown blossoms; on the other, a dazzling flood, rising in waterspouts, falling in cataracts, flowing away in tossing waves between marble embankments. We walked slowly up the solitary garden, following the flash of the waters which drowned our speech, breathing the fragrance of the roses,

watching the architectural lines of the terraces carved in light, which cast their reflection upward on the pale, unillumined façade of the Trocadéro. We were alone, we had it to ourselves; the solitude and the splendor, the delicious odors, belonged to the precincts of enchantment. When we reached the highest grade we turned, and beyond the Seine the Champ de Mars in its nocturnal effulgence lay before us like a city of palaces, its gold and silver and rainbow fountains leaping into the air.

It was by night, and miles away from the Exposition, that I had my last sight of those lofty piles looming over Paris, and looking down from their sublime height upon the cupolas, towers, and spires, monuments of other triumphs. Below me spread a dark, billowy expanse of tree-tops, into which from the further side a double line of light jutted like a pier; southward the branches lifted and gave a glimpse of myriad tiny, twinkling, hurrying lamps, but the foliage rolled together again, and rose densely to the horizon. Above, up among the stars, three radiant shapes were outlined in white fire against the firmament, — a vast dome, an amphitheatre, and an aerial tower of slender convergent lines ending in a mild, intense beacon light, with a long wake like a comet sweeping this way and that over the enshadowed city and the dim, sleeping country. It was a symbol of the light of knowledge streaming from the great pharos of the Exposition.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

XXXII.

THE following letter from Madam Van Cortlandt to her husband explains itself: —

ALBANY, 10*th May*, 1698.

MY BELOVED HUSBAND, — I am much concerned to know how affairs go on since B——t's accession. His l'dshp's coming, if all that 's said be true, is not likely to make for the benefit of some we wot of. There 's an end once and for all of a certain junker's chances. What next is to be undertaken we will consider of when we meet. The plan writ of in my last with such commendation, that he come hither to bear brother John company in his forthcoming embassy to the Five Nations, must no longer be thought of; for only last Lord's Day morning, as I sat at ease in church, who should pop up before me but that Leisler hussy! and upon inquiry I find the whole brood is settled down here. Make shift rather to send him down to Lysbeth's for two or three weeks' shooting, until we hit upon a sufficient pretext for dispatching him to Holland. . . .

Your faithful, loving wife,

GERTRYD.

It was in accordance with the hint above given that Steenie was forthwith posted off to Vlacktebos. He received the hint from his father with instant favor. He was a zealous sportsman, Seawanacky abounded in game, there was nothing to keep him at home, and the suggestion of a possible voyage to Holland upon business of moment was a prospect tangible and alluring enough to rob the future of vagueness, life of aimlessness, and justify present idling.

Cousin Lysbeth welcomed him with her usual heartiness, but directly became aware of a change in him which perplexed her not a little. What had come over the ingenuous junker? Where

had he picked up that hard, disagreeable way of talking, and that laugh without a touch of mirth to it? Shrewd as she was, the good huysvrouw could never be quite sure whether he was in jest or earnest; and for the matter of that, many of his jests — if they were jests — she did not at all understand.

"So we have a new governor, it seems," she said, as they sat on the stoop after supper.

"I believe you, cousin, and we made the welkin ring at his coming."

"How so?"

"Nothing less than four full barrels of gunpowder could avail to bruit the matter to the world."

"And all well enough; 't is fitting he should be received with honor," remarked the dame, who had an hereditary but well-regulated love for parade.

"Humph, yes! In that respect 't was small measure. Nay, as I think on it, 't was niggardly. They should have burned the other two. Would you believe, now, they had two good barrels left, saved with old-granny prudence against an attack by the Indians? To such things are we come!"

"But his Excellency is of higher rank, 't is said, than any before sent out to us."

"So you would have sworn from the banquet; the like was never seen here; only your earls and lordships are born with stomachs for such feasts."

"What had they then so fine?" asked cousin Lysbeth eagerly, with a true huysvrouw interest.

"Everything that walks or creeps, or swims or flies, — venison, beef, mutton, pork, veal, lamb, sausages" —

"Meat to every man's liking, and none too much for the occasion."

— "turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, grouse and quail" —

"Ei! ei!" exclaimed cousin Lysbeth in protestation.

"I swear to you! — was I not one of them? — together with pasties, puddings, cakes without number, and wines without stint."

"And how many to eat?"

"Everybody worth counting in the town; a hundred and fifty at least, — all bowing, and smirking, and lordshiping with might and main, Mayor De Peyster at the head."

"What manner of man is his Excellency?"

"Not a woman in the land but will say we had never such a governor before."

"Humph!"

"For besides that, in stature and port, he outdoes De Peyster himself, he comes dangerously up to Solomon in glory of raiment."

"So? He should make a show in keeping with his office, but 't is pity if he have no more sense than to overdo the matter."

"Sense! Never fear. You have not more yourself. See what a great opinion I hold of the man. He has a will of his own, too. Heigho!" He interrupted himself with one of those laughs the honest dame liked not to hear. "Is it not enough to set a dog laughing, cousin, to see them yonder hugging and cosseting, when in three weeks they will be snarling and spitting like cats?"

"For me," said Vrouw Wickoff gravely, "I see no laughing matter in it; 't is time we had an end of quarreling and bickering, and some heed was given to the good of the province."

"'The good of the province'!" repeated the junker, with another laugh, louder and harder than before. "What, pray, mean you by that fine phrase, cousin? What is the good of the province but the good of Claes and Rip and Jan many times multiplied? Who cares for Claes and Rip and Jan singly? Not a mother's son but themselves. See you? 'T is every one for himself. The province is but a name which everybody writes on his banner to serve his turn."

The dame did not answer directly. She sat for several minutes studying her kinsman as his roving eyes gave her opportunity.

"I hope, at any rate," she began after a while, "his Excellency will let bygones be bygones, and rake up no old bones of contention."

"Why, know you not 't is for that precisely he has come?"

"What?"

"To put down the pirates."

"'T is high time, too."

"And put up the Leislerians."

"Ei?"

"For which these worthy merchants who have been feasting him are expected to supply the money."

"God grant they may never be such fools."

The junker laughed long and loud.

"See you there, who would be bickering now? Ei, cousin Lysbeth, 't is as I thought; were you a man, there 'd be no such roistering bickerer in the land."

"'T is no bickering to make a stand against letting loose a lot of vipers upon us."

"Why should they not be let loose, tell me? Why should they not have their ups after being trod so long in the mire?"

"'T is the place for them," retorted Vrouw Wickoff stoutly; "they 're not to be trusted."

A look of demure gratification gleamed in Steenie's eye, as he watched his sober kinswoman take fire.

"Give them power again and they 'd cast the whole province into an uproar," she continued, quite unconscious of being baited.

"They are all of one flesh and blood; 't is but fair they should have their chance with the rest," went on the junker, casting about for material to keep up the flame.

"Go get you to bed!" cried cousin Lysbeth, suddenly awaking to the situation, "and to-morrow let me find you in better sense!"

The first week of Steenie's stay in Vlacktebos passed without any event of note. He spent the days tramping the country with his dog and gun, to such good purpose that his cousin's larder was supplied to overflowing. It was, perhaps, on account of this embarrassment of riches that she suggested sharing his gifts with the begum, in return for her kindness of long ago.

Accordingly, on his way home one day he stopped at the Staats farm with a bagful of birds. The begum was not at home, so, leaving his offering with a civil message, the junker turned away. Hardly had he reached the highway, however, when he saw the lady approaching. Upon hearing his errand she overwhelmed him with thanks, and, despite his excuses and bedraggled condition, by sheer insistence brought him back with her to supper.

At the entrance to the driveway she dismissed her palanquin, and loitered under the tall trees upon a pretext of pointing out the view.

"Here, if it please you, Mynheer, upon this knoll — so — looking to the west. There is nothing, I suppose, stirring in town?"

"Nothing of moment," he answered, busied with the view.

"'T is strange, with the coming of a new governor."

"True, the new governor, — I quite forgot him."

"'T is because he goes on with things where his late Excellency dropped them," continued the lady, attentively studying his averted face.

"Not he."

"So?"

Directly the questioner's eye darkened with interest, but she turned away with excellent control, and occupied herself with the scenery.

"A little further to the right, Mynheer. The doctor says 't is the best

point for a view in all New Utrecht. Note the cliff yonder, glittering in the sunset; 't is like the glories of the Taj-Mahal. 'T is thought, then, his lordship will have other views than Governor Fletcher?"

"As different as dawn from dark, so goes the report."

"Yonder faint line you think the sky, Mynheer; 't is no sky, but the sea itself. When the sun is overhead 't is as blue as the sapphire on my hand."

Steenie, perhaps thinking of the last time he saw the sea in New Utrecht, was silent.

"What, then, called so loud for amendment in Governor Fletcher's doings?"

The junker replied with his new laugh, and his listener naturally stared.

"Pardon, madam, your question is so innocent. Know you not New York is become a den of thieves under him? The merchants are all turned pirates and the officials are hand in glove with the rogues, till there 's not an honest man left in authority to enforce his Majesty's noble Acts of Trade."

The new note struck by her visitor, accompanied by a certain slight recklessness of manner, clearly fell upon the lady's ear as a discord, for she flashed upon him a searching look.

"What think you of the story of Madam Fletcher's jewels?" he went on.

"Ei?" cried the begum, with an outburst of curiosity, all guards forgotten.

"Her late lamented Majesty, 't is said, had nothing like them."

"I know nothing of all that!" interjected madam breathlessly.

"How comes it, tell me, they look so like to certain gems taken by pirate Tew from the Grand Mogul himself in the Indian Ocean?" asked the junker, with a look of mingled mockery and insinuation.

The begum did not speak, but she gazed at him as if every feature and limb had turned into bristling interrogation points.

"Again, how came Madam Bayard with that wondrous diamond, once worn by an Arabian princess, foully murdered, 't is said, on the high seas?"

"What say you?"

"Let Minvielle too explain, if he can, the chest of Arabian gold pieces found under his bed, and Adolphe Philipse why he steals out in a ketch, under cover of night, to meet his father's merchantmen coming in from Madagascar."

Steenie laughed again in a way which seemed to bewilder and irritate his hearer.

"How think you now?" he went on, not blind to the impression he was making; "has not his new Excellency something to do to drive out the rogues and bring back those dear Leislerians?"

"He dare not venture upon that!"

"Why, know you not they are the only honest men left in the province?"

"What huysvrouw's tales are these, Mynheer?" cried the lady, with a sudden flash of anger.

"Such as are flying about the Stadthuys and buzzing in his new Excellency's ears. — So! this, then, is the view you speak of? 'T is indeed a fine prospect of the land, but I see no water; perhaps 't is because the sun blinds my eyes I cannot make it out."

The listener paid no heed to the attempted digression.

"And will he have new councilors?"

"Trust him for that!"

"Men of his own mind, men of the mind to bring back those" — she choked over the obnoxious word — "those others to power?"

"Assuredly! Think you he would consort a minute with the rogues Fletcher had at his board?" questioned the junker, with another laugh.

Insensibly pressing closer to her guest, madam lowered her high-pitched voice to a more confidential key.

"What say you? He will give back to the vrouw and her children their goods and lands?"

"'T is so said."

"And take away — if he can — the guilt and disgrace?"

"God knows!"

Struck by the speaker's sudden sternness of tone, the begum stood looking at him with kindling eyes. There followed a moment of silence, in which she seemed busied with the form of her next question. Her trouble was lost. A cloud of dust arose on the highway, a sound of heavy trampling was heard, and the next minute a herd of young cattle came rushing and snorting down the road, with heads tossing and tails standing straight in air.

With a loud cry of terror the begum darted off towards the house, her soft draperies floating backward in the breeze of her own making.

Calling out vainly to reassure her, Steenie faced about to cover her retreat. But the danger was already over, and he stood staring at the cause of the stampede. Mounted on a colt, without saddle or bridle, her cap gone, her long braids hanging half unraveled down her back, Catalina galloped past in the wake of the flying cattle, followed afar off by a panting negro.

Steenie jumped upon a boulder to look after them. The disheveled rider soon overtook the herd, and dashing through their midst headed them back. The negro, meantime, had come up and opened a gate, and by dint of dodging and much shouting the cattle were soon all driven into the lane leading to the barn-yard. Thereupon dismounting and turning her colt in after them, the breathless young hoiden sauntered up towards the house.

Coming unexpectedly upon the junker, who stood waiting at the entrance to the driveway, she cast a swift glance downward at her disordered dress, and courtesying in some confusion stammered, —

"I — I knew not you were here, Mynheer."

Steenie did not answer; he stood noting in silent amazement the physical development which had taken place in the speaker since their last meeting.

"If you come to wait upon my mother, she is within," continued Catalina, with a movement of impatience under the scrutiny.

"No — I — yes, I have seen her."

"So!"

Another minute passed in awkward silence, the visitor still absorbed.

"I bid you good-night, then, Mynheer!" cried the girl, courtesying again, and starting at a round pace for the house.

"Pray you — I — Catalina, will you run away?"

The fugitive halted with evident reluctance.

"I am bidden to eat supper with you."

"You are welcome," she said, constraining herself with ill grace to the duties of hospitality.

They turned and walked towards the house, Steenie's eyes still busy, and not without cause. With her tints all heightened and her limbs pliant from her late exercise, the girl's whole person seemed marked by a physical brilliancy not to be overlooked.

"Pray where learned you that trick of riding?" he asked, awaking suddenly to a sense of his responsibility for some part of the conversation.

"That colt is not broken yet; he cannot abide any sort of gear," she explained briefly.

"Your mother was in terror of the cattle, and ran away."

"Yes, she dreads all beasts with horns."

Steenie hemmed and hawed. For some reason not quite clear, he felt the contagion of his companion's constraint, and strove in vain to lift the conversation from the dead level of formality.

"I have come down for some shooting."

"So?"

"And am visiting at my cousin's."

"Vrouw Wickoff?"

"Yes. I met your mother upon the highway, when she would nothing but that I should stay, despite my sorry plight."

"She could not do less, it seems."

The begum stood on the stoop awaiting them; quite unconsciously she relieved the situation in a moment.

"Catalina, you have given me a great terror; never drive again those mad cattle! Ah!" she cried, with a shudder, "I tremble yet here at my heart to think of it. Mynheer, pardon that I left you. I was beside myself. You would order your dress before eating? There is a servant waiting within to attend you."

But a sudden impulse had seized Catalina. Turning quickly to their guest, she almost took his hand in her eagerness.

"Oh, Mynheer" —

"Pardon!"

"You come lately from New York?"

"Yes," murmured Steenie, somewhat taken aback by this unaccountable change of mood.

"You have seen her, then! Where is she? Is she well? How does she look?"

"She!"

"Catalina! Catalina!" nervously interposed the begum, "Mynheer has to make himself ready for supper, your own dress is to be thought of, the table waits."

The junker made excellent use of the moment's diversion. A dawning look of consternation upon his face was quietly checked, and he answered calmly if a little stiffly.

"You mean Hester: I hope she is well."

"Hope!"

Catalina's honest stare of amazement was more trying than her question.

"She is not in New York; she is in Albany. I have had no business to take me thither" —

The explanation was interrupted by the begum, who, putting the questioner unceremoniously aside with a profound courtesy to her guest, motioned for him to go.

Deeply grateful at the moment for the interference, it did not occur to the junker until long afterwards that the mother's behavior was somewhat peculiar.

When later they all met in the parlor, the begum explained that her husband was absent from home upon business, and herself led the way to the supper-room and did the honors of the table. Meantime, she held the conversation strictly within bounds, and prevented any further outburst from her daughter by doing all the talking herself.

Steenie's vacant look showed that he gave but little heed to what she said, and it is doubtful, indeed, if the lady herself could have given a very clear subsequent account of the drift of her own talk, so differently busied were her thoughts and tongue. Later in the evening, however, she was brought to a sharp recognition of time, place, and circumstance by a chance remark of Catalina's in answer to their guest's parting greeting.

"I know not," he said, "how much longer I may be in Vlacktebos, but I hope at any rate to see you soon again."

"There is good prospect of it, too, for we may go back to New York to live, now that father is made one of Lord Bellomont's councilors."

Lingering upon the stoop after their visitor had gone, Catalina's eye fell by chance upon an unfamiliar object lying near her on the bench. Taking it in her hand, she discovered it to be a powder-horn, heavily mounted in silver and bearing the initials "S. V. C." Starting up, she looked eagerly along the highway with the purpose of recalling the owner, but his tall figure had already disappeared.

"Mother!" she called, turning at the same time to go in.

Receiving no answer, her first impulse

evidently gave way to a later. She did not repeat her call, but stood hesitating, one foot upon the threshold, looking at the object in her hand.

Presently a step was heard in the hall. With a quick movement she thrust the horn under her apron, and went in "with an air of nothing."

An hour later, as she sat in the broad window-seat in the seclusion of her own room, she drew forth the bauble and studied the chasing upon the silver bands, holding it the while tenderly in her hand, and polishing it with her handkerchief in a caressing way.

After a little, with apparent forgetfulness she dropped it in her lap, and sat with her head resting on her hand, gazing at the fading tints in the west and the lighting up of the stars, until the tenuous silvery peal of Dominie Varick's far-off church-bell came floating over the meadows, a warning curfew. She arose at the familiar signal, forgetful of the treasure in her lap, which fell thumping to the floor.

With a quick look of remorse as for an injury done to a sentient creature, she sprang to pick it up, wiped it gently, and with a sudden impulse carried it to her lips. Directly she realized what she had done. A hot flush swept over her face, she threw the horn violently to the floor, and darting across the room cast back over her shoulder a startled, guilty look, as if under arraignment before her own accusing conscience.

Next morning, on going down-stairs, she sought her mother without delay, and handing over the horn said gravely, "Here is something Mynheer left behind him."

"'T is something he needs, too," said the begum, studying it curiously; "he will think it lost; you cannot do better than ride over speedily and take it back to him."

"I will do nothing of the sort!" cried the daughter, in a sudden flutter.

The matron, opening wide her small black eyes, stared after the retreating maiden, and thereupon spent a good half hour puzzling over this trifling circumstance, as she paced to and fro upon the sanded floor.

Before she could take further action in the matter, however, there came a mounted servant with a message from Vrouw Wickoff, begging the begum and Catalina to do her the honor of supping with her the following day.

Without consulting her daughter, the begum returned an elaborate message accepting the invitation.

The old negro charged with the duty of repeating this grandiloquence to his mistress looked aghast, but, disdaining to ask either repetition or explanation, hied him home, and recited to Vrouw Wickoff an unintelligible jargon which drew from Steenie a shout of laughter.

The supper-party was a shrewd and characteristic move on the part of cousin Lysbeth. Having heard from her cousin that the Staatses might soon move back again to the city, she straightway bethought her that by one timely and well-directed stone she could bring down a small flock of birds, to wit: redeem her reputation from the taint of unneighborliness by a parting touch of hospitality; do honor to her kinsman's visit; avail herself — no small consideration in the case of so remarkable a personage as the begum — of his services in entertaining; and lastly — whisper it not beyond the pantry wall! — put to good use the uncommon delicacies with which her larder was stored.

When told that she was expected to make one of the supper-party, Catalina for a moment looked panic-stricken and declared she would not go. Waiting for the consternation to pass, her mother asked in the quietest way an artful question.

"Why, then, my daughter, are you in such fear to meet Vrouw Wickoff?"

Catalina was silent; she saw the alternative awaiting her disclaimer. With a

burst of resentment at the covert insinuation, she cried indignantly, —

"I care nothing for Vrouw Wickoff! I do not care for anybody. I will go."

"It is well."

Cousin Lysbeth's supper was worthy of her reputation: the napery was of home weaving and bleaching; the ware was brought from Holland by her grandmother; the silver was of honest Dutch handiwork; and as for the fare, each separate viand had been cooked under her own critical eye, from the partridges roasted on a spit before the coals to the delicious izer-cookjes, each branded in the middle with a big "S," her maiden initial, by the baking-iron brought to her husband's house as a part of her dowry.

The begum had honored the occasion with fitting splendor. Not only was her own toilet rich and elaborate, but her interference in Catalina's had invested the uncouth Dutch holiday garb with a touch of Oriental elegance. This, instead of the usual crude colors and violent contrasts, consisted of a dull red camlet petticoat richly wrought with Indian embroidery, relieved by a pale blue jacket of softest cashmere; while, instead of clumsy gold ornaments, the rich tints of her glowing eyes and sunburned cheeks were softened by a double row of gleaming pearls wound closely about the throat.

The anxious mother, thinking perhaps to forestall invidious criticism upon her daughter, whispered Vrouw Wickoff at the first opportunity that Catalina was grown so shy since coming to the country that she had much ado to bring her. To her measureless amazement, however, she presently found herself stultified by the young woman's very unusual behavior. Far from being timid, the latter showed herself audacious. Without waiting to be addressed, she boldly accosted the company, she chattered like a magpie, she interrupted Vrouw Wickoff without compunction, she flatly contradicted her mother, she rallied the astonished junker unmercifully, she paid no heed to anything said to her, and effectually prevented anybody else from talking.

The discomfited mother, affecting not to notice this odd behavior, strove in vain to divert the attention of her hostess. The trouble was, she could not divert her own. With her thoughts wholly fixed upon Catalina, her random words were without coherence. Vrouw Wickoff made no pretense of heeding them.

"What think you, Mynheer?" began Catalina as soon as they had exchanged greetings. "When it was discovered you had left your powder-horn behind, mother would have had me come over straightway to restore it."

"And why did you not?"

"Why did I not? Why did I not?" interposing a little scornful laugh. "Think you I would ride so far upon so slight a matter?"

"'T is no slight matter to make me lose a day's sport."

"So-o!" she exclaimed, with an almost insolent inflection.

"Besides, if you had come, I should have had the pleasure of seeing you."

"I had liefer do something to pleasure myself."

"It should have yielded you some satisfaction to procure me so great a boon."

"'T is a fine speech, that, but why waste so much breath without meaning?"

"I see you would draw me on to an oath to confirm it."

"Not I, indeed; I would have nothing sworn to but what is worth while."

"By what means am I to convince you?"

"One deed is better than a thousand words," returned the reckless girl, with a toss of the head and a bravado smile.

"So! Then shall I come to wait upon you to-morrow morning."

There was a passing look of conster-

nation, a quick rally, and the forced smile turned to a nervous laugh as she answered, —

"You had best make sure I am to be at home."

The begum, left alone by Vrouw Wickoff's withdrawal to give a supervising touch to the supper-table, listened aghast as the conversational ball was thus tossed back and forth between the young people.

"You may tell me now, then," continued Steenie, with a look of amusement.

"Indeed shall I not!"

"Then must I needs take the risk."

Further talk was prevented by the arrival of Dominie Varick and the announcement of supper.

Next day, Dr. Staats, who had come home on a flying visit, took his wife back to town with him to make some preparations for their forthcoming removal.

Catalina, left alone with the children and servants, wandered about the house in an aimless way, anxiously studying the movement of the shadows on the dial, or from her chamber window scanning at brief intervals the distant highway. She became more and more uneasy as the hours rolled by. At dinner-time she had reached such a state of suspense that she sat pushing about the dishes and drumming on the cloth, unable to swallow a mouthful.

Hardly had she risen from the table, when a man came with a note announcing that Mynheer Van Cortlandt had been called to Breuckelen on some business, which would prevent his coming to pay the promised visit.

An odd mixture of relief and chagrin showed itself in the reader's face as she finished the note. Her suspense, at least, was ended; she wasted no more time peering from the window, but, taking some needle-work, repaired to the orchard, where she disposed herself upon a shaded bench under the apple-trees, her favorite resort on a warm afternoon.

Her little fit of industry soon passed; her work fell unheeded from her lap, while eyes and thoughts were given up to reading and re-reading the bit of a note which she drew from her pocket.

To one in such oblivion the hours steal by on muffled feet, and so to Catalina the afternoon passed like a dream. The sun was already setting when, upon hearing a faint stir near at hand, she raised her head, and beheld the writer of the note himself standing before her. With a futile effort at concealment, she thrust the crumpled paper in her bosom, rose quickly from her seat, and, all her hardihood of yesterday flown, stood dumb and trembling before him.

"I am here at last, you see."

But instead of a welcome, the amazed junker had for his pains only a confused impression of burning blushes, eyes filled with tears, and a vanishing figure.

XXXIII.

A week or more after the supper-party, some social impulse prompted Steenie to send up and invite his old friend Cornelis De Peyster down for a day's shooting.

Cousin Lysbeth was captivated with their visitor. His name was well known and honored in the province. Tales of his family's wealth, moreover, and of the state maintained at the magnificent new mansion in Queen Street had reached the old dame's ears, and not without effect.

But Cornelis needed no such bolstering. Nature, as if to prove that she had not exhausted her resources of wit and comeliness upon his brothers, doled him out a double-handed measure of each at his birth. The hospitable huysvrouw showed that she well knew the meaning of the phrase "hungry as a hunter," by the repast she had ready for the two tired junkers at their home-coming.

Grateful for her bounty, Cornelis

crammed the ears of the delighted old woman with alternate compliments and gossip, as they sat at supper. "News, madam! the air is filled with it. You know well with what a high hand Bellomont started out; 't was child's play to the pitch he is now arrived at. He stops at nothing; he has set the whole town by the ears. He seizes upon ships and cargoes, no matter whose; charges the highest merchants with piracy; thrusts Bayard, Minvielle, and others as good out of the council in disgrace; and now outdoes everything yet by giving out that he will annul all grants of government lands made in the memory of man. Think of the panic among the owners! Rolling in riches to-day, to-morrow they may be beggars. Another breast of duck, Steenie — enough — enough! I never in my life tasted such cider, Vrouw Wickoff. But as I was saying, his lordship has stirred up a cage of lions, — oh, believe me, he has! Bayard is already flown to England to lay his grievance before the king, the great land-owners are making ready for battle, when just at this moment, alack for his lordship! comes news that the famous Captain Kidd has raised the black flag, turned freebooter on his own account, and is robbing and sinking every vessel that comes in his way. Mark you, 't was Bellomont had him appointed! Not another morsel, good huysvrouw, unless you would have my death at your door!"

So happily absorbed were guest and hostess in their gossip that neither noted Steenie's big eyes and gasp of astonishment.

"See you now how speedily his lordship's curses come home to roost! 'T was well known this villain was his bosom friend. But the worst remains: you would never believe it in a man of his lordship's birth and breeding; 't is incredible, I say, yet none the less true that he has gone over, body and soul, to the Leislerians. So! you have heard something of that? Yes, to be sure, Councilor Staats is your neighbor; but has his Excellency's latest freak perchance come to your ears? What think you 't is? Why, hearing that Parliament has at last taken off the curse of attainder from old Jacob's progeny, his lordship straightway issues an order that their lands and chattels be restored,— *restored*, mind you, after all these years when they have been bought and sold over and over again. Oh, there never was such a storm since the deluge. Eh, Steenie, what now? Your face is the color of a rag; that last pull through the swamp was too much for you."

But Steenie, without troubling himself to answer this friendly inquiry, arose and stalked out of the room.

Cousin Lysbeth was greatly interested in the discovery that Steenie's cynical mood, his queer talk and strange laugh, entirely disappeared after his friend's visit. She was not surprised to see him instead rather pensive and preoccupied. What more natural! He missed that gay, high-hearted junker's companionship; she missed it herself; it had acted upon her like a current of electricity, quickening her circulation and exciting her sensory ganglia. She accordingly sympathized with her cousin, and sang, with proper reserves, the praises of their departed guest.

Steenie listened to all this in silence. One might have thought, indeed, he had heard never a word of cousin Lysbeth's kindly solace. One might have thought, moreover, that all the birds had flown the land, so empty was the hunter's pouch, these days, when he slipped it from his stalwart shoulders, on getting home.

At last one morning there arrived a letter from his mother with the news that things were fast getting in trim for his mission to Holland, and that the time of his going had been already fixed.

It proved to be stirring news. He acted like a man just awakened from

sleep, and possessed with a feverish desire to make up for long inaction. He seemed hardly able to endure the petty obstacles to his setting forth out of hand. Upon any available wings he would have flown as the bee flies, and left his belongings out of account. But even the best regulated household is at the mercy of events. The horse he usually rode was lame, another had gone on an errand to New Utrecht, the rest were at work in the fields. Cousin Lysbeth, with ready sympathy, went forth herself after one of the field-horses. The junker knew too well the deliberate pace of the good huysvrouw; he knew the difficulties of the way, including a hill and a marsh; he knew the slow plodding gait of the heavy cart-horse; knew that it must be baited and reharnessed before starting: and dwelling upon all these points with a too active fancy, he hastily threw his things into a pack, slung it across his shoulder, and without awaiting his kinswoman's return started forth on foot.

Making his way through the thick woods surrounding Vlacktebos, over the hills beyond, and down through the straggling village of Breuckelen, with its one poor little church planted conspicuously in the middle of the highway, he came at last to the ferry, at the close of day, and was put over in the lumbering little ketch to the other shore.

Here was to be seen no sign of the broil and turmoil Cornelis had told of. The harbor lay shining and waveless as glass, reflecting the gorgeous pageant of sunset, and showing the town with its score of steeples, towers, and windmills turned topsy-turvy in its placid water. Within as without reigned the same unbroken peace. It was the supper-hour, Nature's breathing-time, when the buzzing, fretful human swarm had gone to hive, and the streets were deserted save for a few sober belated people hurrying to their homes. Lights gleamed from the houses as the junker passed along, and in the gathering gloom the bits of gardens looked cool and dim and shadowy, while odorous shrubs, wafting a neglected fragrance on the air, sealed the spell of perfect peace and repose.

The morrow was Lord's Day. Like all the world, Steenie went to church. Cornelis's report was verified. In their old pew sat the Leislers, a reunited family. The junker felt a deep stir within him, a heart-queasiness which was neither pleasure nor pain, but upheaval. The church, the congregation, the measured tones of the preacher, the swashing of the waves upon the neighboring rock, the distant carol of the songbirds borne in through the open windows, all seemed whelmed and merged in a background, vague, shifting, neutral, on which was projected in magic relief that well-known form, which he studied now as if for the first time, and with an intensity of interest never felt before. A form well known yet new, a face familiar yet not the same. Was the change wholly in the face, or somewhat in him? Perhaps this thought added to his bewilderment. Had the ripening years wrought in him a clairvoyant vision, revealing what lay hidden to the purblind gaze of youth and passion? Whatever the change in him or her, the same charm still hung about that serene forehead, those steady, clear-gazing eyes; it was with the lower face the ruthless remodeler had been busy, there where the same serenity strove in vain to veil the traces of the relentless strigil.

At the breaking up of the congregation, many old friends gathered about the widow and her children with handshakings and congratulations. It is nobody's business to insinuate that these worthy folks were not sincere, or that the recent good-fortune of the family had anything to do with the matter, notwithstanding the ironic turn to Cobus's lip.

Steenie waited his turn. The crowd opened, and Hester stood before him.

The tranquil smile died away on her lips, perhaps on account of the suddenness of the meeting, and a fleeting little look of trouble passed over her face.

It was the wake of a volition. It was as though she had foreseen and prepared herself for this emergency. Her manner was as nearly like the old, free, familiar manner as a conscious imitation can be like reality. The junker himself was constrained. As growth is the distinctive function of all life, it was inevitable that the two should have warped away from their old perfect adjustment. It was like every coming together of friends long separated, each striving to take up and go on with the severed relations, and each groping blindly back from different standpoints for the lost thread.

As they came out upon the greensward before the fort, Steenie unconsciously turned towards the Copake Rocks, their favorite stroll in the old days. Hester hesitated. He looked at her anxiously, as if attaching some peculiar significance to her decision. It was promptly made, and in his favor. They walked along the beaten path by the shore, they clambered over the rocks; visiting all the old nooks and haunts, talking of the recent happy turn of fortune in her family, — of their prospects and plans, of Cobus's long struggle in England, of their own life in Albany, of the energetic advocacy of their cause by his Excellency, and like topics. At last all this came to an end, like the running down of a clock. Then fell a silence. Each had dreaded it, fought against it, put it off by makeshifts, all the time conscious that it must come. Awkward, painful, terrible, as it became in its indefinite duration, it was the first honest intercourse of the day, — for intercourse it was, as real as any tongue-told commerce of their thoughts.

If, as they sat thus in dumb suspense waiting for the swift spirit to move, all their past had unfolded itself before them like a panorama, which of the two, in the long and varied history, would have found the seed of a single remorse? Which would have acknowledged in the whole record a deed or thought unfaithful to that spring-time betrothal of so long ago?

The junker knew that it was for him to speak, and he did speak. As he cleared his throat, a shallop turned the point from the East River, and slowly floated past them just outside the breakers. It had the effect of an intrusion. He waited for it to pass; then, without turning his head or lifting his eyes from the crisp blue waves dancing before him, he said suddenly, —

"So our long waiting is at an end. I thought never to have seen the day."

Receiving no answer, he presently went on: —

"I thought you cruel, — I will be frank with you, — I had many bitter thoughts of you. It seemed you held me of mean account. It is easier now for me to see that you had some cause for your course. It was perhaps a pride I should have reverenced."

"Do not call it pride," she answered, scarcely audible for huskiness. "Call it rather duty."

"Whatever it be called, it is satisfied; it need no longer be considered. All you waited for is happily accomplished, and the ordeal is ended."

"I know not if it be."

"What mean you?"

"'T is feared by some among our friends here that his Excellency's order will not be obeyed, but will be resisted in the courts."

"That touches only the gear," broke in the junker impatiently. "What has that to do with the matter? Your father's memory is vindicated, your name is cleared of taint; 't is that you were concerned about."

A slight flush kindled in Hester's cheeks at this rebuke, and she looked humiliated.

"I was thinking of my mother," she murmured apologetically.

"'T is time to be thinking of ourselves, if indeed I am any longer worth thinking of in your estimation."

"I am sorry to have grieved you; it was innocently spoken."

He choked down his bitterness at this meek reply. "I have forgotten how to make plans," he went on more gently, "for happiness, at any rate. Thus far in life all the schemes held dear have come to naught. I believe no longer in any good-fortune. I cannot shake off the dread that it is a dream from which I shall soon awake, to find life colder and drearier than ever."

"We have had small cause for joy these late years," she said vaguely.

"Nor ever will until you cast off the fetters you have so long worn."

"Fetters?"

"Of superstition."

She flushed, but refrained from speaking.

"Of mistaken zeal, of devotion to the dead, which has led you into neglect and injustice to the living."

She sat for a space without remark, as if weighing his words and making allowance for his mood. "How will it help us now to talk upon that?"

"By way of warning," he returned quickly.

"I thank my heavenly Father no such call is like to come to me again in this life. If there should" —

He turned, and waited intently for the conclusion of the sentence.

— "I trust and pray to him I may have strength to do my duty as it is made clear to me," she concluded firmly.

He rose to his feet, with an angry look, and walked a few steps apart, as if to prevent the answer which rose to his lips.

The brief space for reflection was evidently improved by each.

"Hester," he said, coming back to his seat presently, in a calmer mood, "this is not the way for us to talk. I am at fault. Let us have done with reproaches: they cannot bring us together; they cannot help to bring back those old days, those old dreams, all that sweet companionship, of a time so long ago it seems a part of some former life."

"I meant not to offend you," she murmured, touched by his words and tone.

"Let it pass. I was childish. I am not offended. I ought not to be offended by anything you can say, so long — so long as you love me?"

He finished the sentence with an inflection so emphatically interrogative that involuntarily she put out her hand towards him, as if for a reassuring caress.

He seized it eagerly. His face lighted up with a look long strange to it. He drew a deep breath. His tongue was loosed. His pulses beat time again to the measure of hope. With one strenuous effort, he rose forth from the atmosphere of benumbing apathy which had overhung and hemmed them in since leaving the church door.

"Think you they will ever come again, those times, Hester? Are we not grown too old, and wise, and sad? We were silly then, two happy fools. I wonder often, nowadays, if one needs not be a fool to be so happy?"

A pleased look stole over her face. Regarding him shyly, with an evident reawakening of her old admiration, she listened to his enthusiasm and yielded to his impetuosity. This change of mood was not lost to his watchful eye, and it acted upon him like sunlight on a flower.

"But why cannot we grow silly again, sweetheart? I feel within me the makings of a rare fool."

She laughed outright at this conceit, an answer which, more than a hundred words, availed to rend the filmy web of constraint years of estrangement had woven between them. He seized her

other hand, he folded her in his arms. They awoke, as it seemed, from a long sleep, and looked back upon their trouble as upon a nightmare.

Approaching sounds were heard; their privacy was presently intruded upon by a group of idle boys coming to sit upon the rocks. It was more than an interruption; it was a shock. It resulted in dashing the cup from lips thirsting for a long-expected draught. It was one of the finite nothings that have infinite effects.

They rose, and sauntered up Broadway.

In the street, a short distance before them, stood a little group of three well-known persons, who seemed in the act of separating. Abram Gouveneur and Mary Milborne walked northward towards the Landpoort, while Cobus, turning away from them with a loud laugh and a parting gibe, strode southward towards the fort.

His face was still beaming with the afterglow of laughter, when by chance he raised his eyes and beheld, just beside him, his other sister and her swain. His face changed in a trice. The smile gave way to a scowl, and without a word or look of greeting he passed them by.

Having long since adjusted his relations with Jacob Leisler junior, Steenie made a stout effort to ignore the matter, and went on talking with studied indifference. As well might he have hoped to ignore an iceberg; turning one's back and vaunting the sunshine unhappily does not stay the lowering temperature.

Hester made no pretense of indifference, nor effort to hide her dismay. From her silence, indeed, it is much to be feared she lent but half an ear to Steenie's talk. But the junker, it should be said, made sorry work of talking. He had been cruelly winged, and, no longer able to soar, he lamely fluttered along the ground. Arrived at the graveyard gate, why did not some instinct warn him to drop the matter for a time, or adjourn it until he could lay an offering on the altar of the fickle goddess of moods? Because youth would forever be overcoming the giant circumstances with a pebble, and learns nothing from the bones of former victims; because, perhaps, a subtler instinct whispered him to go on.

He did go on, and Hester blindly followed. They walked up and down among the grass-grown mounds in the little burying-ground, he manfully wrestling with the situation. Growing weary of fighting in the dark, an impulse presently seized him to recognize what he had been so laboriously trying to put out of sight, drag it forth like a skeleton from the closet, and make an end of it in fair daylight.

"Hester," he cried suddenly, "you have always shown yourself a girl with a mind of her own. Do you suffer yourself now to be ruled by yonder" — he checked himself — "by them who have no rights in the matter?"

"Poor Cobus!" she answered deprecatingly, "he cannot forget the past, he cannot understand how things have changed in his absence. He comes back thinking to find everything as it was. He has waited so long, he has borne such trial and humiliation, he should be forgiven."

"I forgive him. I forget him. I think nothing of him. I only claim *you* shall give no heed to his glowerings."

"I must needs consider him, he has toiled so hard in my behalf. He has lifted us from the dust. He has redeemed from reproach our martyred father's name."

"That can he never do. Take no such comfort to your heart!" he burst forth, as if irritated beyond endurance by this unexpected sounding of the old string of discord.

"What say you?"

"The memory of that man's tyranny and persecution," he went on with blind infatuation, "will never be forgotten or forgiven. 'T is burnt in upon men's

hearts; 't is interwoven in the annals of the province."

"You — *you* say this!"

"The king may make what decrees he will, and forbid that a spade shall be called a spade, but neither king nor Parliament can wash out guilt."

"Guilt!" repeated Hester, in a tone whose breathless amazement aroused him too late to a sense of what he was saying. "Think you, then, my father was guilty?"

Looking down into her whitening face and glowing eyes, he took alarm, and hesitated.

"The truth, — the truth, if you be a man!" she demanded imperiously.

"I do!" he answered, with the look of one driven to the wall.

"Then, as God my heavenly Father helps me, I will never have more to do with you!"

"Hester!"

"Never! — *never!* — NEVER!"

The solemnity, touched with horror, of her look and manner shocked the repentant junker. Bewildered by the suddenness of it all, he stared stupidly at the face before him, — stared until, with returning consciousness, he saw there signs, well known to him, of a resolution fixed as fate. He did not speak, but drawing a long breath, as of one after suspended animation, he turned away, and walked out of the graveyard.

XXXIV.

Having caught a fleeting glimpse of Steenie at church, Cornelis De Peyster came, a few days afterward, to welcome him back to town. Doubtless it was due to the host's own mood that the visitor seemed a thought more gay and rattling than usual.

"Steen, trust me, bouwerie life is a bad thing for you. You grow to look like Van Twiller's owl; 't is truth, I swear! You 've heard the news about old Bellomont? 'T is well he cannot hear me; there 's not such another tyrant betwixt this and the Grand Mogul. This latest freak is worthy of him. What think you? 'T is nothing more nor less than to dig up the bones of yonder gallows-birds."

Disgusted by the apathy on his listener's face, the speaker shook him by the shoulder.

"Hear you that, man? Leisler and his henchman are to be dug up, I say. A store of powder is to be burned over them, bells are to be rung, and such noisy honor done. 'T is the newest London method to wash out guilt, you may be sure. By and by, when this precious carrion is purged of sin and duly sanctified, 't is then to be buried in the church, 'neath the very sanctuary roof, mind you; and there is a monstrous stir about it among the deacons and elders. Eh? So you can open your eyes at last!"

The apathetic host indeed showed a languid interest.

"But that is nothing to the pother raised in town. The memory of that old bully is so green, and the dread of him so little abated, that many are quaking in their shoes lest, brought back to the light of day, his ghost should usurp its ancient place, and sweep the land with fire and sword. But I see you care nothing for all this. Your eyes are strained across the sea. Come, then, tell us about this Holland voyage. When do you set sail?"

"To-morrow — next day — I know nothing about it; at any hour the ship is loaded."

"So! You are on tenterhooks, then. Egad, if I were but in your shoes! You might do worse, too, than take me in your train. My word for it, I 'd not dishonor you. But I know not, after all, that I want to go. Here are stirring times coming I would not miss. The old Mogul yonder cannot hold this course long; there are ugly squalls ahead. He

upsets everything; heaps honors on the Leislerians; declares war to the knife against all the world beside. Oh-h-h, there is promise of rare sport hereabouts before you get back! But what time is set for your stay?"

"None; 't is not fixed; it may be forever."

"Poh! poh! Never tell me you are downhearted over going! Eh? I swear you are! What, wear a face like that over such a lucky chance! There 's not a junker in the province but would jump at it."

"They are welcome."

"Well, well! was ever heard? But 't is the way; luck comes to them that prize it not. Pearls cast before — Pardon! Oh, but this is a passing megrim, a grumbling-fit the sea-air will blow away."

"I make no complaint."

"Truly and do you not? Complaint! I hope not, indeed! Complaint at having a chance to see the world, to travel, to get out of this little hive and spread your wings!"

"And what is the good of all that?"

"Good! — but I 'll not waste time talking to a madman, Steen. Your spleen is upset. Go take a posset and get on your nightcap. One might think," rising to go, with a loud, rallying laugh, "I swear he might, that you were leaving a sweetheart behind."

"I 'm leaving all behind. There 's none cares whether I go or stay. I care not myself. What matters it? If the rest of the world prove no better than this corner of it" —

"Ay, but it will, — it will!"

"So let it, then. Good-by. 'T was good of you to come. You were ever friendly. I shall think of you often among yonder strangers."

The visit, perhaps by bringing about the formulation of certain undefined thoughts, resulted in filling Steenie with uneasiness and an impatience to be gone. Every day he wandered down to the dock, and restlessly hung about to watch the stanch bark Angel Gabriel loading for the voyage.

Getting weary, one morning, noting the slow process, he sauntered across town and out through the Landpoort to the open country.

Passing Van Dorn's bouwerie, some impulse prompted him to stop. The door was opened by Ripse, now grown to a chubby, staring boy in breeches. Walking in without a bidding, the junker found Tryntie bending over Rip senior, who lay stretched on a bed in the corner. The look which lighted up the little huysvrouw's face at sight of him was the best welcome he could have had.

"What is here?"

"'T is Rip; he thinks himself in a poor way."

"What ails him?"

"The rheumatics 't is.

"Ay, Mynheer," interposed the invalid himself, with the open-hearted manner which had been an appreciable charm even in his worst estate, "rheumatics — ugh-h! — caught lying out all night in a ditch, coming home from Annetje Litschoe's. She always said, my — ugh-h! — my vrouw here, I should come to that, and so you see I have — ugh-h! And what does she? She takes me home and cares for me, instead of driving me off like a drunken dog!"

"Ye 'd best not be a fool now, if ye can help it!" broke in sharply the little vrouw, who was rubbing the patient with some home-made liniment.

"She did, Mynheer, — she did, I say, and waits and tends on me night and day since — ugh-h!"

"Well, then, will ye stop?"

"As I had been good and faithful to her."

"Go on, do, and bring back the fever with your talk!"

"There 's not such an— oh, moord! — another huysvrouw in the land — ugh-h!"

"He is growing a baby, Mynheer; give him no heed," muttered the nurse

aside to Steenie, as she finished her task and turned away from the bed.

"I believe you, Rip," said the visitor heartily, in answer to the patient. "Take you good care, then, my man, that you give her no needless trouble henceforth. But I am sorry to find you in such a case, with the winter at hand. How goes all else with you, vrouw?"

"All well, best thanks, Mynheer."

"Never trust her, — never trust her, Mynheer," put in the sick man again between his twinges.

"Would ye bring back the fever, I say?" asked Tryntie, interrupting her patient, with a vain attempt to check the coming confidence.

"Things are at the worst, Mynheer, — at the very worst. We are to be turned out of this, — turned out on the highway like dogs, and me, — ugh-h! — as you see, in this state. Out of our own home, bought by yonder one. Oh, my treasure, this kills me!"

"Ye will be talking!"

"By my vrouw yonder, I say, with her own gear."

"How is this?"

"'T was the old commander's, as ye know, this bouwerie. We bought it — 't was for anybody to buy — at the sale, and now comes his Excellency and — ugh-h! — and bids us be packing. They would take it from her, — all she has in the world, and never a stuyver of the cost paid back."

"They 'll never do it."

"We are warned, I say."

"But Vrouw Leisler, — she knows you, she will do something."

"No, no, that will she not, Mynheer, nor raise a hand. She hates the sight of us since we bought the land."

"But his Excellency?"

"Speak not of him. My Tryntie went to him yonder at the fort, and showed him — ugh-h! — the truth. He turned her a deaf ear, and when she would argue upon it, as she has a way at times, and spoke her mind to his face, he had her thrust forth the council chamber. Now tell me — tell me — ugh-h! — if things are at the best."

Lending a divided attention to the sick man, and following the movements of the silent vrouw busied with her household tasks, Steenie sat musing upon what he had heard, when he was aroused by the rattle of the latch. Seated in the corner, at the foot of the bed, the door opened back upon him, and the newcomer did not at once see him.

"My treasure!" It was an ecstatic cry from the vrouw as she embraced her visitor.

"So, Tryntie! You are glad, then?"

"Never till now! And so tall, — a woman grown. Where is my little dear? She is lost, she is gone."

"No, she is not gone, but come, — just come back to you, silly old goose to cry! Come, now, dry your eyes! I have heard of your sick man from my father, — we came back but yesterday. I have brought him some medicine, and there are things for yourself," setting down a basket upon the floor. "Sh-h! sh-h! Will you stop, I say? Go empty your basket, that I may have it for another time! Along with you! I will not be soaked in tears — 't is a pretty welcome indeed after all this time. So, Rip, I am sorry to see you down, man. You must — er — pardon — I — I saw not" —

"Catalina!"

"Mynheer!"

"So 't is you who are playing the doctor?"

"Yes — no — I knew not the need of one till to-day. My father told me — 't was he sent the medicine — since he became councilor he has little time for healing the sick."

While delivering this spasmodic answer, the speaker, all the dash of her entrance spent, edged nervously towards the door.

"But you are never leaving your patient so soon?"

"'T is my vrouw, Mynheer," put in Rip, "'t is ever my vrouw she wants. Tryntie nursed her when a baby. 'T is my vrouw she comes to see; she cares not a seawant's shell for me, as why should she?"

"I leave the patient to you, Mynheer. I go to help Tryntie with the basket."

"'T is a firm friend of the vrouw, that," said Rip, looking after her as she disappeared from the room. "Her worshipful mother, the doctor's great lady yonder, sends us a store of things and many fair speeches, but she cares not enough to come."

In this wise the sick man maundered on, Steenie nodding mechanical assent. It was fully quarter of an hour before the two came back with the empty basket. The visitor was tying the strings of her hood, preparing to go.

"Good-day to you, Rip," she said, pausing at the bedside. "I hope the next time to see you better."

Turning then with a constrained air to Steenie, she dropped him a formal courtesy, and, murmuring something inaudible, walked to the outer door, followed by Tryntie.

"Away so soon?"

"I must needs go — I — my mother charged me not to loiter."

"By your leave, then, since you have no other company, I will walk back with you."

The junker looked puzzled at the evident consternation with which his suggestion was received.

"Many thanks — but — I — you are most kind, Mynheer. I would else, but my horse is at the door."

"What matter?" persisted the officious escort. "I will walk at *your* side, then, since you will not walk at mine."

Interpreting after his own fashion the two or three disjointed words which he heard of the muttered answer, the junker bustled after them and seated the visitor in her saddle. Turning then, he took leave of Tryntie.

"I am sorry to leave you in this trouble, vrouw."

"'T is nothing."

"I will not forget, be sure, if I see a way to help you."

"You were ever good, Mynheer."

"He will be well soon, the goodman yonder, never fear."

Nodding respectfully in recognition of the attempt at encouragement, but plainly without sharing the hope expressed, the vrouw courtesied repeatedly as her guests walked slowly away, the tall junker at the horse's bridle, and Catalina fidgeting vaguely with the saddle.

Directly they were upon the highway the rider began to talk garrulously, showing an odd agitation at the least pause in the conversation. Her companion was naturally puzzled at the apparent want of purpose with which she persistently kept to one subject.

"'T is well to try to raise her hopes, Mynheer, — 't is good of you. She is much downcast, howsoever she holds up her head; she never complains, she would not to me. It was nothing but 'All is at the best, — all at the best,' but I saw her wipe the tears, on the sly. And father says, — he went to them yonder a week ago, — he says there is fear of Rip; if the cramp once lays hold upon the heart, there is an end of him. She knows it, too, — she has puzzled it out; but she will not say so, she will never open her lips to complain."

"Poor vrouw! 't is a hard case. She is a brave little body, and I would I might do something for her. So you have come back to town to live?"

"Yes, yes, we are but just come, — yesterday. What a great pity 't is for them to lose the bouwerie!"

"So 't is, yes, a pity indeed. You must find the town much changed."

"Oh, another place; it seems no more like home — I would go back — their own, too, hers alone if right were right, and all they have — what will they do?"

"Be sure some way will be found, —

something can be done to hinder it; 't will never be suffered, such a wrong. Aha, see! there is a place unchanged for you, — Smiet's Vly yonder; not a leaf nor a bush is turned. 'T is the spot we first met, you and I. You remember the bull and the children running away, and the mad prank I played you?"

"I — I was very young; 't is long ago now," was the evasive answer.

"What! have you forgot how I teased you, and the rage you were in, and how you scolded me?"

The junker laughed outright at the picture he had conjured up, and in his enthusiasm in recalling its details failed to note his listener's distressed look at the reminiscence.

"Yes, yes, your face was blazing red, your eyes shooting fire. You stripped my handkerchief from your arm and stamped it underfoot, and declared eternal war against me. Surely you must remember something of that?"

"I — I was a peevish child."

"That you were; you held to your threat, too. 'T was a long time till" —

"But if, touching this matter, his Excellency has declared against it, what can be done, Mynheer?"

"Eh?"

"Can it be taken to the king?"

"This business of Tryntie's? Humph — haw — I much doubt — I will think upon it. Oh, but 't was a droll time we had that day. See you there the very spot! Here stood Corny De Peyster calling me, the bull down yonder in the Vly, big Claes running with the axe, you farther on by the Waterpoort stamping your bit of a foot and tragically casting me off forever, while up the Magde Paetje there was — ahem — er — I" —

The speaker stopped short in his floundering, and made no attempt to finish his sentence. He walked on for several minutes without speaking. Catalina, at once puzzled and relieved, stole a curious look askance at her glum escort as he strode along, but made no attempt to break the silence. Presently recollecting himself, by a resolute effort he shook off the impression which weighed upon him. With a sweeping glance townward, as if in search of a suggestion, he forced himself to speak.

"Yes, the good old times are gone; one knows not what new things are in store for us here. Nothing stays a minute as it was; the town and townsfolk will be changed past knowing against my coming home."

"You are going away?" asked the listener quickly.

"Yes."

"To — to — a long journey?"

"To Holland."

"That need not take so long; one may be back again in a few months."

"'T is doubtful if ever I come back."

"So!"

A note of consternation in the tone drew the junker's attention to an odd change in the speaker's looks. The glowing color suddenly faded from her cheeks, her eyes slowly closed, she clutched blindly at the saddle-bow and swayed in her seat. None too soon came her escort's supporting grasp. Upholding the limp figure with one hand, he turned the horse's head towards the Magde Paetje in quest of water.

As if surmising his purpose, the rider opened her eyes, straightened herself in the saddle, and, as it seemed, by an effort of pure will resumed self-control.

"Mynheer — pardon," gathering up her reins. "Do not think me unmannerly. You will not mind that I leave you. I must needs get home."

"But — but 't is better that I be with you — 't is not safe; you may be taken again — Catalina — I beg you" —

Giving the whip to her horse, however, the willful girl galloped off in a cloud of dust, only drawing rein to the slow pace required by law as she passed through the city gate, and disappeared from sight.

Reaching home, Steenie was met on

the threshold by his mother, with the news that the Angel Gabriel was to sail the following day. This announcement for a time put every other thought out of his head. Despite his previous apathy, now that the moment of departure had come it stirred him into a healthful excitement. The rest of the day was filled with the bustle of final preparation. Although busied with his own concerns, he did not forget his promise to Tryntie, and commended her case to his mother's care. Madam Van Cortlandt, who had heard of the Van Dorns only as old retainers of Leisler, was conservative in her promises.

"So? Humph! I will see. But now, my son, I must leave you to do what more there is by yourself. Your father seems not well of late, and needs my attention."

The evening was only half spent. Left to himself, the junker brooded a long time over the fire. Then, yielding to a restlessness which forbade the thought of sleep, he threw on his hat and cloak, and wandered out into the town.

Without thought as to his course, he visited many of his old haunts, bringing up at last in the dock, where he sat down upon the weather-stained cross-beam of the old ducking-stool, and gazed off upon the water, as if longing for the moment of his setting forth.

The night was stormy; the clouds hung low over the little town, shutting out the world beyond. Through the thick drapery of fog, the feeble lights of the sparse shipping looked like the dull fiery eyes of some malign disembodied intelligence keeping guard over the unconscious watcher.

Sitting thus absorbed, he presently became aware of some unusual stir in the town. There was the tread of many feet, the suppressed murmur of voices, while from time to time dark figures, singly and in groups, could be seen hurrying in the direction of the fort.

Brought back from his reverie to real life by this strange occurrence, and moved still by an unconscious interest, the interest of habit, in what belonged to the old life and old world from which he had already in intent severed himself, he refrained from following the crowd, but climbed with listless steps to his favorite outlook on the Verlettenberg.

Here, though nothing could be seen for the darkness, the wind brought to his ears faint sounds of martial music from the direction of the Landpoort. The sounds gradually came nearer. Heard more distinctly, the music resolved itself into the rhythm of a solemn march. A long row of flaming torches was seen moving down Broadway. He remembered Cornelis De Peyster's words, and knew what it all meant.

With the languid interest of one foreign to place and occasion, he left his post and repaired to the fort. He arrived in time to see a memorable procession. Behind a strong detachment of troops, marching with draped flags and arms reversed, came a funeral car, decked with mourning emblems, and followed by a long line of attendant citizens carrying torches, which flared and sputtered in the driving rain.

Massed about the entrance to the fort was a dense multitude, silent and waiting. Steenie made one of them. As the gates opened and the funeral car rolled in, the bell in the old church tower struck the hour of midnight. The junker shuddered. Certain old impressions came swarming back upon him with intolerable vividness.

The commander was then at last justified. The ignominy of the scaffold and the darkness of the grave had been followed by this resurrection to the honor of the world and due sacramental rites.

Next morning, as he sailed out of the harbor under a brilliant sun, this midnight pageant seemed to Steenie as something he had dreamed.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

A FORGOTTEN EPISODE.

THE movement for the admission of an Indian State will recall a tragic episode in American history, now almost forgotten. Taken in connection with the events of twenty-five years ago, and with events which are occurring to-day, the tragedy deserves remembrance. Caution is always in order in suggesting retribution for territorial crimes; but if, as the historian of Georgia intimates, there be such a thing, if

> "even-handed justice
> Returns th' ingredients of our poisoned chalice
> To our lips,"

there must appear in this tragic affair and its sequel something marvelously like retribution. Granting this, the ominous reappearance, in the same region, of the very spirit which wrought that tragedy may call for its recital as a warning. The repression of a weaker race just rising into civilization is as much a crime to-day as it was a half century ago.

It is something over fifty years since the Indian nations now knocking at the door of the Union first aspired to statehood. The home of what was then the most enlightened tribe, the Cherokees, was in northern Georgia, and they had left behind them their primitive barbarism as far as the more intelligent blacks of that region have advanced beyond the ignorance of slave days. They seemed, indeed, upon the verge of sovereignty, their future even better assured than that of their emancipated and enfranchised successors. But the race which ruled said, No, and they were turned back for a half century and more of sufferings and hopes deferred.

That turning backward of an uprising race is known to history as the "Spoliation of the Cherokees," a crime the mention of which once made the ears of Americans tingle with shame. A few years ago, the public was greatly agitated over the compulsory removal of the little Ponca tribe of Indians from their home along the Upper Missouri to the Indian Territory. Honorable Senators as well as noble women espoused their cause, and the outcome is likely to be in full justice to that long-abused race. But these philanthropists are not the first whose hearts have burned over the wrongs of the red men. Over against those few hundred Poncas are to be numbered the Cherokee nation with its sixteen thousand souls. Over against the meetings which were roused to indignation by the appeals of Bright Eyes and Standing Bear are to be recalled the great gatherings in Boston and Hartford and Philadelphia, which denounced in ringing tones the proposed removal of the Cherokees. The memorial of one such meeting, held at the State House in Boston, was prepared by men like Rufus Choate, Leverett Saltonstall, Samuel Hoar, and Jeremiah Evarts. It recited the immemorial occupancy of their lands by the Cherokees, and showed that their title to the same had been conceded by the government, and had been guaranteed to them forever. It also set forth the progress of the nation in civilization, in which they had been encouraged by the earlier Presidents, and showed how these improvements would be hazarded by removal. At the meeting where this memorial was finally adopted, it was urged that similar meetings be held throughout the commonwealth, and that petitions be sent to Congress from every quarter, since "there was never an occasion since the Declaration of Independence on which it more became the people of the United States to speak their minds than at present."

Stout friends of the Indians were found in Congress, who battled earnestly,

but in vain, for their rights. Against them was a power which was bound to rule or to ruin our federal government. Chief representative of that power at this time was the State of Georgia. She boasted herself the principal in the matter of the removal of the Indians, and claimed to have compelled the United States to do her bidding. So generally acknowledged was the claim that in this transaction Georgia had overridden the will of the nation that, in 1861, the State was complimented upon it by Jefferson Davis. On his way to Montgomery to be inaugurated President of the Southern Confederacy, Mr. Davis spoke thus, at Cartersville: "Georgians, — for by no higher title could I address you, — your history, from the days of the Revolution down to the time that your immortal Troup maintained the rights of your State and of all the States, in his contest with the federal usurpation, has made Georgia sacred soil."

Surely no one cares, at this day, to take from the "immortal Troup" the honor of having forced the United States government to deal as it then did deal with the Indians.

But to tell the story of the crime. The Cherokees, as has been said, were the most advanced of the Southern Indian tribes, which have since become known as the five civilized nations. Perhaps the earliest notice of them by white men is that of Father Roger, a Catholic missionary, who landed with the Spaniards at St. Helena in 1566. He speaks of them as quite above the coast Indians, physically, intellectually, and morally.

The original Cherokee country was an imperial domain, stretching from Virginia to the watershed of the Gulf, and embracing a part of Kentucky, all eastern Tennessee, and the highlands of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. Mrs. Jackson, the Indian's friend, describes it: "Beautiful and grand, with lofty mountains and rich valleys, fragrant with flowers and fruits of magnolia and pine, filled with the singing of birds and the melody of streams, rich in fruit and nuts and wild grains, it was a country worth loving, worth fighting, worth dying for, as thousands of its lovers have fought and died, white men as well as red, within the last hundred years." This broad territory was gradually diminished by legitimate cessions under treaties, until, in 1825, it embraced only that part of Georgia north and west of the Chattahoochee River, and small adjacent parts of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Alabama. So far there was no occasion for complaint on the part of the Cherokees. However aggressive the whites had been, they had at least respected the acknowledged law of nations, which recognized the ownership of the Indians, and their supreme jurisdiction over their unalienated lands. In that year, 1825, the greed of possession overcame all scruples, but it operated first against the Creek nation. At the urgent solicitation of Georgia, President Monroe had appointed a commission to treat with the Creeks for their lands. The nation refused, and voted to put to death any one who should vote to sell more land; but after the council had broken up, the commissioners negotiated with a few chiefs what they called the treaty of Indian Spring. By this compact all the Creek lands were to be given up, for four hundred thousand dollars. At once Governor Troup claimed the lands for Georgia, and set up a lottery to dispose of them. Fortunately, however, the early traditions as to justice still obtained with the general government. President Adams's ideas of Indian rights had been inherited from Washington and Jefferson. The kindly attitude of the former is well known, while Mr. Jefferson, who was yet living at the time of this transaction, declared that he "was decidedly opposed to the Georgia claims." He said also that Georgia was "the most greedy State in the

Union;" that the Indians were under no obligations to sell their lands; that they had an original title to them; that we had guaranteed that title; and that the Indians were indisposed to sell them. In line with this opinion, President Adams ordered an investigation of the Indian Spring matter. It being found that forty-nine fiftieths of the Creeks repudiated the treaty, it was annulled, and General Gaines was ordered to prevent any trespass on the Indian lands. Upon this, Governor Troup stormed and threatened, demanding arrogantly "if the President of the United States would hold himself responsible to the State of Georgia."

Although another treaty was finally made, by which the Creeks fairly ceded all their Georgia lands, this did not satisfy Mr. Jefferson's "greedy State." The Cherokee country must be had, by fair means or by foul. The obstacle to such acquisition, in the way of an old-fashioned statesman in the White House, was soon to disappear. In 1828, General Jackson, whose ideas of Indians would seem to have been those of the average frontiersman, was elected President. No sooner was the result of the election known than the legislature of Georgia (December 20, 1828) passed an act incorporating the Cherokee country with the State, dividing it up and attaching it to the several adjoining counties. Following are two sections of the act: —

"Sec. 8. That all laws, usages, and customs made, established, and in force in the said territory, by the said Cherokee Indians, be, and the same are hereby, on and after the first day of June, 1830, declared null and void.

"Sec. 9. That no Indian, or descendant of Indian, residing within the Creek or Cherokee nations of Indians shall be deemed a competent witness, or a party to any suit in any court enacted by the constitution or laws of this State, to which a white man may be a party."

And who were these Cherokees thus summarily outlawed by the State of Georgia? They were a civilized nation of above twenty thousand souls, a people whose progress from barbarism to civilization had been more rapid than that of any other historic nation. As soon as the diminution of their lands called for a change in their habits of life, the chiefs determined to make them a people among the peoples of the earth. In due time they hoped to gain a place for the Cherokee State as a constituent part of the nation. In their efforts to this end, the chiefs were not only counseled and encouraged, but they were materially aided, by all the early Presidents. It was at the suggestion of Mr. Jefferson that they adopted a form of government not unlike that of one of the States. The legislative authority was vested in a General Court, composed of a national committee of thirty-two members besides the speaker, and a council of thirteen members. The executive power was given to two chiefs, to be exercised during good behavior. The judiciary consisted of a superior court of appeal, held at the seat of government, and of eight district courts, presided over by four circuit judges. Trial was by jury, and there was the usual complement of sheriffs and court officials.

Speaking of the prospective relations of this little nation to the United States, one of the Cherokees said, "She will become, not a great but a faithful ally of the United States. In time of peace, she will plead the common liberties of America. In time of war, her intrepid sons will sacrifice their lives in your defense." That this was not simply a civilization on paper is amply certified. Colonel McKenney, in a report to Congress, after speaking in the highest terms of their progress, said, "In view of the preceding facts, it is perceived that none would hesitate to admit that the Cherokees are a civilized people."

This advancement had not, of course, been made without help. In 1817, the

American Board had established a mission among them, and other missionaries had followed, as a result of whose labors the nation had become Christian. But while thus stimulated from without, there had been a surprising internal development. This is witnessed by an original invention of letters among them. Sequoyah, the son of a Cherokee maiden and a strolling white trader, had devised a series of eighty-six characters, by which every syllable in the Cherokee language could be expressed, — this wholly out of his own resources, Sequoyah not being able to read at the time of his invention. After much incredulity on the part of the chiefs, he at last convinced them that it was a practical means of communication, and awakened such an enthusiasm for the scheme that the whole nation set about learning to read. The missionaries, who at first distrusted this native learning, came in time to appreciate it highly. So simple yet so complete was the system that in a few years an actual majority of the nation could read, and many of them could write. In 1828, five years after the acceptance of Sequoyah's alphabet, a newspaper, the Cherokee Phœnix, was established at New Echotah, the seat of government. It was founded by an order of the state council, and one fourth part of it was printed in Sequoyah's characters.

From an address given in 1826 by Elias Boudinot, a full-blooded Cherokee, we learn that his people then had 2488 spinning-wheels, 2943 ploughs, ten saw-mills, twenty-one grist-mills, sixty-two blacksmith shops, eighteen schools, eighteen ferries, and a number of public roads.

It would be of interest to quote from the many eloquent passages of this address, but we content ourselves with a single reference. "And here," says Mr. Boudinot, "let me be indulged in the fond hope that she will thus become [one of the garden spots of America] under those who now possess her, and ever be fostered, regulated, and protected by the generous government of the United States." "The generous government of the United States"! There is no reason to think that the speaker used those words in irony, for in 1826 the government was still friendly.

Against the pressure from Georgia which Jackson's election invited, and even against his administration, the Senate showed a strong disposition to uphold the Indians. In his first message to Congress, the President had said that he had told the Indians that their pretensions would not be sustained. This was the signal for action. A bill was introduced into the Senate for facilitating the removal of the Gulf Indians to the west of the Mississippi. Not Congress only, but the whole country was profoundly agitated. It was then that the great meetings mentioned above were held, to persuade Congress to defeat this injustice. In both Houses a brave fight was made. Never were more eloquent appeals uttered for a maltreated race. In a speech of May 15, 1830, Mr. Storrs, of New York, said: "But the Cherokees and Creeks have declared that they will not leave their country. They positively refuse to go over the Mississippi. Why, then, have the laws of the State been extended over them at this particular time? We are told that this bill is only to come in aid of their voluntary emigration. But you have had their answer to that for years. Your table is covered by their memorials and protests against it. . . . Is there not reason to believe that they are to be removed against their real consent and inclination, though no force is meditated in any quarter? . . . Is that the protection which you have promised? Is that the execution of your solemn guarantee? Is that your dealing with your plighted faith and national honor?"

The only attempt at a reason for the removal of the Cherokees was the claim that they were a barbarous and roving

people, who could make no proper use of their lands. Let the facts already stated answer that claim; or let a comparison be made between those Naboths, branded as barbarians, and the Ahabs who appropriated their vineyard. At that time, less than ten years after the invention of their alphabet, more than half the Cherokee nation could read. A whole generation later, in 1860, the census of the four central counties of the Cherokee country — Cherokee, Cobb, Gordon, and Carr — showed forty-three per cent. of their inhabitants unable to read.

But argument and appeal were alike unavailing. The Senate yielded by a majority of one, and passed the bill.

This was a second license to Georgia, whose legislature this year authorized surveyors to go on and divide up the Cherokee lands, to be distributed by lottery among the people of the State. The more effectually to cut off friends from the Indians, white persons were excluded from the territory, except as they were licensed by the governor and took the oath of allegiance to the State of Georgia. The governor was also authorized to station an armed force within the territory, to protect the gold mines; and it was made an offense, punishable with four years at hard labor in the penitentiary, for an Indian to work those mines.

These laws were not dead letters. Two Northern missionaries among the Indians, Messrs. Worcester and Butler, were arrested and confined in the penitentiary. The United States Supreme Court pronounced the law under which they were imprisoned unconstitutional, and their release was ordered. Georgia refused to obey, and President Jackson, instead of compelling obedience, is reported to have said, "John Marshall has made his decision; now let him enforce it."

The Indians suffered greatly. Cherokees were tried by Georgia juries and hanged, without even a motion in their behalf by the government whose Supreme Court had declared these things unlawful. The trend of events from the passing of the removal bill was inevitably towards the expatriation of the people. They would not as a nation make any treaty consenting to emigrate. When efforts to this end failed, treaties were negotiated by United States commissioners with irresponsible individuals, like the Indian Spring treaty with the Creeks, annulled by President Adams. Such a treaty, made in 1834, was promptly repudiated by thirteen thousand Cherokees. An official delegation was then sent to Washington, headed by John Ross, the principal chief. In their absence, the United States agent, Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, by withholding annuities, by arbitrary arrests, and by threats that "the screws would be turned upon them till they would be ground to powder," induced sixty individuals, without a chief among them, to consent to a treaty. The acquiescence of even these few was obtained only upon the solemn promise of the reverend commissioner that the treaty should not be binding until it had received the assent of the Ross delegation. Not only did this delegation repudiate the treaty, but the whole nation rejected it. Their protests, however, were in vain. The so-called treaty was ratified by the Senate, and a military force was sent out under General Wool to secure the submission of the helpless people. Upon Ross's return home, General Wool asked him to advise the people to go. "I assured him," said the patriotic chief, "that I would pledge my life that the Cherokees would never assert their rights by bloodshed, but that I could not, as an honest man, advise their assent to a spurious treaty. They might be persuaded to remove, and would be better reconciled to their fate, if the United States would only show them the fairness formally to recognize the removal as the compelled submission of the weaker to

the stronger; but they would not in the face of Heaven put their hands and seals to a falsehood." The nation made one last effort, by sending to their brethren in Arkansas, and getting them to join with themselves in a delegation to Washington to ask for an investigation. President Van Buren declined to interfere, and it only remained to submit.

At the time fixed for the removal of the Cherokees, the great mass of the people had made no preparation for departure, clinging to their homes with the proverbial tenacity of mountaineers. In the mean time, fortifications had been erected in commanding places, and in May, 1838, the soldiery began driving the families together at the point of the bayonet. Sixteen thousand were gathered in three great bands. From June to September the march was delayed by the heat, then two months more by drought. It began in November, and occupied five weary months. The details of its sufferings need not be given. Suffice that four thousand, or one fourth part of the whole company, died on the way. The rest found themselves, crushed and hopeless, in a strange land.

We have now but to quote the pathetic and prophetic words of John Ross, uttered when the last hope had disappeared: —

"We distinctly disavow all thought, all desire, to gratify any feeling of resentment. That possessions acquired and objects attained by unrighteous means will sooner or later prove a curse to those who have sought them is a truth we have been taught by that holy religion which was brought to us by our white brothers. Years, nay centuries, may elapse before the punishment may follow the offense, but the volume of history and the sacred Bible assure us that the period will certainly arrive. We would with Christian sympathy labor to avert the wrath of Heaven from the United States by imploring your government to be just."

And now, in suggesting a possible fulfillment of this prophecy of retribution, the writer would emulate the kindly spirit of John Ross. The spoliation of the Cherokees was a national act, and as such the whole nation assumed its consequences. True, hundreds of thousands of our people protested against the outrage, just as hundreds of thousands protested against slavery; but the judgment that comes upon nations knows nothing of individuals. From the St. Croix to the Colorado were felt the strokes of the sword that told of the blows of the lash. So from the St. John's to the Columbia, the nation, in that scourge of war, may have been paying penalty for its robbery of the Cherokees, New Englander sharing with Georgian. Still, there was a sense in which that spoliation was the peculiar crime of Georgia, and more especially of the people who profited by the robbery. The sober sense of mankind agrees with John Ross that some power, call it fate, call it Providence, call it what we will, seems to visit wrong-doing upon localities which profit thereby.

And how has it been with the country of the Cherokees? Georgians claim that their State suffered more, proportionally, than any other in the Confederacy. She poured out her blood and treasures without stint. She contributed twenty thousand more soldiers than her whole voting population at the beginning of the war; and of these her loss was in the very highest proportion. She had two thousand square miles of her territory ravaged. She lost three fourths of her entire wealth. But the portion of Georgia which was scourged beyond all comparison with the rest was the land of the Cherokees, the territory bounded by the silvery Chattahoochee, and watered by the golden Etowah and the beautiful streams that fill the Oostanaula. Geographically and historically, this region includes the valley of the Tennessee about Chattanooga. Through

and through this region trampled hosts gathered from every State in the Union. Here armies closed in a death-grapple more awful than was elsewhere known, unless in that desperate struggle in the Virginia Wilderness. Here was Chickamauga, called the bloodiest battle of the war. Here were Missionary Ridge, and Dalton, and Resaca, and Alatoona, and New Hope Church, and Kenesaw, not to speak of the seventy-four distinct engagements fought among these hills and valleys from September, 1863, to October, 1864.

As to the effect of this fearful carnage upon the region itself, let me quote the words of one of its own people, Colonel Avery, already alluded to as suggesting something peculiar in its local history to account for such suffering. "This favored section of the State," he says, "rich, healthy, beautiful, was a continuous ruin. It exemplified the horrors of war. . . . The arena of contending armies for a long period, it was desolated in its entirety." "Left for months outside the protecting ægis of both governments, the hiding-place of guerrillas of both armies, the theatre of the worst of all strifes that exist between inimical local factions, it realized in all its malignancy the miserable suffering conveyed in the realization of anarchy. The melancholy condition of this section is the saddest picture of all the sad ones of the late war. Those able to flee fled. Those unable to get away stayed in armed despair, ever present peril, and subject to daily rapine and death. *Courts were silent, schools empty, churches desolated.*[1] Dwellings were burned and fences destroyed, until the civilizing demarkations of home and farm were lost in indistinguishable ruin. Strolling bands of deserters and robbers herded in the mountain caves, made predatory incursions from their fastnesses, and in their inhuman collisions and murderous orgies kept up a reign of terror. It was once a smiling country, peaceful, prosperous, and happy, converted by the fell Moloch of war into a bloody scene of utter desolation. And to these awful horrors, unusual and unmitigable, the possibility of starvation was superadded. No crops could be raised in this hideous time, and charity could not penetrate this wilderness of desolation."[2]

As a slight suggestion of the poverty and distress, Colonel Avery says that in the four counties of Cherokee, Gordon, Gilmer, and Paulding, over one fourth of the inhabitants were left absolute paupers. Relief by the people of the State was for a time impossible, though General Wofford, under the appointment of Governor Brown, did all that could be done. In this extremity the national government came to the rescue, Congress passing an act for the relief of the region through the Freedmen's Bureau. As one feature of this aid, thirty thousand bushels of corn were given to the inhabitants to plant for their new crop.

It would be of interest, had we space, to note the fortunes of particular localities. The two principal centres of civilization in the old Cherokee country were at Brainard, where the first missionary station was founded, and at New Echotah, the seat of government. Within a few miles of the latter place was fought the bloody three days' battle of Resaca. Near the former were Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, the latter so called from the proximity of the old mission station.

But what is the peculiar thing which Colonel Avery traces in the history of this desolated Cherokee country? He finds, forsooth, that the region voted against secession. It behooves any but a Georgian to speak with modesty and reverence of this awful visitation. To most men, however, a more unique feature in the history of northern Georgia,

[1] These words italicized for their suggestiveness.

[2] History of Georgia, 1850–1881, page 320.

and one more suggestive of crime than any vote of loyalty to the Union, was the spoliation and expatriation of its original inhabitants. Rather than shouts for the old flag, most men will recall the wails of those thousands of despoiled Cherokees, driven by the bayonet from their ancestral homes. Up through the booming of the cannon and the bitter cries from desolated homes many impartial listeners will hear rising the plaintive tones of those dusky mountaineers, saying, as they did in their last appeal to the nation, "We shall submit our cause to an all-wise and just God."

Let us assume now that Colonel Avery is right in associating the horrors endured by the region in question with something peculiar in its history; but let us assume too that that unique thing was not its love for its country, but its gross injustice to a rising race.

What is suggested? Shades of color are nothing, a half century of time is nothing, in a matter of principle. The nation admires a brave and chivalrous people when they turn aside to weep, and to lay wreaths upon the grave of one of their representative men, as the people of northern Georgia have so recently done. Its admiration is greater when the eloquence of that man has charmed and delighted the whole land. But the nation is wiser and firmer for the rights of manhood than it was fifty years ago. With all fraternity of feeling, therefore, towards this once-suffering region, it may well cry out in warning, "Give no occasion for any future conspirator to allude again, *mutato nomine*, to the 'immortal Troup.'"

George A. Jackson.

TASSO TO LEONORA.

In the vast realms of unconjectured space,
Where devious paths eternally outspread;
Where farthest stars their mighty marches tread,
And unknown suns through unknown systems pace,
What power can give our longing hearts the grace
To follow feet that long ago have fled, —
Among the thronging populace of the dead
To find the welcome of the one dear face?

Nay! Let the souls throng round us! I am I,
And you are you! We should not vainly seek:
Would you not hear, though faint and far, my call?
Nay, were we dust, and had no lips to speak,
Our very atoms on the winds blown by
Would meet, and cling, whatever might befall.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

IV.

If the reader thinks that all these talking Teacups came together by mere accident, as people meet at a boarding-house, I may as well tell him at once that he is mistaken. If he thinks I am going to explain how it is that he finds them thus brought together, — whether they form a secret association, whether they are the editors of this or that periodical, whether they are connected with some institution, and so on, — I must disappoint him. It is enough that he finds them in each other's company, a very mixed assembly, of different sexes, ages, and pursuits; and if there is a certain mystery surrounds their meetings, he must not be surprised. Does he suppose we want to be known and talked about in public as "Teacups"? No; so far as we give to the community some records of the talks at our table our thoughts become public property, but the sacred personality of every Teacup must be properly respected. If any wonder at the presence of one of our number, whose eccentricities might seem to render him an undesirable associate of the company, he should remember that some people may have relatives whom they feel bound to keep their eye on; besides, the cracked Teacup brings out the ring of the sound ones as nothing else does. Remember also that the soundest teacup does not always hold the best tea, nor the cracked teacup the worst.

This is a hint to the reader, who is not expected to be too curious about the individual Teacups constituting our unorganized association.

The Dictator discourses.

I have been reading Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*. You have all read the story, I hope, for it is the first of his wonderful romances which fixed the eyes of the reading world upon him, and a most fascinating if somewhat fantastic tale. A young man becomes the possessor of a certain magic skin, the peculiarity of which is that, while it gratifies every wish formed by its possessor, it shrinks in all its dimensions each time that a wish is gratified. The young man makes every effort to ascertain the cause of its shrinking; invokes the aid of the physicist, the chemist, the student of natural history, but all in vain. He draws a red line around it. That same day he indulges a longing for a certain object. The next morning there is a little interval between the red line and the skin, close to which it was traced. So always, so inevitably. As he lives on, satisfying one desire, one passion, after another, the process of shrinking continues. A mortal disease sets in, which keeps pace with the shrinking skin, and his life and his talisman come to an end together.

One would say that such a piece of integument was hardly a desirable possession. And yet, how many of us have at this very moment a *peau de chagrin* of our own, diminishing with every costly wish indulged, and incapable, like the magical one of the story, of being arrested in its progress!

Need I say that I refer to those *coupon bonds*, issued in the days of eight and ten per cent. interest, and gradually narrowing as they drop their semi-annual slips of paper, which represent wishes to be realized, as the roses let fall their leaves in July, as the icicles melt away in the thaw of January?

How beautiful was the coupon bond, arrayed in its golden raiment of promises to pay at certain stated intervals, for a goodly number of coming years! What annual the horticulturist can show

will bear comparison with this product of auricultural industry, which has flowered in midsummer and midwinter for twenty successive seasons? And now the last of its blossoms is to be plucked, and the bare stem, stripped of its ever maturing and always welcome appendages, is reduced to the narrowest conditions of reproductive existence. Such is the fate of the financial *peau de chagrin*. Pity the poor fractional capitalist, who has just managed to live on the eight per cent. of his coupon bonds. The shears of Atropos were not more fatal to human life than the long scissors which cut the last coupon to the lean proprietor, whose slice of dry toast it served to flatter with oleomargarine. Do you wonder that my thoughts took the poetical form, in the contemplation of these changes and their melancholy consequences? If the entire poem, of several hundred lines, was "declined with thanks" by an unfeeling editor, that is no reason why you should not hear a verse or two of it.

THE *PEAU DE CHAGRIN* OF STATE STREET.

How beauteous is the bond
In the manifold array
Of its promises to pay,
While the eight per cent. it gives
And the rate at which one lives
Correspond!

But at last the bough is bare
Where the coupons one by one
Through their ripening days have run,
And the bond, a beggar now,
Seeks investment anyhow,
Anywhere!

The Mistress commonly contents herself with the general supervision of the company, only now and then taking an active part in the conversation. She started a question the other evening which set some of us thinking.

"Why is it," she said, "that there is so common and so intense a desire for poetical reputation? It seems to me that, if I were a man, I had rather have done something worth telling of than make verses about what other people had done."

"You agree with Alexander the Great," said the Professor. "You would prefer the fame of Achilles to that of Homer, who told the story of his wrath and its direful consequences. I am afraid that I should hardly agree with you. Achilles was little better than a Choctaw brave. I won't quote Horace's line which characterizes him so admirably, for I will take it for granted that you all know it. He was a gentleman, — so is a first-class Indian, — a very noble gentleman in point of courage, lofty bearing, courtesy, but an unsoaped, ill-clad, turbulent, high-tempered young fellow, looked up to by his crowd very much as the champion of the heavy weights is looked up to by his gang of blackguards. Alexander himself was not much better, — a foolish, fiery young madcap. How often is he mentioned except as a warning? His best record is that he served to point a moral as 'Macedonia's madman.' He made a figure, it is true, in Dryden's great Ode, but what kind of a figure? He got drunk, — in very bad company, too, — and then turned fire-bug. He had one redeeming point, — he did value his Homer, and slept with the Iliad under his pillow. A poet like Homer seems to me worth a dozen such fellows as Achilles and Alexander."

"Homer is all very well for those that can read him," said Number Seven, "but the fellows that tag verses together nowadays are mostly fools. That 's my opinion. I wrote some verses once myself, but I had been sick and was very weak; had n't strength enough to write in prose, I suppose."

This aggressive remark caused a little stir at our tea-table. For you must know, if I have not told you already, there are suspicions that we have more than one "poet" at our table. I have already confessed that I do myself in-

dulge in verse now and then, and have given my readers a specimen of my work in that line. But there is so much difference of character in the verses which are produced at our table, without any signature, that I feel quite sure there are at least two or three other contributors besides myself. There is a tall, old-fashioned silver urn, a sugar-bowl of the period of the Empire, in which the poems sent to be read are placed by unseen hands. When the proper moment arrives, I lift the cover of the urn and take out any manuscript it may contain. If conversation is going on and the company are in a talking mood, I replace the manuscript or manuscripts, clap on the cover, and wait until there is a moment's quiet before taking it off again. I might guess the writers sometimes by the handwriting, but there is more trouble taken to disguise the chirography than I choose to take to identify it as that of any particular member of our company.

The turn the conversation took, especially the slashing onslaught of Number Seven on the writers of verse, set me thinking and talking about the matter. Number Five turned on the stream of my discourse by a question.

"You receive a good many volumes of verse, do you not?" she said, with a look which implied that she knew I did.

I certainly do, I answered. My table aches with them. My shelves groan with them. Think of what a fuss Pope made about his trials, when he complained that

> "All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out"!

What were the numbers of the

> "Mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease"

to that great multitude of contributors to our magazines, and authors of little volumes — sometimes, alas! big ones — of verse, which pour out of the press, not weekly, but daily, and at such a rate of increase that it seems as if before long every hour would bring a book, or at least an article which is to grow into a book by and by?

I thanked Heaven, the other day, that I was not a critic. These attenuated volumes of poetry in fancy bindings open their covers at one like so many little unfledged birds, and one does so long to drop a worm in, — a worm in the shape of a kind word for the poor fledgling! But what a desperate business it is to deal with this army of candidates for immortality! I have often had something to say about them, and I may be saying over the same things; but if I do not remember what I have said, it is not very likely that my reader will; if he does, he will find, I am very sure, that I say it a little differently.

What astonishes me is that this enormous mass of commonplace verse, which burdens the postman who brings it, which it is a serious task only to get out of its wrappers and open in two or three places, is on the whole of so good an average quality. The dead level of mediocrity is in these days a table-land, a good deal above the old sea-level of laboring incapacity. Sixty years ago verses made a local reputation, which verses, if offered to-day to any of our first-class magazines, would go straight into the waste-basket. To write "poetry" was an art and mystery in which only a few noted men and a woman or two were experts.

When "Potter the ventriloquist," the predecessor of the well-remembered Signor Blitz, went round giving his entertainments, there was something unexplained, uncanny, almost awful, and beyond dispute marvellous, in his performances. Those watches that disappeared and came back to their owners, those endless supplies of treasures from empty hats, and especially those crawling eggs that travelled all over the magician's person, sent many a child home thinking that Mr. Potter must have ghostly assistants, and raised grave doubts in the

minds of "professors," that is members of the church, whether they had not compromised their characters by being seen at such an unhallowed exhibition. Nowadays, a clever boy who has made a study of parlor magic can do many of those tricks almost as well as the great sorcerer himself. How simple it all seems when we have seen the mechanism of the deception!

It is just so with writing in verse. It was not understood that everybody can learn to *make poetry*, just as they can learn the more difficult tricks of juggling. M. Jourdain's discovery that he had been speaking and writing prose all his life is nothing to that of the man who finds out in middle life, or even later, that he might have been writing poetry all his days, if he had only known how perfectly easy and simple it is. Not everybody, it is true, has a sufficiently good ear, a sufficient knowledge of rhymes and capacity for handling them, to be what is called a poet. I doubt whether more than nine out of ten, in the average, have that combination of gifts required for the writing of readable verse.

This last expression of opinion created a sensation among The Teacups. They looked puzzled for a minute. One whispered to the next Teacup, "More than nine out of ten! I should think that was a pretty liberal allowance."

Yes, I continued; perhaps ninety-nine in a hundred would come nearer to the mark. I have sometimes thought I might consider it worth while to set up a school for instruction in the art. "*Poetry taught in twelve lessons.*" Congenital idiocy no disqualification. Anybody can write "poetry." It is a most unenviable distinction to have published a thin volume of verse, which nobody wanted, nobody buys, nobody reads, nobody cares for except the author, who cries over its pathos, poor fellow, and revels in its beauties, which he has all to himself. Come! who will be my pupils in a Course, — Poetry taught in twelve lessons?

That made a laugh, in which most of The Teacups, myself included, joined heartily. Through it all I heard the sweet tones of Number Five's caressing voice; not because it was more penetrating or louder than the others, for it was low and soft, but it was so different from the others, there was so much more life — the life of sweet womanhood — dissolved in it.

(Of course he will fall in love with her. "He? Who?" Why, the newcomer, the Counsellor. Did I not see his eyes turn toward her as the silvery notes rippled from her throat? Did they not follow her in her movements, as she turned her head this or that way?

What nonsense for me to be arranging matters between two people strangers to each other before to-day!)

"A fellow writes in verse when he has nothing to say, and feels too dull and silly to say it in prose," said Number Seven.

This made us laugh again, good-naturedly. I was pleased with a kind of truth which it seemed to me to wrap up in its rather startling affirmation. I gave a piece of advice the other day which I said I thought deserved a paragraph to itself. It was from a letter I wrote not long ago to an unknown young correspondent, who had a longing for seeing himself in verse, but was not hopelessly infatuated with the idea that he was born a "poet." "When you write in prose," I said, "you say what you *mean*. When you write in verse you say what you *must*." I was thinking more especially of *rhymed* verse. Rhythm alone is a tether, and not a very long one. But rhymes are iron fetters; it is dragging a chain and ball to march under their incumbrance; it is a clog-dance you are figuring in, when you execute your metrical *pas seul*. Consider under what a disadvantage your thinking powers are laboring when you

are handicapped by the inexorable demands of our scanty English rhyming vocabulary! You want to say something about the heavenly bodies, and you have a beautiful line ending with the word *stars*. Were you writing in prose, your imagination, your fancy, your rhetoric, your musical ear for the harmonies of language, would all have full play. But there is your rhyme fastening you by the leg, and you must either reject the line which pleases you, or you must whip your hobbling fancy and all your limping thoughts into the traces which are hitched to one of three or four or half a dozen serviceable words. You cannot make any use of *cars*, I will suppose; you have no occasion to talk about *scars;* "the red planet Mars" has been used already; Dibdin has said enough about the gallant *tars;* what is there left for you but *bars?* So you give up your trains of thought, capitulate to necessity, and manage to lug in some kind of allusion, in place or out of place, which will allow you to make use of *bars*. Can there be imagined a more certain process for breaking up all continuity of thought, for taking out all the vigor, all the virility, which belongs to natural prose as the vehicle of strong, graceful, spontaneous thought, than this miserable subjugation of intellect to the clink of well or ill matched syllables? I think you will smile if I tell you of an idea I have had about teaching the art of writing "poems" to the half-witted children at the Idiot Asylum. The trick of rhyming cannot be more usefully employed than in furnishing a pleasant amusement to the poor feeble-minded children. I should feel that I was well employed in getting up a Primer for the pupils of the Asylum, and other young persons who are incapable of serious thought and connected expression. I would start in the simplest way; thus: —

When darkness veils the evening . . . . .
I love to close my weary . . . .

The pupil begins by supplying the missing words, which most children who are able to keep out of fire and water can accomplish after a certain number of trials. When the poet that is to be has got so as to perform this task easily, a skeleton verse, in which two or three words of each line are omitted, is given the child to fill up. By and by the more difficult forms of metre are outlined, until at length a feeble-minded child can make out a sonnet, completely equipped with its four pairs of rhymes in the first section and its three pairs in the second part.

Number Seven interrupted my discourse somewhat abruptly, as is his wont; for we grant him a license, in virtue of his eccentricity, which we should hardly expect to be claimed by a perfectly sound Teacup.

"That 's the way, — that 's the way!" exclaimed he. "It 's just the same thing as my plan for teaching drawing."

Some curiosity was shown among The Teacups to know what the queer creature had got into his head, and Number Five asked him, in her irresistible tones, if he would n't oblige us by telling us all about it.

He looked at her a moment without speaking. I suppose he has often been made fun of, — slighted in conversation, taken as a butt for people who thought themselves witty, made to feel as we may suppose a cracked piece of chinaware feels when it is clinked in the company of sound bits of porcelain. I never saw him when he was carelessly dealt with in conversation — for it would sometimes happen, even at our table — without recalling some lines of Emerson which always struck me as of wonderful force and almost terrible truthfulness:

"Alas! that one is born in blight,
Victim of perpetual slight:
When thou lookest in his face
Thy heart saith, 'Brother, go thy ways!
None shall ask thee what thou doest,
Or care a rush for what thou knowest,
Or listen when thou repliest,
Or remember where thou liest,

> Or how thy supper is sodden;'
> And another is born
> To make the sun forgotten."

Poor fellow! Number Seven has to bear a good deal in the way of neglect and ridicule, I do not doubt. Happily, he is protected by an amount of belief in himself which shields him from many assailants who would torture a more sensitive nature. But the sweet voice of Number Five and her sincere way of addressing him seemed to touch his feelings. That was the meaning of his momentary silence, in which I saw that his eyes glistened and a faint flush rose on his cheek. In a moment, however, as soon as he was on his hobby, he was all right, and explained his new and ingenious system as follows: —

"A man at a certain distance appears as a dark spot, — nothing more. Good. Anybody, man, woman, or child, can make a dot, say a period, such as we use in writing. Lesson No. 1. Make a dot; that is, draw your man, a mile off, if that is far enough. Now make him come a little nearer, a few rods, say. The dot is an oblong figure now. Good. Let your scholar draw the oblong figure. It is as easy as it is to make a note of admiration. Your man comes nearer, and now some hint of a bulbous enlargement at one end, and perhaps of lateral appendages, and a bifurcation begins to show itself. The pupil sets down with his pencil just what he sees, — no more. So by degrees the man who serves as model approaches. A bright pupil will learn to get the outline of a human figure in ten lessons, the model coming five hundred feet nearer each time. A dull one may require fifty, the model beginning a mile off, or more, and coming a hundred feet nearer at each move."

The company were amused by all this, but could not help seeing that there was a certain practical possibility about the scheme. Our two Annexes, as we call them, appeared to be interested in the project, or fancy, or whim, or whatever the older heads might consider it. "I guess I 'll try it," said the American Annex. "Quite so," answered the English Annex. Why the first girl "guessed" about her own intentions it is hard to say. What "Quite so" referred to it would not be easy to determine. But these two expressions would decide the nationality of our two young ladies if we met them on the top of the great Pyramid.

I was very glad that Number Seven had interrupted me. In fact, it is a good thing once in a while to break in upon the monotony of a steady talker at a dinner-table, tea-table, or any other place of social converse. The best talker is liable to become the most formidable of bores. It is a peculiarity of the bore that he is the last person to find himself out. Many a terebrant I have known who, in that capacity, to borrow a line from Coleridge,

> "Was great, nor knew how great he was."

A line, by the way, which, as I have remarked, has in it a germ like that famous "He builded better than he knew" of Emerson.

There was a slight lull in the conversation. The Mistress, who keeps an eye on the course of things, and feared that one of those *panic silences* was impending, in which everybody wants to say something and does not know just what to say, begged me to go on with my remarks about the "manufacture" of "poetry."

You use the right term, madam, I said. The manufacture of that article has become an extensive and therefore an important branch of industry. One must be an editor, which I am not, or a literary confidant of a wide circle of correspondents, which I am, to have any idea of the enormous output of verse which is characteristic of our time. There are many curious facts connected with this phenomenon. Educated people — yes, and many who are not edu-

cated — have discovered that rhymes are not the private property of a few noted writers who, having squatted on that part of the literary domain some twenty or forty or sixty years ago, have, as it were, fenced it in with their touchy, barbed-wire reputations, and have come to regard it and cause it to be regarded as their private property. The discovery having been made that rhyme is not a paddock for this or that race-horse, but a common, where every colt, pony, and donkey can range at will, a vast irruption into that once-privileged inclosure has taken place. The study of the great invasion is interesting.

Poetry is commonly thought to be the language of emotion. On the contrary, most of what is so called proves the absence of all passionate excitement. It is a cold-blooded, haggard, anxious, worrying hunt after rhymes which can be made serviceable, after images which will be effective, after phrases which are sonorous: all this under limitations which restrict the natural movements of fancy and imagination. There is a secondary excitement in overcoming the difficulties of rhythm and rhyme, no doubt, but this is not the emotional heat excited by the subject of the "poet's" treatment. True poetry, the best of it, is but the ashes of a burnt-out passion. The flame was in the eye and in the cheek, the coals may be still burning in the heart, but when we come to the words it leaves behind it, a little warmth, a cinder or two just glimmering under the dead gray ashes, — that is all we can look for. When it comes to the manufactured article, one is surprised to find how well the metrical artisans have learned to imitate the real thing. They catch all the phrases of the true poet. They imitate his metrical forms as a mimic copies the gait of the person he is representing.

Now I am not going to abuse "these same metre ballad-mongers," for the obvious reason that, as all The Teacups know, I myself belong to the fraternity. I don't think that this reason should hinder my having my say about the ballad-mongering business. For the last thirty years I have been in the habit of receiving a volume of poems or a poem, printed or manuscript — I will not say daily, though I sometimes receive more than one in a day, but at very short intervals. I have been consulted by hundreds of writers of verse as to the merit of their performances, and have often advised the writers to the best of my ability. Of late I have found it impossible to attempt to read critically all the literary productions, in verse and in prose, which have heaped themselves on every exposed surface of my library, like snowdrifts along the railroad tracks, — blocking my literary pathway, so that I can hardly find my daily papers.

What is the meaning of this rush into rhyming of such a multitude of people, of all ages, from the infant phenomenon to the oldest inhabitant?

Many of my young correspondents have told me in so many words, "I want to be famous." Now it is true that of all the short cuts to fame, in time of peace, there is none shorter than the road paved with rhymes. Byron woke up one morning and found himself famous. Still more notably did Rouget de l'Isle fill the air of France, nay, the whole atmosphere of freedom all the world over, with his name wafted on the wings of the Marseillaise, the work of a single night. But if by fame the aspirant means having his name brought before and kept before the public, there is a much cheaper way of acquiring that kind of notoriety. Have your portrait taken as a "Wonderful Cure of a Desperate Disease given up by all the Doctors." You will get a fair likeness of yourself and a partial biographical notice, and have the satisfaction, if not of promoting the welfare of the community, at least that of advancing the financial interests of the benefactor whose enterprise has given you your coveted noto-

riety. If a man wants to be famous, he had much better try the advertising doctor than the terrible editor, whose waste-basket is a maw which is as insatiable as the temporary stomach of Jack the Giant-killer.

"You must not talk so," said Number Five. "I know you don't mean any wrong to the true poets, but you might be thought to hold them cheap, whereas you value the gift in others, — in yourself too, I rather think. There are a great many women — and some men — who write in verse from a natural instinct which leads them to that form of expression. If you could peep into the portfolio of all the cultivated women among your acquaintances, you would be surprised, I believe, to see how many of them trust their thoughts and feelings to verse which they never think of publishing, and much of which never meets any eyes but their own. Don't be cruel to the sensitive natures who find a music in the harmonies of rhythm and rhyme which soothes their own souls, if it reaches no farther."

I was glad that Number Five spoke up as she did. Her generous instinct came to the rescue of the poor poets just at the right moment. Not that I meant to deal roughly with them, but the "poets" I have been forced into relation with have impressed me with certain convictions which are not flattering to the fraternity, and if my judgments are not accompanied by my own qualifications, distinctions, and exceptions, they may seem harsh to many readers.

Let me draw a picture which many a young man and woman, and some no longer young, will recognize as the story of their own experiences.

— He is sitting alone with his own thoughts and memories. What is that book he is holding? Something precious, evidently, for it is bound in "tree calf," and there is gilding enough about it for a birthday present. The reader seems to be deeply absorbed in its contents, and at times greatly excited by what he reads; for his face is flushed, his eyes glitter, and — there rolls a large tear down his cheek. Listen to him; he is reading aloud in impassioned tones: —

> And have I coined my soul in words for naught?
> And must I, with the dim, forgotten throng
> Of silent ghosts that left no earthly trace
> To show they once had breathed this vital air,
> Die out of mortal memories?

His voice is choked by his emotion. "How is it possible," he says to himself, "that any one can read my 'Gaspings for Immortality' without being impressed by their freshness, their passion, their beauty, their originality?" Tears come to his relief freely, — so freely that he has to push the precious volume out of the range of their blistering shower. Six years ago "Gaspings for Immortality" was published, advertised, praised by the professionals whose business it is to *boost* their publishers' authors. A week and more it was seen on the counters of the booksellers and at the stalls in the railroad stations. Then it disappeared from public view. A few copies still kept their place on the shelves of friends, — presentation copies, of course, as there is no evidence that any were disposed of by sale; and now, one might as well ask for the lost books of Livy as inquire at a bookstore for "Gaspings for Immortality."

The authors of these poems are all round us, men and women, and no one with a fair amount of human sympathy in his disposition would treat them otherwise than tenderly. Perhaps they do not need tender treatment. How do you know that posterity may not resuscitate these seemingly dead poems, and give their author the immortality for which he longed and labored? It is not every poet who is at once appreciated. Some will tell you that the best poets never are. Who can say that you,

dear unappreciated brother or sister, are not one of those whom it is left for after-times to discover among the wrecks of the past, and hold up to the admiration of the world?

I have not thought it necessary to put in all the *interpellations*, as the French call them, which broke the course of this somewhat extended series of remarks; but the comments of some of The Teacups helped me to shape certain additional observations, and may seem to the reader as of more significance than what I had been saying.

Number Seven saw nothing but the folly and weakness of the "rhyming cranks," as he called them. He thought the fellow that I had described as blubbering over his still-born poems would have been better occupied in earning his living in some honest way or other. He knew one chap that published a volume of verses, and let his wife bring up the wood for the fire by which he was writing. A fellow says, "I am a poet!" and he thinks himself different from common folks. He ought to be excused from military service. He might be killed, and the world would lose the inestimable products of his genius. "I believe some of 'em think," said Number Seven, "that they ought not to be called upon to pay their taxes and their bills for household expenses, like the rest of us."

"If they would only study and take to heart Horace's Ars Poetica," said the Professor, "it would be a great benefit to them and to the world at large. I would not advise you to follow him too literally, of course, for, as you will see, the changes that have taken place since his time would make some of his precepts useless and some dangerous, but the spirit of them is always instructive. This is the way in which he counsels a young poet, somewhat modernized and accompanied by my running commentary.

"'Don't try to write poetry, my boy, when you are not in the mood for doing it, — when it goes against the grain. You are a fellow of sense, — you understand all that.

"'If you have written anything which you think well of, show it to Mr. ——, the well-known critic; to "the governor," as you call him, — your honored father; and to me, your friend.'"

To the critic is well enough, if you like to be overhauled and put out of conceit with yourself, — it may do you good; but I would n't go to the governor with my verses, if I were you. For either he will think what you have written is something wonderful, almost as good as he could have written himself, — in fact, he always *did* believe in hereditary genius, — or he will pooh-pooh the whole rhyming nonsense, and tell you that you had a great deal better stick to your business, and leave all the word-jingling to Mother Goose and her followers.

"Show *me* your verses," says Horace. Very good it was in him, and mighty encouraging the first counsel he gives! "Keep your poem to yourself for some eight or ten years; you will have time to look it over, to correct it and make it fit to present to the public."

"Much obliged for your advice," says the poor poet, thirsting for a draught of fame, and offered a handful of dust. And off he hurries to the printer, to be sure that his poem comes out in the next number of the magazine he writes for.

"Is not poetry the natural language of lovers?"

It was the Tutor who asked this question, and I thought he looked in the direction of Number Five, as if she might answer his question. But Number Five stirred her tea devotedly; there was a lump of sugar, I suppose, that acted like a piece of marble. So there was a silence while the lump was slowly dissolving, and it was anybody's chance who saw fit to take up the conversation.

The voice that broke the silence was

not the sweet, winsome one we were listening for, but it instantly arrested the attention of the company. It was the grave, manly voice of one used to speaking, and accustomed to be listened to with deference. This was the first time that the company as a whole had heard it, for the speaker was the newcomer who has been repeatedly alluded to, — the one of whom I spoke as "the Counsellor."

"I think I can tell you something about that," said the Counsellor. "I suppose you will wonder how a man of my profession can know or interest himself about a question so remote from his arid pursuits. And yet there is hardly one man in a thousand who knows from actual experience a fraction of what I have learned of the lovers' vocabulary in my professional experience. I have, I am sorry to say, had to take an important part in a great number of divorce cases. These have brought before me scores and hundreds of letters, in which every shade of the great passion has been represented. What has most struck me in these amatory correspondences has been their remarkable sameness. It seems as if writing love-letters reduced all sorts of people to the same level. I don't remember whether Lord Bacon has left us anything in that line, — unless, indeed, he wrote Romeo and Juliet and the Sonnets; but if he has, I don't believe they differ so very much from those of his valet or his groom to their respective lady-loves. It is always, My darling! my darling! The words of endearment are the only ones the lover wants to employ, and he finds the vocabulary too limited for his vast desires. So his letters are apt to be rather tedious except to the personage to whom they are addressed. As to poetry, it is very common to find it in love-letters, especially in those that have no love in them. The letters of bigamists and polygamists are rich in poetical extracts. Occasionally, an original spurt in rhyme adds variety to an otherwise monotonous performance. I don't think there is much passion in men's poetry addressed to women. I agree with The Dictator that poetry is little more than the ashes of passion; still it may show that the flame has had its sweep where you find it, unless, indeed, it is shoveled in from another man's fireplace."

"What do you say to the love poetry of women?" asked the Professor. "Did ever passion heat words to incandescence as it did those of Sappho?"

The Counsellor turned, — not to Number Five, as he ought to have done, according to my programme, but to the Mistress.

"Madam," he said, "your sex is adorable in many ways, but in the *abandon* of a genuine love-letter it is incomparable. I have seen a string of women's love-letters, in which the creature enlaced herself about the object of her worship as that South American parasite which clasps the tree to which it has attached itself, begins with a slender succulent network, feeds on the trunk, spreads its fingers out to hold firmly to one branch after another, thickens, hardens, stretches in every direction, following the boughs, at length gets strong enough to tug at the tree itself, and ends by tearing it up by the roots, and holding in its murderous arms, high up in air, the stump and shaft of the once sturdy growth that was its support and subsistence."

The Counsellor did not say all this quite so formally as I have set it down here, but in a much easier way. In fact, it is impossible to smooth out a conversation from memory without stiffening it; you can't have a dress shirt look quite right without starching the bosom.

Some of us would have liked to hear more about those letters in the divorce cases, but the Counsellor had to leave the table. He promised to show us some pictures he has of the South American parasite. I have seen them, and I can assure you they are very curious.

The following verses were found in the urn, or sugar-bowl.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.

If all the trees in all the woods were men,
And each and every blade of grass a pen;
If every leaf on every shrub and tree
Turned to a sheet of foolscap; every sea
Were changed to ink, and all earth's living tribes
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,
The human race should write, and write, and write,
Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And the huge inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round its brink
Call for more pens, more paper, and more ink.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TENNYSON.

I.

SHAKESPEARE and Milton — what third blazoned name
Shall lips of after-ages link to these?
His who, beside the wide-encircling seas,
Was England's voice, her voice with one acclaim,
For threescore years; whose word of praise was fame,
Whose scorn gave pause to man's iniquities.

II.

What strain was his in that Crimean war?
A bugle-call in battle; a low breath,
Plaintive and sweet, above the fields of death!
So year by year the music rolled afar,
From Euxine wastes to flowery Kandahar,
Bearing the laurel or the cypress wreath.

III.

Others shall have their little space of time,
Their proper niche and bust, then fade away
Into the darkness, poets of a day;
But thou, O builder of enduring rhyme,
Thou shalt not pass! Thy fame in every clime
On earth shall live where Saxon speech has sway.

IV.

Waft me this verse across the winter sea,
Through light and dark, through mist and blinding sleet,
O winter winds, and lay it at his feet;
Though the poor gift betray my poverty,
At his feet lay it: it may chance that he
Will find no gift where reverence is unmeet.

DANGERS FROM ELECTRICITY

A STORY is told of an Eastern prince who bought a slave who proved to be a magician. The slave at first fascinated his master with his countless tricks and wonders; but after a while the master became terrified at the evil resources of his slave, and besought him to leave him, giving him his freedom. Electricity is the slave of man; but at times it bids fair to overcome the master.

Our horses may be said to reflect public sentiment in regard to one of the common applications of electricity, — that of the propulsion of electric cars. At first they were afraid. Their nervous trepidation in some cases broke down all the barriers of restraint. Now they are becoming used to the car which moves so mysteriously. The inevitable has come; and it is perhaps horse sense to acquiesce.

It is true that there are dangers lurking in the electric-car system; but it is probable that the inside of the electric car is a safer place than the outside. By no possibility can the electric motor explode. The chances of any one getting a deadly shock from the current which is conveyed through the car to the motor are infinitesimal; for the iron-work of the car affords a far better connection with the ground than the human body. If the current were conveyed by a broken wire to the wood-work of the car, the entire current from the most powerful dynamo would be stopped. As a proof of my assertion that the iron-work would conduct away the electricity and prevent the human body from receiving any of it, I need only mention the behavior of the stroke of lightning which descended the Eiffel Tower in Paris last August. A heavy bolt struck the tower, with a report which sounded like the discharge of a park of artillery. People at a distance from Paris saw the bolt descend, and the light of the discharge illumine the low-lying clouds as if the structure were suddenly enveloped in flames. There were four persons on the tower at the time, — assistants who had charge of different portions, — but no one received the slightest shock. The electric charge distributed itself through the iron-work of the tower, and the persons on the tower were as unconscious of its passing as birds which cluster on the overhead trolley wire are of the powerful current which is flowing under their feet. It is asked, however, Cannot the powerful magnetism of the motor beneath the flooring of the car affect our health? In answer to this inquiry, it may be said that none of our senses can detect the slightest effect from the most powerful magnetism. People have inserted their heads between the poles of a magnet which could lift a ton, and have perceived no effect. A blindfolded person cannot detect the attraction of a magnet which can draw a crowbar to itself with irresistible force. It has been maintained that certain persons see flame from magnets, but such persons are believed to be subject to hallucinations. It is safe to affirm that if a powerful state of magnetism existed in the car above the flooring the motor would not work.

The jar which one feels and the occasional shocks are mechanical, and not electrical. I was in an electric car lately which ran over a torpedo, placed on the track by some mischievous person. The car was immediately emptied, and many preferred to walk rather than to return to the car. What has been said in regard to the possible danger of receiving a shock from the electric current while in the car will serve to answer the inquiry whether there is not danger of being struck by lightning while riding on an electric railway. If a bolt from

heaven should strike the overhead wire of the railway, it would find such an easy passage to the earth through the trolleys of the cars, through the motors, and thence to the rails, that the passengers would be in the condition of the assistants on the Eiffel Tower. It has never been proved that lightning is attracted by the electric currents which are flowing in the overhead wire.

When one leaves an electric car, however, there are possible dangers. I am inclined to believe that the lady who claims to have received a shock while getting into a rear car was mistaken, for the amount of shock which she could receive through gloved hands and leather shoes from even a "sneak" current could not be detected by the most delicate instruments. I notice that many persons carefully avoid treading on the rails of the electric railway. They can be assured that even if they should touch them with the bare hands no sensation would be felt; furthermore, one can touch the overhead trolley wire with bare hands with impunity if, at the same time, no connection is made with the ground. One can see, any day, laborers mounted on tall scaffolds, grasping the bare trolley wire while engaged in repairing it.

Wherein, therefore, consist the dangers to life from the overhead wire? Birds can rest upon it, men can touch it; it gives, while intact and continuous, no evidence of the mysterious influence contained in it save when the overhead trolley bounds up and down. Then there is a flash of lightning, as if some Prometheus burst into imprecations at man's clumsy device. The danger to life comes not from the steady flow of the current, but from its sudden cessation. Strange to say, it is not the steady burning of the fire, so much as the going out of the fire, which is deadly. The plain statement of fact, not clothed in scientific language, is this: If the overhead wire of the electric railway should break between the bare hands of a workman, he would be killed. It would be necessary, however, that the wire should be cut between the two bare hands with which he grasped the bare wire. The shock would then flow from shoulder to shoulder. The man's life would cease with the current. If the wire should be cut beyond where it is held, — not between the hands, but beyond them both, — and if there should be no connection with the ground, no danger would result. If, standing on the ground, one should touch the rails of the electric railway, I have said that he would receive no shock. If this person should by any possibility touch the overhead wire and the rails at the same time, the instant he released his hold upon either he would receive a shock which I have no doubt would be a deadly one. When he releases his grasp the current suddenly stops between his arms, and he would be in a similar position to that of the workman who has hold of the two ends of a broken wire. Let us suppose that a telegraph or telephone wire has fallen upon the overhead wire of the electric railway, and that a person comes in contact with the dangling end of the wire. If the person should be standing in rubbers or dry shoes, it is not probable that he would receive a deadly shock from touching the wire, or from releasing his hold of it. If his shoes should be wet, however, in struggling to escape the wire he might receive a mortal injury. It is only at the moment of release that the rattlesnake would give its most deadly bite. It is maintained that horses are more sensitive to the electric current than men, and that this is the reason they are so frequently killed by the dangling wires which reach from the overhead wire to the street. It is much more probable that their iron shoes and their freedom from clothing make them for the moment better conductors of electricity than human beings, who are shod in

rubber and leather and wear insulating garments.

The manner in which a horse is killed by a dead wire, that is, a wire which is out of use and whose only function is to be the means of death to some living creature, is therefore as follows: The dead wire falls upon a bare wire carrying a current; a horse runs into the wire, and contact is made with the ground and broken through the animal's body. It is the breaking the connection which is deadly. In a blinding storm it would not be pleasant to find one's self in the embraces of a dead wire. Yet with the present practice of allowing wires to cross the bare overhead wire of the electric railway, such embraces promise to be too common.

The dangers to life from the electric current in which the earth is not used are nothing if the circuit of the current is not broken. If the earth is used for the return circuit, the danger arises from breaking a connection between the metallic circuit and the earth. In the electric-car system, the current is sent out from the dynamo machine at the central station along the overhead wire, passes through the motor in each car to the rails, and then returns through the ground to the dynamo at the central station. The current constantly desires, so to speak, to escape to the ground from the overhead wire; and it seizes the opportunity afforded by any straggling wire which may fall on the overhead wire. Outside of cities and crowded streets of towns, the use of the earth as a return circuit is not dangerous, for wires are not liable to fall upon the overhead wire of the railway. In cities, however, the use of the earth as a part of the return circuit, I believe, is highly dangerous, both to life and to property.

The foregoing account of the danger to life from touching wires carrying a powerful electric current immediately raises the inquiry how strong a current is dangerous to life. The most contradictory statements have been made in regard to this point. The reason of the variance of the testimony resides in this: that the mere electrical pressure which is supplied, and the strength of current which flows through a circuit offering a certain resistance, do not determine the question whether the current is a killing one. It is the recoil in the sudden stoppage of a current which has been flowing through the coils of a dynamo that is deadly to life. This reflex action, which is due to induction, cannot be calculated from the electrical pressure supplied to the continuous circuit, or from the electrical current and the resistance. The current arising from induction, like a wave reflected from a rock, may have a higher crest than the incoming wave which produced it. The time rate, so to speak, of its change varies greatly with the coils in the circuit. When we hear, therefore, of a person taking with impunity one thousand volts, the volt being the electrical unit for pressure, we must ask how much current there was at this pressure, how many dynamo coils there were in circuit, and how great was the time rate of change at breaking the circuit. One can take the current from one hundred batteries, giving two hundred volts pressure, without serious discomfort, if there are no coils in the circuit. Interpose a powerful electro-magnet, and then break the circuit, the recoil current will make one feel as if he had been struck on the chest with a heavy sledge-hammer; the arms will draw up convulsively, the lips will strive to utter a cry of pain, and a sense of sinking, as in a fainting fit, will come over one. What I have portrayed from actual experience with two hundred volts pressure will give a lively sense of what would happen if a current of five hundred volts, running through dynamo coils, should be suddenly stopped in the human body: the recoil would be tremendous and deadly. It is related

that a certain Mr. Jenkins, one evening, at a meeting of the Royal Institution, started Faraday on his celebrated researches upon electrical induction by asking why a shock was experienced when a circuit containing an electro-magnet was broken between the hands, and why no shock was felt when there was no coil or electro-magnet in the circuit. This inquiry was made fifty years ago, and Mr. Jenkins escaped an immortal name by not striving to answer the question for himself; for Faraday thereupon began the series of researches which have made his name famous. With electrical induction there is an end to life. With electrical induction, it may be said with truth, there is an end to our knowledge of electricity. How can this subtle fluid, this airy nothing, which travels on the ether of space, exhibit momentum, and rend obstacles like an express train in collision?

I suppose that the method of execution by electricity will be to break the current from a powerful dynamo between two points in the body of the criminal. It will be necessary to bring the bare skin, at two suitably separated points, in contact with the wire carrying an arc-light current, and then break the metallic circuit between these points. Interposing these points between the terminals of a wire carrying a to-and-fro electric current, that is a current which is sent first in one direction and then in the opposite, would have a similar effect to that produced by breaking a continuous current. The continuous current is like a snake, which strikes once and loses its fangs. The alternating current is a snake which can strike again and again. The latter current is coming into use in electric lighting, and it may yet be employed in the transmission of power. Theory indicates certain advantages in its use over that of the continuous current. The dangers from its employment are very great, and will need careful safeguards.

It is not, however, the possible risk to life in the contact with the ground and a dangling dead wire, which has come in contact with the overhead system of electric propulsion, that constitutes the most serious danger from electricity. What is most to be feared is the ease with which extensive fires can be started in cities by means of bare or poorly insulated electric circuits, of which the earth forms a portion. The electric current seeks to return to the generator which produces it by the path of least resistance. If, therefore, a telegraph or telephone wire, or any metallic conductor, should come in contact with a bare wire conveying a powerful current, this current would seek the ground by every possible way; and if the telegraph or telephone wire should be connected with the ground, the powerful current would be directed through telegraph or telephone instruments in offices and houses to ground connections. It is said, in reply to this view, that lightning frequently has entered houses by telephone and telegraph wires, and has merely burnt out a coil or fused a wire, and has not caused any serious conflagration. A sudden discharge through a circuit, however, is not so dangerous as a slow, insidious heating, which might go on for several hours before it is discovered. This heating could easily be produced by a portion of a powerful current leaking into houses and offices from a wire which has fallen upon a bare metallic circuit through which a current is flowing. What is to prevent, it may be asked, a great city being set on fire by electricity, in a hundred places at once, on the night of a blizzard? The inquiry is certainly not a frivolous one. The elements of danger are with us, and the questions of safeguards demand the most careful consideration by our municipal authorities.

The precautions now adopted are these: Safety wires not connected with any electric circuit are placed in some cases above the bare wires conveying

powerful currents, to prevent any falling wire from reaching the latter. Fusible wires, made of an alloy of tin, are inserted in the telephone and telegraph circuits. These will melt at a comparatively low temperature, and any current more powerful than is customarily used upon the circuit will thus defeat its ends by burning out its own path. The fusible wire can be placed in a fireproof box. Another method, adopted in certain cases, is the employment of a ball of wax, which rests against the coils of the telegraph or telephone apparatus, and prevents a spring from touching a metallic connection. If the current in the coils should heat the coils, and therefore become dangerous, the wax melts, and the spring touches the metallic connection, and directs the current from the coils to the ground. This simple contrivance is not automatic, and endeavors have been made to arrange electro-magnetic instruments which shall divert currents to the ground when they reach a certain dangerous strength. All these devices can be made to work. Electricity is like a facile, mischievous boy, who, in his soft moods, can be safely entrusted with a delicate watch, a fragile Venetian vase, a glass model of a steam-engine ; but there comes a moment when, if there is any possibility of man's contrivances being upset, that possibility is discovered.

The use of a double overhead-wire system, that is of a complete metallic circuit, would obviate many dangers which now exist. This system would require two trolleys to each car. The electric current would flow along one wire, down one trolley, into the motor of the car, and then up through the second trolley, and return through the second overhead wire to the central station. In this way, the return through the earth would be obviated. But this system, of course, would require a heavy superstructure across the streets. There would then be two wires instead of one, which is used in the present overhead system.

There are certain mechanical and electrical difficulties, which, however, are not insuperable. With such a complete metallic circuit, there would be little danger from falling dead wires. One could touch one of the overhead wires and the ground with impunity, for no electricity would abandon the overhead wire for the ground, since it would prefer the metallic circuit for its return path to the central station. No horses would be killed by running into a dangling dead wire. The current would not be diverted into neighboring buildings, since it would have no excuse for seeking ground connections. If a wire should fall upon the overhead system, it would have no effect if it merely touched one wire. If it embraced both wires of this system, it would quickly burn and drop to the ground, incapable of doing any damage. In burning it would not convey the heat to neighboring buildings. If the double overhead wires should fall upon horses or people, no electrical shock would be received so long as the wires were not broken, and no shock would be received unless the wire happened to break between the limbs of the living creature upon which it might fall. This would be an unlikely conjunction of accidents. If the one overhead wire which is used at present should fall, the person or animal bridging the interval between it and the ground would be likely to receive a deadly shock in struggling to get free.

It may be said that the overhead electric-light systems now do not use the ground and have complete metallic circuits, yet we hear of men being burned to death, and of horses being killed by dead wires which touch the electric-light wires. These accidents result from defective insulation of the electric-light wires; and it must be confessed that such accidents are liable to happen even with complete metallic circuits that are

above ground. A complete metallic circuit only mitigates the evil.

In general, electricity may be said to be the safest natural agency which man employs. Steam-boilers burst, and gas-mains explode. There is nothing explosive in an electric generator or an electric motor. The wires conveying the current can rend nothing, and become heated only through gross carelessness. The ease with which electric plants are installed testifies to the ready adaptability of electricity to man's uses. This ease has a tendency to make electrical workingmen careless, and it also leads to the employment of ignorant persons.

In a neighboring museum, a skilled observer, engaged in studying the habits of rattlesnakes, is accustomed to put his arm into a tall jar containing the reptiles, and take them out with the bare hand. He has never been bitten, for he knows how to seize the snakes. The danger to an ignorant person in seizing an electric wire carrying a strong current is as great as that to which a person ignorant of the ways of snakes would be subjected, if he undertook to take the place of the skilled observer.

John Trowbridge.

TWO NEW ENGLAND WOMEN.

It is very difficult to establish contemporary epochs. Try as hard as we may, we are not our own posterity; and even if we succeed in paulo post future speculations, who is to be the wiser? Not our contemporaries, who refuse to believe us, and not those who come after, who will not care a fig whether we were right or wrong. Nevertheless, we cannot help a little wistfulness as we see ourselves as we think our grandchildren will see us, and there is no emotion quite so agreeable as self-commiseration. Thus we keep on placidly with our several lives, but we carry on at the same time a sub-conscious process of thought which makes us historical to ourselves. The ground beneath our feet may be very substantial, but we cannot resist the impression that New England is slipping from under us. How antique, even now, is the Boston before the great fire; how charmingly idyllic the Concord of Emerson; what a tranquil, self-contained place the Cambridge of Longfellow; how primitive are the Maine and New Hampshire of the Rollo books; how completely a historic figure is Sam Lawson! Already we begin to say to ourselves, *Si Novangliam quæris* not *circumspice*, but *in partes Occidentales aspice*, and find a reproduction in modified form in the country parts of Michigan or Wisconsin; better still, see its spirit preserved in a few books.

For one phase of New England life we do not know where to look to find a more perfect image than in Miss Larcom's A New England Girlhood.[1] How recent it is, and how absolutely obsolete! Nothing brings before the mind so vividly the rupture between the New England of one generation ago and that of to-day as to read these pages, written by a woman in the vigor of her days, who is recalling both the circumstances of her own childhood, and an order of society which has been swept away, not by any cataclysm, but by the rapid movement of two forces, one from within and one from without. One of these days, historians will take very carefully into account the emigration and

[1] *A New England Girlhood, outlined from Memory.* By Lucy Larcom. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

immigration which are still changing the face of New England, but we think they will find the most violent substitution to have taken place between the years 1840 and 1880.

Miss Larcom's personal history, as known to most readers, is associated especially with the period of our industrial history when Lowell and Lawrence and other manufacturing centres of New England were alive with the activity of descendants of the English settlers in New England, and no doubt the portion of her reminiscences which is devoted to her years in Lowell will be read with peculiar interest. But the story of her childhood on the Essex coast is not merely an introduction to the account of her young womanhood; it is a proper prelude to the narrative of the social life in the Lowell mills. That sturdy, self-respecting, honorable community of workmen and workwomen which centred in the towns of New England, when the order of industry was changing from agriculture to manufacture, was the legitimate product of the forces of a great number of village and isolated communities charged with a brave Puritanism. The independent, often solitary life was exchanged for one of greater interdependence and sociality, but the spirit which inhered in the one passed over into the other, and no one can understand Lowell who has not first studied Beverly. Not only so, but, as Miss Larcom most suggestively points out, no one can interpret Wellesley who has not traced its origin back to Lowell. It would be an idle speculation to consider what New England would be to-day, if Ireland and Canada had not discharged their living streams into it, and if an outlet had not been found for the original waters in the prairies of the West; it is more profitable to study, as Miss Larcom's little book bids us, the growth of those ideas of womanly development which germinated in Lowell, and have fulfilled large promise in so many forms already.

We have been so impressed by the value of this book as a contribution to sociology that we are in danger of emphasizing this virtue to the neglect of what, after all, will appeal more forcibly to most minds. It is no light matter for any one, however familiarly before the public, to set forth the record of early life. Miss Larcom has been helped, no doubt, by the very condition to which we have referred; to the absolute separation, that is, of her girlhood from her womanhood, so far as circumstance is concerned. As she says, quaintly and charmingly: "I can see very distinctly the child that I was, and I know how the world looked to her, far off as she is now. She seems to me like my little sister, at play in a garden, where I can at any time return and find her. I have enjoyed bringing her back, and letting her tell her story, almost as if she were somebody else. I like her better than I did when I was really a child, and I hope never to part company with her. I do not feel so much satisfaction in the older girl who comes between her and me, although she too is enough like me to be my sister, or even more like my young, undisciplined mother; for the girl is mother of the woman. . . . Still, she is myself, and I could not be quite happy without her comradeship."

All this is a matter of consciousness, but the consciousness is strongly affected by external changes, and doubtless Miss Larcom finds it easier to stand off and look at her Beverly childhood and Lowell girlhood from the fact that she does not see them repeated in other children and girls of to-day. Repeated, that is, in their circumstance; for one great charm of her book is in the indirect witness which it bears to the existence of that which is essential in youthful life, irrespective of incident and accident. The girlhood of a princess may be so related as to be wholly a foreign life to a young American; it might be told so as to make royalty an interesting incident.

Miss Larcom has given a delightful picture of a New England girl a generation ago, but no succession of generations can obliterate the lines which coincide with those of every open-minded child.

The note of sincerity which falls upon the reader's ear as he hears this harmonious *pastorale* is most refreshing; the quaint touches which humorously enliven the detailed, homely, *genre* art have no strain of effect about them; everything is simple, natural, genuine. Probably the audience for whom the book was written has more or less affected the writer, and has given her a greater freedom of manner; but we suspect it will not be the young who will draw the greatest pleasure from the performance. The reflection of youth is often more interesting to the old than to the young. Nevertheless, the virtue in the book will be appropriated most surely by those for whom it was written. Its appeal is always to the best that is in the reader, and there are noble passages which will live long in the mind, and shape, we doubt not, many ideals of life. Such a one is that in the Preface which is Miss Larcom's Apology for Poesy. It is too long for us to quote here, and we should be glad to think that our omission sent any reader to the book itself.

What Miss Louisa Alcott would have written, had she set about a deliberate sketch of her early life, we cannot say. An autobiography calls for more studied endeavor, is a more crucial test of one's judgment of self, than any semi-fictitious narrative of one's childhood, or even the annotation of one's early journals. We wish heartily that Miss Alcott had chosen to tell her own story, but, in the absence of it, we must put up with the suggestions contained in her children's books, and in the unstudied, almost fragmentary memoir[1] which Mrs. Cheney has edited with wise reserve and good taste. There is no fullness in the book, but the reader feels that he is generously treated in being allowed such glimpses of the personality of the heroine as the editor herself has, from records.

Miss Alcott's life does not seem so far away as Miss Larcom's, yet it is in a fashion a representative picture of New England girlhood. For a livelier, more detailed account of that phase of New England life which she knew we must have recourse to Miss Alcott's stories, but the spirit is preserved, nevertheless, in these personal sketches. Shall we say that there is more restlessness, more self-consciousness, about the Concord child than about the Beverly one? We will not run the risk of making odious comparisons, though one can scarcely read these two books in succession without instituting a good many interesting comparisons, not so much between persons as between states of society.

Independently, the figure of Miss Alcott is one of painful attractiveness, and her career one which may fairly account for much that is both winning and repelling in her stories. It is not strange that she, thrown so early upon her wits, and wonted to a life which was distractingly full of contradictions between the sky and the earth, — the sky blue, and the earth very miry, — should have taken refuge sometimes in feverish imaginations, sometimes in *châteaux en Espagne*. Her heroic spirit, chafing at the ignoble hindrances of every-day life, and obliged to find its training, so to speak, after its work had been done rather than through the work itself, was constantly seeking new ventures and trying itself in new forms. Here was a strong, affectionate nature, with powers half understood, restlessly beating against the cage, yet showing almost a fierce solicitude for all its similarly imprisoned companions. The half-views one gets of the home life move one almost equally to tears and smiles; he is persuaded that

[1] *Louisa May Alcott; her Life, Letters and Journals.* Edited by Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1889.

if he had known Miss Alcott, he would one day have been impatiently chiding her, another day lost in admiration. The self-sacrifice was unremitting, and yet frequently recognized as self-sacrifice; the power was used recklessly, and yet it was a power. That such sunshine should flood Miss Alcott's stories seems almost a mockery of her life, and yet no one can read her journals and letters without feeling that the sunshine after all was in her nature. But the pity of it! the broken lights, the unrest, the grasping at realities, the alternate building of glass houses and dungeons!

The book is at once a reproach to the self-indulgent and a warning to young writers. One cannot escape the conviction that great possibilities were lost in Miss Alcott's career.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.[1]

A NEW work by Tennyson is the best gift that literature has had in her bestowal for these many years; and this last volume, with its familiar grace and charm, renews the old pleasure. His art has already reached the limit of poetical variety; there is no new chord for him to strike; but in this volume he shows once more his mastery through all its range, and he gives us some poems as noble in feeling, as finished in style, as musical in cadence, as ever, though the limits are narrow oftentimes and the motives slight. The two principal pieces are Demeter's monologue over Persephone, who has just been restored to her, and the dramatic story of The Ring. Both of these will be welcome to lovers of verse, for their smooth-flowing, delightful movement, their frequent felicities of simple phrase, and the loveliness of their images; and besides these literary qualities, the thought in Demeter and the mere story of The Ring have greater attraction. In retelling the myth of Enna, indeed, Tennyson has introduced into it a mystical and modern element, and has touched the lines with an infinite Christian suggestion, as if he saw mainly in the Greek tale of Persephone one of those prefiguring types of Christian truth which the Fathers have often sought both in pagan mythology and in the Old Testament. It is the Resurrection itself that the poet seems to have in mind, but in an inchoate and premonitory form which gives the touch of prophecy to Demeter's words, and makes her figure like that of the oracular priestess, in whose responses there is more of expectation than of revelation. What we see in the poem is the fate of man and the world as it lay under the shadow of paganism, dark and doubtful, but waiting with a dim and uncertain foreknowledge for the coming of those kinder gods.

> "But younger kindlier Gods to bear us down,
> As we bore down the Gods before us? Gods,
> To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,
> Not spread the plague, the famine; Gods indeed,
> To send the noon into the night and break
> The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven?
> Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun,
> And all the Shadow die into the Light."

This secondary meaning in the poem gives to it a peculiar charm, and takes it out of the class of poems upon ancient myths, which merely reproduce Greek imagination and appeal only to an æsthetic taste. The Ring, on the other hand, is only a story, with a weird ele-

[1] *Demeter and Other Poems.* By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

ment in it and some bits of English landscape, yet mainly made out of human life. It is a better piece of dramatic narrative than we have had from the poet in a long time.

It is not necessary to speak of the other poems in detail, one by one. Perhaps the most attractive of those in the body of the volume is the rendering of Tennyson's own life as a poet under the image of Merlin. The music of this piece so harmonizes with its mood, its progress is so noble, the accent of sincerity in it is so clear and direct, and the expression is so flawless, that it must come to be ranked high in Tennyson's work, while the subject of itself will endear it to those who are attached to his poetry. The more pleasing portions of the volume in general, however, are those which illustrate his skill in familiar verse, addressed to friends, and those which add to the already long list of his songs a half dozen more, of exquisite purity, originality, and charm. The dedicatory stanzas to Lord Dufferin, in which he is not forgetful of the viceroy's large fame, but dwells rather on his kindness to the poet's son in India, and utters a few words of elegy for the latter, are the finest example of this familiar style which the volume offers, and they will be prized as one of the best poems he has done in this kind. They are, indeed, so intimate and at the same time so noble an expression of the poet's life that one hesitates to speak of them, though feeling grateful to have read them. Besides these stanzas, the three to Professor Jebb are in a vein of compliment that could not be bettered, though one always wishes that Tennyson, when he takes the bewitching measure used in them, would not let it fall back into silence again so soon. The lines to Mary Boyle, prefacing another poem, are interesting because of a few autobiographical touches, and the concluding stanzas are perfect in their touch of age. We cannot forbear to quote them, though they will already be familiar: —

"Let golden youth bewail the friend, the wife,
Forever gone.
He dreams of that long walk thro' desert life
Without the one.

"The silver year should cease to mourn and sigh —
Not long to wait —
So close are we, dear Mary, you and I,
To that dim gate."

The verses entitled Ulysses, also, although not equally distinguished with the rest, have the same ease and lightness that characterize Tennyson's friendly tributes, and they contain some pleasant details of his home and the winter landscape that he likes.

The most delightful poems, however, seem to us the half dozen songs to which we have referred. The music of these, their clearness of tone, even their ingenuity, which at first may seem defect of naturalness in some cases, make them favorites. Each of Tennyson's later volumes has contained something of this sort, but none has given us so many as this last. The Ring opens with one of them, a bride's song to the honeymoon:

"Mellow moon of heaven,
Bright in blue,
Moon of married hearts,
Hear me, you!

"Twelve times in the year
Bring me bliss,
Globing Honey Moons
Bright as this."

The whole song goes on with equal melody. We find another in the dramatic monologue called Romney's Remorse, — a cradle-song sung by Romney's wife over their child: —

"Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat!
Beat upon mine! you are mine, my sweet!
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet!

"Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you this!

And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss!

Sleep!

"Father and mother will watch your grow,
And gather the roses whenever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go,
My sweet!"

At the end of the book, finally, one comes upon a little cluster of these lyrics, — Far-Far-Away, The Snowdrop, The Throstle, and The Oak, — in which there is the strange music, still perfect, of Tennyson's originality in note and rhythm; the peculiar melody and manner which, perhaps, one must learn to like, but which, when once it has grown familiar, subdues the ear to its enchantment, and captivates the reader completely before he has done with it. These little pieces seem slight, like playthings of the Muse, but we may be sure that they are fragile shells that will outwear every storm. Of these new examples, The Throstle will be easily accepted, being so plainly a perfect bird-song, and we do not know where one would find the same merely natural sympathy with the voices of spring short of the May-songs of the Elizabethans. The Oak, too, will make its way with all. Of the Snowdrop, however, one would not risk so unlimited a prophecy; and because it seems least likely to have justice done it, we try our readers with it: —

"Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid!"

We shall mention but one more poem, also a lyric, butof a different strain, — the simple, serene, confident, full-flowing lines called Crossing the Bar, made pathetic by brief falls of the melody, which is in perfect keeping with the poet's mood. These stanzas are a thought of death, but one so imaged and expressed as to have only the brightness of a forward-looking faith in it, tempered by no more of regret than naturally falls with "twilight and evening-bell" by the quiet, outgoing tide.

We have spoken of only a small portion of this volume, in all of which the art and power of Tennyson are felt and the great variousness of his moods illustrated in poems each of which seems to stand by itself, with an individuality of its own. There is no room for regret that he continues to write; there is no failure in his art; and this last collection adds many poems to those which will be treasured. The touch of age is in its spirit, here and there, but it is not a touch that weakens the hand or makes less "his honor and his due;" it softens the retrospect of life, hardens the sense of righteousness, lends something of pathos to his "late eve," but it is always felt on the page in a noble way. The work of his last years will long be famous in our literature for the remarkable tenacity of his genius, and it falls to our generation only to be grateful for every added grain of gold in the treasure he is leaving us, already one of the richest possessions of our own race.

MR. PATER'S MINOR ESSAYS.

Mr. Pater is the first of those few contemporary writers who obey the literary spirit. Literature has not merely supplied him with his culture, but has taken possession of him and energizes his thought. Even when he deals with art or religion he employs the method of literature, and regards them mainly as records of expression cognate with books.

A predominant sense of beauty in form, of charm in the spirit, of truth in the matter, whatever may be the particular object of his criticism, characterizes his work; a constant regard for the imagination as the master-faculty goes along with this; and the special notes of his temperament as a writer — the value he sets upon inwardness of spirit, collectedness of mind, contemplativeness as an habitual mood, and customary and local associations as the natural setting of enduring emotions — are ever emerging on his page.

He is interested, as only the lover of pure literature is, in humanity, to which everything else is subsidiary; and yet more narrowly, it may be said, he is less concerned with the life of man on its mortal and individual side than with man's spirit, the capacities of the soul and its moods in history, the spiritual ideal. This is the secret of his great attractiveness for many refined and serious-minded readers, to whom he brings a breath of "the ampler ether, the diviner air," more with the intimacy and immediateness of poetry than after the sober manner of prose. It is true that, although he often employs the methods of imagination, he is essentially a critic of life; in his most original work the result is at last criticism; but it is of a sort so peculiar that he stands apart and by himself, and is not to be classed with critics in general. In the present volume,[1] however, he approaches more nearly the ordinary genus. In it he has collected several essays which have appeared at rare intervals during the last fifteen years, and are a part of his less laborious work. The subjects are all from English literature, except the opening and concluding papers, which are concerned with general definitions about style and the two phases of literary art, the classical and romantic. It is, on the whole, of less interest than his other volumes, but it is not less informed by that literary spirit and that preoccupation with the ideal which distinguish and lend charm to his style.

It is sometimes objected to his work that it is over-refined and too curiously wrought both in matter and manner; that it seeks for exquisiteness too carefully; that, in a word, he has the vice of preciosity. This impression was made by his earliest essays, but the fault of excessive sensibility and high culture in an æsthetic direction has steadily grown less with years, and what now remains of it contributes more to the excellence than it detracts from the perfect taste of his work. He is not unconscious of the trait in his temperament which these critics dwell upon, and in this volume he plays with their objection in a delightful paper upon Shakespeare's Biron, in which character he plainly recognizes something of his own likeness; but the analysis of good literature in general with which he begins the book should convince the reluctant critics that Mr. Pater's canons are as sound, severe, and universal as the most doctrinaire of them can fairly wish. He divides literature into its two provinces of science and *belles-lettres*, — of knowledge and

[1] *Appreciations, with an Essay on Style.* By Walter Pater. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

power, according to De Quincey's formula, — by the distinction that in one department the fact is recorded, in the other the author's particular sense of fact; and he is careful to observe that mind counts for most in the structure of a work of literary art, and soul for most in its tone, its charm, its peculiar winning power. There is nothing original in this, but the restatement is cleverly put, with a freshness of phrase and a firm, logical, Aristotelian stiffness in the thought; and the essential point of good literary art, which is absolute correspondence between word and idea, together with that economy in the use of words which forbids all surplusage, is kept in view through the whole discussion.

Great art, however, differs from good art. "It is," he says, "on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends;" and he explains his meaning more clearly by adding that, in order to be great as well as excellent, literary art must be "devoted to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or the enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or, immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God." In words like these there is nothing of that "preciosity" which is urged as a fatal fault in Mr. Pater, and which is hardly to be counted as a vice, if it does not lock up the soul in the isolation of an unshared æsthetic pleasure, such as Tennyson has depicted in a famous poem.

In fact, so far from resulting in that narrowness of appreciation and scornful temper toward all that is not choice and exquisite, which belong to the vice of preciosity in taste, Mr. Pater's sensibility has made him an unusually catholic critic. The welcome which he accords to different types of mind which he passes in review is not the conventional acceptance of the fame and worth of names already listed in literature; but he takes genuine and cordial delight in the qualities of the men he writes of; he betrays an understanding of them, a liking for their human traits, a real interest in their lives, and sympathy with them.

The human element is stronger, perhaps, in this volume than in others from his pen. Lamb and Sir Thomas Browne are portrayed by the hand of a true lover, in whom the literary critic seems secondary; and although Wordsworth and Coleridge are less openly and completely sympathized with, there is in the treatment of them a nearness of appreciation beyond the reach of mere intellectual or literary interest; while Morris and Rossetti are dealt with, as a matter of course, as one would deal with friends. This more familiar touch with life itself in its weaknesses and littleness as it was actually lived, in its whims and incidents and sad circumstances, brings Mr. Pater's more slight essays of this sort to a lower but not less pleasing level than that of his ideal sketches in imagination, or the serene ideal life portrayed in his single great work, the career of Marius. But beside this more human element felt in his tone, there remains the really important thing, which is his thought about Wordsworth and Coleridge and Shakespeare, about their genius, their performance and its utility to men, and the suggestions he derives from their study with respect to the life of the spirit of man in history.

The essay upon Wordsworth is of most value. The poet himself was so great in his moments of inspiration, and at the same time so prosaic when he was not visited by the divine power on whose coming he waited so passively,

and his work is so blended of prose and poetry, that it is a misfortune for him when his critics share his own defects, as many Wordsworthians do. On the other hand, a critic who comes to him, making those æsthetic requirements which Mr. Pater does, feeling with him only when he is really inspired, can do great service to his fame. Such a critic points out most unerringly that line which separates the poet's from the moralist's work. This is what Mr. Pater has in effect done. He suppresses all of Wordsworth except the poet, and concentrates attention upon that. With much of Wordsworth's temperament he is in entire sympathy. On many points, indeed, he is especially attracted by qualities which none values more highly. No poet, to be explicit, has illustrated that "tacitness of spirit" in expectation of the religious mood, which Mr. Pater has often dwelt upon as a trait of the finest souls in literature. To Wordsworth it was matter of the common round of life; he was always waiting for that visitation which seemed to him to be the vital source of his Muse. Wordsworth, too, valued very highly the sentiments and home-emotions of the country people, closely attached to the places that they loved, and amid which the associations of their experience were bred; and for this primitive mood of the soul Mr. Pater has often expressed a kind of awe. Inwardness, too, to use one of the critic's favorite words, the turning of the spirit upon itself in thought and feeling, the contemplation by the soul of its own life, was more characteristic of Wordsworth than of any other secular poet of England. The pastoral scene, also, attracts a taste cultivated by classical study, and at the same time touched by the regard for the humble and poor which belongs to the modern age.

In these and in other ways Mr. Pater has the open secret of Wordsworth ready to his eye, and he comes to an appreciation of Wordsworth's poetical achievement which is singularly free from the disturbance and perplexity occasioned by the prosaic portion of the poet's work.

The essay upon Coleridge is more noticeable for its clear definition of his place as a reactionist in the age; for the plainness with which it brings out both his influence upon those who wished to go along with him in his attempt at a transcendental renovation of English theology, and also the gradual failure and extinction of that influence, because the trend of the century was antagonistic to the mode of thought. He was, Mr. Pater thinks, born for poetry, and lost to it; and certainly the critic does full justice to what Coleridge accomplished in poetry, — he goes further in his appreciation than it seems to us is warranted by the work done. Lamb and Sir Thomas Browne are treated with more particularity, and somewhat in a biographical way. The author makes many finely critical remarks upon them, however; and if his hand seems trammeled, especially in the last essay, by his adherence to temporal matters, there is compensation in the greater prominence of Browne's own character, which is so thoroughly penetrated by the curiosity and understanding of the critic. In the brief essays upon some of Shakespeare's characters, Mr. Pater comes again upon that ideal ground where he works with most ease and possibly most pleasure, and in writing of Richard II. and Claudio shows once more the special attractiveness which "golden youth" has always had for him; and he adds here, as his manner is, a background of the general life, which he sums up in the "irony" of situation in Shakespeare's kings, and in the vigorous desire for existence at Shakespeare's Vienna, on which Angelo's story is relieved. The concluding paper deals with definitions of classicism and romanticism, with the purpose of showing that these are names of two phases of the literary spirit in all

ages, in ancient times as well as in the modern world.

The volume has thus a wide range of subject, and gives scope to the varied culture which distinguishes its author; and it may be hoped that it will extend somewhat further the too narrow circle of his readers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Some Recollections of Boker.

THE occasion of my first meeting the late George H. Boker was one of those special and delightful Saturday nights at the Century Club, in New York. I am not sure of the date, but think it must have been somewhere about 1877, soon after Boker's return from St. Petersburg, where he had held the post of minister of the United States for two or three years. Late in the evening, when the greater part of the company had left the club-house, a small group formed in one of the parlors, and stayed there quietly chatting and smoking until the small hours. I had met all the members of the group before, excepting Boker. He was then about fifty-three or fifty-four: a tall man, of imposing figure and great dignity; very handsome, with hair rapidly turning gray, and a mustache nearly white, which gave him the appearance and general air that we are wont to attribute to field-marshals of France. The impression he made was distinctly that of an accomplished and thoughtful man of the world; a man skilled in quiet, comprehensive observation, and not too ready to be communicative; briefly, just the sort of man that a good diplomatist ought to be. My mind was not consciously dwelling on the fact that he had been our representative in Turkey and in Russia, yet the knowledge of this may have had something to do with the effect produced. At all events, as he sat there, my imagination kept picturing him amid the surroundings of court receptions, state occasions, and so on, in foreign lands. He had an aristocratic bearing that suggested such mental pictures naturally. At the same time, as so much of his poetry shows, and as I afterwards learned through frequent contact and association with him, no one could have been more intensely American at heart, or more loyal to republican principles and institutions.

Another noticeable thing about him was that his appearance did not especially suggest the poet. In certain ways he and his friend, Bayard Taylor, made an interesting contrast with each other. Here was Boker, who had just come back from diplomatic service abroad; and here, too, was Taylor, who was just going abroad as minister to Berlin. Both were poets; they were fellow-Pennsylvanians and friends; and they were men of large mould physically, and of impressive presence; yet they were very dissimilar types. Boker, though massive and with a trace of the phlegmatic in his manner (perhaps derived from his Holland ancestors, the Bôchers, who had come thither from France, and had then sent a branch into England, from which the American family sprang), was courtly, polished, slightly reserved. His English forefathers had belonged to the Society of Friends, as had also Taylor's family in Pennsylvania, — another point in common. But Taylor's appearance, as his friends will remember, was somewhat bluff and rugged; his manner was hearty and open; his face bore distinctly the stamp of the literary man, the

artist, and bespoke a sturdy, poetic temperament. This is the more curious, because, with all his merits, Taylor was less consistently a poet than Boker, and hardly so strong or vital in poetry as Boker, who seldom put his hand to any form of composition but that of verse. However, notwithstanding his reserve, Boker's mood was evidently genial and receptive, and he made the whole group feel that he was in thorough accord with them.

Some one asked Boker what literary work he had in hand. He replied, "My head, for the last few years, has been so full of dispatches, and treaties, and protocols, that I have had no time to think of writing." In considering why it was that he wrote so comparatively little after this period, one should remember that for a considerable term, dating from the beginning of the Civil War, his thoughts, his time, and his energies had really been absorbed in duties and functions foreign to literature. His career as a poetic dramatist, one of the very few, in recent days, who have written for the stage successfully, had been almost rounded out and completed before the war broke out. He then threw himself, heart and soul, into the organization and conduct of the Union League of Philadelphia, which became one of the main purposes of his life. Acting as its secretary until the rebellion was ended, he finally became its president, and held that position for a number of years. This, with his appointments to foreign missions, brought him into close connection with politics, on the Republican side, which thenceforward took up a great deal of his attention. While he was president of the League, he held also, for several terms, the presidency of the Philadelphia Club, one of the oldest and perhaps the most exclusive among the clubs of the city. When I came to know him well, and met him almost daily for months, his mornings were usually occupied with his duties at these two clubs. He had a great deal of executive ability, and, being a man of wealth and leisure, he resolutely gave to the affairs of the clubs — one political, and the other purely social — that close attention which is indispensable to good administration, but is seldom applied with such fidelity as Mr. Boker showed. Besides this, he was constantly in society, at receptions, dinners. It seems a pity now that, with such vigorous and abundant powers as a poet, he should have given so much of his time to other matters. But it always struck me that there was a well-defined principle underlying Boker's distribution of his time and energies, of which principle he gave me more than one hint in the course of our numerous long and interesting conversations alone, and in other talks with Charles Godfrey Leland ("Hans Breitmann"), at whose lodgings in Philadelphia we used to meet every Sunday afternoon. Boker inherited wealth and the best sort of social position, yet he had a prodigiously strong and overmastering tendency to imaginative production in literature. The pressure of what we may call, in a modified sense, the *bourgeois* element was brought to bear strongly against his following this tendency. Most of his companions and local society were inclined to scoff at his ambition or his inspiration, his idealism. They believed that a young man well provided with wealth and station, who definitely proposed to set out as a poet and make poetry his chief aim in life, was throwing a sort of discredit on the class to which he belonged. Boker, being a man of powerful nature and gifted with a potent will, resolved to defy this narrow and unintellectual prejudice. His whole career was modeled on that resolve, and was carried out consistently to the end. By innate ability and hard work he earned a fame as a successful poetic dramatist, which was brilliant and remarkable at the time. He succeeded to his father's wealth, and

still devoted himself to literature. But, having a clear mission before his mind, which he was determined to accomplish, he steadily devoted to social engagements the large amount of time which was necessary for holding intact his position in society. From his line of action and from what he often said to me, it is plain that he meant to demonstrate beyond cavil that a man of wealth and leisure can also be a poet, whose plays and martial songs and tender lyrics may at once enlist the sympathies of a large audience, and become a part of the people's life. He had this intention, and, luckily, he had also the artistic endowment which made him able to carry out the intention. Many of his poems on the war rang from one side of the country to the other, gained popular renown, and had a vital influence on public and patriotic sentiment.

Not content with proving his point by his triumph as a dramatist and a lyrist, he also showed that a poet may be a practical man of affairs, whose energy, skill, and bravery in organizing a strong league of patriots in a partially disaffected town could not be surpassed. Here, again, he defied prejudice; for in those days many of the persons who had most influence socially were open sympathizers with the rebellion. Boker demonstrated the fact that loyalty could not only be made compatible with social prestige, but could also take the upper hand of it. Some of his associates, of course, deserve equal credit in the patriotic work; but Boker had the distinction of combining in his own person the character of the devoted patriot and the judicious organizer and manager with that of the poet, whose early aspirations towards artistic creation had been lightly valued by his fellow-citizens. His later distinction as United States minister to the Sublime Porte and St. Petersburg, where he rendered very important services to his country, put the keystone in the arch that he had so long been building. While in Russia, he was the only one of our ministers at foreign courts who was able to checkmate Spain in her controversy with us about the Virginius. He baffled the Spanish ambassador at St. Petersburg, and influenced Gortschakoff to send a dispatch to Madrid which caused Spain to apologize to the United States; thus averting serious complications.

While he was winning laurels as a poet, a dramatist, a leader in a patriotic movement, and a brilliant American diplomatist (of whom Ignatieff, while engaged in a struggle with him at Constantinople, wrote to the Russian government, "He is a man composed of true diplomatic stuff"), Boker was also completing his victory over those who had questioned the dignity of his purposed literary career. He was at last recognized in his native city as an illustrious citizen. But even after he had done all this, I found that in Philadelphia there was a disposition in certain quarters to make light of him, because he sometimes acknowledged to his intimates that he saw what he had accomplished, and recognized his own standing. A more modest literary man I never met. He never alluded to his writings, unless I brought up the subject and pressed it persistently. This will account in part for the fact that he did not always at first impress one as a poet; and it is explainable on the basis which I have suggested, that he had long ago made up his mind to preserve in himself the two characters, — that of poet, and that of man of the world, diplomatist, statesman. He always kept the attitude of seeming to say tacitly, "Look at me, and judge me as you please. I shall not give you many hints. You must decide for yourself what I am and what I represent." The long fight with unsympathetic surroundings, the severe campaign which he had conducted in order to help give literature its rightful position in society, had told

upon him. It made him reticent. But his sense of fellowship with other writers was deep and cordial, and unbounded in its enthusiasm, if one could once penetrate to the depths of his heart. The warm sympathy which he showed was all the more touching because of the barriers of convention and restraint behind which it was stored up in full measure. I never heard him say an ill word of his brother authors, but I have heard him speak many a kind one.

That Boker could write both vigorously and bitterly is shown by his Book of the Dead. The circumstances which led to the composition of this singularly virile work were related to me by Boker as follows: Boker's father had been a banker, and, after his death, various persons had sued his estate and tried to consume it, although Boker senior had saved many of these persons from ruin, and had restored to solvency the bank of which he took charge. During the long litigation, George H. Boker wrote for his own solace the lyrics which form The Book of the Dead. "If I had not been able to give vent to my feelings in these poems," said Boker, "I should have gone mad!" The work made little impression on the general reader, because he lacked the key to its purpose.

Boker was a man who, while taking an active part in fashionable society to the last, held himself above the conventional level of thoughtless amusement and business intrigue, and continued to build his career on a certain plan, which should contribute to the supremacy of ideas. At heart, the poetic aim always remained dearest to him; and he wrote to Lawrence Barrett, a few years ago, on the success of Francesca da Rimini, "Why did n't I receive this encouragement twenty years ago? Then I might have done something."

Early portraits of Boker show an extraordinary resemblance to Nathaniel Hawthorne in his prime; and I fancy there was a likeness between them, not only in their outward appearance, but also in their shyness and reserve. Hawthorne hid himself behind the veil of seclusion. Boker sought shelter behind the variegated tapestry of society, where he remained to the last a poet, a man of ideas.

An Exotic Taste. — The Contributor who wrote so cleverly of A Sense of the Ridiculous took Bryant to task for giving such a name as Genevieve to the wife of his Hunter of the West. Now, for my part, I do not doubt in the least that, in real life, she would have been a Genevieve, — perhaps, even, with the addition of Maud Celestine, — for experience has taught me that fine names blossom most prodigally upon the stony ground of poverty. South of Mason and Dixon's line, especially, an exotic taste flourishes; and from any provincial newspaper that indulges in a Society Column one may cull such felicitous combinations as Ruby McPhaters, Pearl Tubbs, Angel Puig, Dimple Timmany, Cooksie O'Leary, Birdie Twofoot, — to make the matter worse, this particular specimen hailed from Mulesville, — Mississippi Holyland, Rosebud Einstein, etc. What would the author of A Sense of the Ridiculous think of Buzzard Roost, a forlorn suburb of an unprosperous Southern town, where Linas and Marcellas and Edithas and Ethelyns are as thick as commentators have informed us that summer leaves are *not* in Vallombrosa? One parent, evidently reasoning that she had nothing else to bestow upon her numerous progeny, sent them forth into the world equipped with such names as Romaine, Mortimer, Waldo, Malcolm, Gwendolen, etc. A wanderer in eastern Louisiana, being forced to stay over night in a log-house, observed that the eldest daughter of the family was called "Ettolie." As he had an inquiring mind, he hunted the name to its lair, and discovered that it was really "Etoile," — the simple-minded father and mother having seen it signed to an

article in the county paper. The sentimental mother of another poor girl had her baptized "Alone," — the title of one of Marion Harland's novels. Her surname was Jones; and although rural communities take life very seriously, and are not prone to see the joke in realities, it must be confessed that, in this instance, the neighborhood reached the snickering point. It was the last straw, and, so to speak, they were tickled by it. The same lack of that valuable sense of the ridiculous which allows poets to sink into bathos is patent in the cases I have cited. Of course that great engine of progress, the "story paper," has something to do with the matter; it has opened vast romantic vistas, and the outcropping of high-sounding names is an effort to get away from the bare walls and mean furnishings of a poor home, — a mother's blind endeavor to give her daughters something, at least, in common with Lady Ethelinda and Lady Gladys, who trail velvet robes over marble floors.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History. The Military Annals of Lancaster, Massachusetts, 1740–1865; including lists of soldiers serving in the Colonial and Revolutionary wars for the Lancastrian towns, Berlin, Bolton, Harvard, Leominster, and Stirling. By Henry S. Nourse. (The Author, Lancaster.) Mr. Nourse has already issued the Early Records of Lancaster, and in that detailed the experiences of the town previous to 1725. In this volume he continues the narrative, with a thorough study of the part taken by the community in the war with Spain, in the various French and Indian wars, in the war for independence, in the war of 1812, in the Mexican war, and the war for the Union. The book is much more than a list of names. It contains interesting extracts from records, diaries, and letters, and many lively passages by the author himself. It is a capital piece of work. — The eighth volume of the Narrative and Critical History of America (Houghton) brings Mr. Winsor's great task to a close. The present volume deals with the later history of British, Spanish, and Portuguese America. In his chronological conspectus of American history the editor has added a very valuable feature to the work. A glance at the full and carefully prepared general index will give the reader an idea of the vast extent of the undertaking upon which Mr. Winsor has lavished so much research and scholarship in various fields. — The fourth volume of memoirs issued by the Long Island Historical Society consists of a series of hitherto unprinted letters, addressed by Washington to William Pearce, who managed the Mount Vernon estate during Washington's presidency. These letters, though they deal chiefly with domestic matters, contain references to important persons and events of the day, and show the writer in a very amiable light. — Mr. James Schouler has brought his History of the United States of America under the Constitution through the fourth volume, which covers the period 1831–1847, and promises to complete his task with one more volume. There is no doubt that Mr. Schouler gets pretty close to what may be called a contemporaneous view of the movement of history. He reflects in his pages the thought of the men who were actively engaged in making history, and he is not misled by any too wide generalization. If he is a little brusque in style, he is at any rate spirited, and often piquant, and one cannot read his work without knowing that he is in the hands of an individual narrator.

Sociology and Economics. Alluring Absurdities, Fallacies of Henry George, by M. W. Meagher. (American News Company.) In addition to exposing the fallacies of Henry George, Mr. Atkinson, Professor Denslow, and others, Mr. Meagher offers a few hints at correcting the present inequalities. His most explicit remedy is a graduated income and legacy tax. He writes heartily and honestly. — Problems in American Society, by Joseph Henry Crooker. (Ellis.) A volume of social studies devoted to the Student in American Life, Scientific Charity, the Root of the Temperance Problem, the Political Conscience, Moral and Religious Instruction in our Public Schools, and the Religious Destitution of Villages. The discussions are not very noteworthy, but they call attention to subjects which always are interesting.

Mr. Crooker writes with a positive air, but he will seem to many to overlook some of the forces which have been working to bring about the very social problems he presents, and are still at work to solve them. — Hertha, or the Spiritual Side of the Woman Question, by Elizabeth Hughes. (The Author, Los Angeles, Cal.) Theosophomorical. The uninitiated male reader catches at the meaning here and there, but, with all his respect for the author, he wishes she would just try her hand at putting her ideas into the form of answers to an examination paper. We can fancy her before a hard-headed professor, and reading from the last page of her book: "Then the full-orbed sphere of humanity, equally balanced in both its hemispheres of opposite sexes, will sail harmoniously through the heavenly blue." "Be so good, madam, as to repeat that. Kindly explain yourself." — An Appeal to Pharaoh: the Negro Problem and its Radical Solution. (Fords, Howard and Hulbert.) No author's name is given with this book, which assumes as its premise that the North and the South are nearly as separate in their aims and interests as in the days before the war; that we are not a united people because we are not a homogeneous people; and the conclusion reached is that the country should take deliberate means to expatriate the negro race, and colonize the West Indies with them. The Afrite cannot be crowded back into the fisherman's jar; perhaps he can be made to take his ugly, brooding form into some other part of the heavens. We think our anonymous author has not yet possessed himself of the patience of his soul. He is saying to God, Hurry up! hurry up! the great American nation can't wait; and, like the policeman in dealing with Poor Jo, he wants the negroes to "move on," "to keep moving on." The interesting part of his volume is the citation of evidence to show that the black mass is disintegrating and moving on, even if not in the direction of the West Indies. — Monopolies and the People, by Charles Whiting Baker, is No. 59 of Questions of the Day. (Putnams.) The author puts his conclusion into the sentence, "The proper remedy for monopoly is not abolition, but control," and looks with favor upon the efforts to adjust competing and conflicting interests by means of legislation and commissions. He writes earnestly, but temperately. — Liberty and Living, the Record of an Attempt to secure Bread and Butter, Sunshine and Content, by Gardening, Fishing, and Hunting, by Philip G. Hubert, Jr. (Putnams.) A capital book, full of good-nature, shrewd sense, and sagacious hints for reasonable living, not exactly in the wilds, but in the country which is at safe distance from the city. It is to be observed, however, that the family which thus cheerfully adjusts itself to country living has had already a wholesome city training. — The Traveler's Insurance Co. of Hartford have issued the works of Walter Bagehot, in five volumes, edited by Forrest Morgan. The editor has made many corrections in the English text, which seems to have been singularly corrupt, and has contributed an interesting preface. Mr. Bagehot was an original thinker, a ripe scholar, but a careless writer. It was no easy task to revise his work; Mr. Morgan has done much in this direction, but many faults of style have escaped him. In volume i. page 200, for example, Mr. Bagehot is permitted to say, "Neither English poetry nor English criticism *have*," etc. The author's literary essays, occupying the first two volumes, appeal to the general reader. Mr. Bagehot writes voluminously on economical and political subjects. His papers in this kind have great value, but they address a comparatively limited audience. — In Questions of the Day, Mr. David A. Wells publishes a paper on Relation of the Tariff to Wages (Putnams), which was suggested by a statement of Mr. Blaine's, that if American voters could see for themselves the condition and recompense of labor in Europe, the party of free trade in the United States would not receive the support of one wage-worker between the two oceans. Mr. Wells throws his comment into the form of a catechism, in which he seeks to bring out the grounds of the contrast between the economic condition of Europe and that of America. — In the same series H. J. Philpott discourses on the tariff in a jaunty way, entitling his tract Tariff Chats. His conclusion is in the words, "I am convinced that almost nobody profits by the tariff except a narrow clique of millionaires, who have got rich by this polite form of begging, and everybody else is plundered for their benefit." There is much virtue in your "almost." — A more substantial and important number of the series is The Public Regulation of Railways, by W. D. Dabney, who was formerly chairman of the committee on railways and internal navigation in the legislature of Virginia. The book deals only with the commercial or traffic relations of the railway system to the public; it treats of the legal and economic aspects of the question, and examines the Interstate Commerce Act. Mr. Dabney throws the weight of his judgment, chiefly on economic grounds, against the assumption of the railways by government.

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DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXV.—NUMBER 390

APRIL, 1890

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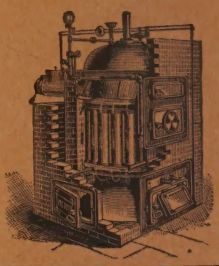

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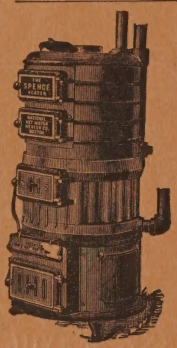

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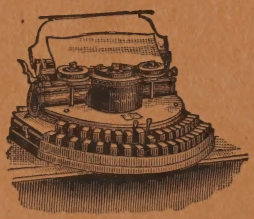

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXV. — APRIL, 1890. — No. CCCXC.

SOME POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.[1]

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

"You gentlemen never weary of telling us that we are fallen on degenerate days; that during the first forty years of our government, before we lapsed from our sinless state, officials were removed only for cause, and incumbents held on good behavior; in other words, that civil service reform prevailed in all its purity. Now, it is philosophical generalization, founded on broad experience, that revolutions do not go backwards. Heed it, gentlemen, heed it! The revolution of 1820–29 is an accomplished fact. It is here to stay, for then did the people come into their own. The present status has endured for a half century; civil service reform is ancient history. You are chasing moonbeams."

The fatalist entrenches himself in platitude, and warns reason beyond speaking distance. With him, what is must forever be; what has been and is not will never be. And thus is the controversy closed.

He forgets that much that is done remains to be undone; that political progress is mostly negative, consisting mainly in the repeal of bad laws or in the abolition of evil customs. In this sense history is reversed every day, and the process will continue so long as legislation is experimental and legislators are supine. It is true that some things in political history may be regarded as settled. But this can be predicated only of those changes which are based upon the immutable principles of right. The introduction of the spoils system into the administrative branch of the American government is not of these. That system is at war with equality, freedom, justice, and a wise economy, and is already a doomed thing fighting extinction. Its establishment was in no sense a popular revolution, but was the work of a self-willed man of stubborn and tyrannical nature, who had enemies to punish and debts to pay. He overrode a vehement opposition, disregarding the protest and sage prediction of the great statesmen of his time. He wielded a power that was arbitrary; his caprice was law, his rule was a reign. If he wished to do a thing, it was enough that it seemed good to him to do it. His idea of government was a personal one solely. Every public official was a private servitor, who must take the oath of allegiance and do homage to his chief. In his view, no man could honestly disagree with him. He was always right; his opponents were hopelessly and criminally wrong. Here was a fit man to establish the spoils system, to explore the

[1] Such of these objections as are taken from the records of Congress are indicated by marginal reference and are quoted literally. The others — which reflect current lay discussion of the newspaper and the street — are repeated substantially, but not formally.

Constitution for latent executive powers, to attach to the person of the President the high prerogatives of a monarch. That the King is the fountain of honor, office, and privilege is the theory of the English state; that the civil service of the United States is a perquisite of the presidency was the theory of General Jackson.

It is needless to say that the American commonwealth was not founded upon any such doctrine. Jackson's interpretation of the Constitution was a gross perversion of the intent and meaning of that instrument. This was to be a government of laws, not of men; and so far as the prescience of its framers availed it was made so. The liberties of the people were not to be left to individual scruple, but were secured by specific inhibitions upon the governmental agencies. Three departments were organized severally to make, execute, and interpret the laws, and each was to act as a check upon the other. With the adoption of the first ten amendments to the Constitution, it was thought that every avenue of attack upon popular rights had been closed. But the power of construction is greater than that of legislation. The intention of the lawgiver is determined, not by himself, but by some other who construes the law; and with that other interpretation is purely a subjective matter. Madison held that "the wanton removal of meritorious officers" was an impeachable offense. But Jackson swore to defend and protect the Constitution as he understood it, and not as Madison, one of its framers, conceived it. Regarding the right of removal the instrument itself is wholly silent, except as it provides impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors. When, therefore, Jackson organized the civil service into a gigantic political machine, proscribing office-holders because of his personal enmity to them or because of their political affiliations, it cannot be said that he violated any specific provision of the Constitution. That such action was an usurpation of authority and a wanton betrayal of trust needs no verbal emphasis. With equal propriety and moral justification, he might have used those other coördinate branches of the executive department, the army and navy, to perpetuate himself and his party in power. This he did not attempt to do. Perhaps he did not need their aid. At any rate, after securing his own reëlection and after naming his successor, his ambition rested, — fortunately for the country. But what he did, he did thoroughly. The system of political brigandage inaugurated by him has subsisted even unto this day. But it is now upon the verge of dissolution. Its end is written and sealed. This last is the work of those who are grown weary of the spoliation of office, — of those who are jealous of the encroachments of the Executive, and who would tie the hands of that functionary for all time to come. With them it is not a question whether a clerk holds his office for four years or for fifteen years. They are determined that the great army of the civil service shall not be used by any man or by any set of men for purposes of personal or partisan aggrandizement; that the freedom of elections shall not be assailed by an intriguing, corrupt, and organized force; that presidential contests shall not be tumults threatening anarchy. Hereafter there will be no "prizes of victory," no carnival of spoil. Place-holders will attend to the business for which they are paid to attend; fitness will be the essential of appointment, not the accident and the incident. This is the popular revolution that is moving forward irresistibly, that is coming to stay. Already has a law been enacted which, though partial in its effects, is capable of large extension by the President alone, without further action on the part of Congress. This measure leaves the power of removal for all except partisan reasons

untouched. By regulating the method of appointment, it takes away the temptation to the abuse of that discretion. It is not a revival of a faded statute, nor has it its counterpart in early legislation. It is a new ordering of things; practically a reversal of procedure. Although, during the first forty years of the republic, there was no statutory restriction upon the manner of appointment and removal, nevertheless the power of removal was controlled by an unwritten law which depended for its enforcement upon mental sanctions. But this was a frail dyke with which to withstand the pressure of a hungry and inflowing sea, and it was only a question of time until it should be swept away. That Congress did not strengthen it by positive legislation is to be deplored. But the omission is explicable. At the time of the formation of our government no law was deemed necessary. The civil service numbered but a thousand persons; today it numbers two hundred thousand, and not many decades hence it will increase to a half million. Again, Congress had absolute faith in the Executive. All Presidents would be Washingtons, patient and moderate, patriotic rather than partisan. So highly was the first President esteemed that that body waived its consent to the removal of those officers whose appointment required their approval. Of course they did not contemplate the capricious exercise of this power; the causeless removal of an official being to them an unthinkable proposition. But events outran prevision, and in the course of years not only did a Jackson appear, but Congress itself ceased to desire to protect the service. Such legislative changes as were made subserved a private and not a public interest. The immense patronage which was controlled by the Chief Executive, either directly by commission, or indirectly through the heads of departments, came to be administered for the benefit, not of himself alone, but of the representative politicians as well. This step was gained partly through a recognition by the President of the eminent utility of sub-allotment for personal purposes, and partly, in the failure of that persuasion, through the exercise of such coercive power as could be wielded by the Senate in confirmation, and by both houses in the passage of acts regulating the term and tenure of office. Gradually, out of the chaotic scramble for spoil, there was evolved a system of distribution which was founded upon hoary precedent, and which, in nice precision and in perfection of detail, lacked nothing of a scientific character. The whole country was staked out into districts, as many in number as there were Congressmen. After a conquest, the enemy were driven from their holdings, and the victors took possession of the glebe. But the estates thus granted were made conditional upon the performing of certain services or upon the rendering of certain tribute. Each tenant held of some feudal superior, and all held, mediately or immediately, of the lord paramount, the President. The governmental offices scattered everywhere were so many baronial strongholds, and were filled with retainers who were chosen for their fighting qualities. The chief duty of these men was to check uprisings and to keep the people in subjection. Their places depended upon the faithful discharge of it. In other words, the civil service was a graded vassalage of a militant character. All offices were the private property of the head of the state, and were dispensed by royal favor. What is this but feudalism in new clothes, or, rather, the garbed skeleton thereof? By some fantastic jugglery, this mocking semblance of a dead and buried past has become a stalking figure in a new and progressive civilization. Verily has a revolution gone backwards, if it be not promptly relegated to the glass case of antiquities, there to remain as a curiosity for posterity to stare at.

The spoils system should have perished a quarter of a century ago, in the cataclysm which destroyed that other relic of feudalism, slavery. For they were twin evils, and were ever unfailing allies; and when the time shall come to write the history of public opinion in America during the nineteenth century, they will be classed together. John Morley suggestively says of the "peculiar institution," "Nobody has yet traced out the full effect upon the national character of the Americans of all those years of conscious complicity in slavery, after the immorality and iniquity of slavery had become clear to the inner conscience of the very men who ignobly sanctioned the mobbing of the Abolitionists." [1]

Adherence to the letter of a contract which was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell" was due partly to an unfaltering instinct of Union. But many were influenced by motives less worthy. Before the war the fidelity of most Northern politicians to the South was a degrading sycophancy. Eager and grateful for the crumbs which fell from the Southern table, and despairing of obtaining those crumbs elsewhere, they suffered themselves to become the supple tools of the slave power. These "Swiss guards of slavery fighting for pay" were a race of place-hunters, with whom office was the end, not the means, and whose statesmanship, like that of the Augustan Senate, consisted in justifying personal flattery by speculative principles of servitude. They steadily prostituted principle to preferment, and came near involving this country in irretrievable ruin.

But the age of compromise — the era of "bigotry with a doubt" and of "persecution without a creed" — was succeeded by the age of blood and iron. The war was an ethical education; like a great storm, it purified the air. After it was over the people began to see more clearly and more truly; they learned to view things "in the visual angle of the absolute principle."

Before this keener vision the spoils system, a long-established practice claiming charter by prescription, has been called upon to justify itself. Until recently, the people of this country supposed that traffic in place, the unceasing clamor for office, the sack and pillage of the government by the dominant party, were a necessary part of democratic institutions. Many politicians, with selfish purposes to subserve, were interested in enforcing this view. To the principle that the majority must rule they added the corollary that all the offices are essential to that rule. They further inculcated the idea that every national election is a battle of enemies, instead of an amicable contest of friends, whose interests are the same, and "who disagree not except in opinion."

It must be confessed that during the rebellion, when the North was divided between the war party and the peace party, there was some foundation for this doctrine. He who was not with you was against you. But the intense partisanism engendered by that strife is relaxing into an amiable toleration. Happily, party fealty is not always to be a test of patriotism. The government is not the property of faction, and the minority have rights which must be respected. "Væ victis" is no longer the slogan of the fight. If civil service reform has not made that progress which idealists expect, — conquering all on the instant, — let it be remembered that the growth of moral movements is necessarily slow, especially in a democracy, where, it is scarcely hyperbole to say, the last man must be convinced. It is none the less sure, however; for "one man in the right becomes a majority," and the American people mean to do right when they know where the right lies.

[1] Critical Miscellanies, Harriet Martineau, page 268.

II.

"I believe this commission to be undemocratic. I believe it favors certain voters in this country at the expense of other voters, and I know that if the rulings of the civil service commission were applied to the members of this House not seven eighths of the members would ever reach the floor again. [Laughter.] Now, sir, believing this to be undemocratic, and believing that it is in violation of the fundamental principles of the government, I move to strike out the whole section, and hope that it will be agreed to." [1]

To apply the rules of the merit system to the members of Congress would be a cruelty indeed, and is altogether a harrowing suggestion. But it is beside the point. If civil service reform be undemocratic, and if it violate the fundamental principles of our government, the motion made in the House of Representatives to strike out the appropriation to the commission should have prevailed. As a matter of fact, it was overwhelmingly defeated by a vote of twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-eight. This would appear to be decisive. It is evident, however, from the discussion that preceded the calling of the yeas and nays, that the scope and object of civil service reform are still profoundly misunderstood by some Congressmen, and inferentially by their constituencies. A restatement may therefore serve a useful purpose: —

The doctrine of civil service reform as applied to the subordinate, clerical, or purely ministerial offices of the government is based upon the following self-evident propositions: that offices are created to fulfill certain necessary functions involved in the routine of government, and not to give some men a place; that offices are supported by non-partisan taxation; that taxation is an evil, and therefore it is essential that the public service shall be as efficient and economical as possible; that offices are public and not private property, and administration is a trust, not an ownership; that in a republic something less arbitrary than favoritism shall govern appointment and removal; that men shall be appointed solely on the ground of merit, and not in payment of personal debt; that an examination is the fairest means of ascertaining the qualifications of an appointee, because it insures that a clerk shall know how to write, a bookkeeper how to keep books, and a gauger how to gauge; that such examination shall be competitive and open to all, not being confined to the members of any one political party; that a class system is opposed to the spirit of our institutions, and therefore offices should not be the vested property of ward-workers and political henchmen, to the total and absolute exclusion of the great body of the common people; that an office-holder is a citizen of the United States, and is entitled to all the rights and privileges attaching to such citizenship; that neither the President nor any other executive officer has the right to proscribe such office-holder, remove him from place, or threaten his subsistence on account of his politics; that such a brutal procedure is un-American; that tenure of office should not be dependent upon the degradation of manhood and the prostitution of political opinion; that the practice of the President and his cabinet in changing two hundred thousand office-holders at will, for causes unconnected with good administration, is dangerous and despotic, and should be restrained; that under the present system these office-holders constitute a great standing army of paid servitors, ever ready to do the bidding of their patrons, to the perversion of the public will, and are a menace to good government; that political assessments, if paid unwillingly, are an extortion

[1] Mr. Cummings, Proceedings of the House of Representatives, December 19, 1888.

and a direct theft from the office-holder, and, if paid willingly, are generally a brokerage commission for appointment, or a bribe to the appointing power for continuance in place; that if salaries are so large that assessments can be endured without inconvenience, such salaries should be cut down to a saving of the people's money; that promises of appointment to office made, whether definitely or indefinitely, work a corruption of public opinion; that the enormous bribe of two hundred thousand offices, offered as a reward for party work, tends to obscure the real issues of politics, encourages the sacrifice of principle to selfish personal gain, and induces a laxity of political morals; that a "clean sweep" of the offices demoralizes the public service, and is the direct and indirect source of great financial loss; that skill in the manipulation of a caucus and in the packing of a primary is not presumptive evidence of capacity for the performance of official duties; that the Constitution of the United States contemplates the election of a Congressman as a legislator, and not as a patronage-monger; that such patronage is a burden to every honest, conscientious, and able Congressman, compels the neglect of his proper duties, creates petty factional disputes and wrangles among his constituents, and often defeats the reëlection of a trustworthy servant of honorable record; that the statesman is thus rapidly becoming an extinct species, being succeeded by the politician, and the consequent loss inflicted on the people through crude and unwise legislation is incalculable; that the fear of losing the spoils of office is paralyzing the legislative branch of the government, makes cowards of political parties, and is the enemy of progress; that the retention of the vast patronage of two hundred thousand offices is becoming of more concern than the triumph of principle; that the mania for place-hunting is increasing; that the clamor of spoilsmen compels the creation of sinecures, thereby increasing the taxes; and finally, that all the evils here before enumerated are growing with the multiplication of offices, and will ultimately, unless checked by a comprehensive and decisive enactment, undermine and overthrow the institutions of our country.

Such is an imperfect outline of the doctrine of civil service reform and of the abuses it is designed to remedy. By this showing, is it not the spoils system which is "undemocratic," and which "favors certain voters of this country at the expense of other voters"? What, to repeat, can be less democratic, less American, than persecution for opinion's sake? Yet this is the very essence of the spoils system, its guiding spirit and its crowning infamy. If this assertion need further explication, it may be found in a recital of what takes place in this country when one party succeeds another in the control of the government. The newly elected President goes (by deputy) through all the departments, and may be supposed to interview each clerk in a conversation of which the following is typical: —

President. Whom did you vote for at the last election?

Clerk. That does not concern you. I am an American citizen, and have the right to vote for whomsoever I please, without being subjected afterwards to a governmental inquisition by you or any other man.

President. I asked the question in conformity with a time-honored practice, and shall insist upon an answer.

Clerk. Very well; I will answer the question, not because of your menaces, but because I do not hold my political opinions covertly. I voted for your opponent.

President. Then you must vacate this office.

Clerk. If you can show that I have not performed my duties properly, or

that I have neglected them for politics or for any other reason, I am willing to go.

President. I have not looked into that; it is immaterial, any way. I want your place for some one else.

Clerk. For one of your partisan "workers," perhaps, whose qualifications you have also not looked into?

President. Possibly.

Clerk. By what right do you proscribe me, then? You are merely a trustee; these offices do not belong to you.

President. You are the victim of an illusion. These offices do belong to me. They are my personal patronage and plunder, to do with whatsoever I will. If you refuse to resign, I will remove you.

Clerk. Very well; I will yield the place as I would my purse to a highwayman who puts a pistol to my head. Nevertheless, I denounce your action as an outrage upon my rights as an American citizen.

If this conversation does not often take place actually as reported, its substance is at least tacitly understood. Generally the clerk stifles his protest and resigns, quietly submitting to a system that is an heritage of barbarism. Proscription of minor office-holders on account of political opinion is as completely indefensible as proscription on account of religious belief. It has no proper place in the United States. It is an anachronism, and belongs to the age of the crusades against the Catholics and the Jews.

III.

"Civil service reform is an English importation, upon which, unfortunately, there is no tariff. We broke with England and with her monarchical institutions a century ago, and set up a government of our own, — a democratic government. It supplies our needs, and stands as an example to mankind. Servile imitation of foreign polities is unworthy of our pride of race or nation."

Anglophobia is in the American blood. A common law, language, literature, and religion do not of necessity constitute the ties of sentiment. Although the American people are the heirs of all the ages, they do not like to be reminded of their obligations, nor to acknowledge an ancestry. They will not claim kinship even with Shakespeare. To them their history knows no perspective; in the discovery of a new and virgin world was the beginning of things. England is the traditional enemy, and all the pretty speeches made over London dinner-tables do not alter this fact in the least. This prejudice seems to be enduring, and any appeal made to it by politicians is generally successful.

Happily, in the present case, the retort is complete. The spoils system, with the stamp of feudalism upon it, was imported into this country from England, where it had obtained in the modern form for one hundred and forty years. It pervaded all departments of the English state, the army, the navy, and the church, as well as the civil service, attaining a growth which it has never known here. Offices were openly bought and sold, the purchaser acquiring a proprietary interest therein. There, as here, patronage was the active coefficient of corrupt elections. Rotten boroughs were exposed for sale in the market, and members of Parliament were bribed to the support of the Crown by sinecures, pensions, and money. At the time our government was founded, the spoils system was flourishing luxuriantly in England, and George III. found it a most serviceable instrument in enforcing his policy of persecution against the thirteen colonies. It is a pity that those gentlemen who claim the spoils system as peculiarly "American" should have forgotten this. It embarrasses their argument. *Per contra*, the merit system is a democratic institution, and

its practical application to our civil service was coeval with the beginning of our government. That England should have been before us in embodying it in the form of law proves nothing more than the immense progress which has been made in that country toward popular institutions.

IV.

"The executive power of Great Britain is hereditary, and changes only at the death of the monarch. The administration, however, changes at will, and may change every week. Therefore, the idea of life tenure for executive officers is consistent with an executive for life. Therefore, an official class of lifelong tenure is consistent with monarchical and aristocratic government, which is peculiarly a government of classes. But it is not consistent with a democratic government and a short-lived executive where no class is recognized by law and all men are equal." [1]

It happens, unfortunately for the consistency of this argument, that in England, under the modern system of parliamentary government, the administration is the executive. The executive powers of the Crown are obsolete, having passed to the prime minister and his cabinet. But these officials "change at will;" they "may change every week." Consequently, tenure on good behavior — miscalled life tenure — is consistent with democratic government and a short-lived executive. If civil service reform is not adapted to the United States, where the President holds for four years, *a fortiori*, it is not adapted to England, where the tenure of the premier — the real executive — is the shortest and most precarious imaginable. Indeed, what we call civil service reform is the very life of parliamentary government. If, with every change of the ministry, a "clean sweep" of the offices should be made, the English civil service would soon be in a state of anarchy. Under such a system, rapid alternation in party control would totally disorganize the administrative machinery of the government, and would be a perpetual threat against the existence of the empire itself, — a thing of course not to be tolerated. The situation in England was logically reducible to this: either the spoils system must be abolished, or some one party must be continued in power indefinitely, which would mean the destruction of popular government. There could be no hesitation in choosing. The new democracy achieved a victory over feudalistic privilege that was complete and final.

Even apart from any political principle, the reform has vindicated itself. When the administrative departments ceased to be asylums for decayed gentry, and were thrown open to public competition, there was an improvement in the morale and efficiency of the service. Reorganization upon the basis of the merit system was extended even to India, where the duties of officials are of a most delicate and complicated character, involving, as they do, tactful relations with and control over two hundred millions of aliens.

But it has come to pass that civil service reform, which was denounced in England as "democratic," is opposed in the United States as representing exactly the opposite tendencies. "Aristocracy," "bureaucracy," and "insolence of office" are expressions as familiar as they are misleading. They deserve a brief consideration.

Aristocracy means the permanent exaltation of a few individual names. It implies great social dignity and distinction, and generally is based upon an hereditary succession of title and land. An aristocracy of department clerks and mail-carriers is an absurdity. However worthy such persons may be, they will

[1] Senator Vance, Cong. Rec., vol. xvii. Part III. p. 2949.

have no more social distinction than clerks in business houses, whose tenure is the same as theirs. They possess neither title nor wealth, and are condemned to a routine of labor. The effect of service in a great government machine is to sink individuality, not to exalt it. The tens of thousands of school-teachers who are in the pay of every State do not constitute an aristocracy. In fact, they are rarely in the public view, and this for the reason that they are not "in politics." Fortunately, the spoils system has not been applied to our public schools. If, however, it were the practice to dismiss all the Republican school-teachers whenever a Democratic governor was elected, and *vice versa*, we should, without doubt, be feelingly assured that any other tenure would seriously imperil our institutions.

Bureaucracy is another chimera. It cannot exist where the heads of administration are constantly changing, where admission to the civil service is open to all, and where the removal of the unfit servant is expeditious and easy.

Insolence of office is an *a priori* argument. It has been pertinently said, in answer to it, that, at the time tenure on good behavior was superseded by Crawford's four-year law and by Jackson's régime, it was never urged by the innovators as a reason for the change that the manners of office-holders were contemptuous and overbearing. The objection is an after-thought. Of the insolence of bureaucracy and of the arrogance of aristocracy the American people have had no experience under any official tenure, and are not likely to have.

A civil service becomes formidable to the liberties of a people only when it seeks to perpetuate itself by interfering with elections. Inasmuch as this purpose (to override the public will and to create a bureaucracy) is the very vice of the American spoils system, speculation as to what may be, under civil service reform, can be profitably postponed to an observation of what is.

The countless minor offices of the United States are filled by a distinct class known as "professional politicians." These men live by politics, receiving place as reward for political work. Their control of public office is monopolistic. Mr. Bryce estimates their number at two hundred thousand, but this is probably an underestimate. They constitute a guild, although they are not organized under formal articles of association. With them office-getting (or keeping in office) is an industry, and the fees and emoluments are accepted as payment for partisan services rather than for the exercise of official functions. The influence which the office-holders wield is altogether out of proportion to their numbers or to their intellectual attainments. But they possess this advantage over all other classes, — they are unified and organized. They make the management of primaries and conventions the serious business of their lives, and acquire a skill and experience in "wire-pulling" which ordinary citizens cannot hope to cope with. The politics of the country is in the hands of these men. The people elect, but cannot nominate, being reduced to a choice of candidates selected by the politicians of opposing parties. These politicians dictate nominations, high and low, and afterwards foreclose a lien upon public place which they claim to have earned. All others, those who cannot show a certificate of this character, are excluded. The spoils system has been compared with a fairly conducted lottery, in which every one has an equal chance. But the analogy is loose. In all lotteries the prizes are limited to ticket-holders, and in the American political lottery the ticket-holders are few. The farmer, the shopkeeper, and the laborer generally have not the remotest chance of preferment, unless they can produce evidence of partisan work more

or less technical or questionable. Of course the number who can offer such credentials is comparatively small. To begin with, all the members of the defeated political party (who, under our electoral system, constitute, as often as not, more than one half of the people) are rigidly debarred. Secondly, only that small contingent of the dominant party who have been of practical use to the candidates in convention and elsewhere, and who possess the advantage of a personal acquaintance with one or more of them, receive any consideration whatever. The idea, therefore, that the offices are in the hands of the people is the shallowest of delusions. They are sold to the few for a price which the many are unwilling and are unable to pay. It is needless to say that, in this barter and sale of public place, the proper transaction of government business is lost sight of. Competency does not appoint an applicant, and cannot save an incumbent. Other motives of a mercenary or selfish character control in both cases. Office brokerage is a shameless and conspicuous fact, as the newspapers and the congressional debates daily attest. It is the great object of civil service reform to restore these offices to the people, and to overthrow the bastard aristocracy who have despoiled them. Those good citizens who are apprehensive of government by "official caste" need not strain their eyes to the future. They should look about them.

V.

"The political disqualification of office-holders is an invasion of their rights as American citizens."

Civil service reform, as embodied in the Pendleton Act of 1883, does not deny to an office-holder any rights which properly belong to him as a citizen of the United States; on the contrary, it restores to him those rights of which he has been deprived. It protects him against partisan discrimination by the appointing power; it protects his salary from assessment by his official superiors; it protects him against removal for refusing to render any political service. It restores to him the right to think for himself, and to register his opinion at the ballot-box, free from the espionage of the informer. In this wise the law protects him. But civil service reform, in its gross and scope, within the statute and without, looks to the protection of the people also. There are certain things which a citizen as a place-holder may not do. He may not use his official influence to coerce the political actions of his neighbor, to wit: he may not neglect the duties of his office to do a henchman's work; he may not pack primaries, manipulate conventions, collect and disburse election funds, corrupt the ballot-box, or tamper with the returns. Some of these things are forbidden by the federal and state criminal law; others not. But whether or not, any and all of them are grave breaches of his duty, both as a citizen and as an office-holder. Yet these are the things which, in varying kind and degree, many officials notoriously are doing. Is it necessary to characterize such partisan activity as a monstrous evil in a country where the triumph of right is a question of majority, or to justify the executive orders which have been issued to suppress it?

In England, more than a century ago, the interference of office-holders in elections assumed such proportions that the whole body of subordinates in the executive department were forbidden by law to vote for members of Parliament. In 1868, after the introduction of the merit system, this law was repealed, as being an unnecessary restriction. If a man procures an appointment on his deserts, and not through political influence, the obligations of appointee to patron do not exist, and the temptation to indulge in corrupt election practices disappears. The American doctrine of the relation

of the office-holder to the body politic was set forth (albeit little to the immediate purpose) by President Cleveland in an executive order issued July 14, 1886. In it he said: —

"Individual interest and activity in political affairs are by no means condemned. Office-holders are neither disfranchised nor forbidden the exercise of political privileges, but their privileges are not enlarged, nor is their duty to party increased to pernicious activity, by office-holding. A just discrimination in this regard between the things a citizen may properly do and the purposes for which a public office should not be used is easy, in the light of a correct appreciation of the relation between the people and those entrusted with official place, and the consideration of the necessity, under our form of government, of political action free from official coercion."

VI.

"Is a competitive examination the best or any test for official competency or efficiency? May not a man be eminently competent for official preferment, and not at all competent for a competitive examination?" [1]

The system of competitive examination may not be perfectly adapted to ascertaining the comparative fitness of candidates for place; but it is the best that has been suggested, and it is infinitely better than a system in which fitness is not considered at all.

It accomplishes, within the sphere to which it has been limited, the chief object of civil service reform, namely, the removal of the ministerial offices from the domain of partisan politics. It tends also to increase the efficiency and to decrease the cost of the civil service, — an important though secondary consideration. There are some kinds of officers who cannot well be chosen by competition: the fourth-class postmasters, for instance, who live in sparsely settled districts, and who may be appointed by one of several feasible plans that have been suggested, and the higher grade of officers, such as chiefs of bureaus, whose competency would be better assured if they obtained their positions by promotion, based upon worth, fidelity, and long experience. As to the intermediate offices, the system of competitive examination works satisfactorily. The official duties are clearly defined, and it is an easy matter to test the qualifications of applicants. If it be urged that business men do not select their employees by this method, it may be replied that they always make searching verbal inquiries into the capacity of applicants, and that, in some instances, where large numbers of men are employed, written questions are submitted. In fact, competition, in some form, is the unwritten law of the commercial world, it being a needful guarantee of the best service.

It is, of course, possible that a man may be "eminently competent for official preferment, and not at all competent for a competitive examination;" but the chances are greatly against it, if the examination be "practical," as the law says it shall be. The civil service commission have performed their duty in this matter judiciously. That part of the examination which is intended to test the general fitness of applicants will not greatly tax the mental resources of any one possessing a common school education, unless expert services are required. The standard set is low rather than high. Sir G. O. Trevelyan says that the opening of the English civil and military services to competition, in its influence upon national education, was equivalent to a hundred thousand scholarships and exhibitions of the most valuable kind. Whatever may be the influence of the system of federal examinations upon the education of the American

[1] Senator Call, Cong. Rec., vol. xiv. Part I. p. 498.

people, there cannot be two opinions as to the effect of that system upon the national character. It is needless to point out that a public contest of merit, into which any one may enter without fear or solicitation, induces high endeavor, and conserves manhood. On the other hand, it is equally patent that where offices go by favor thrift follows fawning. Women seeking an honest career are reduced to importuning, mayhap subjected to insult; young men are transformed into mendicants and sycophants; and the position of all applicants does not differ materially from that of the Elizabethan courtier, whose ignominy Spenser, in travail of spirit, has described so vividly: —

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To loose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;
To fawne, to crouche, to wait, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne."

Oliver T. Morton.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XLVI.

[Continued.]

PETER SHERRINGHAM had an idea, as he ceased speaking, that Miriam was on the point of breaking out with some strong word of resentment at his allusion to the contingent nature of her prospects. But it only twisted the weapon in his wound to hear her saying with extraordinary mildness, "It 's perfectly true that my glories are still to come, that I may fizzle out and that my little success of to-day is perhaps a mere flash in the pan. Stranger things have been — something of that sort happens every day. But don't we talk too much of that part of it?" she asked, with a weary tolerance that was noble in its effect. "Surely it 's vulgar to consider only the noise one 's going to make; especially when one remembers how unintelligent nine tenths of it will be. It is n't to my glories that I cling; it 's simply to my idea, even if it 's destined to let me drop into obscurity. I like it better than anything else — a thousand times better (I 'm sorry to have to put it in such a way) than tossing up my head as the fine lady of a little coterie."

"A little coterie? I don't know what you 're talking about!" Peter retorted, with considerable heat.

"A big coterie, then! It 's only that, at the best. A nasty, prim 'official' woman, who is perched on her little local pedestal and thinks she 's a queen forever because she 's ridiculous for an hour! Oh, you need n't tell me. I 've seen them abroad, I could imitate them here. I could do one for you on the spot, if I were not so tired. It 's scarcely worth mentioning, perhaps, but I 'm ready to drop." Miriam picked up the white mantle she had tossed off, flinging it round her with her usual amplitude of gesture. "They are waiting for me, and I confess I 'm hungry. If I don't hurry they 'll eat up all the nice things. Don't say I have n't been obliging, and come back when you 're better. Good-night."

"I quite agree with you that we 've talked too much about the vulgar side of our question," Peter responded, walking round to get between her and the

French window, by which she apparently had a view of leaving the room. "That 's because I 've wanted to bribe you. Bribery is almost always vulgar."

"Yes, you should do better. *Merci!* There 's a cab; some of them have come for me. I must go," Miriam added, listening for a sound that reached her from the road.

Sherringham listened too, making out no cab. "Believe me, it is n't wise to turn your back on such an affection as mine and on such a confidence," he went on, speaking almost in a warning tone (there was a touch of superior sternness in it, as of a rebuke for real folly, but it was meant to be tender), and stopping her within a few feet of the window. "Such things are the most precious that life has to give us," he added, all but didactically.

Miriam had listened again for a moment; then she appeared to give up the idea of the cab. The reader need hardly be told, at this stage of her youthful history, that the right way for her lover to soothe her was not to represent himself as acting for her highest good. "I like your calling it confidence," she presently said; and the deep note of the few words had something of the distant mutter of thunder.

"What is it, then, when I offer you everything I am, everything I have, everything I shall achieve?"

She seemed to measure him for a moment, as if she were thinking whether she should try to pass him. But she remained where she was, and she returned, "I 'm sorry for you, yes, but I 'm also rather ashamed of you."

"Ashamed of me?"

"A brave offer to see me through — that 's what I should call confidence. You say, to-day, that you hate the theatre; and do you know what has made you do it? The fact that it has too large a place in your mind to let you repudiate it and throw it over with a good conscience. It has a deep fascination for you, and yet you are not strong enough to make the concession of taking up with it publicly, in my person. You 're ashamed of yourself for that, as all your constant high claims for it are on record; so you blaspheme against it, to try and cover your retreat and your treachery and straighten out your personal situation. But it won't do, my dear fellow — it won't do at all," Miriam proceeded, with a triumphant, almost judicial lucidity which made her companion stare; "you have not the smallest excuse of stupidity, and your perversity is no excuse at all. Leave her alone altogether — a poor girl who 's making her way — or else come frankly to help her, to give her the benefit of your wisdom. Don't lock her up for life under the pretense of doing her good. What does one most good is to see a little honesty. You 're the best judge, the best critic, the best observer, the best *believer*, that I 've ever come across; you 're committed to it by everything you 've said to me for a twelvemonth, by the whole turn of your mind, by the way you 've followed up this business of ours. If an art is noble and beneficent, one should n't be afraid to offer it one's arm. Your cousin is n't; he can make sacrifices."

"My cousin?" shouted Peter. "Why, was n't it only the other day that you were throwing his sacrifices in his teeth?"

Under this imputation upon her consistency Miriam flinched but for an instant. "I did that to worry *you*," she smiled.

"Why should you wish to worry me if you care so little about me?"

"Care little about you? Have n't I told you often, did n't I tell you yesterday, how much I care? Ain't I showing it now by spending half the night here with you (giving myself away to all those cynics), taking all this trouble to persuade you to hold up your head and have the courage of your opinions?"

"You invent my opinions for your

convenience," said Peter. "As long ago as the night I introduced you, in Paris, to Mademoiselle Voisin, you accused me of looking down on those who practice your art. I remember you almost scratched my eyes out because I did n't kotow enough to your friend Dashwood. Perhaps I did n't; but if, already at that time, I was so wide of the mark, you can scarcely accuse me of treachery now."

"I don't remember, but I dare say you 're right," Miriam meditated. "What I accused you of then was probably simply what I reproach you with now: the germ, at least, of your deplorable weakness. You consider that we do awfully valuable work, and yet you would n't for the world let people suppose that you really take our side. If your position was even at that time so false, so much the worse for you, that 's all. Oh, it 's refreshing," the girl exclaimed, after a pause during which Sherringham seemed to himself to taste the full bitterness of despair, so baffled and derided he felt — "oh, it 's refreshing to see a man burn his ships in a cause that appeals to him, give up something for it and break with hideous timidities and snobberies! It 's the most beautiful sight in the world."

Sherringham, sore as he was, and angry, and exasperated, nevertheless burst out laughing at this. "You 're magnificent, you give me at this moment the finest possible illustration of what you mean by burning one's ships. Verily, verily, there 's no one like you: talk of timidity, talk of refreshment! If I had any talent for it I 'd go on the stage tomorrow, to spend my life with you the better."

"If you 'll do that, I 'll be your wife the day after your first appearance. That would be really respectable," said Miriam.

"Unfortunately I 've no talent."

"That would only make it the more respectable."

"You 're just like Nick," Peter rejoined: "you 've taken to imitating Gabriel Nash. Don't you see that it 's only if it were a question of my going on the stage myself that there would be a certain fitness in your contrasting me invidiously with Nick Dormer and in my giving up one career for another? But simply to stand in the wing and hold your shawl and your smelling-bottle!" Peter concluded mournfully, as if he had ceased to debate.

"Holding my shawl and my smelling-bottle is a mere detail, representing a very small part of the various precious services, the protection and encouragement, for which a woman in my position might be indebted to a man interested in her work and accomplished and determined, as you very justly describe yourself."

"And would it be your idea that such a man should live on the money earned by an exhibition of the person of his still more accomplished and still more determined wife?"

"Why not, if they work together — if there 's something of his spirit and his support in everything she does?" Miriam demanded. "*Je vous attendais*, with the famous 'person;' of course that 's the great stick they beat us with. Yes, we show it for money, those of us who have anything to show, and some, no doubt, who have n't, which is the real scandal. What will you have? It 's only the envelope of the idea and the form of expression, which ought to be conceded to us; and in proportion as the idea takes hold of us do we become unconscious of the clumsy body. Poor old 'person' — if you knew what *we* think of it! If you don't forget it, that 's your own affair: it shows that you 're dense before the idea."

"That I 'm dense?"

"I mean the public is — the public who pays us. After all, they expect us to look at them too, who are not half so well worth it. If you should see some

of the creatures who have the face to plant themselves there in the stalls, before one, for three mortal hours! I dare say it would be simpler to have no bodies, but we 're all in the same box, and it would be a great injustice to the idea, and we 're all showing ourselves, all the while; only some of us are not worth paying."

"You 're extraordinarily droll, but somehow I can't laugh at you," said Peter, his handsome face lengthened to a point that sufficiently attested the fact. "Do you remember the second time I ever saw you — the day you recited at my place?" he abruptly inquired, a good deal as if he were drawing from his quiver an arrow which, if it was the last, was also one of the most pointed.

"Perfectly, and what an idiot I was, though it was only yesterday!"

"You expressed to me then a deep detestation of the sort of self-exposure to which the profession you were seeking to enter would commit you. If you compared yourself to a contortionist at a country fair, I 'm only taking my cue from you."

"I don't know what I may have said then," replied Miriam, whose steady flight was not arrested by this ineffectual bolt; "I was, no doubt, already wonderful for talking of things I know nothing about. I was only on the brink of the stream, and I perhaps thought the water colder than it is. One warms it a bit one's self, when once one is in. Of course I 'm a contortionist and of course there 's a hateful side; but don't you see how that very fact puts a price on every compensation, on the help of those who are ready to insist on the *other* side, the grand one, and especially on the sympathy of the person who is ready to insist most and to keep before us the great thing, the element that makes up for everything?"

"The element?" Peter questioned, with a vagueness which was pardonably exaggerated. "Do you mean your success?"

"I mean what you 've so often been eloquent about," the girl returned, with an indulgent shrug — "the way we simply stir people's souls. Ah, there 's where life can help us," she broke out, with a change of tone, "there 's where human relations and affections can help us; love and faith and joy and suffering and experience — I don't know what to call 'em! They suggest things, they light them up and sanctify them, as you may say; they make them appear worth doing." She became radiant for a moment, as if with a splendid vision; then melting into still another accent, which seemed all nature and harmony, she proceeded: "I must tell you that in the matter of what we can do for each other I have a tremendously high ideal. I go in for closeness of union, for identity of interest. A true marriage, as they call it, must do one a lot of good!"

Sherringham stood there looking at her a minute, during which her eyes sustained the rummage of his gaze without a relenting gleam of the sense of cruelty or of paradox. With a passionate but inarticulate ejaculation he turned away from her and remained, on the edge of the window, his hands in his pockets, gazing defeatedly, doggedly, into the featureless night, into the little black garden which had nothing to give him but a familiar smell of damp. The warm darkness had no relief for him, and Miriam's histrionic hardness flung him back against a fifth-rate world, against a bedimmed, star-punctured nature which had no consolation — the bleared, irresponsive eyes of the London heaven. For the brief space that he glared at these things he dumbly and helplessly raged. What he wanted was something that was not in *that* thick prospect. What was the meaning of this sudden offensive importunity of "art," this senseless mocking catch, like some irritating chorus of conspirators in a bad

opera, in which Miriam's voice was so incongruously conjoined with Nick's and in which Biddy's sweet little pipe had not scrupled still more bewilderingly to mingle? Art be damned: what commission, after all, had he ever given it to better him or bother him? If the pointless groan in which Peter exhaled a part of his humiliation had been translated into words, these words would have been as heavily charged with the genuine British mistrust of the bothersome principle as if the poor fellow speaking them had never quitted his island. Several acquired perceptions had struck a deep root in him, but there was an immemorial compact formation which lay deeper still. He tried, at the present hour, to rest upon it, spiritually, but found it inelastic; and at the very moment when he was most conscious of this absence of the rebound, or of any tolerable ease, his vision was solicited by an object which, as he immediately guessed, could only add to the complication of things.

An undefined shape hovered before him in the garden, half-way between the gate and the house; it remained outside of the broad shaft of lamplight projected from the window. It wavered for a moment, after it had become aware of Peter's observation, and then whisked round the corner of the little villa. This characteristic movement so effectually dispelled the mystery (it could only be Mrs. Rooth who resorted to such conspicuous secrecies) that, to feel that the game was up and his interview over, Sherringham had no need of seeing the figure reappear, on second thoughts, and dodge about in the dusk with a vexatious sportive imbecility. Evidently Miriam's warning of a few minutes before had been founded: a cab had deposited her anxious mother at the garden-door. Mrs. Rooth had entered with precautions; she had approached the house and retreated; she had effaced herself — had peered and waited and listened. Maternal solicitude and muddled calculations had drawn her away from a festival as yet only imperfectly commemorative. The heroine of the occasion, of course, had been intolerably missed, so that the old woman had both obliged the company and quieted her own nerves by jumping insistently into a hansom and rattling up to St. John's Wood to reclaim the absentee. But if she had wished to be in time she had also desired not to be abrupt, and would have been still more embarrassed to say what she aspired to promote than to phrase what she had proposed to hinder. She wanted to abstain tastefully, to interfere felicitously, and, more generally and justifiably (the small hours had come), to see what her young charges were doing. She would probably have gathered that they were quarreling, and she appeared now to be telegraphing to Sherringham to know if it were over. He took no notice of her signals, if signals they were; he only felt that before he made way for the odious old woman there was one faint little spark he might strike from Miriam's flint.

Without letting her guess that her mother was on the premises he turned again to his companion, half expecting that she would have taken her chance to regard their discussion as more than terminated and by the other egress flit away from him in silence. But she was still there; she was in the act of approaching him, with a manifest intention of kindness, and she looked indeed, to his surprise, like an angel of mercy.

"Don't let us part so disagreeably," she said, "with your trying to make me feel as if I were merely disobliging. It 's no use talking — we only hurt each other. Let us hold our tongues, like decent people, and go about our business. It is n't as if you had n't any cure — when you have such a capital one. Try it, try it, my dear friend — you 'll see! I wish you the highest promotion and the quickest — every success and every

reward. When you 've got them all, some day, and I 've become a great swell too, we 'll meet, on that solid basis, and you 'll be so glad I 've been nasty now."

"Surely before I leave you I 've a right to ask you this," Sherringham answered, holding fast in both his own the cool hand of farewell that she had finally tormented him with. "Are you ready to follow up by a definite promise your implied assurance that I have a remedy?"

"A definite promise?" Miriam benignly gazed, with the perfection of evasion. "I don't 'imply' that you have a remedy. I declare it on the housetops. That delightful girl" —

"I 'm not talking of any delightful girl but you!" Peter broke in with a voice which, as he afterwards learned, struck Mrs. Rooth's ears, in the garden, with affright. "I simply hold you, under pain of being convicted of the grossest prevarication, to the strict sense of what you said a quarter of an hour ago."

"Ah, I 've said so many things; one has to do that to get rid of you. You rather hurt my hand," she added, jerking it away in a manner that showed that if she was an angel of mercy her mercy was partly for herself.

"As I understand you, then, I may have some hope if I do renounce my profession?" Peter pursued. "If I break with everything, my prospects, my studies, my training, my emoluments, my past and my future, the service of my country and the ambition of my life, and engage to take up instead the business of watching your interests so far as I may learn how, and ministering to your triumphs so far as may in me lie — if after further reflection I decide to go through these preliminaries, have I your word that I may definitely look to you to reward me with your precious hand?"

"I don't think you have any right to put the question to me now," said Miriam, with a promptitude partly produced, perhaps, by the clear-cut form Peter's solemn speech had given (it was a charm to hear it) to each item of his enumeration. "The case is so very contingent, so dependent on what you ingeniously call your further reflection. While you reserve yourself you ask me to commit myself. If it 's a question of further reflection, why did you drag me up here? And then," she added, "I 'm so far from wishing you to take any such monstrous step."

"Monstrous, you call it? Just now you said it would be sublime."

"Sublime if it 's done with spontaneity, with passion; ridiculous if it 's done after further reflection. As you said, perfectly, awhile ago, it is n't a thing to reason about."

"Ah, what a help you 'd be to me in diplomacy!" Sherringham cried. "Will you give me a year to consider?"

"Would you trust me for a year?"

"Why not, if I 'm ready to trust you for life?"

"Oh, I should n't be free then, worse luck. And how much you seem to take for granted one must like you!"

"Remember that you 've made a great point of your liking me. Would n't you do so still more if I were heroic?"

Miriam looked at him a moment. "I think I should pity you, in such a cause. Give it all to *her;* don't throw away a real happiness!"

"Ah, you can't back out of your position with a few vague and even rather impertinent words!" Sherringham declared. "You accuse me of swallowing my protestations, but you swallow yours. You 've painted in heavenly colors the sacrifice I 'm talking of, and now you must take the consequences."

"The consequences?"

"Why, my coming back in a year to square myself."

"Ah, you 're tiresome!" cried Miriam. "Come back when you like. I don't wonder you 've grown desperate, but fancy *me*, then!" she added, looking past him at a new interlocutor.

"Yes, but if he 'll square himself!" Peter heard Mrs. Rooth's voice respond, conciliatingly, behind him. She had stolen up to the window now, she had passed the threshold, she was in the room, but her daughter had not been startled. "What is it he wants to do, dear?" she continued, to Miriam.

"To induce me to marry him if he 'll go upon the stage. He 'll practice over there, where he 's going, and then he 'll come back and appear. Is n't it too dreadful? Talk him out of it, stay with him, soothe him!" the girl hurried on. "You 'll find some drinks and some biscuits in the cupboard — keep him with you, pacify him, give him *his* little supper. Meanwhile I 'll go to mine; I 'll take the brougham; don't follow!"

With these words Miriam bounded into the garden, and her white drapery shone for an instant in the darkness before she disappeared. Peter looked about him, to pick up his hat, and while he did so he heard the bang of the gate and the quick carriage getting into motion. Mrs. Rooth appeared to sway excitedly, for a moment, in opposed directions: that of the impulse to rush after Miriam and that of the extraordinary possibility to which the young lady had alluded. She seemed in doubt, but at a venture, detaining him with a maternal touch, she twinkled up at their visitor like an insinuating glow-worm.

"I 'm so glad you came."

"I 'm not. I 've got nothing by it," he said, finding his hat.

"Oh, it was so beautiful!" she coaxed.

"The play — yes, wonderful. I 'm afraid it 's too late for me to avail myself of the privilege your daughter offers me. Good-night."

"Oh, it 's a pity; won't you take *anything?*" asked Mrs. Rooth. "When I heard your voice so high, I was scared and I hung back." But before he could reply she added, "Are you really thinking of the stage?"

"It comes to the same thing."

"Do you mean you 've proposed?"

"Oh, unmistakably."

"And what does she say?"

"Why, you heard: she says I 'm an ass."

"Ah, the little rascal!" laughed Mrs. Rooth. "Leave her to me. I 'll help you. But you *are* mad. Give up nothing — least of all your advantages."

"I won't give up your daughter," said Peter, reflecting that if this was cheap it was at any rate good enough for Mrs. Rooth. He mended it a little indeed by adding darkly, "But you can't make her take me."

"I can prevent her taking any one else."

"Oh, can you!" Peter ejaculated, with more skepticism than ceremony.

"You 'll see — you 'll see." He passed into the garden, but, after she had blown out the candles and drawn the window to, Mrs. Rooth went with him. "All you 've got to do is to be yourself — to be true to your fine position," she explained, as they proceeded. "Trust me with the rest — trust me and be quiet."

"How can one be quiet, after this magnificent evening?"

"Yes, but it 's just that!" panted the eager old woman. "It has launched her so, on this sea of dangers, that to make up for the loss of the old security (don't you know?) we must take a still firmer hold."

"Ay, of what?" asked Sherringham, as Mrs. Rooth's comfort became vague while she stopped with him at the garden-door.

"Ah, you know: of the *real* life, of the true anchor!" Her hansom was waiting for her, and she added, "I kept it, you see; but a little extravagance, on the night one's fortune has come!"

Peter stared. Yes, there were people whose fortune had come; but he managed to stammer, "Are you following her again?"

"For you — for you!" And Mrs. Rooth clambered into the vehicle. From

the seat, enticingly, she offered him the place beside her. "Won't you come too? I know he asked you." Peter declined, with a quick gesture, and as he turned away he heard her call after him, to cheer him on his lonely walk, "I shall keep this up; I shall never lose sight of her!"

XLVII.

When Mrs. Dallow returned to London, just before London broke up, the fact was immediately known in Calcutta Gardens and was promptly communicated to Nick Dormer by his sister Bridget. He had learnt it in no other way — he had had no correspondence with Julia during her absence. He gathered that his mother and sisters were not ignorant of her whereabouts (he never mentioned her name to them); but as to this he was not sure whether the source of their information was the Morning Post or a casual letter received by the inscrutable Biddy. He knew that Biddy had some epistolary commerce with Julia, and he had an impression that Grace occasionally exchanged letters with Mrs. Gresham. Biddy, however, who, as he was well aware, was always studying what he would like, forbore to talk to him about the absent mistress of Harsh, beyond once dropping the remark that she had gone from Florence to Venice and was enjoying gondolas and sunsets too much to leave them. Nick's comment on this was that she was a happy woman to have such a go at Titian and Tintoret: as he spoke, and for some time afterwards, the sense of how he himself should enjoy a similar "go" made him ache with ineffectual longing.

He had forbidden himself, for the present, to think of absence, not only because it would be inconvenient and expensive, but because it would be a kind of retreat from the enemy, a concession to difficulty. The enemy was no particular person and no particular body of persons: not his mother; not Mr. Carteret, who, as Nick heard from the doctor at Beauclere, lingered on, sinking and sinking till his vitality appeared to have the vertical depth of a gold-mine; not his pacified constituents, who had found a healthy diversion in returning another Liberal, wholly without Mrs. Dallow's aid (she had not participated even to the extent of a responsive telegram in the election); not his late colleagues in the House, nor the biting satirists of the newspapers, nor the brilliant women he took down at dinner-parties (there was only one sense in which he ever took them down), nor his friends, nor his foes, nor his private thoughts, nor the periodical phantom of his shocked father: it was simply the general awkwardness of his situation. This awkwardness was connected with the sense of responsibility that Gabriel Nash so greatly deprecated — ceasing to roam, of late, on purpose to miss as few scenes as possible of the drama, rapidly growing dull, alas, of his friend's destiny; but that compromising relation scarcely drew the soreness from it. The public flurry produced by Nick's collapse had only been large enough to mark the flatness of his position when it was over. To have had a few jokes cracked, audibly, at one's expense was not an ordeal worth talking of; the hardest thing about it was merely that there had not been enough of them to yield a proportion of good ones. Nick had felt, in short, the benefit of living in an age and in a society where number and pressure have, for the individual figure, especially when it 's a zero, compensations almost equal to their cruelties.

No, the pinch, for our young man's conscience, after a few weeks had passed, was simply an acute mistrust of the superficiality of performance into which the desire to justify himself might hurry him. That desire was passionate as regards Julia Dallow; it was ardent also as regards his mother; and, to make

it absolutely uncomfortable, it was complicated with the conviction that neither of them would recognize his justification even when she should see it. They probably could n't if they would, and very likely they would n't if they could. He assured himself, however, that this limitation would n't matter; it was their affair — his own was simply to have the right sort of thing to show. The work he was now attempting was not the right sort of thing; though doubtless Julia, for instance, would dislike it almost as much as if it were. The two portraits of Miriam, after the first exhilaration of his finding himself at large, filled him with no private glee: they were not in the direction in which, for the present, he wished really to move. There were moments when he felt almost angry, though of course he held his tongue, when, by the few persons who saw them, they were pronounced wonderfully clever. That they were wonderfully clever was just the detestable thing in them, so active had that cleverness been in making them seem better than they were. There were people to whom he would have been ashamed to show them, and these were the people whom it would give him most pleasure some day to please. Not only had he many an hour of disgust with his actual work, but he thought he saw, as in an ugly revelation, that nature had cursed him with an odious facility and that the lesson of his life, the sternest and wholesomest, would be to keep out of the trap it had laid for him. He had fallen into this trap on the threshold, and he had only scrambled out with his honor. He had a talent for appearance, and that was the fatal thing; he had a damnable suppleness and a gift of immediate response, a readiness to oblige, that made him seem to take up causes which he really left lying, enabled him to learn enough about them in an hour to have all the air of having made them his own. Many people called them their own who had taken them in much less. He was too clever by half, since this pernicious overflow had been at the bottom of deep disappointments and heart-burnings. He had assumed a virtue, and enjoyed assuming it, and the assumption had cheated his father and his mother, and his affianced wife, and his rich benefactor, and the candid burgesses of Harsh, and the cynical reporters of the newspapers. His enthusiasms had been but young curiosity, his speeches had been young agility, his professions and adhesions had been like postage-stamps without glue: the head was all right, but they would n't stick. He stood ready now to wring the neck of the irrepressible vice which certainly would like nothing better than to get him into further trouble. His only real justification would be to turn patience (his own, of course) inside out; yet if there should be a way to misread that recipe, his humbugging genius could be trusted infallibly to discover it. Cheap and easy results would dangle before him, little amateurish conspicuities, helped by his history, at exhibitions; putting it in his power to triumph with a quick "What do you say to that?" over those he had wounded. The fear of this danger was corrosive; it poisoned even legitimate joys. If he should have a striking picture at the Academy next year, it would n't be a crime; yet he could n't help suspecting any conditions that would enable him to be striking so soon. In this way he felt quite enough how Gabriel Nash "had" him whenever he railed at his fever for proof, and how inferior as a productive force the desire to win over the ill-disposed might be to the principle of quiet growth. Nash had a foreign manner of lifting up his finger and waving it before him, as if to put an end to everything, whenever it became, in conversation or discussion, to any extent a question whether any one would like anything.

It was presumably, in some degree at least, a due respect for the principle of

quiet growth that kept Nick on the spot at present, made him stick fast to Rosedale Road and Calcutta Gardens and deny himself the simplifications of absence. Do what he would he could not despoil himself of the impression that the disagreeable was somehow connected with the salutary, and the "quiet" with the disagreeable, when stubbornly borne; so he resisted a hundred impulses to run away to Paris or to Florence, and the temptation to persuade himself by material motion that he was launched. He stayed in London because it seemed to him that there he was more conscious of what he had undertaken, and he had a horror of shirking that consciousness. One element in it, indeed, was the perception that he would have found no great convenience in a foreign journey, even had his judgment approved such a subterfuge. The stoppage of his supplies from Beauclere had now become an historic fact, with something of the majesty of its class about it: he had had time to see what a difference this would make in his life. His means were small and he had several old debts, the number of which, as he believed, loomed large to his mother's imagination. He could never tell her that she exaggerated, because he told her nothing of that sort now: they had no intimate talk, for an impenetrable partition, a tall bristling hedge of untrimmed misconceptions, had sprung up between them. Poor Biddy had made a hole in it, through which she squeezed, from side to side, to keep up communications, at the cost of many rents and scratches; but Lady Agnes walked straight and stiff, never turning her head, never stopping to pluck the least little daisy of consolation. It was in this manner she wished to signify that she had accepted her wrongs. She draped herself in them as in a kind of Roman mantle, and she had never looked so proud and wasted and handsome as now that her eyes rested only upon ruins.

Nick was extremely sorry for her, though he thought there was a dreadful want of grace in her never setting a foot in Rosedale Road (she mentioned his studio no more than if it had been a private gambling-house, or something worse); sorry because he was well aware that, for the hour, everything must appear to her to have crumbled. The luxury of Broadwood would have to crumble; his mind was very clear about that. Biddy's prospects had withered to the finest, dreariest dust, and Biddy, indeed, taking a lesson from her brother's perversities, seemed little disposed to better a bad business. She professed the most peacemaking sentiments, but when it came really to doing something to brighten up the scene she showed herself portentously corrupted. After Peter Sherringham's heartless flight she had wantonly slighted an excellent opportunity to repair her misfortune. Lady Agnes had reason to know about the end of June, that young Mr. Grindon, the only son (the other children were girls) of an immensely rich industrial and political baronet in the north, was literally waiting for the faintest sign. This reason she promptly imparted to her younger daughter, whose intelligence had to take it in, but who had shown it no other consideration. Biddy had set her charming face as a stone; she would have nothing to do with signs, and she, practically speaking, willfully, wickedly, refused a magnificent offer, so that the young man carried his noble expectations elsewhere. How much in earnest he had been was proved by the fact that, before Goodwood had come and gone, he was captured by Lady Muriel Macpherson. It was superfluous to insist on the frantic determination to get married revealed by such an accident as that. Nick knew of this episode only through Grace, and he deplored its having occurred in the midst of other disasters.

He knew, or he suspected, something more as well — something about his bro-

ther Percival which, if it should come to light, no season would be genial enough to gloss over. It had usually been supposed that Percy's store of comfort against the ills of life was confined to the infallibility of his rifle. He was not sensitive, but he had always the consolation of killing something. It had suddenly come to Nick's ears, however, that he had another resource as well, in the person of a robust countrywoman, housed in an ivied corner of Warwickshire, in whom he had long been interested and whom, without any flourish of magnanimity, he had ended by making his wife. The situation of the latest born of the pledges of this affection, a blooming boy (there had been two or three previously), was therefore perfectly regular and of a nature to make a difference in the worldly position, as the phrase is, of his moneyless uncle. If there be degrees in the absolute and Percy had an heir (others, moreover, would supposably come), Nick would have to regard himself as still more moneyless than before. His brother's last step was doubtless, under the circumstances, to be commended; but such discoveries were enlivening only when they were made in other families, and Lady Agnes would scarcely enjoy learning to what tune she had become a grandmother.

Nick forbore, from delicacy, to intimate to Biddy that he thought it a pity she could n't care for Mr. Grindon; but he had a private sense that if she had been capable of such an achievement it would have lightened a little the weight he himself had to carry. He bore her a slight grudge, which lasted until Julia Dallow came back; when the circumstance of the girl's being summoned immediately down to Harsh created a diversion that was perhaps, after all, only fanciful. Biddy, as we know, entertained a theory, which Nick had found occasion to combat, that Mrs. Dallow had not treated him perfectly well; therefore in going to Harsh the very first time Julia held out a hand to her, so jealous a little sister must have recognized a special inducement. The inducement might have been that Julia had comfort for her, that she was acting by the direct advice of this acute lady, that they were still in close communion on the question of the offers Biddy was not to accept, that in short Peter Sherringham's sister had taken upon herself to see that Biddy should remain free until the day of the fugitive's inevitable return. Once or twice, indeed, Nick wondered whether Mrs. Dallow herself was visited, in a larger sense, by the thought of retracing her steps — whether she wished to draw out her young friend's opinion as to how she might do so gracefully. During the few days she was in town Nick had seen her twice, in Great Stanhope Street, but not alone. She had said to him, on one of these occasions, in her odd, explosive way, "I should have thought you 'd have gone away somewhere — it must be such a bore." Of course she firmly believed he was staying for Miriam, which he really was not; and probably she had written this false impression off to Peter, who, still more probably, would prefer to regard it as just. Nick was staying for Miriam only in the sense that he should be very glad of the money he might receive for the portrait he was engaged in painting. That money would be a great convenience to him, in spite of the obstructive ground Miriam had taken in pretending (she had blown half a gale about it) that he had had no right to dispose of such a production without her consent. His answer to this was simply that the purchaser was so little of a stranger that it did n't go, as it were, out of the family, out of hers. It did n't matter that Miriam should protest that if Mr. Sherringham had formerly been no stranger he was now utterly one, so that there could be nothing less soothing to him than to see her hated image on his wall. He would back out

of the bargain, and Nick would be left with his work on his hands. Nick jeered at this shallow theory, and, when she came to sit, the question served as well as another to sprinkle their familiar silences with chaff. Nick already knew something, as we have seen, of the conditions in which his distracted kinsman had left England; and this connected itself, in casual meditation, with some of the calculations that he attributed to Julia and Biddy. There had naturally been a sequel to the queer behavior in which Peter had indulged, at the theatre, on the eve of his departure — a sequel embodied in a remark dropped by Miriam in the course of the first sitting she gave Nick after her great night. "Fancy" — so this observation ran — "fancy the dear man finding time, in the press of all his last duties, to ask me to marry him!"

"He told me you had found time, in the press of all yours, to say you would," Nick replied. And this was pretty much all that had passed on the subject between them, save, of course, that Miriam immediately made it clear that Peter had grossly misinformed him. What had happened was that she had said she would do nothing of the sort. She professed a desire not to be confronted again with this trying theme, and Nick easily fell in with it, from a definite preference he now had not to handle that kind of subject with her. If Julia had false ideas about him, and if Peter had them too, his part of the business was to take the simplest course to establish that falsity. There were difficulties indeed attached even to the simplest course, but there would be a difficulty the less if, in conversation, one should forbear to meddle with the general suggestive topic of intimate unions. It is certain that in these days Nick cultivated the practice of forbearances for which he did not receive, for which perhaps he never would receive, due credit.

He had been convinced for some time that one of the next things he should hear would be that Mrs. Dallow had arranged to marry Mr. Macgeorge or some such leader of multitudes. He could think of that now, he found — think of it with resignation, even when Julia was before his eyes, looking so handsomely forgetful that her air had to be taken as referring still more to their original intimacy than to his comparatively superficial offense. What made this accomplishment of his own remarkable was that there was something else he thought of quite as much — the fact that he had only to see her again to feel by how great a charm she had in the old days taken possession of him. This charm operated apparently in a very direct, primitive way: her presence diffused it and fully established it, but her absence left comparatively little of it behind. It dwelt in the very facts of her person — it was something that she happened physically to be; yet (considering that the question was of something very like loveliness) its envelope of associations, of memories and recurrences, had no great density. She packed it up and took it away with her, as if she had been a woman who had come to sell a set of laces. The laces were as wonderful as ever when they were taken out of the box, but to get another look at them you had to send for the woman. What was above all remarkable was that Miriam Rooth was much less irresistible to our young man than Mrs. Dallow could be when Mrs. Dallow was on the spot. He could paint Miriam, day after day, without any agitating blur of vision; in fact the more he saw of her the clearer grew the atmosphere through which she blazed, the more her richness became one with that of the flowering picture. There are reciprocities and special sympathies, in such relations; mysterious affinities they used to be called, divinations of private congruity. Nick had an unexpressed conviction that if, as he had often wanted and proposed, he had em-

barked with Mrs. Dallow in this particular quest of a great prize, disaster would have overtaken them on the deep waters. Even with the limited risk, indeed, disaster had come; but it was of a different kind, and it had the advantage for him that now she could n't reproach and accuse him as the cause of it — could n't do so, at least, on any ground he was obliged to recognize. She would never know how much he had cared for her, how much he cared for her still; inasmuch as the conclusive proof, for himself, was his conscious reluctance to care for another woman, which she positively misread. Some day he would doubtless try to do that; but such a day seemed as yet far off, and he had no spite, no vindictive impulse, to help him. The soreness that was mingled with his liberation, the sense of indignity even, as of a full cup suddenly dashed, by a blundering hand, from his lips, demanded certainly a balm; but it found it, for the time, in another passion, not in a rancorous exercise of the same — a passion strong enough to make him forget what a pity it was that he was not made to care for two women at once.

As soon as Mrs. Dallow returned to England he broke ground, to his mother, on the subject of her making Julia understand that she and the girls now regarded their occupancy of Broadwood as absolutely terminated. He had already, several weeks before, picked a little at this arid tract, but in the interval the soil appeared to have formed again. It was disagreeable to him to impose such a renunciation on Lady Agnes, and it was especially disagreeable to have to phrase it and discuss it and perhaps insist upon it. He would have liked the whole business to be tacit — a little triumph of silent delicacy. But he found reasons to suspect that what in fact would be most tacit was Julia's certain endurance of any chance *in*delicacy. Lady Agnes had a theory that they had virtually — "practically," as she said — given up the place, so that there was no need of making a splash about it; but Nick discovered, in the course of a conversation with Biddy more rigorous perhaps than any to which he had ever subjected her, that none of their property had been removed from the delightful house — none of the things (there were ever so many things) that Lady Agnes had caused to be conveyed there when they took possession. Her ladyship was the proprietor of innumerable articles of furniture, relics and survivals of her former greatness, and moved about the world with a train of heterogeneous baggage; so that her quiet overflow into the spaciousness of Broadwood had had all the luxury of a final subsidence. What Nick had to propose to her now was a dreadful combination, a relapse into all the things she most hated — seaside lodgings, bald storehouses in the Marylebone Road, little London rooms crammed with things that caught the dirt and made them stuffy. He was afraid he should really finish her, and he himself was surprised, in a degree, at his insistence. He would n't have supposed that he should have cared so much, but he found he did care intensely. He cared enough — it says everything — to explain to his mother that, practically, her retention of Broadwood would be the violation of an agreement. Julia had given them the place on the understanding that he was to marry her, and since he was not to marry her they had no right to keep the place. "Yes, you make the mess and *we* pay the penalty!" Lady Agnes flashed out; but this was the only overt protest that she made, except indeed to contend that their withdrawal would be an act ungracious and offensive to Julia. She looked as she had looked during the months that succeeded his father's death, but she gave a general grim assent to the proposition that, let Julia take it as she would, their own duty was unmistakably clear.

It was Grace who was the principal

representative of the idea that Julia would be outraged by such a step; she never ceased to repeat that she had never heard of anything so "nasty." Nick would have expected this of Grace, but he felt rather deserted and betrayed when Biddy murmured to him that *she* knew — that there was really no need of their sacrificing their mother's comfort to a mere fancy. She intimated that if Nick would only consent to their going on with Broadwood as if nothing had happened (or rather as if everything had happened), she would answer for Julia. For almost the first time in his life Nick disliked what Biddy said to him, and he gave her a sharp rejoinder, embodying the general opinion that they all had enough to do to answer for themselves. He remembered afterwards the way she looked at him, startled, even frightened, with rising tears, before turning away. He held that it would be time enough to judge how Julia would take it after they had thrown up the place; and he made it his duty to see that his mother should address to Mrs. Dallow, by letter, a formal notification of their retirement. Mrs. Dallow could protest then if she liked. Nick was aware that, in general, he was not practical; he could imagine why, from his early years, people should have joked him about it. But this time he was determined that his behavior should be founded on a rigid view of things as they were. He did n't see his mother's letter to Julia, but he knew that it went. He thought she would have been more loyal if she had shown it to him, though of course there could be but little question of loyalty now. That it had really been written, however, very much on the lines he dictated, was clear to him from the subsequent surprise which Lady Agnes's blankness did not prevent him from divining.

Julia answered her letter, but in unexpected terms: she had apparently neither resisted nor protested; she had simply been very glad to get her house back again and had not accused any of them of nastiness. Nick saw no more of her letter than he had seen of his mother's, but he was able to say to Grace (to Lady Agnes he was studiously mute), "My poor child, you see, after all, that we have n't kicked up such a row." Grace shook her head and looked gloomy and deeply wise, replying that he had no cause to triumph — they were so far from having seen the end of it yet. Then he guessed that his mother had complied with his wish on the calculation that it would be a mere form, that Julia would entreat them not to be so fantastic, and that he would then, in the presence of her wounded surprise, consent to a quiet continuance, so much in the interest (the air of Broadwood had a purity!) of the health of all of them. But since Julia jumped at their relinquishment he had no chance to be mollified: he had only to persist in having been right.

At bottom, probably, he himself was a little surprised at her eagerness. Literally speaking, it was not perfectly graceful. He was sorry his mother had been so deceived, but he was sorrier still for Biddy's mistake — it showed she might be mistaken about other things. Nothing was left now but for Lady Agnes to say, as she did, substantially, whenever she saw him, "We are to prepare to spend the autumn at Worthing, then, or some other horrible place? I don't know their names: it 's the only thing we can afford." There was an implication in this that if he expected her to drag her girls about to country-houses, in a continuance of the fidgety effort to work them off, he must understand at once that she was now too weary and too sad and too sick. She had done her best for them, and it had all been vain and cruel, and now the poor creatures must look out for themselves. To the grossness of Biddy's misconduct she need n't refer, nor to the

golden opportunity this young lady had forfeited by her odious treatment of Mr. Grindon. It was clear that this time Lady Agnes was incurably discouraged; so much so as to fail to glean the dimmest light from the fact that the girl was really making a long stay at Harsh. Biddy went to and fro two or three times and then, in August, fairly settled there; and what her mother mainly saw in her absence was the desire to keep out of the way of household reminders of her depravity. In fact, as it turned out, Lady Agnes and Grace, in the first days of August, gathered themselves together for another visit to the old lady who had been Sir Nicholas's godmother; after which they went somewhere else, so that the question of Worthing had not to be immediately faced.

Nick stayed on in London with a passion of work fairly humming in his ears; he was conscious, with joy, that for three or four months, in the empty Babylon, he would have generous days. But toward the end of August he got a letter from Grace in which she spoke of her situation, and her mother's, in a manner that made him feel he ought to do something felicitous. They were paying a third visit (he knew that in Calcutta Gardens lady's-maids had been to and fro with boxes, replenishments of wardrobes), and yet somehow the outlook for the autumn was dark. Grace did n't say it in so many words, but what he read between the lines was that they had no more invitations. What therefore was to become of them? People liked them well enough when Biddy was with them, but they did n't care for her mother and her, *tout pur*, and Biddy was cooped up indefinitely with Julia. This was not the manner in which Grace used to allude to her sister's happy visits to Mrs. Dallow, and the change of tone made Nick wince with a sense of all that had collapsed. Biddy was a little fish worth landing, in short, scantily as she seemed disposed to bite, and Grace's rude probity could admit that she herself was not.

Nick had an inspiration: by way of doing something felicitous he went down to Brighton and took lodgings for the three ladies, for several weeks, the quietest and sunniest he could find. This he intended as a kindly surprise, a reminder of how he had his mother's comfort at heart, how he could exert himself and save her trouble. But he had no sooner concluded his bargain (it was a more costly one than he had at first calculated) than he was bewildered, as he privately phrased it quite "stumped," at learning that the three ladies were to pass the autumn at Broadwood with Julia. Mrs. Dallow had taken the place into familiar use again, and she was now correcting their former surprise at her crude concurrence (this was infinitely characteristic of Julia) by inviting them to share it with her. Nick wondered, vaguely, what she was "up to;" but when his mother treated herself to the fine irony of addressing him an elaborately humble inquiry as to whether he would consent to their accepting the merciful refuge (she repeated this expression three times), he replied that she might do exactly as she liked: he would only mention that he should not feel himself at liberty to come and see her at Broadwood. This condition proved, apparently, to Lady Agnes's mind, no hindrance, and she and her daughters were presently reinstalled in the very apartments they had learned to love. This time it was even better than before; they had still fewer expenses. The expenses were Nick's: he had to pay a forfeit to the landlady at Brighton for backing out of his contract. He said nothing to his mother about this bungled business — he was literally afraid; but an event that befell at the same moment reminded him afresh that it was not the time to choose to squander money. Mr. Carteret drew his last breath; quite painlessly it seemed, as the closing scene was

described at Beauclere when our young man went down to the funeral. Two or three weeks afterwards the contents of his will were made public in the Illustrated London News, where it definitely appeared that he left a very large fortune, not a penny of which was to go to Nick. The provision for Mr. Chayter's declining years was very handsome.

XLVIII.

Miriam had mounted, at a bound, in her new part, several steps in the ladder of fame, and at the climax of the London season this fact was brought home to her from hour to hour. It produced a thousand solicitations and entanglements, so that she rapidly learned that it takes up a great deal of one's time to be celebrated. Even though, as she boasted, she had reduced to a science the practice of "working" her mother (she made use of the good lady socially, to the utmost, pushing her perpetually into the breach), there were many occasions on which it was represented to her that she could not be disobliging without damaging her cause. She made almost an income out of the photographers (their appreciation of her as a subject knew no bounds), and she supplied the newspapers with columns of irreducible copy. To the gentlemen who sought speech of her on behalf of these organs she poured forth, vindictively, floods of unscrupulous romance; she told them all different tales, and as her mother told them others more marvelous yet, publicity was cleverly caught by rival versions, surpassing each other in authenticity. The whole case was remarkable, was unique; for if the girl was advertised by the bewilderment of her readers, she seemed to every skeptic, when he went to see her, as fine as if he had discovered her for himself. She was still accommodating enough, however, from time to time, to find an hour to come and sit to Nick Dormer, and he helped himself, further, by going to her theatre whenever he could. He was conscious that Julia Dallow would probably hear of that and triumph with a fresh sense of how right she had been; but this reflection only made him sigh resignedly, so true it struck him as being that there are some things explanation can never better, can never touch.

Miriam brought Basil Dashwood once to see her portrait, and Basil, who commended it in general, directed his criticism mainly to two points — its not yet being finished and its not having gone into that year's Academy. The young actor was visibly fidgety: he felt the contagion of Miriam's rapid pace, the quick beat of her success, and, looking at everything now from the standpoint of that speculation, could scarcely contain his impatience at the painter's clumsy slowness. He thought the second picture much better than the other one, but somehow it ought, by that time, to be before the public; having a great deal of familiar proverbial wisdom, he put forth, with vehemence, the idea that in every great crisis there is nothing like striking while the iron is hot. He even betrayed a sort of impression that with a little good-will Nick might wind up the job and still get the Academy people to take him in. Basil knew some of them; he all but offered to speak to them — the case was so exceptional; he had no doubt he could get something done. Against the appropriation of the work by Peter Sherringham he explicitly and loudly protested, in spite of the homeliest recommendations of silence from Miriam; and it was, indeed, easy to guess how such an arrangement would interfere with his own conception of the eventual right place for the two portraits — the vestibule of the theatre, where every one going in and out would see them, suspended face to face and surrounded by photographs, artistically disposed, of the young actress in a variety of characters.

Dashwood showed a largeness of view in the way he jumped to the conviction that, in this position, the pictures would really help to draw. Considering the virtue he attributed to Miriam, the idea was exempt from narrow prejudice.

Moreover, though a trifle feverish, he was really genial; he repeated, more than once, "Yes, my dear sir, you 've done it this time." This was a favorite formula with him; when some allusion was made to the girl's success, he greeted it also with a comfortable "This time she *has* done it." There was a hint of knowledge and far calculation in his tone. It appeared before he went that this time even he himself had done it — he had taken up something that would really answer. He told Nick more about Miriam, more about her affairs at that moment, at least, than she herself had communicated, contributing strongly to our young man's impression that, one by one, every element of a great destiny was being dropped into her cup. Nick himself tasted of success, vicariously, for the hour. Miriam let Dashwood talk only to contradict him, and contradicted him only to show how indifferently she could do it. She treated him as if she had nothing more to learn about his folly, but as if it had taken intimate friendship to reveal to her the full extent of it. Nick did n't mind her intimate friendships, but he ended by disliking Dashwood, who irritated him — a circumstance in which poor Julia, if it had come to her knowledge, would doubtless have found a damning eloquence. Miriam was more pleased with herself than ever: she now made no scruple of admitting that she enjoyed all her advantages. She was beginning to have a fuller vision of how successful success could be; she took everything as it came — dined out every Sunday, and even went into the country till the Monday morning; she had a hundred distinguished names on her lips, and wonderful tales about the people who were making up to her. She struck Nick as less serious than she had been hitherto, as making even an aggressive show of frivolity; but he was conscious of no obligation to reprehend her for it — the less as he had a dim vision that some effect of that sort, some irritation of his curiosity, was what she desired to produce. She would perhaps have liked, for reasons best known to herself, to look as if she were throwing herself away, not being able to do anything else. He could n't talk to her as if he took an immense interest in her career, because in fact he did n't; she remained to him, primarily and essentially, a pictorial object, with the nature of whose vicissitudes he was concerned (putting common charity and his personal good-nature, of course, aside) only so far as they had something to say in her face. How could he know, in advance, what twist of her life would say most? so possible was it even that complete failure or some incalculable perversion would only make her, for his particular purpose, more magnificent.

After she had left him, at any rate, the day she came with Basil Dashwood, and still more on a later occasion, as he turned back to his work when he had put her into her carriage, the last time, for that year, that he saw her — after she had left him it occurred to him, in the light of her quick distinction, that there were mighty differences in the famous artistic life. Miriam was already in a glow of glory, which moreover was probably but a faint spark in relation to the blaze to come; and as he closed the door upon her and took up his palette to rub it with a dirty cloth, the little room in which his own battle was practically to be fought looked wofully cold and gray and mean. It was lonely, and yet it was peopled with unfriendly shadows (so thick he saw them gathering in winter twilights to come), the duller conditions, the longer patiences, the less immediate and personal joys. His late

beginning was there, and his wasted youth, the mistakes that would still bring forth children after their image, the sedentary solitude, the clumsy obscurity, the poor explanations, the foolishness that he foresaw in having to ask people to wait, and wait longer, and wait again, for a fruition which, to their sense at least, would be an anticlimax. He cared enough for it, whatever it would be, to feel that his pertinacity might enter into comparison even with such a productive force as Miriam's. This was, after all, in his bare studio, the most collective dim presence, the one that was most sociable to him as he sat there, and that made it the right place, however wrong it was — the sense that it was to the thing in itself he was attached. This was Miriam's case, but the contrast, which she showed him she also felt, was in the number of other things that she got with the thing in itself.

I hasten to add that our young man had hours when this fine substance struck him as requiring, for a complete appeal, no adjunct whatever — as being, in its own splendor, a summary of all adjuncts and apologies. I have related that the great collections, the National Gallery and the Museum, were sometimes rather a series of dead surfaces to him; but the sketch I have attempted of him will have been inadequate if it fails to suggest that there were other days when, as he strolled through them, he plucked, right and left, perfect nosegays of reassurance. Bent as he was on working in the modern, which spoke to him with a thousand voices, he judged it better, for long periods, not to haunt the earlier masters, whose conditions had been so different (later he came to see that it did n't matter much, especially if one did n't go); but he was liable to accidental deflections from this theory — liable in particular to want to take a look at one of the great portraits of the past. These were the things that were the most inspiring, in the sense that they were the things that, while generations, while worlds had come and gone, seemed most to survive and testify. As he stood before them, sometimes, the perfection of their survival struck him as the supreme eloquence, the reason that included all others, thanks to the language of art, the richest and most universal. Empires and systems and conquests had rolled over the globe, and every kind of greatness had risen and passed away, but the beauty of the great pictures had known nothing of death or change, and the ages had only sweetened their freshness. The same faces, the same figures, looked out at different centuries, knowing a deal the century did n't, and when they joined hands they made the indestructible thread on which the pearls of history were strung.

Miriam notified her artist that her theatre was to close on the 10th of August, immediately after which she was to start, with the company, on a tremendous tour of the provinces. They were to make a lot of money, but they were to have no holiday, and she did n't want one; she only wanted to keep at it and make the most of her limited opportunities for practice; inasmuch as, at that rate, playing but two parts a year (and such parts — she despised them!), she should n't have mastered the rudiments of her trade before decrepitude would compel her to lay it by. The first time she came to the studio after her visit with Dashwood she sprang up abruptly, at the end of half an hour, saying she could sit no more — she had had enough of it. She was visibly restless and preoccupied, and though Nick had not waited till now to discover that she had more moods than he had tints on his palette, he had never yet seen her fitfulness at this particular angle. It was a trifle unbecoming, and he was ready to let her go. She looked round the place as if she were suddenly tired of it, and then she said mechani-

cally, in a heartless London way, while she smoothed down her gloves, "So you're just going to stay on?" After he had confessed that this was his dark purpose she continued in the same casual, talk-making manner, "I dare say it's the best thing for you. You're just going to grind, eh?"

"I see before me an eternity of grinding."

"All alone, by yourself, in this dull little hole? You *will* be conscientious, you *will* be virtuous."

"Oh, my solitude will be mitigated — I shall have models and people."

"What people — what models?" Miriam asked, before the glass, arranging her hat.

"Well, no one so good as you."

"That's a prospect!" the girl laughed; "for all the good you've got out of me!"

"You're no judge of that quantity," said Nick, "and even I can't measure it just yet. Have I been rather a brute? I can easily believe it; I haven't talked to you — I haven't amused you as I might. The truth is, painting people is a very absorbing, exclusive occupation. You can't do much to them besides."

"Yes, it's a cruel honor."

"Cruel — that's too much," Nick objected.

"I mean it's one you shouldn't confer on people you like, for when it's over it's over: it kills your interest in them, and after you've finished them you don't like them any more."

"Surely I like you," Nick returned, sitting tilted back, before his picture, with his hands in his pockets.

"We've done very well; it's something not to have quarreled," said Miriam, smiling at him now and seeming more in it. "I wouldn't have had you slight your work — I wouldn't have had you do it badly. But there's no fear of that for you," she went on. "You're the real thing and the rare bird. I haven't lived with you this way without seeing that: you're the sincere artist so much more than I. No, no, don't protest," she added, with one of her sudden fine transitions to a deeper tone. "You'll do things that will hand on your name when my screeching is happily over. Only you do seem to me, I confess, rather high and dry here — I speak from the point of view of your comfort and of my personal interest in you. You strike me as kind of lonely, as the Americans say — rather cut off and isolated in your grandeur. Haven't you any *confrères* — fellow-artists and people of that sort? Don't they come near you?"

"I don't know them much, I've always been afraid of them, and how can they take me seriously?"

"Well, I've got confrères, and sometimes I wish I hadn't! But does your sister never come near you any more, or is it only the fear of meeting me?"

Nick was aware that his mother had a theory that Biddy was constantly bundled home from Rosedale Road at the approach of improper persons: she was as angry at this as if she wouldn't have been more so if the child had been suffered to stay; but the explanation he gave his present visitor was nearer the truth. He reminded Miriam that he had already told her (he had been careful to do this, so as not to let it appear she was avoided) that his sister was now most of the time in the country, staying with an hospitable relation.

"Oh, yes," the girl rejoined to this, "with Mr. Sherringham's sister, Mrs. — what's her name? I always forget it." And when Nick had pronounced the word with a reluctance he doubtless failed sufficiently to conceal (he hated to talk about Mrs. Dallow; he didn't know what business Miriam had with her), she exclaimed, "That's the one — the beauty, the wonderful beauty. I shall never forget how handsome she looked the day she found me here. I don't in the least resemble her, but I

should like to have a try at that type, some day, in a comedy of manners. But who will write me a comedy of manners? There it is! The trouble would be, no doubt, that I should push her *à la charge*."

Nick listened to these remarks in silence, saying to himself that if Miriam should have the bad taste (she seemed trembling on the brink of it) to make an allusion to what had passed between the lady in question and himself, he should dislike her utterly. It would show him she was a vulgar creature, after all. Her good genius interposed, however, as against this hard penalty, and she quickly, for the moment at least, whisked away from the topic, demanding, apropos of comrades and visitors, what had become of Gabriel Nash, whom she had not encountered for so many days.

"I think he 's tired of me," said Nick; "he has n't been near me, either. But, after all, it 's natural — he has seen me through."

"Seen you through? Why, you 've only just begun."

"Precisely, and at bottom he does n't like to see me begin. He 's afraid I 'll do something."

"Do you mean he 's jealous?"

"Not in the least, for from the moment one does anything one ceases to compete with him. It leaves him the field more clear. But that 's just the discomfort, for him — he feels, as you said just now, kind of lonely; he feels rather abandoned and even, I think, a little betrayed. So far from being jealous, he yearns for me and regrets me. The only thing he really takes seriously is to speculate and understand, to talk about the reasons and the essence of things; the people who do that are the highest. The applications, the consequences, the vulgar little effects, belong to a lower plane, to which one must doubtless be tolerant and indulgent, but which is after all an affair of comparative accidents and trifles. Indeed, he 'll probably tell me frankly, the next time I see him, that he can't but feel that to come down to the little questions of action — the little prudences and compromises and simplifications of practice — is, for the superior person, a really fatal descent. One may be inoffensive and even commendable after it, but one can scarcely pretend to be interesting. *Il en faut comme ça*, but one does n't haunt them. He 'll do his best for me; he 'll come back again, but he 'll come back sad, and finally he 'll fade away altogether. He 'll go off to Granada, or somewhere."

"The simplifications of practice?" cried Miriam. "Why, they are just precisely the most blessed things on earth. What should we do without them?"

"What — indeed?" Nick echoed. "But if we need them, it 's because we 're not superior persons. We 're awful Philistines."

"I 'll be one with *you*," the girl smiled. "Poor Nash is n't worth talking about. What was it but a little question of action when he preached to you, as I know he did, to give up your seat?"

"Yes, he has a weakness for giving up — he 'll go with you as far as that. But I 'm not giving up any more, you see. I 'm pegging away, and that 's gross."

"He 's an idiot — *n'en parlons plus!*" Miriam dropped, gathering up her parasol, but lingering.

"Ah, never for me! He helped me at a difficult time."

"You ought to be ashamed to confess it."

"Oh, you *are* a Philistine," said Nick.

"Certainly I am," Miriam returned, going toward the door, "if it makes me one to be sorry, awfully sorry, and even rather angry, that I have n't before me a period of the same sort of unsociable pegging away that you have. For want

of it I shall never really be good. However, if you don't tell people I 've said so, they 'll never know. Your conditions are far better than mine, and far more respectable; you can do as many things as you like, in patient obscurity, while I 'm pitchforked into the *mêlée*, and into the most improbable fame, upon the back of a solitary *cheval de bataille*, a poor, broken-winded screw. I foresee that I shall be condemned for the greater part of the rest of my days (do you see that?) to play the stuff I 'm acting now. I 'm studying Juliet, and I want awfully to do her, but really I 'm mortally afraid lest, if I should succeed, I should find myself in such a box. Perhaps they 'd want Juliet forever, instead of my present part. You see amid what delightful alternatives one moves. What I want most I never shall have had — five quiet years of hard, all-round work, in a perfect company, with a manager more perfect still, playing five hundred parts and never being heard of. I may be too particular, but that 's what I should have liked. I think I 'm disgusting, with my successful crudities. It 's discouraging; it makes one not care much what happens. What 's the use, in such an age, of being good?"

"Good? Your haughty claim is that you 're bad."

"I mean *good*, you know — there are other ways. Don't be stupid." And Nick's visitor tapped him — he was at the door with her — with her parasol.

"I scarcely know what to say to you, for certainly it 's your fault if you get on so fast."

"I 'm too clever — I 'm a humbug."

"That 's the way I used to be," said Nick.

Miriam rested her wonderful eyes on him; then she turned them over the room, slowly, after which she attached them again, kindly, musingly, on his own. "Ah, the pride of that — the sense of purification! He 'used' to be! Poor me! Of course you 'll say, 'Look at the sort of thing I 've undertaken to produce, compared with what you have.' So it 's all right. Become great in the proper way and don't expose me." She glanced back once more into the studio, as if she were leaving it forever, and gave another last look at the unfinished canvas on the easel. She shook her head sadly. "Poor Mr. Sherringham — with *that!*" she murmured.

"Oh, I 'll finish it — it will be very decent," said Nick.

"Finish it by yourself?"

"Not necessarily. You 'll come back and sit when you return to London."

"Never, never, never again."

Nick stared. "Why, you 've made me the most profuse offers and promises."

"Yes, but they were made in ignorance, and I 've backed out of them. I 'm capricious too — *faites la part de ça*. I see it would n't do — I did n't know it then. We 're too far apart — I *am*, as you say, a Philistine." And as Nick protested, with vehemence, against this unscrupulous bad faith, she added, "You 'll find other models; paint Gabriel Nash."

"Gabriel Nash — as a substitute for you?"

"It will be a good way to get rid of him. Paint Mrs. Dallow, too," Miriam went on, as she passed out of the door which Nick had opened for her — "paint Mrs. Dallow, if you wish to eradicate the last possibility of a throb."

It was strange that since only a moment before Nick had been in a state of mind to which the superfluity of this reference would have been the clearest thing about it, he should now have been moved to receive it, quickly, naturally, irreflectively, with the question, "The last possibility? Do you mean in her or in me?"

"Oh, in you. I don't know anything about her."

"But that would n't be the effect," rejoined Nick, with the same supervening candor. "I believe that if she were to sit to me the usual law would be reversed."

"The usual law?"

"Which you cited awhile since, and of which I recognize the general truth. In the case you speak of I should probably make a frightful picture."

"And fall in love with her again? Then, for God's sake, risk the daub!" Miriam laughed out, swimming away to her victoria.

Henry James.

TRIAL BY JURY OF THINGS SUPERNATURAL.

The law can deal with the supernatural — with such questions as the existence of God or the devil — in any way that it chooses. Two ways have been adopted. One is that of assuming their truth and reality, and then legislating upon that basis, in such a way as leaves open no question of fact about them; directing certain conduct, forbidding certain other conduct. The volume of our oldest Anglo-Saxon laws begins with an assumption of the existence of God. It is providing a penalty for stealing, and opens thus: "The property of God and of the Church twelvefold." This is the first sentence in the long annals of our recorded English legislation, now reaching back for nearly thirteen hundred years. The existence of God has always been assumed in English law; and so the English Commonwealth punished capitally a denial that God exists, and any denial of his leading attributes such as his omnipresence, of the Trinity, of certain things about Christ, of the resurrection of the dead, etc. It is laid down by high authority in England to-day, although this is controverted, that it is punishable as blasphemy at common law to deny the truth of Christianity or the existence of God. In the opinion of Mr. Justice Stephen, it is, in point of strict law, criminal blasphemy in England to sell, or even lend, a copy of Strauss's Life of Jesus, or Renan's work of the same name, or certain works of Comte. Whatever may be the exact truth about that, yet in England always, and for the most part here, the plan has been pursued of asserting and sustaining by law the truth of certain opinions about the supernatural. Even now the phrase is familiar that "Christianity is part of the common law." This is, indeed, a highly figurative expression, very likely to be misunderstood, the import of which may be best surmised by remembering that the old judges also said that the "almanac is part of the common law." It is true in a sense, but by no means in a literal sense. Now, under any such laws as these which I have just referred to, or under our own laws against blasphemy, which rather deal with a certain objectionable method of handling given opinions than with the sober and decent denial of them, there is no chance left for any legal discussion as to the reality or truth, in point of fact, of these things; that is, of the existence of God, the nature of Christ, and the like.

But there is another way. Formerly, legislators did sometimes leave open a question of fact as to the existence and the operation of supernatural influence. When they tried people for witchcraft, it was a question, not indeed whether there were a devil and evil spirits able to communicate with men and to operate among them, for the truth of this was

assumed, but whether, on a given occasion, these creatures had actually been operating in league with the accused persons and in a certain way. That is a sort of question which our system of law has not and never had any suitable machinery for determining; and so in recent times we do not take this course. But suppose we did, how should we deal with the question? Precisely as they formerly dealt with it, precisely as we now deal with any other question of fact, — by calling witnesses, by expert testimony, and by a jury, or, it may be, a judge; and this was the same machinery that our ancestors used in the witchcraft cases. When Ruskin was brought into court, some years ago, for libeling Whistler, the artist, by some highly flavored remarks about his pictures and his capacity, the artistic merit of these works was submitted to the decision of a jury: the pictures were hung up before them, and artists like Burne Jones and Rossetti were called in as expert witnesses to aid the jury by their opinions. And so it was, a few years ago, when the sculptor Belt brought a like inquiry before a London jury, who sat upon the question of his capacity to do work of any artistic worth, examined his busts, with a collection of which the court-room was furnished, and had to hear, digest, and pass judgment upon the expert opinions of the leading artists of England. The Londoners laughed at all this, and were reminded, they said, of the fable, — how the beasts of the field quarreled as to which should be greatest among them, and called in a passing crow to settle the question. They spoke also in jest of a judge who once proposed to end the everlasting controversy over fate and free will by making up what the lawyers call a "special case," and arguing it out *in banc*. It was, to be sure, a sorry sight. The tribunal was not fit for the task, but it was the best that the law could furnish. And now, if the question of the existence of supernatural intelligences and their influence should ever be submitted to our courts for decision, it would be before just such a tribunal, either a jury or a judge, and upon just such proofs that it would have to be determined. Legally speaking, the fundamental facts about religious truth as manifested upon any given occasion might be settled one way to-day and another way to-morrow, according as different juries should find.

It is not impossible that we may yet see something of this sort done about Spiritualism; that is to say, may see the question passed upon whether it is or is not true. But so far, in modern times, such things do not come up in this way. When Spiritualists get into court nowadays, it is on the charge of defrauding people and using undue influence, as in the case of Home in England, twenty years ago, who was compelled to return several hundred thousand dollars' worth of property to a woman of seventy-five, a Mrs. Lyon, who had given it to him on the faith of certain alleged messages from her deceased mother; it was a mere question of undue influence, of the abuse of a relation of confidence. And so of the case of a Mrs. Fletcher, who, a few years ago, was found guilty, in London, of obtaining property by false pretenses and conspiracy. She has written a book about it, and insists that her spiritual communications were genuine, and so the pretenses were not false; and that the court wrongly rejected an offer on her part to prove them true, and so condemned her wrongly. But it appeared to the tribunal like a pretty vulgar case of fraud. The court left to the jury fairly the question of her own belief in the manifestations, which was the main thing. In like manner, the Rosses in Boston, not long ago, were arrested for defrauding; and in England, a few years since, a Spiritualist was convicted, under an old statute, as being a "rogue and vagabond" for using these means to defraud.

But the indictment of Mrs. Fletcher on the occasion above named also included a charge of pretending "to exercise divers kinds of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, and conjuration." That was under an existing statute in England, — a law that "every one who pretends to exercise . . . any kind of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration . . . commits a misdemeanor," and must, upon conviction, be imprisoned for a year, etc. This calls for no result, such as defrauding; it is merely a pretending to exercise. That law was enacted in 1736, at the same time that the former law of 1603, which had been passed to please King James when he came to the throne, was repealed. The former law had made it a capital crime, without benefit of clergy, to "use, practice, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any one shall be killed, . . . pained or lamed in his body;" and also "to consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, fee, or reward any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose." This law hardly supports Selden's well-known remark about it: "The law against witches does not prove there be any, but it punishes the malice of those people who use such means to take away men's lives; if one should profess that by turning his hat thrice and crying buz he could take away a man's life, though in truth he could do no such thing, yet this were a just law made by the state that whosoever should turn his hat thrice and cry buz, with the intention to take away a man's life, should be put to death." The law does not, to be sure, prove that there be any witches, but certainly it assumes the reality and possibility of witchcraft and of commerce with evil spirits. In the trial, then, of cases arising under this law, it became a mere question of fact whether in reality a particular person did practice witchcraft and deal with spirits, or not. But the law of 1736, which is the existing law, deals only with pretending to exercise, etc. An English judge of our own day has raised the question whether it would be a good defense, under the present law, to prove that the accused not only pretended to practice witchcraft, but actually did it. I suppose that it would not. But if it would, then we might see the question of the truth of witchcraft submitted to a jury to-day, as Mrs. Fletcher tried to leave the question of the reality of her communication with spirits.

There was a period of nearly two hundred years during which such allegations had to be passed upon by courts of justice in England, in administering the ordinary laws of the land; and especially during the period of one hundred and thirty years after the act of King James. In Scotland, also, they did it, and, as we all know, here.

I am going to examine a little carefully two famous trials of this sort in the seventeenth century, one in England and one in Scotland, with a view, especially, to mark the way in which legal machinery worked, in performing so singular a task as that of passing on the truth and reality of witchcraft. I pass by the New England cases, because they are but poor illustrations of anything that can be called legal. There was, I believe, no lawyer engaged in the trial of the Salem witches, either on the bench or at the bar.

I. The first of the cases I refer to was the famous one of the so-called "Suffolk Witches," tried before Sir Matthew Hale at Bury St. Edmonds, in 1664, for bewitching seven children.[1] This case has a special interest because it was one of the authorities relied upon by the court that condemned so many unhappy persons at Salem, twenty-eight years afterwards. "They consulted," says Cotton

[1] This case is found in the State Trials and elsewhere. Stephen gives a short account of it in his History of the Criminal Law, i. 378, to which I am indebted for some references.

Mather (Upham's History of Witchcraft, ii. 361), "the precedents of former times, and the precepts of learned writers about witchcraft, as Keble on the Common Law, . . . also Sir Matthew Hale's Trial of Witches, printed, Anno, 1682." The testimony included statements by the relatives of the children as to their remarkable behavior, which they themselves had seen; of certain experiments upon three of the children who were in court; and of the expert testimony of a person styled in the report "Dr. Brown of Norwich, a person of great knowledge." This was no other than Sir Thomas Browne, then sixty years old, and a physician of much distinction. This expert was by no means uncommitted on the subject of witchcraft. "For my part," he had said twenty years before, in the Religio Medici, a book already famous and in its seventh edition, "I have ever believed and do now know that there are witches. They that doubt of this do not only deny them, but spirits; and are, obliquely and upon consequence, a sort, not of infidels, but atheists." And in another treatise, published only two years later than the Religio Medici, in dealing with Satan as "the great promoter of false opinions," he said, in that manner of his which carries pleasure to the marrow of a reader's bones: "Lastly, to lead us further into darkness and quite to lose us in this maze of error, he would make men believe there is no such creature as himself, . . . wherein, besides that he annihilates the blessed angels and spirits in the rank of his creation, he begets a security of himself, and a careless eye unto the last remunerations. . . . And to this effect he maketh men believe that apparitions and such as confirm his existence are either deceptions of sight or melancholy depravements of fancy. . . . Thus he endeavors to propagate *the unbelief of witches*, whose concession infers his coexistency; by this means also he advanceth the opinion of total death, and staggereth the immortality of the soul," etc.

We are not told in the report how it came about that "Dr. Brown" was in the court-room, whether casually or because he was summoned as a witness; but being there, and having heard the evidence and seen the three children in court, he was asked by Sir Matthew Hale to give his opinion; and, as we read in the report, "he was clearly of opinion that the persons were bewitched," and said "that in Denmark there had been lately a great discovery of witches who used the very same way of afflicting persons, by conveying pins into them, and crooked, as these pins were, with needles and nails. And his opinion was, that the devil in such cases did work upon the bodies of men and women upon a natural foundation, (that is) to stir up and excite such humours superabounding in their bodies to a great excess, whereby he did in an extraordinary manner afflict them with such distempers as their bodies were most subject to, as particularly appeared in these children; for he conceived that these swooning fits were natural, and nothing else but what they call the mother, but only heightened to a great excess by the subtilty of the devil, coöperating with the malice of those which we term witches, at whose instance he doth these villanies."

This is the testimony of an "expert witness," and it could not but have had a great effect. For although it was as true then as it is now that the opinions of an expert are not binding upon the jury, are only so much advice and instruction for them, educating them for their task of forming an independent opinion of their own (as in the case of Whistler *v.* Ruskin), yet such opinions, in matters where the jury know so little and the expert knows so much, are often likely to be acted upon as if they were authoritative. It is highly probable that this opinion was so taken. A few

carefully put questions to Sir Thomas Browne might have essentially reduced the proportions of his statement. How, for instance, did he know what had taken place in Denmark? Personally, he probably knew nothing about it, for the accounts of his life do not indicate that he had ever traveled there. And so, in a degree, as regards all the witnesses; for it must be remembered that, at that time, on a trial for a capital offense, as this of witchcraft was, the accused person was allowed no counsel to assist him in trying his case. What did these old women, frightened out of their wits, know about cross-examination? At that time, it may be added, *their* witnesses could not be sworn. Strange as it may seem, it was not for a generation yet that these privileges were allowed in England at any capital trial; and it was far later than that before it was allowed in all of them. It is probable that many thousands of accused persons were unjustly hanged in England, while this state of things existed, whose lives would have been saved by a moderately skillful cross-examination of the government witnesses.

In other respects, what was the nature of the legal machinery which was to be applied to the solution of the strange and difficult questions that were brought up in these proceedings for witchcraft? They were to be settled by the verdict of a jury, — instructed by evidence, to be sure, and advised by the court, but having at that time (unlike the present) the legal right to find a verdict on their own information and knowledge only, although they had not publicly stated this in court so that it might be sifted, and although it was contradicted by all the evidence in the case. While the jury had this great and unmanageable power, their verdict was practically uncontrollable: he whom they acquitted was finally acquitted, and he whom they found guilty was guilty once for all, saving only the judges' power of delaying execution and the king's pardoning power. Points of law might be taken, but there was then no way of reviewing or setting aside the verdict in a criminal case for an error in finding the fact. The judges were then in the latter days of an experiment at fining and punishing jurors for acquitting improperly, but that soon got its deathblow, and the modern practice of granting new trials was just beginning.

Who and what were the jury? A body of plain, every-day men, having some little qualification of property, and challengeable for a few of the plainer disqualifications for fair dealing, as, for example, that they were in the employment of either party, — a good representation, no doubt, of the average fairly well-to-do citizen, filled full of all the ordinary prejudices, presuppositions, ignorance, superstition, of the times. The jury, as Sir Henry Maine has said, is but "a relic of the ancient popular justice, . . . the old *adjudicating democracy*, limited, modified, and improved in accordance with the principles suggested by the experience of centuries." We can get a side-light on the jury of that period, and their feeling about this class of cases at just about this time, from Roger North's life of his brother Francis, the Lord-Keeper Guilford. Francis North became chief justice of the Common Pleas in 1675, while Sir Matthew Hale was yet sitting as chief justice of the King's Bench. He was a good lawyer and a man of the world. "Sharp and shrewd," says one of his biographers (Lord Campbell, Lives of the Chancellors, iv. 333), "but of no imagination, of no depth, of no grasp of intellect, — any more than generosity of sentiment." But he did have a certain hard sense that kept him free from the delusions that affected that much greater but over-religious man, Sir Matthew Hale. Roger North, in the affectionate and most readable life of his brother to which I have referred, and which Tal-

fourd has called "one of the most delightful books in the world," says that his brother was extremely "scrutinous," as he calls it, in criminal cases when they were at all obscure, especially when they were capital cases; "but never more puzzled," he goes on, "than when a popular cry was at the heels of a business; for then he had his jury to deal with, and if he did not tread upon eggs they would conclude sinistrously, and be apt to find against his opinion. And for this reason he dreaded the trying of a witch. It is seldom that a poor old wretch is brought to trial upon that account but there is, at the heels of her, a popular rage that does little less than demand her to be put to death; and if a judge is so clear and open as to declare against that impious, vulgar opinion that the devil himself has power to torment and kill innocent children, or that he is pleased to divert himself with the good people's cheese, butter, pigs, and geese, and the like errors of the ignorant and foolish rabble, the countrymen (the triers) cry, this judge hath no religion, for he doth not believe witches; and so, to show they have some, hang the poor wretches. All which tendency to mistake requires a very prudent and moderate carriage in a judge, whereby to convince rather by *detecting of the fraud* than by denying authoritatively such power to be given to old women."

Francis North had been made the more thoughtful upon this subject on account of the conviction of two old women before one of his colleagues upon trivial evidence, reinforced by their confessions. "This judge," says Roger North, "left the point upon the evidence fairly (as they call it) to the jury, but he made no nice distinctions, as how possible it was for old women in a sort of melancholy madness, by often thinking in pain and want of spirits, to contract an opinion of themselves that was false; and that this confession ought not to be taken against themselves, without a plain evidence that it was rational and sensible, no more than that of a lunatic or distracted person."

Roger North had himself been present when his brother had to try an old man for bewitching a girl of thirteen. The girl had shown the usual symptoms of strange fits when the man came near her, and of spitting out pins. But these pins, unlike the common case, were straight, and his lordship, we are told, "wondered at the straight pins, which could not be so well couched in the mouth as crooked ones; for such only used to be spit out by the people bewitched. He examined the witnesses very tenderly and carefully, and so as none could collect what his opinion was; for he was fearful of the jurymen's precipitancy, if he gave them any offence." The old man defended himself well (without counsel, of course), and called his witnesses, who could not (as I have said) be sworn. "After this was done," goes on the biographer, "the judge was not satisfied to direct the jury before the imposture was fully declared, but studied and beat the bush awhile, asking sometimes one person, and then another, questions as he thought proper. At length he turned to the justice of the peace that committed the man and took the first examinations, and, 'Sir,' said he, 'pray will you ingenuously declare your thoughts, if you have any, touching these straight pins which the girl spit? for you saw her in her fit.' Then, 'My lord,' said he, 'I did not know that I might concern myself in the evidence, having taken the examination and committed the man. But since your lordship demands it, I must needs say I think the girl, doubling herself in her fit, as being convulsed, bent her head down close to her stomacher, and with her mouth took pins out of the edge of that, and then, righting herself a little, spit them into some bystander's hands.' This," adds the biographer, "cast an universal satisfaction upon the minds of

the whole audience, and the man was acquitted."

Now Hale, in dealing with his jury, gave them no such quiet exhibition of his anxiety and his doubts; he took a very different method, and one which is exactly indicated by Roger North's slurring expression as to his brother's colleague, Raymond, — "whose passive behavior," as he said, "should let those poor women die," — namely, "he left the point . . . fairly (as they call it) to the jury." Hale had done just this, and in a manner which indicated his own unwillingness to interfere with the natural movements of the jurors' minds, whose tendencies on such a question, of course, he must well have known. "He would not," he said, in charging the jury, "repeat the evidence to them, lest he should vary it one side or the other. They had two things to ask: Were the children bewitched? Were the prisoners guilty of it? That there were such creatures as witches he made no doubt at all; the Scriptures and the laws of all nations, including England, showed that. And he desired them strictly to observe this evidence, and the great God of heaven to direct their hearts in this weighty thing. For to condemn the innocent and to let the guilty go free were both an abomination to the Lord." Thereupon the jury went out, and in half an hour found the women guilty on thirteen charges. This was on Thursday afternoon, March 13, 1664–5.

Now what was this evidence which Chief Baron Hale was content to leave to the jury with so little remark, and with no criticism whatever? Our source of information for this is an account printed certainly as early as 1682, and perhaps, as there is some reason for thinking, in Hale's own lifetime, — an account prepared with care by one who was present at the trial. It bears plain marks of an effort to vindicate the justice of the proceeding.

There were, as I said, seven children supposed to be bewitched: of these, one had died before the trial; of the others, not one actually testified in court; three were reported as sick, and the other three who came to court were conveniently bewitched at this time and made dumb. But these three did go through many manifestations before the court, which must have strongly impressed any jury of plain men whose minds were preoccupied with a belief in witchcraft. One of the children was a girl of eleven, who lay on a table in the court-room, on her back, as one in a deep sleep, unable to move any part of her body, except (a common symptom in witch cases) that her stomach, "by the drawing of her breath, would arise to a great height." Then she recovered herself and sat up, but could neither see nor speak, though able to understand what was said to her; and then "she laid her head on the bar of the court with a cushion under it." The judge directed one of the alleged witches to come near and touch the girl, "whereupon," we read, "the child, without so much as seeing her, for her eyes were closed all the while, suddenly leaped up and catched Amy Duny [the old woman] by the head and afterwards by the face, and with her nails scratched her till the blood came, and would by no means leave her till she was taken from her; and afterwards the child would still be pressing towards her and making signs of anger conceived against her." Another girl of eighteen "fell into her fits" on being brought into court, and was carried out; in half an hour she recovered, and came back and was sworn, but as she undertook to testify "she fell into her fits, shrieking out in a miserable manner, crying, burn her, burn her, which were all the words she could speak." Repeated experiments were made in court of the touching of the children, while appearing to be insensible, by the old women, and of their starting up into activity. Now, says the

reporter, "there was an ingenious person who objected that there was here a great fallacy in this experiment," for the children might be shamming. Whereupon the judge (who was always fair) had an experiment tried that well-nigh upset the whole business. Three persons of consideration, including Serjeant Keeling, were desired by the court to attend one of the children, in the further part of the hall, while she was in one of her fits, and then send for one of the old women. This was done. The girl's apron was put over her eyes, and a person who was not one of the witches touched the girl's hand, which produced the same effect as the touch of the old women themselves. "Whereupon," goes on the report, "the gentlemen returned, openly protesting that they did believe the whole transaction of this business was a mere imposture. This put the court and all persons into a stand." But at length Mr. Pacy, the father of the eleven-year-old girl, made a naive suggestion that seems to have been thought a valuable one, namely, he "did declare that possibly the maid might be deceived by a *suspicion* that the witch touched her when she did not;" and the reporter, with an amusing credulity, says this was afterwards found to be true, so that "by the opinions of some this experiment (which others would have a fallacy) was rather a confirmation that the parties were really bewitched than otherwise."

One readily guesses that these dramatic incidents must have told strongly on the feelings of any plain and ordinarily kind-hearted jury. Some of the children were probably in a state of real hysteria; and the scene was heightened by all the fear and sorrow which their distressed mothers and relatives felt in telling these things, and in telling how one child had been already killed by these torments, and others were now languishing at home, at the point of death, from the same cause.

The other testimony, which a lawyer of the present day reads with amazement, was calculated to have much effect on the jury. It was, in substance, this: As to two of the children, their mother gave an account of a quarrel which she herself had had with one of the old women some years before. The woman had had the reputation of being a witch for several years. As soon as this quarrel came, the witness's little nursing boy was very sick for several weeks. She consulted a doctor who was reckoned good at helping bewitched children, and was advised by him to hang up the child's blanket by the fire all day, and when she took it down at night to burn anything that she found in it. She did hang it up, and at night found in the blanket a great toad, which she caused to be held in the fire with the tongs; then followed (as the reader will anticipate) "a great and horrible noise," "a flashing in the fire like gunpowder," "a noise like the discharge of a pistol, and thereupon the toad was no more seen nor heard." The child recovered, but the old woman (the witch) was found, on the next day, to be herself terribly burned, and she charged this on the witness, and threatened her.[1] About two years later, the wit-

[1] As regards this experiment with the toad, it is singular how the human fancy holds on to such conceptions. A near relative of mine, who lived in Andover eighty years ago, has told me that she went to school there, as a very young child, to an old woman who was generally believed to be a witch. On a neighboring farm, one day, the churning did n't work right, and the failure of the butter to come was attributed to the machinations of this old woman. The butter-makers resorted to the usual way of exorcising the evil influence by heating the spit and thrusting it red-hot into the cream. It turned out that the old woman at once appeared with a burned hand; and this was widely received as conclusive evidence that she was a witch. This was in the nineteenth century. Of this old woman, as of Moll Pitcher of Lynn, who was known to my friend, I was told that she did not discourage this opinion, for it was worth something to her in the gainful occupation of fortune-telling.

ness's daughter, ten years old, was taken in much the same way, and in her fits charged this old woman with afflicting her, and soon died; and, moreover, the witness herself became lame, and ever since, for more than three years, had gone on crutches.

As to two more of the children, eleven and nine years old, their father testified to a quarrel with one of the old women; and that the younger daughter immediately fell into fits, had the pricking of pins in her stomach, and shrieked out like a whelp, and continued in this condition nearly a fortnight, charging the old woman with afflicting her. He caused the woman to be put in the stocks, whereupon the other daughter fell sick in the same way. Their aunt testified that they were then sent to be under her care; that she had at first no faith in the stories, and thought that the children were deceiving; but they went on to throw up crooked pins and sometimes nails, although she took care that no pins were used in their clothes; and a large quantity of these pins, and also nails from the same quarter, were produced to the jury. The doctor who attended one of the children testified to his inability to account for the cause of their disorder. Similar stories were told of the other children. And finally, by way of confirming the idea that all this sort of thing was traceable to the old women, a man testified to his wagon having once struck and injured the house of one of the women, whereupon the cart was afterwards upset, and also stuck unaccountably in a gate, and the like. Another man, having touched her house with his axle, had four horses die soon afterwards, and also cattle and pigs; and himself grew lame in his legs and was troubled with lice. A woman, having been threatened by one of the old women, afterwards lost all her geese and had a new chimney fall, and also lost a firkin of fish which her brother had sent her from the "northern seas;" as to the firkin, the unfortunate mariners who were to have delivered it to her told her "they could not keep it in the boat from falling into the sea, and they thought it was gone to the devil, for they never saw the like before." An examination of the persons of the alleged witches was also had by some women appointed by the court, and they reported certain appearances which were in those days considered marks of a witch.

This, with the expert testimony of Sir Thomas Browne, was, so far as we can tell, all of the evidence. Think of Sir Matthew Hale leaving all that rubbish to the jury! What is even worse, think of his doing it with nothing to mark any just appreciation of its character! That Hale himself really believed the evidence and approved the jury's action is shown by the fact that he sentenced the women at once, on the next morning. He might have delayed, and have respited them; that was very common with the English judges when there was any doubt. But here the conviction came in the afternoon; and Hale, after having the three children and their parents at his lodgings the next morning, where he found, as the reporter tells us, that within half an hour after the conviction the children had all recovered, that they had slept well, that they now spoke perfectly and were in good health, proceeded forthwith to the final step. He must also have learned that morning of the alleged circumstance that the mother, who had been for more than three years on crutches, and had testified on them in court, was, upon the jury's verdict, "restored to the use of her limbs," and went for the first time without her crutches. Hale had two of the children come into court and confirm all that had been testified by their friends; "the prisoners," says the reporter, "not much contradicting them." And then "the judge and all the court, [being] fully satisfied with the verdict, gave judgment against the witches that

they should be hanged." They were urged to confess, but would not; and in three days they were executed.

II. I pass at once to the Scotch case. This case is remarkable for preserving the principal arguments of the prosecuting counsel, both to the court and jury; so that we may see just what the line of reasoning was by which a tribunal might be persuaded of these things. It brings strongly to light the way in which the security afforded by legal forms and solemnities for the accurate investigation of facts may wholly break down when the men who are to do the judging have their minds saturated with certain sorts of opinion. We should be very foolish if we supposed that we are wholly rid of this sort of difficulty at the present day. It is familiar to us in some of its plainer forms. The most conspicuous illustration of it in our own time is the outcome of the electoral commission for determining who had been chosen President in 1876. On a set of questions which divided the commission, as they divided the country, sharply on political lines, we tried to make the commission judges. Most of its members, no doubt, approached the questions with a patriotic purpose to be perfectly impartial, perfectly judicial. They listened to arguments on both sides, and deliberated and gave their opinions; and they were divided, eight to seven, — precisely on party lines; and this not merely on one or two of the questions, but on every question of importance. In the journal of the commission one may read thirty-four divisions of eight to seven, almost every one that is recorded. Some persons blamed them. But whom would you blame? I believe it is common for those who lost to blame all of those on the opposite side, as having been partisans. But of course it must not be overlooked that the minority showed precisely the same solidarity. The fact is that the human creature, do what he will, *cannot* rid his mind of preconceptions; and I suppose that we ought to thank God that it is so, that we cannot make ourselves into mere thinking machines. At any rate, so the fact is; these judicial treasures we have in earthen vessels.

The Scotch case came on thirty years or more after the trial of the Suffolk Witches, near Glasgow. It arose in 1696, a few years after our Salem trials. It derives a certain interest from the fact that the bewitched person, a girl of eleven, Christian Shaw, afterwards, with her mother, began at Paisley that manufacture of thread which has since made the place famous the world over. Her father was the Laird of Bargarran, in Renfrewshire, a little way out of Paisley. Christian had caught a servant, Katherine Campbell, stealing some milk on a Monday in August, and received a vigorous cursing for it; thrice the servant wished that the devil might "harle her soul through hell." On the next Friday, Agnes Naesmith, an old widow and a reputed witch, was in the laird's courtyard; the girl, Christian Shaw, gave her a saucy answer to some question, and the old woman appears to have shown resentment. On the next evening, Saturday, strange manifestations began with Christian Shaw, which continued for months. She flew over her bed, lay insensible for days, stood bent like a bow upon her feet and neck at once, "fell a-crying" that Katherine Campbell and Agnes Naesmith were hurting her, etc. She was taken to Glasgow to see a distinguished physician, Dr. Brisbane. Here her health grew better. She had an intermission of nearly a fortnight. She went home again, and her symptoms came back worse than ever; her head was pulled down towards her breast, and her tongue violently thrown out and squeezed between her teeth, especially when she undertook to pray. They took her back to Dr. Brisbane at Glasgow; and now, even on the journey thither, she developed a new thing, — the

spitting out of hairs, curled and knotted, of coal cinders as big as chestnuts and almost too hot to handle, straw, pins, small bones, pieces of wood, feathers, gravel-stones, candle-grease, and egg-shells. She was visited by great numbers of people in Glasgow, and by many of distinction. She sat up in bed, unable to see or hear, and called for a Bible and a candle, and preached to the invisible Katherine Campbell for two hours. And now she began to accuse others, and to see the devil himself. The clergy took it up; she became the object of constant observation and labor with the credulous Presbytery of Paisley. She saw a good many witches, and was much beset by them and by the devil, particularly when any religious exercise was on. "Usually," we are told in the naive story of all this, printed within a year or so, in 1698, "when ministers began to pray she made great disturbance by idle, loud talking, whistling, singing, and roaring; and when she recovered she laid this off on the hellish crew about her." Now people would hear sounds as of strokes, and she complained that various people were striking and tormenting her, and urging her to kill her young sister. She went on to name more people, and was tormented when they touched her, among them an old Highlander who had come along and asked a night's lodging; his touch tormented her, and he was arrested. The next day, a clergyman tried the experiment of covering her with his cloak, and bringing her in and letting the Highlander touch her. He did so, and she was at once tormented. Then she begged the Highlander to let her tell their secrets, upon which, says the simple narrative, "the old fellow looking at her with an angry countenance," her mouth was stopped and her teeth set. Early in February, 1696–7, came a meeting of a commission of distinguished persons appointed by the Privy Council of Scotland to examine and report upon this whole case. Christian Shaw accused various persons, and was touched by them in public and duly tormented. Then came confessions. One person charged by Christian was a beggar, described as "an ignorant, irreligious fellow who had always been of evil fame;" another was his daughter of seventeen, who, after being, as the narrative says, "seriously importuned and dealt with by two gentlemen," confessed and implicated her father and the old Highlander. A boy under twelve was arrested, and although at first he vigorously denied any guilt, he confessed and implicated his brother, aged fourteen, — now in jail at Glasgow, and about to be transported for something else. This boy also, at first, wholly denied the business, "yet," says the narrative, "at length, through the endeavors of Mr. Patrick Simpson, a neighbor minister, ingeniously confessed his guilt."

On February 11 there was a public fast, and Christian was present in church all day, — listening to three sermons; certainly a good day's work. That evening she had a sharp attack; "and when the fit was over," we read that she had to hear another discourse. "Mr. Simpson, going about family worship, did expound Psalm cx., and speaking of the limited power of the adversaries of our Lord Jesus Christ, from the latter part of verse 1, she was on a sudden seized with another grevious [sic] fit, in which she put out of her mouth some blood, which raised grounds of fear and jealousy in the minds of spectators that something in her mouth, hurting her, had been the occasion of it; yet they could not get her mouth opened, though they used means to open the same, her teeth being close set. And in the interval of the fit, she being asked if she found anything in her mouth that had been the occasion of her putting out of blood, she replied she found nothing, nor knew the cause thereof; but open-

ing her mouth, those present found one of her double teeth newly drawn out, but knew not what became of the tooth; for though search was made for the same, it could not be found. After which," we are told, "the minister proceeded [with his discourse], but was again interrupted by her renewed fits, yet closed the exercise with prayer, after which, without more trouble, she was taken to her bed."

She went on in this way accusing more people, a midwife and others, up to a certain Sunday morning near the end of March, when it all stopped. It appears to have been about this time that the final report was made by the commissioners to the Privy Council of the doings of the witches. In eight days a new commission was appointed, "not merely to examine, but now actually to try the accused persons, and sentence the guilty to be burned or otherwise executed to death, as the commissioners should incline." The commission met, heard a sermon by Mr. Hutchinson on the stimulating text, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and in a day or two adjourned for a month. Three confessions had been heretofore obtained, and it was desired that the clergy should try in this interval to get more of them. This seems to have been regarded as very important; and they succeeded in getting two more on the morning that the commission met. It is strange that neither of these two "confessants" appears to have been put on trial. Twenty-four persons had been accused. Seven of them were tried before a jury, and all convicted. After conviction one confessed, and committed suicide in prison the same night. The other six, including Katherine Campbell and Agnes Naesmith, and at least two of the earlier "confessants," were burned at Paisley on June 10, 1697.

Now, although I have been drawn into this long narrative, my chief concern is with the arguments and the trial. We have no full report; it appears, however, that they had the testimony of Dr. Brisbane, the Glasgow physician and expert, of Christian Shaw herself, now restored and in her right mind, of the five surviving "confessants," and of many others. The accused had an advocate, and in this they were more fortunate than a witch tried in England would have been at that time.

Observe, then, that this Scotch case is very different from that of the Suffolk Witches, in that the person bewitched testified here, and that *five of the alleged witches* also testified. In this way there was brought into the case a body of what was called "spectral evidence," which Sir Matthew Hale did not have to deal with. All of the "confessants" testified that they had personally seen the devil in one or another shape, and had been carried through the air in "flights;" they had met with the devil and companies of witches, being all invisible, and had appeared to Christian Shaw while unseen to everybody else, and put pins and hair, cinders, and the like into her mouth, and had, while invisible, by upsetting boats and otherwise, assisted in several murders.

The testimony of the expert, Dr. Brisbane, was of course important. It was much cooler than that of Sir Thomas Browne in the case of the Suffolk Witches. He adhered, at the trial, to a deposition which he had previously given, in which he had said that he found Christian Shaw, on her first coming, "brisk," "florid in color," "cheerful," and "every way apparently healthful," and that he saw nothing in what took place during her first visit to him — the convulsive motions and groans and talk against Campbell and Naesmith — which was not "reducible to the freaks of hypochondriac melancholy;" and at that time he treated her accordingly, with advantage. But what he could not explain was what happened afterwards.

He was often with her, he said, and "observed her narrowly, so that he was confident she had no visible correspondent to supply hair, straw, coal cinders, hay, and the like, all of which on several occasions he saw her put out of her mouth without being wet; nay, rather as if artificially dried, and hotter than the natural warmth of her body. . . . Were it not for the hay, straw, etc., he should not despair to reduce the other symptoms to their proper classes in the catalogue of human diseases." At the trial, referring to these previous statements, the doctor declared that in his opinion these things "did not proceed from natural causes arising from the patient's body." Now as regards this testimony by Dr. Brisbane, one observes no statement at all that he had at any time had the girl searched. There is also no statement, like Sir Thomas Browne's, that he himself believed in witchcraft or thought these strange occurrences traceable to that; and none that he absolved the girl from cheating. It is, as we have it, only a guarded declaration that these things are not imputable, in his opinion, to any bodily disease. If this was all he meant to say, — and it seems to have been so, — we can hardly excuse Dr. Brisbane from the charge of a cunning or cowardly unwillingness to intimate his whole mind; one can easily guess how a more frank expression as regards imposture on the part of the Laird of Bargarran's daughter, and as touching the folly and credulity of the Presbytery of Paisley, and generally of the learned and fashionable world of Glasgow and of all Scotland, might have affected the prosperity of a famous and successful physician; but it was the part of a scholar and of a man, at such a time, to say what he thought. If he had done it, it looks very much as if he might have saved the lives of seven poor wretches who afterwards died for this, and might have checked the horrid superstition that had many a victim yet. In reality, this canny statement of the expert (if it be really his exact statement, and not a poor report of it),[1] "that in his opinion the things mentioned in his attestation did not proceed from natural causes *arising from the patient's body*," was pressed upon the jury as saying that it came from no natural causes at all. These things, said the government's advocate to the jury, were "deponed by Dr. Brisbane, in his opinion, *not to proceed from a natural cause*." He did not say that; he said something very different indeed from that, and yet something that might easily be taken for it.

But not yet, as regards this Scotch case, am I speaking of what seems to me its most interesting feature, the illustration it furnishes of the use of legal machinery in ascertaining questions of fact touching the supernatural. This is found in the two arguments for the government to which I have referred, — one to the court, the other to the jury. There is something very ghastly in the application which they furnish of the formal precision of legal and logical methods, and of the analogies of natural science to a consideration of all this wretched compound of imposture and superstitious misconception which was laid before the jury. There came first a long argument to the court, on the question of receiving the "spectral evidence;" that is, the testimony of the five "confessants" and of Christian Shaw to the supernatural sights and sounds and communications which they had had, — all of which was ultimately received and submitted to the jury. The line of argument was this: You have here, the counsel said to the court, a case, where the witchcraft is sufficiently

[1] We cannot be quite sure; but one suspects Dr. Brisbane grievously. This deposition and subsequent evidence are given at pages 129, 130, and 140 of The Witches of Renfrewshire, Paisley, Alexander Gardner, 1877.

proved, and also the fact that these accused persons are the witches; and the question is of admitting *in such a case*, necessarily involving, as it does, the existence and present exercise of supernatural influences, the testimony of six persons testifying to their own seeing and hearing of certain things, — things which are in their nature objects of sense. The crime of witchcraft is an occult and secret one; witches work in secret and invisibly to most persons. "It is a part of the witches' purchase from the devil that they cannot be seen at some occasions; so that the abominations committed then would remain unpunished if such witnesses were not admitted." When these witnesses testify to going and coming from meetings, *especially on foot;* falling down and worshiping the devil, then under a corporeal shape (and he had such a shape when he tempted our Saviour); the murdering of children by a cord and napkin; the tormenting of others by pins, etc., they speak of plain objects of sense and are to be believed. It is said to be dangerous to allow this, since Satan may have represented others by false shapes. But here other facts point the same way, and, besides, experience and the opinion of the wisest divines, lawyers, philosophers, physicians, statesmen, judges, and historians, at home and abroad, are that the apparitions of witches are commonly real, and we must go by what is generally true. Moreover, it is easier for the devil to transport people in hurricanes, as in the case of Job, protecting their faces so that they are not choked with the rush of air, than it is to form the curious miniature of fictitious transactions on their brain. It is both a greater crime and pleasure *to act* in truth, and the devils and witches do so in fact (unless the place be far distant or the party indisposed), and this is supported by the writers and witches of all nations and ages. The extraordinary nature of these things is not to diminish the certainty of these proofs, for in law, as in nature, reality and not simulation is to be presumed. Our Saviour's miracles were the subject of the testimony of witnesses, his transfiguration, walking on the waters, standing in the midst of the disciples while the doors were shut, and "arguing assurance by their senses that a spirit had not flesh and bones." And if it still be said that it is not conceivable how the girl or witnesses could see what the bystanders could not see, besides its being impossible that real bodies should enter at closed doors and windows and should not intercept the sight of what is behind them, the answer is: (1) that we are not to deny proved facts because philosophers have not certainly reached yet the invisible manner of their existence, like the facts of nature that the loadstone draws iron and the compass turns always to the pole, and the facts of Scripture that an angel (and the devil was an angel once, and retains as yet his old power) smote the Sodomites so that they could not see the door while they did see the house, and that Balaam's ass saw the angel when his master could not see him; and (2) that where the fact, as here, is proved, it is enough for us to suggest a possible way in which it may come about; such a way is this, namely: Satan is a personage whose knowledge and experience make him perfect in optics and limning, and he is also very strong and agile, "whereby" (and here I cannot do justice to the passage without exact quotation) "he may easily bewitch the eyes of others to whom he intends that his instruments should not be seen, in this manner as was formerly hinted, namely, he constricts the pores of the witches' vehicle, which intercepts a part of the rays reflecting from her body; he condenses the interjacent air with grosser meteors blown into it, or otherwise does violently agitate it, which drowns another part of the rays; and lastly he obstructs the optic nerves with humors stirred towards them: all which

joined together may easily intercept the whole rays reflecting from their bodies, so as to make no impression upon the common sense; and yet, at the same time, by the refraction of the rays gliding along at the fitted sides of the volatile couch, wherein Satan transports them, and thereby meeting and coming to the eye, as if there were nothing interjacent, the wall or chair behind the same bodies may be seen; as a piece of money lying out of sight in a cup becomes visible how soon the medium is altered by pouring in some water on it. Several of your number do know that the girl declared that *she saw and heard the door and windows open* at the witches' entry, when, no doubt, the devil had precondensed a soft postage on the eyes and ears of others to whom that was unperceived. So Apolonius escaped Domitian's flight, and Giges became invisible by his magical ring. John of Sarisberrie tells us of a witch that could make anything not to be seen; and Mejerus relates another that had the like power. Some Italian witches of greater than ordinary wit confessed to Grilandus the devil opening doors and windows for them, though the more ignorant [witches] by a fascination think themselves actors of this; whence [our lawyer concludes] it ought not to be doubted by any reasonable man what in all times and places is so incontestable fact."

There was much more in this singular argument, but surely enough has been quoted to mark the nature of the idle and wandering speculations into which a legal discussion may degenerate when it enters upon such questions as these. What the considerations were that prevailed with the court we do not know. But in fact, as I said, all this evidence was received; some of it under a *cum nota*, that is a qualification that it must have corroboration, and the rest as that of persons not old enough to be sworn, and so to be taken with caution.

The jury at the trial sat continuously for twenty-six hours. Such was the custom of that time even in England, — to go through a case without adjourning. One sees many examples of it in the State Trials. Twenty hours were taken up with the putting in of the evidence and incidental arguments; and then came six hours for the final addresses and the final deliberation.

The government advocate's argument to the jury was brief. (1.) He drew their attention to the extraordinary nature of these occurrences, which on the one hand are true, as being proved by unexceptionable witnesses, and on the other are very strange, of a sort not explainable by the ordinary course of nature. He recited all that I have mentioned, and more: such as Christian Shaw's talking once with her invisible tormentors, and asking them about their red sleeves, and then seizing these invisible people and pulling away two pieces of red cloth, unlike any in the house; and again her glove being lifted from the floor by an invisible hand. It is, then (so he argued), plainly to be concluded that *there is witchcraft* here. (2.) He enlarged upon a variety of circumstances tending to show that *these accused persons were the witches:* such as that all of them had "insensible marks" on their bodies, that is places which were not sensitive; most of them had long been reputed to be witches; none of them ever shed tears; the touch of all of them set the girl into torments; all were named by her, in her fits or out of them. These things, he said, which the wisdom and experience of all nations recognize as the marks of a witch, and which are so many discoveries by Providence of a crime that would otherwise remain in the dark, all concur in these persons, and such a concurrence was never known to happen when they were incorrect. (3.) There are the positive depositions of the "confessants" to the actual sight of the devil and the witches at their work. As to these depositions

and Christian Shaw's testimony, the "spectral evidence," he drew attention to circumstances that confirmed the witnesses; for example, their concurrence, and the fact that they accused their own relatives. Of one of them the advocate says, "She went on foot to the meeting [of witches] with her father, except only that the devil transported them over the water Clyde, which was easy to the prince of the air, who does far greater things by his hurricanes."

Such were these arguments, the feature which gives its peculiar interest to this Scotch case. It will be observed that, in a sense, they relied upon the same sort of thing that would be relied upon to-day, namely, the testimony under oath of persons speaking to what they say they have seen and heard, and the testimony of experts negativing (for so this testimony was interpreted) any known natural cause as competent to explain the facts thus proved. It is true that documents were laid before the jury that would not be received to-day, — for instance, a long narrative of events prepared by the Presbytery of Paisley; but the purport of it was the same in kind as that of the testimony. The one radical difference between the trial as it was conducted then and as it would have been conducted later, while it was still possible to try for witchcraft (that is, down to 1736), lay in the different preconceptions, the different mental furniture and mental attitude, of the judge and jury at the trials. The "spirit of the age" appears in the things of which a tribunal will take judicial notice, as the lawyers say.

A great and admirable English judge, Chief Justice Holt, who came in at the English Revolution and sat till 1710, tried eleven cases of witchcraft, but there was never one conviction. As has been truly said, he went far to put an end to witchcraft trials by simply directing the prosecution, in 1702, of one Richard Hathaway, who had declared himself bewitched, and had assaulted a woman as being the witch. At that trial Holt showed, as North had showed, what a shrewd and sensible judge might do and might always have done, even with all the danger from juries at that time: he himself questioned the witnesses narrowly and in a way to reveal imposture. For example, a witness had said that he saw Hathaway with his eyes open and yet unable to see.

Holt. "And yet you say he was blind; how could that be?"

Witness. . . . "I wagged the hair of his eyelids and put a candle to his eyes, and he took no notice of it."

Holt. "How could you know that he did not see?"

Another witness, a woman, testified that she thought Hathaway bewitched.

Holt. . . . "Did you ever see anybody bewitched?"

Witness. "Yes, I have been so myself."

Holt. "How do you know you were bewitched?"

The woman answered, among other things, that she "flew over the heads of them all."

Holt. "Woman, can you produce any of those women that saw you fly?"

Witness. "It was when I was a child. They are dead."

Hathaway pretended to have fasted a long time. One of the witnesses called by him was a doctor. When the counsel had done with him, Holt put him two questions. "Doctor, do you think it *possible*, in nature, for a man to fast a fortnight?"

Witness. "I think not, my lord."

Holt. "Can all the devils in hell help a man to fast so long?"

Witness. "No, my lord, I think not: and that made me to suspect him."

And then in charging the jury Holt put the question to them, not whether Hathaway was bewitched, but whether "he was under a delirium of his mind, and did fancy himself to be bewitched."

Here we have a man whose mental outfit was of the modern style. This temper was not favorable to prosecutions for witchcraft. If it had been exhibited by Sir Matthew Hale or the Scotch judges, there would probably have been no convictions and certainly no executions.

James B. Thayer.

BELGIUM AND THE BELGIANS.

The Belgians not less than the Swiss have reason to be thankful every day that theirs is a small country, without foreign policy or colonial ambitions, secure in a guaranteed neutrality, and at liberty to cultivate the arts of peace. The burdens and anxieties which the current régime of militarism and the constant menace of war inflict upon the people of France and Germany can be appreciated only after a sojourn among them. The Germans are obliged to live under a harsh and impoverishing military despotism, while the French are reduced to an unhappy state of foreboding and half-desperation. Little Belgium, lying like a wedge between France and Germany, is, fortunately, free from the more serious troubles of its greater neighbors. Here the citizen enjoys a much higher degree of real liberty than the citizen in either of these adjoining countries: his taxes are far lighter, his obligation of military service is less oppressive, his commerce is less shackled, and in all respects he receives more and sacrifices less by reason of membership in the body politic.

There has elapsed just half a century since the Treaty of London revised the boundaries and assured the perpetual neutrality of Belgium, and gained recognition for the new state from all the powers of Europe; and during this period it has been possible for the government to give almost undivided attention to domestic affairs. Nowhere else in Europe has constitutional government pursued so even and so consistent a course; and Belgium has offered the other Continental powers many instructive lessons. The politics of Belgium, and the principles and forms of its administration in this century, have been affected so materially and directly by the French Revolution that all its political writers dwell upon 1789 as one of the cardinal dates in their country's constitutional history. The fact that the recent centennial anniversary of the great Revolution coincides with the semi-centennial of the Treaty of London might well lend additional interest to a glimpse at the *politique* of Belgium. To the foreign student of political and social questions such a view of the working institutions of the country becomes infinitely more intelligible under the explanations of so wise and eminent a publicist as Professor Émile de Lavelaye, of Liege. It is not proposed here to present either a formal study of Belgian politics or a precise report of talks with M. de Lavelaye, but rather to combine in an informal way certain remarks and comments of the distinguished Belgian with the writer's own observations.

Belgium is so famous for its close tillage, great number of small agricultural holdings, and dense population that the American visitor is surprised at the appearance of the country from the windows of his railway carriage. From the French frontier to Brussels, and from Brussels to the German frontier, — assuming that the traveler is going by the usual northern route from Paris through the heart of Belgium, on his way to

Cologne and Berlin, — one finds slightly undulating plains stretching off to a horizon of low hills, the prospect at many points being unrelieved by a village or even by a single house. A more solitary landscape could now hardly be found on the prairies of Nebraska or western Iowa, — which in fact are constantly suggested, if one happens to be familiar with them. The air of solitude is of course greatest in winter. The farming customs of central and southern Belgium differ radically from those of Flanders, the northern provinces. In the north, the land belongs to peasants, who perform the labor themselves and subdivide estates. In the centre and south, the farmers are of a different class, and hold large properties, which they seldom subdivide. The empty appearance of the land results from the grouping of houses and farm buildings in villages. Subdivision of these farms would require the investment of new capital in additional buildings, machinery, and general outfit, and this is not deemed profitable. Accordingly, as M. de Lavelaye explains, there is an absolute end of the multiplication of holdings in Belgium, and, instead of dividing the land among heirs, the people of the farming class prefer to sell the land and divide the proceeds. In the discussion of Irish, English, and American problems of agrarian economics, the fact is too frequently overlooked that modern farming methods place a natural limit upon the size of holdings, and that the average area of separate *exploitations* is nowhere tending to decrease. Yet this assertion would seem to be emphatically contradicted by the statistics of Belgium itself. From 1846 to 1880 the number of separate farms had increased from about 580,000 to more than 910,000. But these figures bring the small peasant holdings of Flanders and the large farms of the other provinces into a common category, and are therefore liable to a mistaken interpretation. The economics of large farming, in which capital is the most prominent factor, and the economics of peasant proprietorship, in which labor has the chief place, are very different. Of the 910,000 "farms" of Belgium, more than 710,000 contain less than two hectares, or five English acres each. It might be safe to estimate that less than 100,000 good-sized farms, according to English and American standards, occupy nearly two thirds of the cultivated area of Belgium, and that more than 800,000 small holdings make up the remaining one third. Subdivision is the tendency wherever that peasant proprietorship prevails; and the multiplication of Belgian farms indicated by the statistics has been chiefly in Flanders.

M. de Lavelaye explains very satisfactorily why a different land system prevails in the two parts of Belgium. The land of Flanders was originally sterile, and great labor was required to redeem the sandy wastes. The feudal tenure of such soil was not profitable, and the feudal system was therefore abrogated in Flanders much earlier than in the fertile provinces lying further inland. By dint of great industry the peasants have made the land productive. It would have been a desert to-day under a landlord system, just as Ireland would be almost as barren as Sahara but for the extraordinary richness of the soil and the fertilizing effects of an abundant rainfall. It is highly instructive to compare the thrift of peasant owners in Flanders with the distress of peasant tenants in the west of Ireland. If landlordism had been abolished in the rocky and boggy regions of western Ireland when it disappeared in Flanders, the Irish peasants would to-day be richer and more prosperous than the Flemish. A well-regulated landlord system, when applied to good land held in large farms, is not necessarily disastrous; but wherever great labor is required to redeem and cultivate rocky hillsides or barren wastes, no system but that of peasant ownership is applicable. Of this fact Flanders sup-

plies a striking illustration. It is interesting to note in passing that although so many hundred thousands of these farms now contain only about a hectare, it is not common to find them smaller. Subdivision stops at this line. M. de Lavelaye says that, to the peasant mind, the division of a hectare would be like cutting a good picture into halves.

But I had intended to dwell more particularly upon the Belgian constitution and government, and may first be allowed to recall a few general historical facts. The Belgian provinces with approximately their present bounds are very ancient, and were comparatively independent of one another until the House of Burgundy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, knit them together with a centralized administration which has from that time to the present day given them a common destiny. After the crumbling of the Carlovingian Empire, the Belgian provinces had come under the rule of feudal princes and barons, whose sway had in turn been broken down by the rise of the "communes," or townships, a movement beginning in the eleventh century. The communes reached a very high degree of prosperity, privilege, and local autonomy in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The great part which the feudal princes of Belgium played in the Crusades had enabled the communes the more successfully to assert themselves. Each commune, with its elected council and its college of magistrates, composed of a burgomaster and several echevins, formed in itself a miniature free state. The House of Burgundy superimposed a central administration upon provinces each of which had already its long-standing provincial organization and its highly developed communal system. In order to produce a larger unity, the measures which depressed and enfeebled the communes in the fifteenth century and subsequently were perhaps justified. We are accustomed to regard the superiority of Anglo-Saxon institutions as due in large part to the persistence of the old-time local units of government, the townships. It is, however, well to remember that the French and Belgian communes are almost as ancient and as worthy of respect as the Anglo-Saxon townships. Modern constitutional improvements in Belgium have been wisely grafted upon the ancient structure of provinces and communes.

Many dark pages in the history of the Low Countries are filled with the story of the Spanish domination, of the religious wars, and of the aggressions of Louis XIV., but recuperation was rapid under the beneficent administration of the Austrian House in the eighteenth century. M. de Lavelaye tells me that he well remembers how, in his boyhood days, the old people fondly recalled the good times of Maria Theresa. The economic character of the pre-Revolutionary régime in Belgium was far from being so bad as that of France. In Belgium, in the eighteenth century, the nobles and the Church bore their respective shares of taxation, and the masses were comparatively comfortable. The more violent phases of the French Revolution were fortunately not witnessed in Belgium, while the beneficent and just principles of the new political philosophy of France had free course and general acceptance in the neighbor country. In 1794, Belgium was annexed by the French republic, and it shared the fortunes of France until the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. Compared with the old France, the old Belgium was certainly an Elysium; but its society was lethargic and unprogressive. The Revolution and the French intrusion made an awakening that was exceedingly rough and uncomfortable, but thoroughly beneficial in the end. As a primary-school summary of Belgian history quaintly remarks, "À la suite de la victoire de Fleurus, la Belgique passe à la France,

dont le régime a ses rigueurs, mais nous procure de précieuses libertés." The transformation wrought in a very few years is well summed up by a spirited Belgian historian: "1789, c'est la vieille Belgique, la Belgique provinciale et communale, telle que l'ont formée les siècles, avec ses antiques priviléges, ses rouages compliqués, ses classes juxtaposées, ses trois états, son clergé tout-puissant, son esprit particulariste et conservateur — 1799, c'est la Belgique nouvelle, la Belgique unifée, telle que l'a modelée le clair génie de la France, avec son administration simple, sa égalité civique, son clergé fonctionnaire, son esprit centralisateur et progressif." To this day, the civil and criminal codes, the machinery of civil administration, and the arrangements and procedure of judicial tribunals are essentially those introduced from France in the Napoleonic period.

The allied powers, convened at Paris in 1814 to arrange terms of peace with France, determined upon the fusion of Belgium and Holland, and the establishment of the Kingdom of the Low Countries, under the rule of the Prince of Orange as William I. The new power was erected upon the basis of a constitutional document known as "the Fundamental Law of 1815;" and a very liberal charter it was, when one considers the mood in which the conquerors were, and their dislike of advanced and "Frenchified" political notions. It had been adopted by Holland in 1814, and its benefits were extended to Belgium by the fusion of the following year. The Fundamental Law recognized most of "the rights of man," gave the provinces and communes their own administration, and, in short, established modern representative institutions. But while the government of William was in the main advantageous and just, it was in minor respects exceedingly unpopular and obnoxious in the Belgian provinces. The Belgians for the most part talked French, and they disliked Dutch as the official language. Holland was Protestant, while Belgium was intensely Catholic, and the Church found itself uncomfortably fettered. Dutch views seemed to prevail in everything, to the growing exasperation of the Belgians, who felt themselves under a foreign yoke rather than an integral part of a self-governing country. The Belgians all admit that what they term the *régime hollandais* was highly favorable to the development of their industry and commerce, and notable for the great impulse given to education; but the Dutch behaved themselves stupidly and offensively in various particulars, and the Belgians, while acknowledging and respecting the many superior qualities of the Netherlanders, found the union ill-assorted and incompatible. They admired the Dutch as neighbors, but could not endure to keep house with them. In 1830, they pronounced themselves divorced from a union which had been forced upon them without their consent by the Treaties of Paris and the Congress of Vienna, and they succeeded in maintaining an independence which at first was viewed quite unfavorably by Europe and vigorously opposed by Holland. A provisional government declared Belgium an independent state, and called a national congress to adopt a constitution.

Few constitutional assemblies have ever been more thoroughly representative, and few have ever shown a higher degree of political sagacity, than that which assembled at Brussels in November, 1830, and completed its labors in the following February. Within a period of about forty years Europe and America had witnessed a series of most remarkable constitutional experiments. New principles had been developed, and what we term the modern era of constitutionalism had fairly set in. There were in this convention a number of able and brilliant men, and the discussions were of the most important char-

acter. Some of the two hundred members believed that the time had come to establish a republic; and, with the House of Orange forever excluded by a formal vote, the question seemed to rest upon its pure merits. It was decided, after a discussion of the actual situation, domestic and foreign, that an hereditary constitutional monarchy, with ministerial responsibility, would be the best form of government for Belgium, and only thirteen votes dissented, although the republic was frankly avowed by many to be their ideal. The sovereignty of the people was, however, declared, and not a vestige of the divine right of kings was left in the reconstituted system. The nature and limitations of the monarchy were fortunately determined before the monarch himself was selected.

The Belgian constitution-makers of 1830 understood the nature of their task. It was theirs to preserve in unified and harmonious form the old institutions of the provinces and communes, and to weave into the new fabric those modern liberties, individual and social, which the French Revolution had rescued from the débris of feudalism, and which the French régime in Belgium had left as an imperishable souvenir in the political creeds, if not in the ordinary practice of the country. Then there was the very respectable constitution of Holland, which a joint commission of Belgian and Dutch notables had revised in 1815, and under which the people of the two countries had now lived for fifteen years. This document might well be taken as the basis of comparison, the point of departure. Good use, moreover, was to be made of English and American experience in constitutional government; and finally, there were, in the precise situation and in the causes that had led to the revolution of 1830, many things to tax the critical and the constructive faculties of the national assembly. The result was not only one of the clearest and most scientific instruments of organic law ever drafted by any man or body of men, but also one of the best in point of practical fitness. It has kept its place without a change to the present day. The revolutionary waves of 1848 and 1870 which swept across Europe were quite without effect in Belgium, where the people were already in the enjoyment of all the more substantial constitutional liberties. Of the larger powers of the European continent, not one has yet attained, through all the struggles of the century, the liberties which Belgium has enjoyed without a break for nearly sixty years. Full freedom of worship, of instruction, of the press and the theatre, of assembly and association, of petition, of language, — these social rights, only partly protected under the régime hollandais, were specifically guaranteed in the constitution of 1831, together with those individual rights of perfect equality before the law and of inviolability of domicile and property that have had more universal recognition.

The adoption of the English system of ministerial responsibility was the most important point of difference between the Fundamental Law of 1815 and that of 1831. If the ministers of William had been dependent upon the Chambers, it is not improbable that the agitations which culminated in the Brussels outbreak of 1830 would have taken the form of parliamentary controversies, and would have expended their force in that way. If the quarrel had lain between the Belgians and a responsible ministry rather than between the people and the king himself, the union with Holland might not have been sacrificed. For the dissatisfaction was with the administration much more than with the laws. With the new constitution, then, Belgium came under the form of government called by the French *le régime parlementaire*, borrowing from England a system which has since been adopted by Austria, Italy, and France, and about the merits and success of which there is

to-day in Europe much discussion and wide difference of opinion. The system has worked more evenly and satisfactorily in Belgium than anywhere else, because, as M. de Lavelaye points out, the conditions of party are more favorable. As for the system in general, I may remark here that M. de Lavelaye has been one of its most hostile critics, regarding it in France and Italy as a "veritable nuisance," and even in England as distracting, inefficient, and wholly disappointing. The parliamentary system is that of government by the ruling party in the legislature. It presupposes two main parties of tolerably stable character, the one representing conservatism, and the other representing change and progress. Nowhere else in Europe are parties so sharply defined and so well balanced as in Belgium. In England, France, Italy, and Austria, parties are now either so numerous or so unstable that governments must depend for their existence upon the coalition of more or less discordant groups and elements; and the larger part of the energy and attention of cabinets must be devoted to the task of maintaining themselves in Parliament. M. de Lavelaye, whose long and close observation has given him a right to speak with more than ordinary authority, avows his great preference for the American presidential system, which separates the executive and the legislative departments, giving the cabinet ministers a safe and fixed tenure, and allowing them to pay undivided attention to their work. At best, as he justly observes, the parliamentary system is properly applicable only to a monarchy, and has no excuse in a republic like France, which could change the administration, if it so desired, by changing the President at stated periods.

I am tempted to present at greater length M. de Lavelaye's criticism of the parliamentary régime in Europe, but I must not wander too far from Belgium. Here there are two parties, the Catholic and the Liberal. It is true that in municipal elections the radicals and socialists sometimes emerge as small party groups; but they cut no figure at all in general politics. There are no independents, there is practically no "floating vote." Every man is a pronounced partisan, and votes his ticket "straight." In Parliament the two parties are closely organized. Changes of ministry are expected, if at all, only in consequence of a regular general election; and dissolution and appeals to the country are quite out of the usual order of things. Recent ministries have, like American cabinets, held office for four years. The parties are so nearly even that the result of the quadrennial parliamentary elections is always uncertain. Viewing the party history through considerable periods, it may be said that from 1830 to 1848 the Catholic party were more generally in power, and that from 1848 up to the present decade the Liberal element was sufficiently predominant, for the most part, to give its character to the laws and administration; while the more recent situation has been Catholic and reactionary. Since Belgium is the most intensely Catholic country in Europe, — the masses in no other region, with the possible exception of the Tyrol, being so completely under the influence and control of the clergy, — it may well be asked how it happens that the Catholic party are not always in power, and that the anti-clericals, while invariably controlling the municipal governments of Brussels, Antwerp, Liege, Mons, and all the towns of any considerable size, are always very compact and strong in the Parliament. The answer to this question involves one of the most curious facts in current European politics. Liberals everywhere in Catholic countries owe whatever of power they possess to limitations upon the suffrage, while the clericals may truly charge all their curtailments of authority to the same cause. It is the wealthy and better educated people

of the middle classes — the lawyers, engineers, bankers, and leaders in all sorts of modern activities — who have broken with the Church in Europe, and are the mainstays of Liberalism. There is, of course, an aristocratic element which holds to the traditions of the old régime, and which is in alliance with the clerical party. But when the docile and religious masses of the people are excluded, as in Austria and Belgium, from the exercise of political privileges, the "emancipated" element of Liberalism finds itself nearly or quite as strong as the conservative Catholic party. Universal suffrage in these countries would, as M. de Lavelaye believes, and as leading Liberals in Vienna assure me to be their opinion, make certain a half century of reaction and Catholic predominance. Yet Liberalism everywhere, true to its faith in the people, has been demanding a broader basis for the suffrage; while Catholicism, deeply opposed to the principle of democracy, has preferred to be thwarted and sometimes flatly defeated rather than to win easy victory by invoking the *vox populi*. There is something decidedly anomalous and paradoxical in the situation upon its face, but each party is perhaps right, if one takes the broad view that looks into the next century.

Both parties regard the educational question as more critically vital than any other. In Belgium, as in Austria, the Liberal governments of two or three decades ago succeeded in establishing elementary education upon a national and unsectarian basis. In both countries, the Catholic party — now slightly in the majority in Belgium, and also, through coalitions, in power at Vienna — are determined to clericalize the schools, and to control the future by directing the education of the children. M. de Lavelaye believes that for his own country, as for Europe in general, the Liberal prospect is less auspicious than at any time in many years. He does not hesitate to predict a general reaction of Catholicism and aristocratic conservatism in a close alliance which is to sweep Europe. He holds that Liberalism, with its representative system and its much-vaunted parliamentary régime, has come far short of its promises of forty years ago, and that its extravagance, inefficiency, and tedious irrelevancies have excited distrust, in view of military exigencies, and especially in view of the rise of socialism. In Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, the most sagacious Liberal publicists and statesmen, whether agreeing or not with M. de Lavelaye's condemnation of the parliamentary régime, share, as I have good reason to know, his apprehensions as regards the political future, and witness with alarm, from their own respective and immediate points of view, the growth of clericalism as a political force. M. de Lavelaye deems the French and Italian situations especially bad. He has little hope for the permanency of the French republic; and he regards the religious question as at the root of things, the reaction against republican opposition to the religious orders being fraught with serious consequences, of which the end is yet to be seen. Nor does he see much encouragement for the government in the mortal struggle between the Church and the king in Italy. M. de Lavelaye takes the general view that Catholic predominance in a country is incompatible with the working of free representative institutions, from the very nature of the hold the priests keep upon the consciences of the people. Certainly the Belgian priests watch their flocks closely. One cannot fail to be impressed, in going from France to Belgium, with the astonishing difference in the devoutness of the people.

In Belgium, it is not the women alone who go to church on Sunday. The churches are packed with men, who are under priestly domination of a sort that is exercised in few other countries. In Liege, as I am told, the priests as-

certain through the letter-carriers what members of their congregations receive copies of Liberal newspapers, and read out the names in church, refusing absolution unless the paper is discontinued at once. Protestantism is a very small force in Belgium, having only about fifteen thousand adherents in a population of six millions, one fourth of one per cent. As in France, a part of the salaries of religious ministers is provided by the government; and the ministers of the established Protestant Church, the Église Réformé, receive their share. There is also, as in France, a free Protestant Church, which receives no subventions, and is the more energetic for its independent position.

To an outside observer, one of the most seriously objectionable results of the political attitude of the Catholic Church in Europe is the making of religion a matter of party. To be a Liberal in Belgium or Austria is to be without the pale of the Church. The constitution accords every man freely the right of political opinion and association; but the Church denies such right. Practically, therefore, in Catholic countries, the whole Liberal party is unchurched. If Protestantism were reinforced by the withdrawal of the great body of intelligent Liberals from the Catholic Church, the situation would be very different. But, as matters stand, the Church declares that Liberalism destroys all religious faith, and that as the religious sanction disappears morality declines and the very foundation stones of society begin to shake in their places. If the complete secularism of the Liberal party tends to social disintegration, it is hard to see why the major share of blame should not be laid at the door of a church which makes religion a close party monopoly.

In the constitution of the Belgian legislature there is much that resembles that of the law-making bodies of American States. The Chamber of Representatives has just twice as many members as the Senate, and members of both bodies are chosen by direct vote of the qualified citizens, in the same electoral districts. Senators are chosen for eight years, and Representatives for four years; but both bodies are divided into two classes, so that half the Chamber is renewed every two years, and half the Senate every four years. M. de Lavelaye is a warm advocate of this plan of partial renewal. He thinks that it greatly relieves the strain of parliamentary crises; and he regards its steadiness and continuity as of very high advantage. The French Chambers, in his opinion, might employ the plan with great benefit; and he would regard the adoption of a four years' term, with the biennial election of half the members, as an improvement in the American House of Representatives. Under the Dutch-Belgian constitution of 1814–15, the Representatives were elected indirectly; but the convention of 1831 adopted the plan of direct election, after a spirited discussion.

However, the idea of a universal or even of a tolerably general suffrage found no favor in this assembly. The payment of direct taxes to the state was made the condition of voting, and the constitution provided that the sum should be determined by law, the maximum being one hundred florins, and the minimum twenty florins. At first a schedule was enacted, which made different rates for town and country, and also for different provinces, the average rate being much higher than the constitutional minimum. But in 1848, under the influence of the universal wave of democratic feeling, the differences were all abolished, and the minimum of twenty florins was made the uniform qualification, by unanimous vote of both Chambers. It should be remembered that this sum (42.32 francs, equal to about $8.50) is to be paid as direct taxes to the state, and that payment of provincial and municipal taxes

does not count towards electoral qualification. In a total population of 6,000,000 there are only about 129,000 persons qualified to vote, or one thirteenth of the adult male population. So restricted a suffrage seems to us extremely illiberal; yet without it Liberalism would have been hopelessly buried. The present system is imbedded in the constitution; and it is well-nigh impossible to change that instrument.

Moreover, there is very little agitation in any quarter for an extension of the suffrage, and the system is likely to remain as it is until the intellectual emancipation of the masses has made much greater progress. Under the existing system of compulsory education the reproach of illiteracy is fast disappearing. In 1880, forty-two per cent. of the population above fifteen years of age was absolutely illiterate, while all but about twenty-nine per cent. of the children between seven and fifteen could read and write. The statistics of 1890 will show a very marked improvement. In deference to the demands of a growing popular intelligence, there was enacted in 1883 a law establishing an educational qualification for the provincial and communal franchise. This new law adds to the electoral lists two classes of persons, irrespective of tax-paying: first, all persons exercising specified liberal professions, holders of diplomas from specified classes of institutions, occupants of important official, commercial, and social positions under specified conditions, and so on through a carefully elaborated schedule; and second, those who pass successfully an electoral examination, the details of which are prescribed in the law.

Educational qualification has been much discussed theoretically, both in Europe and America, but has had very meagre practical trial anywhere. The Belgian experiment is the more interesting for that reason. The requirements are made to correspond in a general way with the amount and kind of knowledge included in the compulsory school courses, the intention being that the boy who has completed his school attendance shall be well prepared, with a little reviewing, to take the electoral examination. The programme of obligatory instruction in Belgian schools includes reading, writing, arithmetic, the legal system of weights and measures, the elements of the French, Flemish, or German language, according to the province or locality, geography, Belgian history and civil government, drawing, singing, gymnastics, and the principles of agriculture in schools of rural communes. The electoral examination embraces all these subjects except drawing, singing, gymnastics, and agriculture. As originally enacted, the law required the presentation of school certificates as a preliminary; but this demand has been modified. The candidate must be fully eighteen years old. (He is not, of course, to exercise the franchise until he is twenty-one.) He may have his examination in the French, Flemish, or German language, and may choose between an evening and a Sunday sitting. The examinations are held in March of each year in the chief town of every canton, and the state railways carry the candidates up to the ordeal and home again at half price. The examinations are conducted by "juries of three" members each, named by the minister of the interior. Each jury is composed of a principal or leading instructor in a middle school of the state system, a like educator from a private middle school, and a third person not engaged in educational work, who acts as president. The answers are wholly in writing, and the questions to be submitted are selected by lot, in the presence of the candidates, from a very large list prepared and published by the government.

The current list is for the period 1889–93, and it is the privilege of the candidate to study all the questions at his leisure, in advance. Publishers issue

the questions with answers annexed, to make "cramming" as easy as possible. But the examination is, nevertheless, far from being a farce. The official *questionnaire* contains one hundred numbered passages, averaging about one hundred and fifty words each, from the writings of standard authors. A number is drawn, and the corresponding passage is slowly dictated to the candidates, to test at once their ability to read, write, and spell. To answer the questions on the history of Belgium (111 in the questionnaire) requires a remarkably thorough knowledge, involving also much of general European history from the time of Cæsar to the middle of the present century; while the fifty or more questions on the principles of the Belgian constitution call for knowledge both accurate and mature. The geography questions number 168, and require a minute knowledge of Belgium, a very thorough acquaintance with the natural and political features of Europe, and a fair knowledge of the whole world. One hundred and forty-nine problems in general arithmetic are given, and 173 more deal with measures of length, measures of surface, measures of volume and capacity, weights, and money. Questions from each category are successively drawn. The precautions to insure fairness are many and effective. Resident electors are allowed to be represented by witnesses, who observe that all is done in the interest of fair play. The examination papers are collected, sealed in a package, and transmitted to the examining board of some other canton, selected by lot, to be read and marked. Reading and writing together count for ten points, and the other five branches for five points each. To pass the examination and receive a diploma it is necessary to have gained at least twenty-one points out of a possible thirty-five. The requirements seem rather formidable; but they are open to a liberal construction, so that if the candidate is but able to write legibly, to spell respectably, to solve ordinary every-day problems in figures, and to use current weights and measures, he may fail in history and geography and still pass the ordeal. An examination system can never be free from all objections; and Belgium's has perhaps as few as any ever devised.

It is inevitable that the body of provincial and communal electors, now grown vastly larger than that of the legislative electors, must sooner or later demand and obtain the full franchise. At present, only those who pay forty-two francs of direct state taxes vote for Senators and Representatives. For provincial elections the limit is reduced to twenty francs, and for the communal franchise to ten francs; direct taxes paid to the treasury of the state alone being reckoned. The enrollment of individuals by virtue of professions and positions (*capacitaires de droit*), and of those who have passed the educational test (*capacitaires après examen*), now reinforces the number of those possessing the property qualification (*censitaires*) as regards the provincial and municipal elections.

The Belgians have recently adopted an improved form of secret ballot, that is worthy the attention of England and the American States as being distinctly better in some respects than anything in use elsewhere. The ordinary French and American system of balloting was in vogue in Belgium prior to 1877. In that year the English system (commonly called in America the Australian system) was adopted, as a safeguard against prevalent bribery and intimidation. The English plan of ballots prepared by the authorities was found, of course, a great advance. But it did not secure absolute secrecy; for instructed or purchased voters were required, in many cases, by those who controlled them to make the cross or mark in some prescribed and recognizable way, so that interested persons could know to a certainty whether

pledges were fulfilled or not. All this has now been done away with by the substitution of gutta-percha stamps for pencils, in the alcoves of the polling places. The property qualification admits many illiterates to the ballot; and it is found practically objectionable to allow the president or any other official of the day to accompany such voters into the alcoves to read and explain the ticket. Different colors are used for the benefit of illiterates. Thus, in the legislative elections, the average district is entitled to choose several members. The Catholics prepare their list of candidates, and send it in to the authorities with the signatures of at least forty electors to constitute a valid nomination. The Liberals do likewise. The parties are so perfectly organized that the occasions are extremely rare when any other than the two regular lists are sent in. The authorities print the two sets of names in parallel columns on the voting paper, printing the Catholic list in red and the Liberal list in blue. At the head of each list is printed a device which incloses a blank white patch. The voter places the inked stamp in the Catholic or in the Liberal patch at his option, folds the ticket, and deposits his vote. He may vote a mixed list, if he chooses; in which case he affixes the stamp in a space left for that purpose at the end of each name. He can vote only for names printed on the ticket, and only for as many as the number of places to be filled. Sometimes it happens that more than two tickets are nominated. In a municipal election at Brussels, on one occasion, there were four parties in the field, — Catholic, Liberal, Radical, and Socialist. In such cases the additional lists are printed in still different colors on the same ballot paper. The instances are exceptional where voters do not adhere to the regular and complete party list. A man votes "red" or he votes "blue," and stamps his ticket accordingly. It will be observed that the requirement of so many as forty signatures to a nomination paper helps to maintain party discipline and to keep down random voting. In all its details the system would not be perfectly applicable for a country where parties are less rigid and omnipotent than in Belgium; but the use of the stamp is an improvement which might advantageously be adopted everywhere.

The nine provinces (Antwerp, Brabant, East Flanders, West Flanders, Hainaut, Liege, Limbourg, Luxembourg, and Namur) have each their elective assembly, known as provincial councils; these bodies varying in number, according to the provincial population, from forty-one in Limbourg to ninety-two in East Flanders. The assembly meets in a brief annual session at the chief town of the province, and deals with matters of purely provincial concern. Councilors are elected for four years, half of them retiring every two years. The most important work of the council is done by a standing committee of six members (*la députation permanente*), which acts as a governor's administrative council. The provincial governor corresponds to the French prefect, being appointed by the king, and having executive authority in the name of the general government. But the Belgian province has a larger measure of autonomy than the French "department." For certain judicial and electoral purposes the provinces are divided into cantons and arrondissements; but these are merely territorial circumscriptions, and have no corporate character. The essential internal divisions of Belgium are the ancient provinces and communes. There are about 2400 communes, each with its municipal government. Some of them are densely filled with an urban population, and others are petty rural townships; but each has its elected council, its burgomaster, and its echevins. The size of these municipal councils varies with the population, from nine or ten members in the smallest to thirty or more in the large places. They

are elected by the voters of the commune on general tickets for terms of six years, half being elected every three years. As the Liberal voters are in a majority in all the large towns, the general-ticket plan gives the Catholics very little chance; and M. de Lavelaye, with other fair-minded Liberals, is now engaged in the advocacy of a system of minority representation by cumulative voting. The ward system does not seem to be advocated, the different parts of communes being recognized under the existing system in making up the lists. The communal lines are sometimes much more restricted than the area of a large town. Thus Brussels as a metropolis has about 400,000 people, while the commune of Brussels — the "municipal corporation," as we should say — has only 160,000. The councilors in the larger communes are usually intelligent and active men, — barristers, engineers, manufacturers, and progressive citizens of various callings. The burgomaster, or mayor, is appointed by the king (that is, by the government of the day) from the members of the communal council, usually in concurrence with the known or supposed wishes of the majority, and he holds his place for an indefinite term. In all but the larger communes there are two echevins, selected from the membership of the council, and having executive duties to perform as associates and assistants of the mayor. They hold for six years. In Brussels and Antwerp there are five echevins, and in the other large towns there are four. These, with the burgomaster to preside over them, form a standing executive board, and control the ordinary police system, supervise municipal works, have charge of the sanitary administration as a board of health, and so on. The system is simple and efficient. The burgomaster presides at the sessions of the council as well as at those of the "echevinal college," and is at once a servant of the commune and a representative in the commune of the executive power of the state. The college of echevins has control of the civil registers of births, deaths, and marriages, and is charged with the duty of executing in the commune all the laws and mandates of the superior governments of the province and the realm, thus having general as well as merely local functions. As M. de Lavelaye remarks, the burgomastership becomes in some towns a sort of dynasty. In Antwerp, the burgomaster of forty years ago was succeeded by his son, who has now in turn been succeeded by his son-in-law, thus keeping the office in the family for three generations.

Those who regret the rapid disappearance of the quaint and old-fashioned in European cities must be shocked at the changes which a few years have made in the principal places of Belgium. Parts of these towns are now not unlike parts of Omaha, Minneapolis, or Kansas City, in their freshness and newness and in the general character of their architecture. There has been a great passion in Belgium for municipal renovation, and much has been done on lines similar to those by which New and Corporation streets were constructed in Birmingham. Some fifteen years ago, the Belgian law regarding ex-appropriation was altered to permit such improvements. The town of Liege, for example, bought up all the houses — old and poor, for the most part — lining a narrow but central and important street. The houses were demolished and the street was greatly widened. The building sites were then sold *in toto* to a company for an amount more than sufficient to cover the cost of original purchase and of demolition. The company built in part and sold lots in part, and the result is a magnificent modern street, now solidly built up. The beautiful broad boulevard, with double rows of splendid trees, that curves through Liege was once the course of the Meuse (or rather of one branch, the

original town being upon an island). But the river was diverted into a straighter channel some seventy years ago, and a grand street was made of the other and longer channel. About 1879, a smaller island, as then unbuilt upon, was acquired by the government, and sold to the municipality of Liege for 1,000,000 francs. The town authorities laid out fine streets and sold building sites. Within two years the new "addition" was splendidly built up with showy residence rows. The city's speculation was a very lucrative one. But these things are not always carried out so smoothly. All recent visitors to Brussels must have been impressed with the broad and exceedingly handsome new business thoroughfare in which the Grand Hotel stands. This boulevard was made by the city a few years ago, upon the plan already described. The old buildings were all purchased and demolished at great cost, and the formerly narrow street was made straight and broad. The reconstruction was accomplished by a French company, which could not meet its obligations to the city, and failed. A large amount of the property fell into the hands of the municipal corporation, which is now a landlord on an extensive scale, and which, as perhaps most of the American guests do not know, owns the Grand Hotel itself. Antwerp has employed this same plan to rebuild and improve its central streets; and so the old and picturesque is disappearing, and something like Parisian uniformity and universality is everywhere the new rule in municipal architecture.

Brussels, as a modern municipality and a growing commercial centre, has many points of interest. It is developing rapidly, and its ambition and courage are expanding in due proportion. It is one of the few large towns of Belgium or France that have gone into the business of gas supply on municipal account. Its gas-works are advantageously operated, prices have been reduced, and the net revenues are considerable. The tram-lines in all the Belgian towns are operated by private companies under strict regulations, and they pay mileage rates to the municipal treasuries for use of the streets. They are, as a rule, admirably managed, with low fares, graduated according to distance. Marked improvements are everywhere making in such matters as paving, drainage, building regulations, and municipal amenities of various sorts; but in these undertakings the Belgian towns, like the French, are more conservative than the German and the British. Brussels has taken the notable example of Glasgow, and the still more recent example of Manchester, to heart, and is seriously agitating the question of a ship canal. This huge undertaking could not fail to enhance the importance of the Belgian capital, and as a financial project it seems entirely feasible. Every ambitious modern city has its future largely in its own hands, and Brussels is intent upon making itself great.

Although these Belgian cities are growing so handsome and Paris-like, one regrets to find the housing of the poor so inadequate. M. de Lavelaye assures me that while, in recent years, much new construction has added greatly to the average size and comfort of the houses occupied by the more fortunate classes, there has been little or no new building for the poor, and small improvement in the character of their habitations. As in the British cities, so in the Belgian towns, thousands of families live each in a single room. The condition of the *ouvriers* does not seem to M. de Lavelaye to be improving fast. He takes issue with Professor Leroy-Beaulieu, of Paris, and Mr. Robert Giffen, of London, upon this question, holding that the moneyed class is relatively growing in numbers and wealth as against the labor class. It is not that real wages have not increased, while interest on capital has decreased; but that the total volume of

capital has increased so enormously, and that the shares and evidences of this new wealth are in the hands of the rich, — the *bourgeoisie*. It was in this vein that the Belgian economist discoursed, as we inspected the handsome new rows in Liege, consisting of houses that cost about 100,000 francs to build, on lots valued at 20,000 francs, — such establishments renting for about 5000 francs. Incidentally, it may be said that many well-to-do people — perhaps nearly half of them — in Belgian towns own their houses.

So many things in the local administration of Belgium being like those of France, it is worth while to observe one great point of improvement. Belgium abolished the octroi taxes some twenty years ago, with the result of making some of the commonest articles much cheaper in Belgian than in French towns. One is impressed, indeed, with the cheapness of all small articles in Belgium. In France the smallest coin in common circulation is the sou piece (five centimes, equivalent to one American cent, or an English halfpenny); but in Belgium copper coins of one and two centimes are in ordinary use. A newspaper may be bought for two centimes. The tram-line fares are six or eight centimes per kilometre. School-children buy pencils and other small articles at prices which only the small coins make possible. The relation of minor coinage to customary prices is worthy of more study than it has received. The poor people of Belgium probably save in the total a large sum annually because of the fact that change can be made to the centime.

Although at present there is no party cleavage upon race lines, the two principal races of Belgium do not tend to merge their distinctions. The northern provinces remain Flemish and talk Flemish, while the middle and southern provinces remain Walloon and talk that dialect. The Flemish as spoken is a distinct dialect, but as written it is identical with the Dutch. The Walloon is a Latinic speech, resembling the French, yet different enough to be understood with difficulty by a Parisian. It is a written dialect, and a few obscure newspapers are printed in it; but French is the language of the schools and of the educated classes in the Walloon half of Belgium. The Flemish people have long stood strongly for their own language, and have it in their schools, although French is the official language of Belgium, so far as it is necessary to give one language the preference over the other. The Walloons are now asserting themselves against the Flamards, and neither element proposes to be absorbed by the other. The race talk involves new universities, new newspapers, and all sorts of agencies for the propagation of the cherished dialects. There is much duplicate printing, and signs and public notices are commonly written in both languages. In their own corner, chiefly in Luxembourg, the Germans are tenacious of their tongue, use it in the schools and as the official language of local administration, and succeed in making it hold its own. As M. de Lavelaye says, this strong assertion of race feeling in Belgium is but part of a general tendency that is one of the most conspicuous of recent political and social phenomena in Europe. The sentiments of race, speech, and nationality show everywhere a remarkable impulse. They are working with a somewhat alarming aggressiveness in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, where Germans, Czechs, Sclavs, Magyars, Poles, and Italians are asserting their respective race claims in a spirit that shows little regard for the permanence of the empire. Even in Great Britain, the Welsh, Irish, and Scotch elements are exhibiting in a wholly unwonted way the feelings of distinct nationality. With regard to Belgium, it is difficult to forecast the consequences of this persistence in race distinctions. At present,

there is no serious friction between the Walloons and the Flamards, but it is easily conceivable that there might arise some quarrel as serious as that between the Belgians and the Dutch, that caused the separation of 1830.

For centuries France has regarded the Belgian provinces as properly hers; and since the war with Germany, it is undoubtedly true that the French have looked towards Belgium with special longing, as compensation for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. If Belgium should ever be disintegrated on the lines of race and speech, the French provinces would gravitate naturally to France, while the Flemish provinces might be expected to fall to Holland, only to be absorbed with the whole of the Netherlands into the unsatisfied and ambitious German Empire. During the Franco-Prussian war, in spite of the guarantees of the treaty of 1839, Belgian soil was in imminent danger of violation. Neither Belgium nor Switzerland has an all-abiding faith in the international morality of the two great and turbulent powers between which it is their misfortune to lie; and while both regard their recognized position of neutrality as a great advantage and safeguard, yet each is also preparing with some nervousness to defend its territory and its lines of transit against military occupation in the great war which all Europe anticipates. Belgium has a standing army of more than fifty thousand men on the peace footing, which could be instantly increased to more than twice that size in war, besides having a *garde civique* of about fifty thousand men. So highly do the Belgians prize their independent position that they would fight desperately to maintain it. They want nothing but to be let alone; and they are so unanimous and determined upon that proposition, and so well prepared to enforce the modest claim, that their external position would seem to be tolerably secure. The treaty of 1839 lends at least great moral weight to their situation. They could have almost nothing to gain, and very much that is substantial to lose, by the sacrifice of their status as a small neutral power; and it is their policy to be friendly to their neighbors, without giving any one of them an occasion to be jealous or suspicious. Thus the situation seems to be permanently tenable.

The national congress in 1831 made a signally wise choice when it offered the Belgian throne to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, whose high personal connections and prestige, great experience in war, diplomacy, and politics, and familiarity, from residence at the English court, with constitutional government in Great Britain, all combined to fit him for the delicate task of piloting the new ship of state into safe waters. Few modern sovereigns have been more efficient and influential within strictly constitutional lines than was Leopold I. during his long reign of thirty-four years. His son, Leopold II., whose reign will have completed a quarter of a century in December, 1890, has also enjoyed a most popular and successful career as an administrator at home, besides achieving a brilliant reputation abroad for his enterprise, spirit, and enlightenment.

The Belgian constitution requires that a vote of the two houses of the legislature shall precede the acceptance by their king of the sovereignty of any other state; but although such a vote was passed in April, 1885, in order to permit Leopold to assume the kingship of the Congo Free State, the African project is not at all in favor with either party. It is entirely a personal venture of the king's, and is proving a heavy drain upon his private resources. His efforts to persuade Belgium to take up the affair have met with no encouragement. The Belgians not only object to assuming the expense of supporting the government of the Congo Free State, but they also fear that entrance upon

what must be tantamount to a colonial policy would involve them in complications with foreign powers and oblige them to establish a navy. M. de Lavelaye fully shares the objections of the Belgian political leaders to any identification of the country with the African movement. He regards the recent colonial projects of the European powers as a heavy burden upon the people, without having compensating advantages; and in our conversations he referred to Italy's expensive attempts to colonize and control desert wastes, and to the great sums spent by that power in building war-ships that are of little use when built, as a conspicuous example of disastrous public policy. The king of Belgium is reduced to the necessity of floating loans in small shares with drawings and premiums (somewhat on the Lesseps plan, with the later emissions of Panama stock), in order to pay the current expenses of his huge realm in the heart of Africa. The central government of the Congo State, meanwhile, is domiciled in Brussels, and the executive work is apportioned among three ministers, who hold respectively the portfolios of foreign affairs and justice, finance, and the interior.

The section of the constitution which vests the sovereignty of Belgium in the house of Saxe-Coburg limits the succession to the direct male line. A great sorrow to the present king and a disappointment to the nation was the death of Prince Leopold, the only son, in 1869, at the age of ten years. The successor to the throne must therefore be chosen outside the king's immediate family. The tragic death of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria was also a heavy blow to the royal family of Belgium, his widow, the Princess Stephanie, being the daughter of Leopold. Thus the house of Saxe-Coburg has its full share in the list of calamities that have made the royal families of Europe so heavy-hearted in this generation. Leopold's brother Philippe, the Count of Flanders, who is at the head of the Belgian army, has two sons; the succession is likely, therefore, to remain with the male descendants of Leopold I. so long as royalty continues to serve a useful purpose, adapting itself to the conditions and demands of the modern state.

Albert Shaw.

AT SEA.

Shall we, the storm-tossed sailors, weep
For those who may not sail again;
Or wisely envy them, and keep
Our pity for the living men?

Beyond the weary waste of sea,
Beyond the wider waste of death,
I strain my gaze and cry to thee
Whose still heart never answereth.

O brother, is thy coral bed
So sweet thou wilt not hear my speech?
This hand, methinks, if I were dead,
To thy dear hand would strive to reach.

I would not, if God gave us choice
For each to bear the other's part,
That mine should be the silent voice,
And thine the silent, aching heart.

Ah, well for any voyage done,
Whate'er its end, or port, or reef;
Better the voyage ne'er begun,
For all ships sail the sea of Grief.

James Jeffrey Roche.

SIDNEY.

X.

When Robert saw Miss Sally next, the mists of wonder about his motives had been cleared away by a sharp reality.

He found, when he reached home, that Alan had been very ill the night before. That plunge into the river had been a great strain upon a heart already weak, and during the long midnight, alone, the doctor had wondered, solemnly, whether he might not die before morning. The next day he was weak and still suffering a little, but, as he expressed it, "all right;" yet there was a dusky pallor in his face which terrified Robert, and made him forget his own perplexities, though to him perplexities were really distresses. True, this illness had been because Alan had done what he had refused to do, but his passionate tenderness for his friend forbade even so much self-consciousness as that. He watched the doctor, with a comprehension of his smallest wish which was like a woman's; it was so intent, so absorbing, that he almost forgot Miss Sally and his anticipated happiness. He was, however, reminded of both. They had been talking again of that conflict on the bridge. "Steele," Alan said, "I thought it all out last night. You were right, from your point of view; and it has taught me a lesson, it has revealed the smallness of my imagination to me. After this, I shall approve of everything you do, on principle. If you murder your grandmother," — Robert winced, and Alan swore at himself under his breath, — "I shall know it was from a lofty motive." The doctor felt so keenly that his simile had been unfortunate that he made haste to talk of something else. "See here, what made you so fierce to me yesterday, when I spoke of Miss Sally? I don't think I deserved it."

Robert had been sitting at the foot of Alan's sofa, but at that he rose and began to walk about the room, steering his way among chairs and tables littered with books and papers. "What a room!" he said. There were two stands which held chemicals and retorts; and there was a music-rack, and an easel with mahl-sticks crossed in front of an unfinished canvas. "You are a disorderly beggar, Alan!" he declared.

The doctor looked at him keenly. "She 's good, but not what you 'd call brilliant, and you know perfectly well that I did not mean any disrespect. She 's been a first-rate nurse for you, Bob, but scarcely a companion, I fancy?" Alan was very serious. "Is it possible?" he was asking himself.

Robert stood still. "I have never known," he said slowly, "a wiser or a

kinder companion. I am a better man, Alan, for this visit to Major Lee's." Had he had the right, with the rush of memory which came at Alan's mention of her name, how much more he might have said, how he would have gloried in saying it! With a backward shake of his head he tossed the soft hair away from his forehead, and his eyes brightened; the happiness in them was unmistakable.

"Good heavens!" Alan said to himself, when, a little later, he was alone. In his amazement he sat up, letting his bearskin cover fall on the floor; he leaned his elbows on his knees, and whistled; then, involuntarily, laughed. "Jove! what will Mrs. Paul say?"

The next day, Robert went hopefully for his answer. Miss Sally, trembling and blushing, was awaiting him in the parlor. In one word she told him she would marry him, and then left him to the grave and puzzled greetings of her brother.

The major's view of the sadness of love might have found words had Robert aspired to any one save Mortimer Lee's own sister; but for once instinct was stronger than reason, and he only said, "You are probably not aware that the marriage of a friend is always a matter of regret to me. I cannot therefore contemplate my sister's marriage with satisfaction. Nevertheless, you and she must make your own judgments. I hope you will not be unhappy."

What congratulations! Robert stumbled over his awkward thanks, and was grateful that the major, with a courteous excuse, withdrew to the study, and left him to find his way back to the parlor and Miss Sally; but there he forgot all but his thankfulness.

They had a long and happy talk together. How Miss Sally beamed and brightened! The flattery of her joy intoxicated him with confidence in himself. He was full of plans; she should tell him how she wished the money — "her money," he called it — to be spent, and what would make her happiest to do. Should they travel? Would she like to build? Such deference took Miss Sally's breath away, and frightened her a little, too.

"I thought we could live here?" she faltered; "the house is so big, and, you see, I must always take care of Mortimer and Sidney."

Robert was too happy to be startled by this suggestion. He laughed and shook his head, and said she would have enough to do to take care of him, and talked with eager haste of his gratitude and joy. Miss Sally did not know how to speak; she looked at him with overflowing eyes, but he made her silences eloquent by saying to himself that her sympathy and understanding were perfect. The possibilities of silence are the materials from which Love builds her most stately palaces!

The light in Robert's eyes flickered for an instant, as though a cold wind had blown across this new fire in his heart, when, answering his passionate declaration that she had saved him from that old horror of weakness (he felt himself saved now; the future struggle was nothing, if her hand were in his), Miss Sally said, with quick, uncomprehending pity, "Oh, never mind that; you were sick, — that was all. I never think of it."

Never think of it! All the bitter months rose before him, all the wasted opportunities, all the self-contempt which she had turned to aspiration. Robert seemed to find a violent silence opposing his impetuous words. He did not stay much longer. "I want," he declared, "to tell Alan, and to proclaim my happiness upon the housetops, Miss Sally!" He suddenly realized that it was impossible to say anything but "Miss Sally," and to ask himself painfully, "Why?"

For her part, she said, "Good-by, Mr. Steele," with a little blush and a half-courtesy which went to his heart.

There was a solemn moment in Robert's soul, when, with intense consciousness of what he was doing, he kissed her. "Just the way Mortimer did!" she thought, as she stood that night, with a candle in her hand, peering into the looking-glass, almost as though she expected to see some mark upon her forehead. Kisses were rare things in Miss Sally's life; she, to be sure, kissed Sidney night and morning, but that any one should deliberately kiss her! As she stared at her small, old face in the depths of the mirror, with the candle's shifting light gleaming on a silver thread in her hair, she felt that she could never be quite the same again. Happier? Oh, yes, happier, — but how strange it all seemed, how exciting! and she sighed.

As for Robert Steele, when he left her, it was with a little uncertainty as to his destination. It was strange, but he had no desire to go at once to Alan. Instead, in an aimless way, he wandered out into the country, stopping for a shuddering instant at that spot upon the bridge where he had suffered.

It must have been two hours later that he went, towards dusk, to Katherine Townsend's, and told her that he was the happiest man in the world. Her start of surprise, almost of consternation, as he named Miss Sally Lee, he could not at once forget, although she made haste to congratulate him in that cordial manner which means consideration rather than sincerity.

"I 've heard Mr. Paul speak of her, and I 've seen her at church; she 's a saint, cousin Robert, and I am so glad for you."

He brightened under her interest, and realized how thankful he was for the blessing of Miss Sally's love. "I don't deserve it," he said, "but, Kate, I 'm going to try to."

"I know you will!" she cried, putting her hands in his, and looking at him with such understanding in her face that he said quickly, "God bless you, Kitty!"

When he went away, there was a mist of tears in Katherine Townsend's frank eyes. "Poor cousin Robert!" she said, but she did not ask herself why she pitied him. She was in that mood where one sympathizes with one's self, under the pretense of sympathizing with some one else. She had been less happy since that walk with John Paul to the birch woods. "I told him only the truth," she assured herself, "and of course he did n't like it, but I can't help that; I am glad I did it." But she was not glad. "I was too severe," she began to say; and after a while, "It is all over. At least, there never was anything, but now I know there never will be. Well, I 'm glad I did it." It was at this time that Ted observed, one evening at tea, that Kitty looked just as if — she 'd been crying!

These reflections of hers were not caused by any diminution of friendship on the part of John Paul, although he came to Red Lane less often than formerly. He still brought jackknives and carpenter outfits with him. In fact, he paid Ted far more attention than he did Ted's sister. He had told Miss Townsend, with the gladdest anticipation, that he had gone to the great city of the State to examine into the business of a newspaper — a free-trade journal, of course — with which he hoped to connect himself. It would mean leaving Mercer, but he did not seem to be unhappy at that.

These were bright days to John Paul. That bitter talk on the Perryville Road had told him much; he dared to hope now with all his heart. Only he must try to grow more worthy of her before he should ask Katherine to make his hope a reality. He began to "answer back," as Davids expressed it, at the tea-table or at the checker-board. Not very often, to be sure, and not very successfully; the attempt to break a habit

of years is necessarily experimental. At this time, he was cordial to everybody, even to Mr. Steele, whom he overtook coming home from his call upon Katherine. Alan had been right in saying that John Paul was incapable of appreciating Robert. Still, one's own happiness goes far in blotting out the mistakes of others; so on this occasion he was willing to slacken his pace, and the two men walked on together. Mr. Steele was too tired to talk much, which made his companion think that the fellow was really pleasanter than usual; but when they reached the dreadful place on the bridge, Robert could not pass it without saying how Alan had risked his life there. He told the story heartily, but he did not speak of himself. He could not have displayed the confusion of his soul to John Paul, whose brief and downright expressions of opinion always repelled the man whose mind moved in subtle and inverted lines.

John was enthusiastic. "The boy has something to him! It was splendidly brave in him. Don't you think so?"

"It was human," Robert said, after a moment's pause.

"How do you mean? It was superb! Ice in the river, and such a current as these thaws make!"

"I mean that it was instinct," Robert answered reluctantly; he knew it must appear to Paul that he was cheapening his friend's action. "Alan is superb, but an act like that, instantaneous, without reason, can scarcely be called brave, it seems to me. Alan does brave things always; he is the truest man I know."

"Well," John said coldly, "I suppose we look at it differently. For my part, I 'm proud of him."

"Oh, so am I," Robert Steele protested; but his companion did not pursue the subject.

It was not an opportune moment, but they had nearly reached the stone steps that led up the terraces to Mrs. Paul's house, and Robert would not lose this chance. "Mr. Paul," he began, "you may care to know I —I am to be congratulated. I have become engaged to be married."

John stared at him. "Well, you are the most dejected-looking subject for congratulations, but it 's a good thing, I 'm sure." He sighed enviously, and then laughed in a short, good-natured way. "So living in the major's household has not demoralized you? I suppose Miss Sally's ministrations have made you feel you had better get a wife; she is the kindest-hearted little creature in the world when anybody is under the weather, even if she has n't much sense."

After that remark, Robert Steele thanked Heaven that some one stopped to speak to John, and prevented the inevitable question, "Who is she?"

John Paul, however, was so much interested in this curious news — he always thought of Robert as "that queer fellow" — that he actually became communicative, and mentioned it, of course in the briefest way, to his mother; but that he should talk of his own accord surprised her into momentary amiability.

"You say he 's engaged? Now why in the world don't you tell me such things oftener? You know how I like a piece of news."

"Does n't happen every day," John observed.

"Well, to whom, — to whom? Sidney?" They were sitting at the tea-table, and Mrs. Paul rapped the bare mahogany with her stick, to hasten his reply. But he only shook his head. "Don't know? Why, you must know! Do you mean to say you did n't ask?"

John was really abashed. "Somebody interrupted us just then," he explained, wrinkling his forehead.

"Well," Mrs. Paul said, "*really!*" Sometimes stupidity is too great for comment. "Whom do you think it is? Or perhaps you don't think? That is one thing you 've never been accused

of, Johnny. Lord! have n't you any idea? It must be Sidney. I 'll wager it is. How stupid in you, Johnny, not to have thought of her! Yet I never should have guessed it from her manner to-day."

John Paul looked startled; he had not thought of Sidney, — that was true. But perhaps it was she; yes, very likely. He hoped so, he said to himself; it would be a good thing for the girl; she would be saved from her unnatural life. "But I wish he were a bigger fellow," he thought.

Mrs. Paul was radiant. "Scarlett," she said, when she took the woman's arm to go into the drawing-room, "I do believe it has turned out as I wished about Miss Lee!" The hope began to be a certainty before long, and when she called for the checker-board she nodded to herself once or twice, her lips pressed exultingly together, and her mind so full of plans that she forgot to criticise her son's moves.

"If it 's true," she declared, "I 'll give her a check on her wedding morning that will make Mortimer Lee open his eyes!"

"She 'll need it more if it is n't true," John observed. The clock was almost on the stroke of nine, and it was his habit to say good-night then, so he knew he could escape any railing such a remark might provoke. But Mrs. Paul was too amiable to rail.

"Well, she won't get it! I don't propose to give my money to any silly person; just remember that, Johnny." She was so intent upon her pleasant thoughts that she almost forgot it was her son to whom she spoke, and smiled at him with that arch look which still flashed sometimes from her faded eyes. "If Sidney marries well, I 'll make it my business to see that she does n't go to her husband empty-handed. I shall tell Mortimer Lee so. I want to see Mortimer Lee. I want to find out whether I 'm right. I know I am! Johnny, just fetch the writing-table here."

John made no comment; if his mother chose to let her curiosity hurry her into such a thing, it was her affair. From this it will be seen that Miss Katherine Townsend had yet something to achieve. He lifted the table to Mrs. Paul's side, and although the brass handles of the drawers rattled upon their square plates, she did not reprove him. She was flushed with interest.

"Fetch a lamp," she cried, "and open that little box for the wax and taper! I shall ask him to come here at once, — to-morrow. And I don't want you about, Johnny; this is not a thing to be discussed before you. I shall ask him to take tea with the others Thursday night. I've decided to ask the people for Thursday night."

She took the feathered pen in her impatient hand, trying the nib upon her thumb-nail, and moving the lamp a little, for a better light upon her paper. Then in her delicate, old-fashioned hand she wrote, "Mrs. Edward Paul presents her compliments to Major Lee, and begs that he will call upon her, on a matter of mutual interest and importance, on the afternoon of Sunday, January the 20th, at any hour after four." She sealed the note, apparently forgetful that she had asked her son to be her messenger; and then John left her, sitting by the fire, with interest and pleasure sparkling in her keen old face.

But when he reached the major's he almost forgot the letter in his pleasure at seeing Alan Crossan. The doctor had had no business to go out, Robert had assured him; but there he was, rather white, and with a new look in his eyes whenever they rested upon Sidney.

"Crossan," John began, hardly waiting to bid Sidney good-evening, and looking with a beaming face at Alan, "why did the young woman choose such vicious weather for suicide?"

"Pshaw!" said the doctor, laughing

and frowning, "how do you know anything about it? But it was the weather that made her do it."

John was too much interested to drop the subject, and was full of praises for the doctor's courage.

But Alan only laughed. "Talk about bravery! Steele displayed a bravery beyond me. He didn't jump in."

"I didn't know he was present," said John Paul stiffly, looking at Sidney.

"How do you mean, Alan?" Sidney asked; her aunt and Mr. Steele were, as usual, in the parlor across the hall.

"Why, he has a theory," the doctor answered, "that no one has a right to interfere with a moral act."

"Does he call suicide moral?" John inquired.

Alan was eager to explain. "And, Paul," he ended, "surely you see how much finer such hesitation was than mere brute instinct? A dog could have jumped into the river as well as I, but only a human soul would long to save the woman, and yet deny itself, lest it meddled with infinite issues."

John Paul looked bored. "I don't understand that sort of thing. If I were such a fool as to throw myself into a river, I'd dispense with a human soul upon the bank, if there were any brute instinct on hand to pull me out."

"It was noble!" Sidney exclaimed. And for a moment John thought that his mother had been right in her surmise; but as he went on speaking of Robert, he was relieved by the indifference in her face.

"I tell you what it is," he said doggedly, "cold water is not agreeable in any form, and your Steele" —

Alan was almost angry. "You have no idea of the struggle! Steele was wretched! The conflict of the higher duty and the lower duty is anguish to a man like my friend."

"Oh, he regretted it afterwards, did he?" (John was sure now that it was *not* Sidney.) "Pity a man can't foresee his regrets."

"He was in despair," Alan said.

"But," Sidney interposed, "if he did not try to save the woman because he thought he had no right to, he should not have despaired."

"Where is he?" John asked suddenly, looking about as though he expected to see Mr. Steele.

"He's with aunt Sally," Sidney answered.

John Paul's eyes widened. "Ah!" he said involuntarily; and later, as he lounged home through the garden, he said to himself, "I'll let the major break it to her!"

XI.

Sidney was the last one to know of her aunt's engagement. Miss Sally had longed to tell her, but was incapable of speaking of it to the girl, and so had gone about the house with a confused and absent air, which at last attracted the attention of her niece. But Sidney would not ask what the matter might be, lest she should have to hear some tale of distress about Miss Sally's poor. Nevertheless, the next morning, it was a relief to have her father say, "Sidney, you are probably unaware that your aunt" — He paused; the major was at a loss for words which would properly express this extraordinary event.

"Yes," she answered, "what is it? I know there is something."

They were alone in the major's little study; Miss Sally and her lover had gone to church. "I want to give thanks," Robert had said, with that quiet happiness which always shone in his eyes when he was alone with her. But Miss Sally felt the awkwardness of the unaccustomed in taking possession of this new thing called happiness, and for once in her life would rather have stayed at home. She almost envied her brother and Sidney, reading together in

the quiet study, with the pale sunshine streaming into the room, and a green log singing and whispering on the andirons. Sidney was sitting on the broad bench in the window, and had looked up in surprise because her father did not come to her side for the word or two about her book, or the silent resting of his hand upon her head, with which, as though to satisfy himself of the presence of his treasure, he always began the day; instead, he stood by the table, frowning slightly and hesitating. She smiled and waited, and then the astonishing news was told.

"Oh, father!" she said, under her breath. But the incredulity in her face was not like Alan's, or John Paul's, or even the major's. That would be felt later, when she stopped to think that it was Miss Sally to whom love had come; but for a moment it was the thought of love itself which astounded her. Love! "Oh, poor aunt Sally!"

Major Lee sat down at his writing-table, with the air of a man who has done his duty. He began to mend his pen, and appeared to forget Miss Sally's small concerns. "We shall lose part of our afternoon to-day," he observed; "Mrs. Paul has requested me to call upon her."

"But, father," Sidney said, "why is it? Does n't aunt Sally know what she is doing? Oh, father!"

He smiled as she came and knelt down beside him, her face full of confusion and wonder. "You know what she thinks," he explained; "with her peculiar beliefs she is not unreasonable."

"But," Sidney protested, all her young heart in her eyes, "we know her belief cannot really help her; have n't we done wrong not to show her? Oh, he does not love her as — as I should think a person might love, or else he would not try to teach her to love him! Why did n't we save her, father?"

The major hesitated. "Sarah has so few pleasures; her hope of immortality, and all that, was so much to her, I had not the heart to take it from her; but I never thought, it did not seem to me probable, that she would wish to marry. Yet I fear I have not given the subject the attention that I should have done. I rather took it for granted that she might absorb her knowledge unconsciously, so it did not occur to me to instruct her. I should have remembered that Sarah is not a thoughtful person. Poor Sally!" The major had not thought so tenderly of his sister for years.

Pity for her aunt made Sidney for a moment almost remorseful that she had had a love to make her wise to escape suffering, and Miss Sally had not; but she would not let her father reproach himself. "No, you were right, — you are always right;" she lifted his hand, that scholarly and delicate right hand, to her lips; "but — poor aunt Sally."

As she went back to her seat in the window, the major followed her with adoring eyes, and then began to write; absently at first, though not because his mind was upon his sister, only that this announcement had turned his thoughts from the columns of figures to his daughter's safe and not unhappy future. Sidney, too, dropped the subject, and opened her book. Miss Sally, with her little hopes and fears, or sorrows and joys, had not enough personality to hold her attention. Yet while she read, the mystery which this step of her aunt's suggested burned in her heart; and an hour afterwards, when the major had banished it all and was absorbed in his writing, she looked up and said, "It is the certainty of living after death that makes it possible for her to love him."

"Yes," Major Lee answered; "immortality is the ignis fatuus which Love creates to excuse its own existence. People like your aunt reason, if I may be allowed the word, that because they desire immortality, because life would be

unpleasant without such a hope, therefore they are immortal."

"How strange it is," she said, "how strange, that people can blind themselves with such a belief, when every day they see that it cannot separate grief from death! But God? I suppose they fall back upon their God, when they find that their hope of heaven does not comfort them." She laughed lightly, and would have picked up her book again, but the major, with a sort of contemptuous anger, repeated her word.

"God! My darling, they cannot have immortality unless they have some one to confer it; hence they invest the laws of life with personality; but you would find such persons very quickly dropping their belief in a God if they gave up the desire for eternal life."

"Would they?" she asked slowly. "And yet, do you know, that idea of a God seems to me so much greater than just the hope of prolonged existence. To have Some One who *is*, who *knows*, — that would be enough, it seems to me, without making such a thought minister to little human wishes for immortality. If one were sure of — an Intelligence, then, indeed, one might bear death. But of course it is foolish to talk about it."

"Yes," her father answered. "To limit Force by that word 'personality' is indeed foolish."

"There might be something higher than personality," she began doubtfully.

"What?"

She shook her head, and her father smiled.

"Who has been talking to you, Sidney, that you amuse yourself with such reflections? I don't believe you go to church enough; you are idealizing Christianity when you speculate upon personality. Go to church, my dear." Sidney's face burned. "Or else, do not divert yourself by imagining what a difference it would make if light, heat, and electricity should arrange a heavenly mansion for you."

"But I did not mean a heavenly mansion," she said, with quiet persistence, though her cheeks were hot. "Only that if there were any understanding of life, anywhere, one might be content."

The major shrugged his shoulders. "If?" And she said no more.

His reproof banished Miss Sally's romance from Sidney's mind, and when she saw her aunt for a moment before dinner she had forgotten what the flushed embarrassment of the little face meant. When she recalled it, she kissed Miss Sally, with a hurried look, and said she hoped — and then she kissed her again, for she really did not know what she hoped. "What is the use of wishing people happiness when you know they will find only sorrow?" she thought.

Miss Sally, however, did not attach much meaning to hesitation, and beamed as she told Robert, who fell into sudden silence at her words, that Sidney had congratulated her in such a pretty way. She was wondering if she ought not to announce her engagement to Mrs. Paul, and trembling at the prospect, when the major said, as he opened the door for her after dinner, —

"Sarah, will you be so good as to see that my blue coat is laid out for me?"

And with sudden inspiration she said, "Oh, Mortimer, are you going to?"

"Going to?" he repeated vaguely.

"I thought," faltered Miss Sally, "that perhaps you were going to see Mrs. Paul?"

Her brother looked surprised. "Yes, she has sent for me. I do not know why; possibly to consult me upon some business matter."

Even Miss Sally might have smiled at that had she been less agitated, but she only said, "Oh — yes — of course. I only thought — you were going to tell her."

"To tell her?" inquired the major, puzzled.

"Yes, about me. You see she sent over a note this morning, inviting us all

to take tea with her on Thursday. Perhaps she has guessed, because she said something about 'special occasion,' but I don't know, and I thought she ought to be told."

"Oh — certainly, yes," said the major. "I beg your pardon, Sarah."

Of course he could not know that Miss Sally was full of tremulous haste for him to be off. As soon as he went into the library she brought him his blue coat and even his stick, which she unconsciously dusted. Then she went up-stairs and waited in the upper hall to hear him start. Since Robert Steele's departure the yellow parlor had gone back to its holland covers and closed shutters, and Miss Sally, as in the days before she knew what love was, sat alone in her bedroom, or in this open square of the hall; she could hear the murmur of voices from the library as, between their pleasant silences, Sidney and her father talked; she began to fear that the major had forgotten his appointment, — that he might have forgotten her was of so little importance that she did not think of it. But at last she went downstairs, hovering near the library door with a fluttering excuse about books before she dared to remind her brother that the clock in the hall had struck four, with that rattling sigh with which old clocks let the hours slip away.

The major thanked her, but it was with an evident effort that he roused himself from his deep chair and his book, and started out.

Miss Sally did not realize that some one else was as impatient as she. Mrs. Paul had been watching the green door in the garden wall with keen eyes. It did not occur to her, in her excited expectation, that Major Lee would not come in so unconventional a fashion; the lane, and the terraced steps, and the formal waiting at her white front door finally brought him while she was frowning at his delay. She had spent the greater part of the afternoon at her toilet-table, and she was still sitting there, in front of the mirror, when Davids at last announced the major.

It was a matter of indifference to Mrs. Paul that her serving-woman should have seen her excitement or understood her anxiety about her dress. Scarlett was useful to her; Mrs. Paul declared that she could not live without Scarlett; but to her mind a servant had no personality, and so she made no more effort to conceal her emotion from the little, silent, shriveled woman than from a chair or table. She was quite aware that Scarlett knew why she was made to puff her mistress's soft white hair with such precision, and why she should have been consulted so sharply upon the black lace scarf which Mrs. Paul pinned about her head to frame her face in softened shadow. The servant heard her sigh as she looked down at her black satin dress. "If I had known a week ago, Scarlett, you could have done another gown?"

"Yes, madam," the woman replied, "but nothing could have become you better."

Mrs. Paul, resting her elbow on the table, looked at herself in the glass; her lip curled, and she struck the floor with her stick. "What difference does it make!" she said, under her breath. Then she leaned back in her chair, absently plucking at the lace about her wrists, and waited.

Major Lee was very long in coming, Scarlett thought. She sat outside the bedroom, in the somewhat chilly upper hall, where she could be within reach of Mrs. Paul's voice and could see her face in the mirror. Perhaps Scarlett had her thoughts, too, in that half-hour while she waited in the cold; her thin, stiff fingers were hidden in her sleeves for warmth, and her little dim eyes stared at the faded engraving, on the wall beside her, of some long-dead Paul, who, in a silken gown, pointed with the pallid forefinger of his right hand at the roll of manu-

scripts in his left, and who had a simper of consciousness at the inscription below the portrait of "The Honorable," etc. Scarlett never dreamed of making herself comfortable, but sat upright on the broad, hard seat which ran across the window and was covered with glazed calico. She reflected that Mrs. Paul was annoyed at Major Lee's delay, but she neither rejoiced nor grieved with her, although it seemed to her only right that her mistress should suffer sometimes. In her passionless way, the woman contemplated Life with interest as it was revealed to her under this roof; but it never touched Scarlett herself. When at last Davids came to say that the expected guest was in the drawing-room, Scarlett could see in the mirror the sudden quiver of her mistress's face at the major's name. "*That* 'll never grow old, nor her pride," she thought calmly.

Mrs. Paul rose, carrying her head with a certain lofty grace that hinted at lines of her neck and shoulders which must once have been beautiful. She took Davids' arm to the parlor, but discarded it there, and then, handing her stick to Scarlett, with an imperious gesture she motioned them both back. The man and woman looked at each other a moment, as she entered the room without support, and Davids said, under his breath, "Law!" but Scarlett was silent.

The green baize door closed, and the two servants did not see her sweep backwards in a superb courtesy as the major bowed over her hand. "It is a very long time," she said, "since this roof has had the honor of sheltering Mortimer Lee." Her momentary strength was failing, and she needed his arm to reach her chair, into which she sank, trembling beneath the folds of her black satin.

"A recluse, Mrs. Paul," returned the major, regarding her with grave and courteous attention, "does not often permit himself the luxury of pleasure."

"I have not seen you here for nearly four years," she said, with sudden weakness in her voice.

"That must mean," he answered, "that there has been no opportunity for me to be of service to Mrs. Paul for nearly four years. Let me hope to be more fortunate in the future."

She looked up at him, standing at her side, absolutely remote and indifferent, and her face sharpened, but her voice was as even as his own. "I took the liberty, my dear Major Lee, of sending for you, because I wished to say a word to you of Sidney's future."

With a charming gesture and a smile, she begged him to be seated. The major, in his well-brushed blue coat, with his soft felt hat upon his knees and his worn gloves in his left hand, waited in silent patience until this echo of his past, in her mist of lace and hazy sparkle of jewels, should choose to explain why he had been summoned. It was not business, evidently. Sidney's future? That belonged to him, but no doubt she meant well.

"To tell the truth," continued Mrs. Paul, "such a pleasing hint was given me yesterday of Mr. Steele that I felt I must take the liberty of an old friend of Sidney's, — she has, I think, no friend who has loved her so long? — and ask you directly about it. Pray, Major Lee, do you like young Steele?"

The major had looked puzzled, but his face cleared, and there was even a smile for a moment behind the enduring sadness of his eyes. "I scarcely know him well enough to have a personal regard for him," he said, "but his father was my friend."

"Oh, yes, true," returned Mrs. Paul; "and that I know Sidney's father is an excuse, you must admit, for my questions and interest. You think, I am sure, that he is an admirable young man; one who must be successful some time, even though some youthful theory of honor, which he has doubtless outgrown,

made him rather foolish. He will certainly be a successful man?"

"Successful?" The major lifted his eyebrows. "In his particular line he will no doubt be successful. I should think he might achieve a trifle brilliantly."

"Are you not severe?" she said gayly. "But I feared you might have some such impression, and I wished to say — I begged you to come this afternoon that I might say — that if, as I have surmised, he desires the honor of connecting himself with the family of Major Lee?" — the major bowed — "I should like to express my confidence in his ability, and to add, if you will permit me, one word of my intentions concerning Sidney."

"You do my daughter much honor by your kind interest," he answered, still with a slight smile. "I shall be rejoiced to listen to all that you may say of her; but for Mr. Steele my sister must thank you for your very cordial expression of approval."

"*Sally!*" cried Mrs. Paul, sitting upright, grasping the arms of her chair with white jeweled fingers.

"My sister begged me," proceeded the major calmly, "to ask for your congratulations, and I shall be glad to be the bearer of them to Mr. Steele."

"Sally!" said Mrs. Paul again, faintly; and then falling back into her chair, she looked at her guest's grave face. "I — I beg your pardon, I am — surprised; I had imagined — hoped — that the young man had thought of Sidney."

The putting it into words banished any glimmer of amusement from the major's eyes; he frowned slightly. "My sister is extremely happy."

That he should ignore her allusion to Sidney stung Mrs. Paul into momentary forgetfulness of her disappointment. "I am distressed that it is not Sidney. The child's future, — what is it? Surely — surely — you have not thought of that?"

There was no tenderness in her voice, but the major reproached himself for that. Perhaps he had not been courteous to refuse to speak of Sidney. "You are most kind," he said, with an effort, "but I have no fear for my daughter's future; she will not be unhappy."

"She will not be happy," returned Mrs. Paul quickly, "if you mean that she is never to care for any one, never to marry. Oh, spare Sidney your theories; let her have some happiness in life!"

"If there were such a thing," the major answered simply; "but the best I have been able to do has been to teach her how to escape misery."

"You make it appear," she said, "that there is nothing positive but pain. Is not life worth having?"

"I have not found it so," the major replied, "have you?"

"No!" she cried, with a sharp gesture, "I have not, but — I might."

Mortimer Lee sighed. "Yes? Well, Sidney shall at least not learn through grief its worthlessness, as you and I have learned it."

"Ah!" she said, with a quick indrawn breath; and then, with an inconsequence which made him look at her with sudden attention, "I — I had the greatest respect for Mr. Paul."

"My very slight acquaintance with him," Major Lee replied, relieved to change the subject, "I remember with pleasure. He was a person of most amiable manners."

Mrs. Paul bent her head. "He had not a redeeming vice." The major made no answer, and she, looking steadily into the fire, was silent; they could hear the clock ticking in the hall. "If you do not give her the only thing which makes life endurable," Mrs. Paul began, — "it may not last, or it may not be very great, but it is the best we know, — if you will not let her have the happiness of love, think how empty her life will be! Oh, when she is as old as we are, what will she have?"

"No hopeless pain," he answered briefly, "no bitter memories."

"But what will she have?" insisted the other, leaning forward in her earnestness. "If she has once had love, nothing can take it from her. She need not be afraid of memory, if she has *had* it. It is only when it has been denied that life is bitter."

"Ah, well," said the major, and despite his politeness there was a little weariness in his voice, for the hour was late, "we are old enough to see that it is misery either way. Only the pain remains."

"Oh, that is not true!" she cried with sudden passion. "No, I know it is not true. An instant's happiness, — one would pay for an instant by years of misery! I know it — now! My soul is not old, I am not old, Mortimer, — oh, this miserable body!" She struck her hand fiercely against her breast; anger at the fetters of the years, the extraordinary effort of her soul to break the ice of age, sent a wave of color into her cheeks, her eyes burned and glowed, her whole form dilated, — she was a beautiful woman. It was only for a moment; then she shrank down in her chair, and her lips had the tremulous weakness of age. "Let the child be happy, — let her love some one."

"You are very good," he answered, frowning and with averted eyes, "you are very kind to take such thought for my daughter, but I merely express her own judgment and inclination in this matter. And to return to the subject for which you were so good as to summon me, I rejoice that you approve of Mr. Steele."

"What I meant to say," she replied, with instant composure, "was connected with him only because I supposed him to be Sidney's lover. Otherwise, I confess, he does not interest me. I was glad to think that she was to marry a rich man." She stopped, wishing that she might fling out some cruel word to wound him. Then, in a flash, she had an inspiration. "To tell the truth, I had been fearful that, with the perversity inherent in young women, she might fall in love with a poor man. Indeed, seeing Alan Crossan's infatuation, I was somewhat anxious; there is no money, and he has, I believe, heart disease. However, as her opinion agrees so entirely with yours, there is perhaps no danger of that?"

"None, I think," the major answered, hot and cold at once; "but I must not intrude my daughter further upon your kindness."

He rose, with a look which was unmistakable, and which acted upon Mrs. Paul as some sharp pain does on a half-stunned and suffering animal. She stood bracing herself by one shaking hand on the back of her chair, and smiling calmly from under the arch of her delicate brows. "You are so very kind to have come," she said, "although, to be sure, I am disappointed to find that it was unnecessary to trouble you, and I cannot be of service to Sidney, as I had hoped; but I must not detain you any longer! The little tea-party which I had proposed for Sidney must turn into one of congratulation for — dear Sally. And you are so much occupied, I fear we must not hope that you will join us?" Her eyes glittered as she spoke, and there was a sting in her voice which would have made acceptance impossible, even had the major wished to come. But nothing was further from his desires, and with an old-fashioned stateliness he "regretted" and "deplored," and then, bowing over her hand, yet soft and white under its rings, he left her, standing, smiling, in the firelight.

Later, when Scarlett came in to see if she should fetch the lamps, she found her mistress fallen in a heap back into her chair, her head resting in her hands and her bent shoulders shaken by feeble sobs. "Take me up-stairs," she said. "I want to go to bed, Scarlett, you fool! Don't you see I'm sick? Oh,

let me go to sleep! I 'm so old — so old — so old."

XII.

The Sunday desolation of the streets pressed upon Mortimer Lee, as he went home, like a tangible misery. The working-folk in their best clothes, staring out of the windows in forlorn and unaccustomed leisure, or walking about in the gray, cold dusk as though restless from too much rest, were part of the hopeless dreariness of life to him, and he would have felt that bitter pity for humanity, which is often only intense self-pity, — for each man is to himself the type of humanity, — had not that hint of Mrs. Paul's concerning Alan been burning in his heart; although it was, he said to himself, absurd, nay, improper, to give it any thought. But he wished Mrs. Paul had not suggested such a thing. It was only in this connection that the sobbing, angry old woman was in his mind.

When, the next morning, he told his sister that the tea-party was to be one of congratulation for her, she turned white with pleasure. "Dear Mrs. Paul, how good and kind she is! If it were Sidney, now, but just me!"

The major frowned. "Sarah, I wish you would be so good as never to refer to Sidney in such a connection."

Miss Sally was very much abashed. "Of course I won't, Mortimer. I only meant" —

"Just so, I understand," said the major hastily. "Pardon me for interrupting you, but we need not discuss it."

Miss Sally had a moment of blankness, but her new interest filled her with such unwonted exhilaration that she forgot the snub in reflecting that she must decide upon what she was to wear, or rather she must ask Sidney, — in so important a matter she could not trust her own judgment; so, humming a little song in unaccustomed joyousness, she went to consult her niece in the lumber-room of the east wing, where of late Sidney worked at her carving. It was one of those mild days which sometimes come in winter, when the skies are as blue as June. Little clouds, like foam or flocks of snowy birds, drifted up and across from the west; here and there brown patches of grass, wet from the melting snow, caught the sunshine in a sudden gleam; like a fringe of light, the icicles along the eaves sparkled and glittered, and, as they melted in the sun, the flashing instant of each falling drop ended in a bell-like chime upon the wet flagstones below.

This room in the east wing was full of sunshine. Sidney's pots of jonquils on the window-ledge bloomed in white and gold, and filled the air with fine and subtile sweetness. The dusk of the room seemed laced with the sparkle of the sun and the golden burst of blossoms in the window. Sidney had pushed a round rosewood table, which was supported by a single rotund leg ending in vicious-looking brass claws, into the stream of sunshine by the window; her tools were on it, and a design Alan had drawn for her, and she was intent upon her carving, the sun powdering the soft hair about her forehead, and glittering along the blade of her small, keen knife. Miss Sally, twisting her feather duster nervously between her loosely gloved fingers, slipped into the lumber-room from the hall, closing the door behind her with an elaborate quiet which sent a muffled echo along the lofty ceiling. Sidney looked up, and blushed deeper than did her aunt. It was all so strange! Somehow, instead of the old affectionate indifference, she felt a frightened interest, which was at the same time half repulsion. Her hand shook, and the mid-rib of a curling leaf was notched and bent.

"Sidney," said Miss Sally, going over to the jonquils, and examining their brave green spears, "what do you think I had better wear on Thursday? The

major says the party is for me, — just think of that, Sidney! So of course it 's only proper that I should pay Mrs. Paul the compliment of looking well, — at least as well as I can."

Sidney listened absently. When her aunt paused, after enumerating her dresses, she made this or that comment upon the modest wardrobe, scarcely knowing what she said.

"After all," continued Miss Sally, with a contented sigh, "a good black silk is the very best thing, don't you think so, love? And you know my bit of thread lace? I washed it out only yesterday, and put it around a bottle to dry, and then pulled it a little, so it does look really very well. That in the neck and sleeves, and with my mosaic pin, will be nice and neat and in good taste, and Mrs. Paul will like it, I 'm sure." She hesitated, wrinkling her forehead anxiously. "I wish I had a little train; but I remember that when I bought that silk a train did seem too extravagant. I might piece it and let it down in the back, but it has been turned twice, you know, and is so very old I 'm afraid it would n't stand that." Sidney nodded. "It is really a very important occasion," proceeded the other. "I can't get used to being so important. Dear Mrs. Paul, I hope she knows that I appreciate her kindness!" Then it struck her that she had forgotten Sidney, and she added with remorseful haste, "Now, my dear, about you? Of course you 'll wear the gown which Scarlett altered for you, and I am sure Mortimer will let you use something of dear Gertrude's about your neck."

"Aunt Sally," said her niece, leaning back in her chair, but still playing with her little sharp knife, "I suppose you don't have to think of what Mr. Steele would like, because he will be pleased with anything you wear?"

"It 's very good in you to think so," responded Miss Sally brightly.

"I meant," Sidney said — "I wondered" — But she could not put her wonder into words. Love? Was this love? She shook her head silently, and began with a steady hand to curve the petal of a rose. But Miss Sally did not stop to speculate upon the nature of love; nor did she know that this new thing in her life had brought a brightness into her timid eyes and a little color into her face which was as though youth had looked back upon her for a moment. Sidney watched her, mystified by it, and by the apparent contradiction of her aunt's thought for small things.

Major Lee also observed Miss Sally closely in those days, but he did not misunderstand her frame of mind. "It is the newness of feeling important," he explained to himself, "and the interest in something quite her own, and the pleasure of being cared for. She does not even trouble herself by the endeavor to suppose that it is love."

And indeed Miss Sally was so happy that she had almost forgotten that she was in love, although she never for a moment forgot that Mr. Steele "cared for her." It was thus she thought of his affection. "She is so happy," Sidney said to her father once, her eyes clouding with a puzzled look, "she never seems afraid?"

"True," the major answered, with half a sigh, "but there are three reasons for that, Sidney. In the first place, she never thinks of his death, — your aunt has no imagination, as you very well know; in the second place, her heaven would console her if she did think of it; but thirdly, she has a regard for Mr. Steele!"

In fact, Miss Sally had never in the whole course of her devoted and self-effacing life created half so much interest in her own household, and she had never before given so little thought to her brother and Sidney. Afterwards, when the newness of it all had worn off, and she was even wearying a little for the old accustomed round of emotions,

she reproached herself for this. But for the present it was all a fluttering and growing joy.

Thursday evening was a climax. Miss Sally scarcely slept the night before for thinking what she should do and say at a tea-party given in her honor.

Nor did Mrs. Paul sleep well that night; she was enraged at herself for not having given the thing up. "Why in the world," she had cried to her son, sweeping the checkers off the board when she saw defeat approaching, "am I to be bored by these people to-morrow evening? I have n't seen Sally this week; I would n't. I sent word by Sidney that I did n't want her to read to me, and what does the fool do but write me a note to thank me for my consideration? And that young Steele! Lord! I can forgive him about the money; vice can be overlooked, but not stupidity!"

She had changed her mind about the tea-party twenty times before Thursday morning dawned. "I could say I had a headache, and put it off, even at the last moment, Scarlett, only"— Mrs. Paul closed her lips suddenly. Perhaps Scarlett guessed the rest. Mortimer Lee should not think that his affairs or his daughter's changed her plans. So the tea-party was not postponed, and Thursday evening arrived. At precisely half past six, Miss Sally, breathing quickly with excitement, took Robert Steele's arm, and went with little tripping steps through the garden and up to Mrs. Paul's door.

The path was too narrow for Sidney to walk beside her aunt, and Robert, aware that she was following him, found it strangely difficult to listen to Miss Sally's chatter. Again, as he met the two ladies at the foot of the stairs, he knew with painful consciousness that Sidney's wondering eyes were upon him; her aunt was fumbling over a glove button, and looking up at him with an hysterical little laugh.

Except Alan and the Browns no one had yet arrived, so Miss Sally breathed more freely as they entered the drawing-room. Mrs. Paul was sitting, as usual, in state beside the fire, and in answer to Miss Sally's bow and outstretched hand she motioned her aside, and cried, "Sidney, you look like Madame la Marquise in that gown and with your hair pompadour! Let me kiss you, child!"

Sidney's fleeting color deepened into a smile as she caught Alan's eye, and then, while Miss Sally blushed and trembled against her lover, Mrs. Paul adjusted her glasses, and extended two fingers to the guest of the evening. "Well, Sally, so you 're to be congratulated at last!"

"I claim your greatest congratulations, Mrs. Paul," said Robert, in a voice which made Miss Sally's heart come up in her throat, but delighted the older woman. She did not much care upon whom she vented the anger which still stung her as she thought of that interview with the major, but her disappointment about Sidney had turned into contempt for Mr. Steele, so she was glad to make him uncomfortable. As for the major's sister, she could scarcely think of her with calmness.

"You may kiss me," she said, turning her cheek towards Miss Sally, with that peculiar look of endurance with which some people accept a kiss.

"I was afraid we were late, dear Mrs. Paul!" cried Miss Sally, her eyes filling with pleasure at this favor.

"I should never complain at your lateness, Sally," returned the other grimly.

"You are so good to say so!" said Miss Sally.

Robert's face had darkened, but it did not repel Mrs. Paul; she motioned him to draw a chair to her side. "I knew your father so well, I — I had an opportunity of observing his devotion when he was in love, so I can imagine how very happy his son is now. A young man just engaged, and to so estimable a person as our dear Sally, is, of course, in heaven?"

Robert bowed; he could see, without looking at her, that Miss Sally was still guarding her shyness with nervous laughter. His heart glowed with pity. Mrs. Paul was interrupted here by fresh arrivals, and he had a moment in which to reflect how he might seem to be unconscious of the sneer in her words. As soon as she could she turned to him again. "And you are very, very much in love? How charming it is to be young and have enthusiasm! Sally must think so whenever she looks at you."

"We are neither of us very young," said Robert, "but perhaps we are the better able to appreciate happiness, now we have it."

"Oh, of course," returned Mrs. Paul, looking away with scarcely concealed weariness. She lifted her glasses to stare at each guest, but stopped for a longer glance at Alan Crossan and Sidney.

Alan had not looked well since that struggle in the river; he was pale, and there was a luminous intensity in his eyes that was new. Mrs. Paul saw it, and a curious look came into her face.

This was as it should be. It was better that Mortimer Lee had not come; he must not see it too soon; when it had gone so far that opposition would only increase it, then, perhaps, she might be able to forget her humiliation in pointing out to him his own. Mrs. Paul was able to think these thoughts, and yet say pleasant things to her guests. The gleam of many lights, the voices and laughter of her company, the courtly badinage of an old admirer, and, more than all, the chance to fling a truth, tipped and sharpened by a lie, into Robert Steele's quivering soul braced her into positive enjoyment of the dreaded tea-party. She would have been glad if Colonel Drayton had seen fit to ignore his cousin, Mr. Steele, even though it would have been a rudeness to their hostess; anything to wound the young fool!

There were moments during that evening when she almost forgot her rage at the designing Sally in her contempt for Sally's lover. "One can't blame Sally, at her time of life," she said to Mrs. Brown, "but the young man — Lord!"

When, at half past seven, Davids flung open the doors into the dining-room, Mrs. Paul, leaning on Colonel Drayton's arm, marshaled her guests with charming grace. To be sure, by some oversight, as Miss Sally explained, there was no one to offer her his arm, until Alan, with a word to Sidney, who had been assigned to him, came to her side.

"Dear Miss Sally," he said, "won't you walk into the dining-room with me?"

Miss Sally hesitated to deprive Sidney of an escort. "And yet, you know, Alan, Mrs. Paul would feel so badly to think she had forgotten me, when the party is for me — perhaps I 'd better?"

So Alan placed her at the table, by John's side, and saw her flash one happy look at Robert Steele, who was upon Mrs. Paul's right. Robert's stern expression delighted his hostess and brought a finer cordiality into her face; it also inspired her to make her other guests uncomfortable. She introduced a theological discussion between Mr. Brown and Alan by asking the clergyman if he knew that he had another heathen in his parish. "Fancy," she cried, "how shocked I was (anything irreverent is very shocking to me, Mr. Steele) to hear him say that the church which taught that the Almighty required the blood of Christ as an atonement made Judas Iscariot its chief saint!"

"I merely quoted, Mrs. Paul," the doctor began to say, embarrassed and annoyed, seeing the distress in Miss Sally's eyes, and aware that Colonel Drayton adjusted his glasses for a disapproving look.

Then she turned upon Sidney to regret that Major Lee was not present, ending, with a careless gesture, "But

he is so odd, your father. Genius is always taken out of common sense."

These thrusts made, she could devote herself to Miss Sally. Mrs. Paul was smiling now and very handsome. "You have taken care of Mr. Steele to advantage," she said, bending forward to catch Miss Sally's eye; "to his advantage, I mean, of course."

"He is better," answered Miss Sally proudly, and Robert's face burned.

"I suppose the little pills have done it?" she said, turning to Robert. "Sally's little pills give her so much pleasure, and I suppose they never do any harm, — do they, Alan Crossan? She wanted me to take some once when I was ill," she went on, with a shrug. "I told her I preferred death to idiocy. Seriously, I am at a loss to understand how persons who believe in the virtues of little pills can be anything but knaves or fools, — I mean the medical men, of course. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Steele?"

"Alan agrees with you, no doubt, Mrs. Paul," he said carelessly; "but I have a great respect for them."

His face was dark with anger. Mrs. Paul was witty at the expense of the woman he loved; yet how ridiculous were the manual and the little pills!

"We must drink to Sally's future," she began again, later; "you young people can stand, but Sally and I may surely think of comfort. Alan Crossan, come, you 've been talking to Sidney long enough; propose the toast, and congratulate Sally on the opportunities of life. All things come to one who waits! You might congratulate yourself, too, upon having carried dear Mr. Steele to the house where he was to find his happiness."

By this time, every one at the table, except perhaps Sidney, who was more absent-minded than usual, and Miss Sally, who was incapable of thinking an unkindness intentional, was thoroughly indignant. Alan was tingling with anger. But he rose, and by a happy turn of words said so many true and pretty things of poor scarlet Miss Sally that she sniffed audibly, and very honestly and frankly wiped her eyes. Even Sidney was touched by the gentleness in Alan's cordial young voice, and she looked at the little shrinking figure in the black silk with a smile which made Miss Sally feel that her cup overflowed with blessings.

"Now," said Mrs. Paul, striking Robert lightly with her fan, "what have you to say? Surely you and Alan have been rivals. Sally, I did n't know you had so many lovers."

"We are all Miss Sally's lovers," observed John Paul; it was his first remark that evening.

Robert was on his feet in an instant, with one quick look of gratitude at Alan, and then a burst of self-congratulation, which in Mrs. Paul's ears told of something beside happiness and hope. She smiled as he proceeded. "He distrusts himself," she thought; and when he sat down, flushed and glad, and with a look at Miss Sally, who was in tears, she smiled again.

"You took no wine," she said, with the solicitude of the hostess; adding, "Not even to drink dear Sally's health?"

"No," he answered, "I do not use wine."

"Mr. Steele does not approve of wine," Miss Sally explained proudly.

The doctor frowned. Was Robert about to assert a temperance which he had not practiced?

"What!" cried Mrs. Paul, holding up her wineglass so that the light sparkling through the claret flashed red upon the starlike cutting about the bowl, "you do not approve of the moderate use of wine? Surely that is one of Sally's theories to which you have submitted? Ah, the head is always the slave of the heart!"

"No," Robert answered miserably, — the discrepancy between his protest and

his life was so appalling that he could not stop to think of the impression he was making, — "I do not approve of it. I think Miss Lee agrees with me, but I felt that it was wrong, for me, before I knew her views. I have always felt that it was wrong," he added, nervously anxious to say without words that, though he fell short of his principles, he never doubted them. There was no self-consciousness in the distress in his face; only the dismay which every sensitive soul feels in claiming a nobility of thought which his past has contradicted. Indeed, it is strange how, long after a sin is atoned for, forgotten, even, by all except the sinner, it will thrust a high impulse out of the soul, with the cry of "Unclean, unclean!" Robert's pain was so great that he did not feel Mrs. Paul's significant look, or care for Alan's annoyance. He was quite silent for the rest of the uncomfortable occasion, which, however, was not prolonged. Mrs. Paul was tired; she was glad to motion Davids to throw open the folding doors again, and once more settle herself in her great chair by the drawing-room fire.

Every one was relieved when the dreary evening came to an end. Miss Sally, to be sure, talked cheerfully all the way home of Mrs. Paul's kindness, looking over her shoulder at Sidney and Alan to say that Mrs. Paul did not really mean it when she spoke sharply. But there were tears in her eyes, which the darkness hid even from her lover.

XIII.

For weeks afterwards the tea-party was a nightmare to Robert Steele. It was not that Mrs. Paul's cruelty to Miss Sally hurt him, for it made him all the tenderer to her, and so, in a certain way, he could almost exult in it; but with terror he found himself examining the quality of his love, while at the same time he realized that until that night he had seen Miss Sally only in her relation to himself, and not in relation to life. He could never again be deaf to her foolish laughter or her little fluttering talk, which skirted great subjects without any understanding, though with the same reverence which she gave to all things, both small and great, in a humility that was only humiliation. He saw it all, and despaired at his own perception. "How is it possible," he asked himself, "loving her as I do, honoring her, saved by her, that I can have an instant's thought of what is so small!" He was shamed by his own meanness, and so aware of it that he depended more and more upon Miss Sally's courage and affection. With the consciousness of weakness came greater love. Perhaps this frame of mind was induced by a sharp return of the old pain, and the consequent necessity of morphine with its resulting struggle against that habit, which had become almost dormant. So, thrown more for help upon the woman he loved, the weeks passed not unhappily, although sometimes, when his mind was not filled with her, he was vaguely miserable, because ever since his engagement he had been aware of a subtile estrangement from Alan, too intangible to question, more a mood than an emotion, and yet enough to make this soul, which marked with quivering exactness every changing expression of its own or of another, fall back into depression. Feeling himself rebuffed, he kept his moods and wonders and vague terrors to himself, or forgot them in Miss Sally's presence and affection. After all, what is redemption but to be healed of self-despisings? Little by little, led by her hand, Robert emerged again from weakness, and looked about him; then, gradually, returned that terror of perception which had followed Mrs. Paul's tea-party. It must have been in March that, one day, depressed beyond the point where words could cheer him, he

went drearily out into the country for a long walk.

It was snowing with steady persistency, and there was no wind; only the white cheerfulness of a storm that shut out the world. Robert would have been glad to lose himself at once in its vague comfort, but, with that painstaking kindness which was part of his nature, he stopped in Red Lane to learn how Ted was, for the child had been ill. The inquiry made, he turned, with a sigh of relief, down the lane, crossed an unbroken field, and entered the soft gloom of the woods. The silence closed about him like down. He drew a breath of thankfulness; it was good to be alone. He sat down upon the trunk of a fallen tree, whose twisted and fantastic roots had been plucked long ago from the earth, and spread now in the air like the fretwork of a great rose-window which, on all its curves and ledges, had caught the white outlines of the snow. He could hear, back in the woods, the faint sound of flakes falling on the curled and brittle leaves, which still hung thick upon the branches of the oaks. The vague trouble which he had refused to face was soothed for the moment into forgetfulness and peace. These sounds of nature have a wonderful claim upon consciousness, — both joy and sorrow melt into them: the noise of rain trampling at midnight through a garden, the wind whispering in the dry grass along a hill-top, the rustling haste of hail on frozen snow, — all have a power over the mind, and seem to draw it back into the complete whole from which it has been for the moment separated.

With the weight of snow the underbrush about Robert's feet had bent into wonderful curves, which made a network of low, glittering corridors, vaulted and arched, and so far reaching that when some furry creatures a rod away moved, or nestled softly against each other, a pad of snow from the fretted roof fell with a powdery thud into the white depths at his side. A rabbit bounded past him, turning for one bright, frank glance at the motionless figure upon the log, and leaving small intaglios of his steps upon the surface of the snow. The rustle of the flakes upon the dead leaves, the muffled wood noises about him, his own breathing, were the only sounds which broke the white silence of the woods.

Robert sat with his head resting in his hands; his eyes had but the range of a pile of fresh nut-shells dropped at the foot of the big hickory opposite him, and a wild blackberry bush powdered on every thorn and spray with a puff of feathery white. Little by little, after that first relief of forgetfulness, he began to come back to his unrecognized pain. There was nothing to distract his mind from Miss Sally, and yet he found himself refusing to think of the treasure of his love, and wondering instead how long it would be before the snow would cover the shells, and gazing with bated breath at two keen black eyes which watched him with friendly suspicion from a mossy hole between the wrinkled roots of the hickory. He remembered, and then sighed helplessly because he remembered, that Miss Sally had once said she should think it would be dreadful to be alone in the woods. There was something which frightened her about the bare heart of nature. Not that Miss Sally had ever said the bare heart of nature, but that was her meaning.

After a while, as he sat there on the fallen tree trunk, a tense stillness seemed to take possession of him, which made even the squirrel alert and anxious. The snow settled on his shoulders, and covered the pile of shells at the foot of the hickory. The storm was thickening, and the bending branches of the blackberry bushes were almost hidden by the piling flakes. A whirl of white shut him in upon himself, and in the furious silence of the storm the consternation

in his soul clamored to be heard. Beneath the prayer of gratitude for Miss Sally's love, with which he tried to stifle this tumult, one fact asserted itself and insisted upon a hearing.

Robert Steele's heart grew sick. How gray and dark it was here in the woods, under the snow-laden boughs; what an unhuman silence! He looked up through the branches and the driving mist of flakes at the leaden sky. "God!" he said in a whisper. It was the cry of the convict soul which would escape from itself.

The face of Truth had at last confronted him and compelled his horrified eyes; he knew now that his self-reproach for perception was an effort to protect what had never existed. He saw that he had called gratitude love, and that he had mistaken pity for passion. No wonder that the hopeless cry trembled on his lips; reproach, and despair, and anguish, all at once. God! why had he been born, why had he been thrust into the misery of consciousness? His self-deception was the juggle of Fate, and the very horror of it was his irresponsibility. If he could have blamed himself for having mistaken his emotions, there might have been some comfort for him; but can a man blame himself for the curve of his skull, which decides his character before he is born? Fate? What is it but temperament! Helpless and without hope, he contemplated his own nature. He dropped his head upon his hands without a sound, and his very soul was dumb with dismay.

It must have been an hour before Robert emerged from the deeper and more selfish terror of self-knowledge, to cry out, with the thought of the wrong to Miss Sally, "What have I done?"

A long while after that, he rose, the snow falling from his knees and shoulders; the squirrel darted back into his nest, and far down in the woods there was the skurry and flutter of frightened things.

Robert had a fit of sickness as a result of that morning in the woods; but there was no return to morphine, — the hour was too great for that. Miss Sally did not see him for a fortnight, and when she did she said it was no wonder he had been ill, sitting there in the snow, for Alan had explained that Robert was fond of the woods, especially in a snowstorm, and had taken cold there; for her part, she wondered that he escaped with nothing worse than a sore throat.

Margaret Deland.

ROAD HORSES.

Among the irregular acquaintances of my boyhood, I remember a certain "Ed" Hulbert, who was wont to express his notion of felicity in the following concise and oft-repeated phrase: "A smooth road and a sharp trot!" There may be nobler ideals; pursuits may perhaps be thought of which combine pleasure with intellectual improvement to a greater degree; and certainly it must be admitted that a young or even a middle-aged man should always be provided with an excuse for driving instead of riding, such as that he is lame, or has already taken an equivalent amount of exercise in some other form, or desires to be accompanied by his wife. But, these difficulties surmounted (or shall we say disregarded?), the combination of "a smooth road and a sharp trot" will supply no small amusement. Only the horse-lover, indeed, can enjoy it to

the full, — subtly communicating through rein and bit with his steed, appreciating the significant play of his ears, and rightly interpreting that lively, measured ring of his feet upon the road which indicates a sound and active stepper. But there are some incidental delights, such as the quick conveyance through fresh air and a passing glimpse of the scenery, which everybody enjoys. Ed Hulbert, to be sure, would have thought but meanly of the man who gave a wish to view the country as his reason for driving; but then the Ed Hulbert standard cannot always be maintained, and something must be pardoned to the weakness of human nature.

In a sense, every horse driven by the owner for pleasure is a road horse. The fast trotter who speeds up and down the Brighton or the Harlem road, drawing a single man in a gossamer wagon; the round, short-legged cob; the big, respectable, phlegmatic Goddard-buggy animal, who may be seen in Boston any fine afternoon hauling a master very much like himself out over Beacon Street; the pretty, high-stepping pair in front of a mail phaeton, — all these are road horses, but none of them, excepting sometimes the trotter, is a roadster in the strict sense. The road horse *par excellence* is a beast of medium size, who can draw a light carriage at the rate of seven miles an hour all day without tiring himself or his driver. He should be able to travel at least ten miles in an hour, twenty miles in two hours, sixty miles in a day; and by this is meant that he should do it comfortably and "handily," as the term is, and feel none the worse for the exertion. Such roadsters are rare, — much more so now, in proportion to the total number of our horses, than they were twenty-five years ago or before the war; the reason being that the craze for fast trotters has thrown the roadster into the shade. Of course, almost any sound horse can be urged and whipped over the ground, "driven off his feed," perhaps, and so travel these distances in the time mentioned. Nothing is more common than for some broken-down animal to be pointed out by his cruel and mendacious master as one for whom ten or twelve miles an hour is only a sort of exercising gait; the poor beast having very likely been ruined in the effort to accomplish some such feat which was beyond his capacity. The mere fact that a horse has gone a long way in a short time tells little about his powers; the more important inquiry is, What was his condition afterward? A liveryman in Vermont declared not long ago that, at one time and another, he had lost twelve hundred dollars' worth of horseflesh through the ignorant and murderous driving of customers who had endeavored to keep up with a certain gray mare, of extraordinary endurance, that was owned in his vicinity for some years. A horse that will step off cheerfully and readily eight miles an hour, a pace so moderate that one never sees it mentioned in an advertisement, is much better than the average; one that will do ten miles in that time and in the same way is an exceptionally good roadster; and the horse that goes twelve miles an hour with ease is extremely rare. A stable-keeper in Boston, of long experience, tells me that he has known but two horses that would travel at this last-mentioned rate with comfort to themselves and the driver, though he has seen many others, pulling, crazy creatures, that would keep up a pace as fast, or even faster, till they dropped. Of these two pleasant roadsters that were capable of covering twelve miles in sixty minutes, one trotted all the way, up and down hill, whereas the other walked up the steep ascents, and went so much the faster where the grade was favorable. The latter method is easier and better for most horses.

The capabilities of a roadster having now been indicated in a general way, the first and most obvious inquiry is,

What will be the conformation and appearance of a horse who is likely to possess them? This is a subject upon which it is dangerous to dogmatize. For example, a flat-sided, thin-waisted animal is apt to be wanting in endurance, and yet there have been some notable exceptions to this rule. A leading quality of the road horse is shortness; that is, his back should be short and, it may be added, straight. The same is true of his legs, especially as regards the cannon-bone. A short cannon-bone is perhaps the most nearly indispensable characteristic of a roadster. The knees should be large, the hocks well let down, the belly round, and the hind quarters closely coupled to the back. He should have great depth of lung, but not a very broad chest, for that usually indicates want of speed. Good, sound feet of moderate size, and pastern-joints neither straight nor oblique, are essential. It is no harm if his neck be thick, but it is absolutely necessary that he should have a fine head and clear, intelligent eyes, with a good space between and above them. The ears also are an important point; they should be set neither close together nor wide apart, and it is of the utmost consequence how they are carried. A lively, sensible horse, one who has the true roadster disposition, will continually move his ears, pointing them forward and backward, and even sideways, thus showing that he is attentive and curious as to what takes place about him, and interested to observe what may be coming. A beast with a coarse head, narrow forehead, dull, timorous eyes, and ears that tend to incline either away from or toward each other when held upright, and which are apt to be pointed backward, — such a horse is one to avoid as certainly deficient in mind, and probably in courage and in good temper as well. Many lazy, sluggish animals of this sort are considered eminently safe for women to drive; and so they are until the harness breaks or something else frightens them, when they become panic-stricken and tear everything to pieces. On the other hand, a high-strung but intelligent horse will quickly recover from a sudden alarm, when he finds that after all he has not been hurt. The manner rather than the fact of shying is the thing to be considered.

When we come to inquire how good roadsters are bred, the answer can be given with more confidence, for the source of their endurance and courage is always found either in Arabian or in thoroughbred blood. These two terms were at one time more nearly synonymous than they are now. A thoroughbred is one whose pedigree is registered in the English Stud Book, the first volume of which was published in 1808; and the English race horse is founded upon the courser of the desert. Arabs were imported to England at a very early period, but not in such numbers as to effect any decided improvement in the native breed until the reign of James I. This monarch established a racing-stable, and installed therein some fine Arabian stallions. Charles I. continued the same policy, and the royal stud which he left at Tutbury consisted chiefly of Arab-bred horses. Soon after his execution, it was seized by order of Parliament; but, happily, the change in dynasty did not interfere with the conduct of the stud. Cromwell, as is well known, had a sharp eye for a horse, and the best of the king's lot were soon "chosen" for the Lord Protector. Charles II., again, had no less a passion for horses, and almost the first order that he issued, after landing in England, was one to the effect that the Tutbury nags should be returned to the royal stables. He and many private breeders beside added to the Arabian stock in England; but it was not until the first half of the eighteenth century that the three horses were imported who have exercised the greatest influence upon the race of English

thoroughbreds. These were the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and more especially the Godolphin Arabian. The last named was a dark bay horse about 15 hands high (Arab horses seldom exceed 14¾ hands), with a white off-heel behind. He is said to have been stolen from his owner in Paris, and his pedigree was never ascertained. It is the fashion of English writers to decry the Arabian blood; and it is true that the present thoroughbred, owing to many years of good food and severe training, is a bigger, stronger, swifter animal than the Arab;[1] but the latest and perhaps the highest authority on this subject, William Day, makes the significant admission that all the best thoroughbreds now on the English turf trace back to one or more of the three Arab horses whose names have just been mentioned.

The chief reason why a good roadster must have thoroughbred or Arab blood in his veins is that from no other source can he derive the necessary nervous energy. This is even more important than the superior bony structure of the thoroughbred or Arabian. Exactly what nervous energy is, nobody, I presume, can tell; but it is something that, in horses at least, develops the physical system early, makes it capable of great exertion, and enables it to recover quickly from fatigue. The same, or, more correctly, a similar capacity is continually remarked in mankind. Readers of Arctic travels, for example, must often have been struck by the fact that it is invariably the men, and never the officers, who succumb to the labor and exposure of a sledge journey. Loosely speaking, it may be that in the educated man, especially in the man whose ancestors also have been educated, the mind has acquired a degree of control over the body which cannot otherwise be attained. So also with horses. A thoroughbred is one whose progenitors for many generations have been called upon to exert themselves to the utmost; they have run hard and long, and struggled to beat their competitors. Moreover, they have had an abundance of the food best adapted to develop bone and muscle. Then, again, the care, the grooming, the warm housing and blanketing, which they have received tend to make the skin delicate, the hair fine, the mane silky, the whole organization more sensitive to impressions, and consequently the nervous system more active and controlling.

This same nervous energy usually prevents the roadster from being what is known as a family horse, for he lacks the repose, the placidity and phlegm, of that useful but commonplace animal; he is apt to jump like a cat, and to dance or run a little now and then, in exuberance of spirits and superfluity of strength. Occasionally, to be sure, a horse is found who has great courage and endurance, and at the same time a perfectly temperate disposition. Such was Justin Morgan, head of the greatest roadster family that we have ever had in this country. His origin has not been ascertained beyond a doubt, but in all probability he was sired by a horse called the True Briton or Beautiful Bay. True Briton was bred and owned by General De Lancy,

[1] Some years ago, Haleem Pacha, of Egypt, who had inherited from his father, Abbass Pacha, a stud of Arabs estimated to have cost about $5,000,000, made a match with some merchants at Cairo to run an eight-mile race for £400 a side. The Cairo merchants sent to England and bought Fair Nell, an Irish mare, thoroughbred, or nearly so, that had been used by one of the Tattersalls as a park and covert hack. She was a beautiful bright bay mare, with black legs, standing about 15 hands 1½ inches high, "with such perfect shoulders, with so much before you, and with such an elastic stride that it was easy, even delightful, to sit on her, although her temper was hot, and at times she plunged violently." The match took place within two weeks after Fair Nell landed in Egypt, and she won with ridiculous ease, beating the Pacha's best Arab by a full mile. She did the eight miles in 18½ minutes, and pulled up fresh.

who rode him during the Revolutionary War, and from whom he was stolen by some miscreant about the year 1788. The thief ran the horse across King's Bridge, Long Island, where the general was stationed, and disposed of him to a rich merchant in Connecticut. True Briton was sired by an imported English horse called Traveller, and Traveller was nearly pure Arabian. Less is known about the dam of Justin Morgan, but it is thought by those who have studied the matter that she also was of thoroughbred Arabian stock. It is certain that there was a close resemblance between the old-time Morgans and Arab horses, although the latter were more finely turned and smoothly coated. Justin Morgan himself was a better runner than trotter, and possibly a better draft-horse than runner. Pictures of him, as well as written descriptions, have been handed down, and we therefore have the privilege of knowing how he looked and acted. He was a stout, chunky little bay horse, with black legs, standing about 14 hands high, and weighing about 950 pounds. His chest was broad; he was deep through the lungs, with short legs, back, and neck, and a longish body, extremely muscular, and, for his size, large of bone. His head was rather big, but bony and well shaped; his ears were small and very fine. Like most of his descendants, he was broad between the eyes, with a noble and alert expression. The courage and spirit of this diminutive horse were superb, and his carriage was so proud that he was eagerly sought as a charger for musters and other military occasions, and yet his disposition was so gentle that women often rode him. In his day there were no race-tracks, but it was a favorite sport to run horses for a short distance, such impromptu matches usually coming off in front of the tavern, the horses starting from a standstill. In these contests Justin Morgan often took part, and invariably with success, winning many a gallon of rum for his rider. He was equally good at pulling. Farmers and teamsters would sometimes come together at the tavern or other convenient spot, and test the relative strength of their horses in hauling logs. When the others had done their best, it was the custom of Justin Morgan's owner to attach him to the heaviest log that had yet been pulled, and then jump on himself. The little horse never failed to move the load. He lived to a great age, and left behind him many sons, chiefly Sherman, Bulrush, and Woodbury, who have perpetuated his good qualities. Justin Morgan had in a remarkable degree the rare and valuable power of transmitting his own excellence and peculiarities. In this respect, but two other horses in this country have rivaled him, namely, General Knox, one of his own descendants, and the famous trotting stallion Rysdyck's Hambletonian.

General Knox founded a subsidiary family of roadsters, who have also been distinguished in many cases as trotters. The Knox horses, very numerous in Maine, are commonly black in color and almost always intelligent; they are apt to be plain in style, but full of courage and endurance. General Knox's breeding was of the best, being Morgan on the sire's and Morgan and thoroughbred on the dam's side. Messenger, a greater race horse, was a thoroughbred, imported to this country in the year 1788, and from him most of our trotters are descended. "When the old gray came charging down the gang-plank of the ship which brought him over," Hiram Woodruff declares, "the value of not less than one hundred millions of dollars struck our soil." Rysdyck's Hambletonian was of Messenger descent on one side; but his dam was by Bellfounder, a "Norfolk trotter."[1] Rysdyck's Ham-

[1] The Norfolk trotters, a family now extinct, or nearly so, were good roadsters, and Bellfounder, imported in 1822, was one of the best of them. He was a stout, low-standing bay

bletonian was a trotting stallion of wonderful excellence, but I shall pass lightly over his descendants, as they commonly make poor and unattractive roadsters, being long-backed, rather leggy, sluggish, and very coarse about the head and ears. The typical roadster is a compact, easy-going, short-stepping horse. Such was the famous trotter Hopeful, a chunky, spirited little gray nag, whose record to a skeleton wagon, one mile in 2.16¾, still stands at the head of the list.

Given a roadster of this description, and a light, open wagon fitted with a stout spring, with lamps, and possibly with a small break; given also a sympathetic companion and a mackintosh, — and, if you like, we will throw in a dog: thus provided, and with all New England stretching out before you, what more delightful than to take the road at any time between April and November! It is pleasant to start in the freshness of a summer morning, with the prospect of seeing a new country, and with the comfortable assurance that it is a matter of no consequence if you become lost in traversing unknown paths. Your horse, I assume, has rested well, there is a cheerful air of anticipation about his ears, and the wheels turn smoothly and lightly on the newly oiled axles. It is pleasant to stop at noon in a patch of woods, beside some mountain stream or at the edge of a lake, where better quarters can be had than any tavern or summer hotel affords. The roadster is taken out, the dog lies down at the foot of a tree, stretching himself with a sigh of content, and a sort of gypsy camp springs up on the instant. After a half-hour's rest comes luncheon for man and beast; the steed taking his oats out of a pail or nose-bag, the dog sharing lamb sandwiches with the two other carnivorous members of the party. This meal concluded, — and there is no law against lighting a small fire in order to have a cup of hot tea or cocoa, — time remains for a nap, or for reading a novel, or, better yet, for reclining at ease and absorbing impressions from nature. A fresh start is made about two o'clock, or later if the weather be very hot, the houyhnhnm having first been made to look spick and span and able for his task. It is pleasant then to drive past green fields and groves of pine in the pensive light of late afternoon, and to watch the shadows lengthening on the mountains; it is pleasant, as the cows are coming home, as the sun is setting, and as the frogs begin their nightly chorus, to approach your destination, looking forward to supper and a bed, and leaving behind a day long to be remembered. Even the mishaps that befall the adventurous traveler, such as losing the road on a dark night when a thunderstorm is raging, and finding himself on a disused path through the woods instead of the highway, — even experiences of this kind are delightful in the retrospect.

The evening may be less enjoyable. New England taverns have a bad name, and they deserve it. Still, there is occasionally a good one, and there are others that possess some collateral attraction. The best, perhaps, are usually found in county towns where tradition lingers. I remember one such, well situated on a New Hampshire hill. The village was very small, containing three or four shops, a court-house, a miniature jail, and the tavern, a rambling structure with low ceilings. The rooms were

horse, with a white star in his forehead. Bellfounder had a round body, a thick, arched neck, and a spirited but gentle eye; in short, he was a noble cob and a very fast one. Seven hundred pounds sterling were paid for him, and before leaving England, according to a contemporary account, he had trotted two miles in six minutes, nine miles in thirty minutes. He was of the Fireway strain, of great repute in those days. The origin of the Fireways and other Norfolk trotters is obscure, but probably they were descended on one side from some thoroughbred or Arabian horse, possibly from Sampson.

but tolerable, the cooking was scarcely that, and yet the place had an air, a flavor, an attraction, which at first I was unable to resolve. At last I discovered that it consisted chiefly in this, — the proprietor, a full-bearded, high-colored man of the old school, invariably and constantly wore a tall silk hat; the only one, in all probability, for ten miles around. Unthinking persons may perceive no significance in this; but, rightly considered, the high hat indicated a certain sense of self-respect, as well as a certain feeling for form and ceremony. If the hat had been assumed only when the wearer went outside, then it would have been simply a protection from the elements, or at best a matter of display for the villagers; but being worn constantly in-doors, without regard to times or seasons, it ceased to be a hat and became a badge. There was another good feature of this hotel: the office, a long, low room, had a big open fireplace, where logs of wood burned cheerfully on a frosty night in autumn. The hostler, moreover, was an excellent one. True, he fairly reeked of chloroform (New Hampshire is a prohibition State), and his memory was not of the best, being unable to carry "four quarts of oats" more than fifteen minutes, or to distinguish it at the distance of half an hour from a bran mash; but he was gentle with his horses and groomed them well.

If the roadster is to be kept in good condition and to come out fresh every morning, his master must be liberal with fees and vigilant in his oversight. Hostlers, — I say it with reluctance, — especially in large stables, are, generally speaking, worthless, drunken creatures; and here and there a tavern-keeper is found base enough to cheat a horse out of his oats. "But," some self-indulgent reader may exclaim, "one might as well stay at home as to go off on a journey and be bothered with a horse." This would be distinctly the argument of a Yahoo, and if any one is in danger of being deceived by it I would refer him to what the famous Captain Dugald Dalgetty said upon the subject: "'It is my custom, my friends, to see Gustavus (for so I have called him, after my invincible master) accommodated myself; we are old friends and fellow-travelers, and as I often need the use of his legs, I always lend him in my turn the service of my tongue to call for whatever he has occasion for;' and accordingly he strode into the stable after his steed without further apology."

Horses often fall ill or break down on a journey, and this usually happens not from overdriving, but from allowing them to get cold, from watering them when they are hot, from feeding them when they are tired, and from general neglect. A tired roadster seldom gets a bed as deep and soft as he ought to have. The famous Mr. Splan remarks upon this point as follows: "What horses want is plenty of fresh air, to be comfortably clothed, and to have a good bed at all times. No matter how well you feed or care for a man, if you put him in a bad bed at night he will be very apt to find fault in the morning, and I think it is the same with a horse." The feet of a road horse also need attention, and his shoes are all-important. Most country blacksmiths do their work like butchers, paring and burning the foot to fit the shoe, instead of adapting the iron to the hoof. Still, within a radius of five or ten miles it is usually possible to discover a single good workman in this regard, and the traveler can get upon his track by inquiring of horsy men in the vicinity. Every village in New England contains at least one enthusiastic person who is raising colts with the confident expectation of turning out a $20,000 trotter. This man will know who is the good blacksmith of the neighborhood.

One great point in all-day driving is to make the noonday stop before the roadster begins to tire. Every horse has

his distance, which is easily ascertained by experience, though allowance must of course be made for the state of the weather and of the roads. To this extent he will go along cheerfully, with ears and tail in their normal position; but drive a little farther, and he begins to lag, his curiosity is gone, his ears lose their vivacity, his tail droops, and he wants to stop. It is well to make the noonday halt before this point is reached, even though half the journey be not completed.

When it comes to undertaking a really great distance, such as sixty or seventy miles in a day, or fifty miles for two or three days consecutively, then intelligent driving and the best of care are indispensable. Every foot of the road must be watched, advantage taken of all the good going and slight declivities, the bad spots avoided as much as possible, and the movement and condition of the roadster kept under vigilant observation from morning till night. Unless the driver can sympathize with his horse, so as to know exactly what his frame of mind and bodily condition are all the way along, he is incompetent to handle him to anything like the best advantage. When a day's work of extraordinary length is attempted, the best plan is to stop for half an hour or so in the middle of the morning, and also in the middle of the afternoon, in order to give the roadster a short rest and a luncheon of oats, making a longer halt, of course, at noontime. The recent Badminton work on driving states the old English custom in this regard as follows: —

"Before the advent of railways, fifty miles in a day was not considered too much for a pair of horses to do, and that in a lumbering traveling carriage. The rules laid down for such a journey were, to go ten miles and bait for fifteen minutes, giving each horse an opportunity to wash out his mouth and a wisp of hay; then to travel another six miles and stop half an hour, taking off the harness, rubbing the horses well down, and giving to each half a peck of corn. After traveling a further ten miles, hay and water were given as at first, when another six miles might be traversed; and then a bait of at least two hours was considered necessary, and the horses were given hay and a feed of corn. After journeying another ten miles, hay and water, as before, were administered, and the rest of the journey might be accomplished without a further stop, when the horses were provided with a wash before their night meal, and if the weather were cold and wet some beans thrown in. This calculates a pace averaging six or seven miles an hour."

I am acquainted with a Morgan filly, five years old, that, without any special preparation, traveled last fall from the White Mountains to Boston, one hundred and forty-seven miles, in exactly three days, with perfect ease. The first day she went but thirty-five miles, the second fifty-four, the third fifty-eight. Her owner furnishes me with the following account of the last day: —

"I started from Portsmouth at eight A. M., drove fifteen miles, and stopped for three quarters of an hour, taking the mare out, rubbing her legs well, and giving her two quarts of oats. I then drove twelve miles, and stopped again in a patch of woods for two hours. The mare had some hay, procured of a neighboring farmer, with three quarts of oats, and was well groomed. Starting again at about four o'clock, I drove to Salem, arriving there soon after six, the distance being about fifteen or sixteen miles. The horse seemed perfectly fresh, but as my three days would not be up till eleven P. M. (inasmuch as I started at eleven A. M. on the first day), I concluded to stop for dinner. The mare was put into a stable and rubbed down. Her legs were bandaged, and she was furnished with some hay and two or three quarts of oats, which she ate greedily. At seven thirty she was harnessed again, and came

up to Boston as readily as if she were out for the first time that day. Her eye was perfectly bright when I arrived, she exhibited no sign of fatigue, and would doubtless have been good for twenty miles more."

This was a creditable performance to have been done so easily, especially as the road from Portsmouth is flat and sandy. A moderately hilly road is much less fatiguing. The same filly, it may be added, when but three years old made seventy miles in a day of twelve hours, drawing a skeleton wagon. Such a journey would have ruined most young horses, but the next morning, when turned out to pasture, she threw up her heels, as sound and lively as any colt in the lot.

Another Morgan mare,[1] of similar appearance, being black, and "a compactly built, nervy, wiry animal of the steel and whalebone sort," is credited with going eight miles in thirty-seven minutes, returning over the same ground in thirty-six minutes. On another occasion she accomplished forty-three miles in three hours and twenty-five minutes. This was great roading.

Northern New England horses, of Morgan, of Messenger, or of Knox blood, are very tough and lasting. I can give the following example as authentic: "Abner Toothaker, a well-known horseman, late of Phillips, Maine, once drove a young roadster, called Wild Tiger, from Phillips to Augusta, fifty-two miles, in five and one half hours. It was in the winter, and, owing to the depth of the snowdrifts, it took him one hour to cover the first five miles, making the last forty-seven miles in four and one half hours." The horse pulled all the way, and came out fresh the next morning. This Wild Tiger was of Eaton stock on his sire's side, his dam being by Troublesome, both of these strains being of thoroughbred origin. Mr. Toothaker, on more than one occasion, drove from his home to Bangor, a distance of ninety miles, in a single day.

Vermont Champion, a son of Sherman Morgan and grandson of Justin Morgan, was once driven by his owner, Mr. Knights, from Concord, Vermont, to Portland, Maine, with a load of pork. The trip down, presumably in a sleigh, took three or four days, the distance being very nearly, if not quite, one hundred and ten miles. On arriving at Portland, Mr. Knights found a letter, that had been sent by stage, informing him of illness in his family; and the next morning he started for home, which he reached about eight o'clock in the evening of the same day. "Old men are now alive," says my informant, "who saw Champion the next day, and who state that he looked fit to repeat the exploit."

The shortest time for one hundred miles is that made by Conqueror, harnessed to a sulky, at Centreville, Long Island, in 1853, which was eight hours, fifty-five minutes, and fifty-three seconds. Several other horses have done this distance in less than ten hours. Fifty miles were trotted at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1835, by a horse called Black Joker, in three hours and fifty-seven minutes. Several horses have trotted twenty miles within an hour, the first to do it being Trustee, a half-bred horse. One of the few defeats that Flora Temple ever suffered was in a match to trot twenty miles within an hour, harnessed to a skeleton wagon; "that kind of going on in a treadmill sort of way," as Hiram Woodruff remarks, "not being her strong point."

An American trotting horse, called Tom Thumb, owned by Mr. Osbaldestone, in England, covered one hundred miles in ten hours and seven minutes, the vehicle weighing nearly or quite one hundred pounds. An English-bred mare was afterward matched to accomplish the same task. "She was," according to Youatt, "one of those animals rare to

[1] The property of Mr. Farnum, of Waltham.

be met with, that could do almost anything as a hack, a hunter, or in harness. On one occasion, after having, in following the hounds and traveling to and from cover, gone through at least sixty miles of country, she fairly ran away with her rider over several ploughed fields. She accomplished the match in ten hours and fourteen minutes. . . . She was a little tired, and, being turned into a loose box, lost no time in taking her rest. On the following day she was as full of life and spirit as ever. This is a match," Mr. Youatt continues, "which it is pleasant to record; for the owner had given positive orders to the driver to stop at once on her showing decided symptoms of distress, as he valued her more than anything he could gain by her enduring actual suffering."

No sensible person will care to drive fifteen miles in an hour or seventy in a day, except as a feat; but if you wish to travel forty or fifty miles, it is a great thing to have a roadster who is capable of going seventy or eighty. To ride behind a tired horse is fatiguing and depressing in the extreme, whereas there is a sense of exhilaration in covering a long distance which is yet well within the known powers of your steed. In fact, a good roadster is something like a satisfactory bank account, — your pleasure in his capacity is great almost in proportion as the drafts which you make upon it are small.

H. C. Merwin.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

XXXV.

The clouds which had so long shadowed the lives and fortunes of the commander's family at last showed signs of breaking. Like nature's clearings the change came gradually. A dim white disk of promise, glimmering at first vaguely through the vapor, brightened presently into a noontide blaze of fulfillment.

If, as has been argued, there is needed a sombre background of trial to bring out in their true values the common blessings of peace of mind and daily bread, Vrouw Leisler and her little flock by this time should have been brought to a due appreciation of these unprized gifts of Providence.

The atonement, so long in coming, seemed now as complete as it lay in the power of man to make. The taint had been taken from their blood; their dead had been reinterred with Christian burial and public honor; the order had gone forth for the restoration of their estates; nay, even his Excellency, in the late election, had found their name one still potent enough to conjure with.

Furthermore, to signalize this heyday of returning prosperity and happiness, Mary announced that she had consented to become the wife of Abram Gouveneur. The young widow, in the full bloom of health and ripened beauty, had, this time of her own free will, yielded her hand to the importunity of the keen-eyed young Huguenot, who was as unlike in character as he was in person to her former spouse.

As if to emphasize in every way the contrast to her earlier nuptials, the sun rose cloudless on her wedding-day, the glory of June shone in garden and orchard, friends gathered from far and near about the now prosperous family, and even their beloved old dominie came tottering in on the arm of Cobus to perform the marriage service.

Although still hale, time and suffering

had left their script on good Dame Leisler's face and sapped the vigor of her frame. She stood resignedly aside, and left the brunt of the preparation to Hester, who, with her grave air of responsibility, might have been taken for the bride's elder sister. Mary, indeed, was almost foolish in her gayety, as long-frozen sources of sentiment, thawed by this new-found joy, bubbled up in her heart and flooded to her lips and eyes for expression.

When the feast was over and the guests were gone, the whole family escorted the bride to her new home, a cozy little house which the energetic groom had fitted to receive her.

It was on the way back that, with the natural rebound of feelings long overstrained in one direction, Vrouw Leisler gave vent to certain characteristic reflections.

"Oh, if Jacob — if your father could but have been here to-day to see how we lift up our heads, — to see Mary, too! She was ever his favorite. What need for wonder at it! She was an obedient child. She did ever what she was bid. See ye now the fruit of that! See, Hester, how she is rewarded! Ah, if he could but see her! But ei! ei! he cares nothing for all that now. He wears a crown of glory in paradise if ever yet a mortal did! Ay, he is looking down on us, — I cannot believe but he is. He knows all has been done. Think of that, now! I pray he may forgive us all we do amiss. If he but knew how we have striven day and night to carry out his will! But we are not as he was. He should think of that. His sight was made clear, he went not astray, he knew the right and what was best for us. I pray we may guide ourselves to please him. It must meet his liking, this, one would think. Abram has been from a child under his eye, like a son, as it might be, since the day when he himself befriended the mother — ye were too young, Hester, to remember the gibberish she spoke — in her sorrow and trouble so long ago."

The good vrouw's maundering came to a natural end: they had reached home. With one accord all stopped at the foot of the steps, realizing perhaps for the first time that, despite its attendant smiles and congratulations, despite the songs of poets and the jests of all mankind, a wedding is as truly the first act of a tragedy as a funeral is the latest. The ring, the veil, the bridal wreath, have filled the opening epithalamium with sounding rhymes; let it fitly end with figures of a vacant chair, a vanished form, a silenced voice, the listening for a step that comes no more, of a familiar service rendered not again.

In the momentary silence, as Vrouw Leisler paused with her foot upon the bottom step, it might be to make the foregoing reflection, it might be to take breath, a tall figure rose from the bench on the stoop above and greeted them. It was Barent Rhynders awaiting their return. His appearance following so closely upon certain words just spoken by her mother may have seemed significant to Hester. Although her voice was wanting in the chorus of cordial greetings with which the visitor was welcomed, he must have gathered from her look that his presence was a pleasure and a relief; else surely would he not have stayed on until one by one the tired family withdrew and left them alone.

They sat on the porch in the soft summer air and watched the moon rise over Remsen's Hoodgts, while the discordant clamor of the day died away to a drowsy murmur, as the bustling little town slowly settled itself to repose.

At last Barent rose to go. He had already stayed beyond his hour, and it was late according to the simple notions of the time. Directly Hester, who had been sitting all the evening in silence, began to bristle with things to say. Unconsciously she followed the lingering visitor down the steps and called him

back for a forgotten word. Without plan or suggestion they presently found themselves sauntering up and down the deserted street. Despite Hester's protest, Barent would needs go back to the stoop for her cloak. Thereupon they wandered on to the dock.

Here they paused to look off upon the water, to taste the cool breeze blowing up through the Hoofden and note the moon's white track upon the river just where it turns with broad sweep to join its sister flood.

As they stood thus, it chanced that the ferryman came rowing slowly up to the landing from his last passage to Breuckelen.

"What say you?" whispered Barent. "Shall we take a turn upon the water? Here is Jan would catch at a chance guilder, and the river is smooth as a goose-pond."

Hester looked wistfully at the water, hesitated a moment, then followed her companion down to the landing.

As they stepped into the clumsy little craft the night-watch came stalking to the spot to demand their errand, but upon the representation of the ferryman winked at the irregularity and forbore to interfere.

With long, steady stroke the skillful Jan propelled them out into the noble river, not, as now, a turbid sewer hemmed in by masses of brick and mortar, noisy with screaming whistles, gay with flaring lights, crowded with a forest of foreign masts, but broad and peaceful and undefiled, inclosed by wooded banks abounding in mysterious shadows, where nothing broke the solemn hush save the rippling of the water on the rocky shore, the far-off chorus of the tree-toads, or the plaintive persistence of the whip-poor-will, sounds which seemed born of the night to accentuate the silence.

"'T is wondrous beautiful!" said the junker in a half-whisper, as if afraid to break the spell by a discordant note.

"Yes," was the murmured answer.

"Mary has had a rare day."

"Ye-es," as before.

"'T is a comfort to think of her coming to such happiness after all her pain."

"'T is no more than her desert."

"Nor so much; there 's nothing good enough for Mary, when it comes to that. Yet there 's not a finer junker in the province than Abram."

"'T is an old matter between them."

"So?"

"They had a thought of each other when children."

"In Milborne's time?"

"Yes, and long before, when Abram spoke in his outlandish French chatter we could never understand."

"And she broke off with him to take Milborne?"

"'T was a sore trial to her, but — 't was at *his* bidding."

"Your father?"

"Yes. 'T was not with a man's light he walked; he had surer guidance. 'T is now made clear how all he did and said was for the right. Well for Mary that she heeded him!"

Barent, perhaps conscientiously refraining from assent until he had arrived at conviction, perhaps with reservations which it would have been hard to define, made no answer. To Hester, luckily, his speech or silence upon the matter appeared to make no difference. She had merely paused for breath.

"I was ever rebellious and stubborn, and heeded not in my pride his blessed words. I was hardened in disobedience, and more times than one sorely angered him."

"Think no more on it! You cannot mend what is past. You must be excused, not knowing you were wrong."

"That did I; I was willful in my wrong-doing, and now henceforth must I abide the consequence."

"Take cheer! 'T is Mary's turn to-day; to-morrow 't will be yours!"

"Mine has passed and gone; 't will come not again."

"You are downcast now over Mary's leave-taking, — that is all. Next week 't will look another way."

"It cannot; there is no chance of it."

"In a few months Mynheer will be coming back from Holland."

"If it be Mynheer Van Cortlandt you have in mind, 't is all one to me whether he comes or stays."

Staggered by this unexpected speech, the junker made no answer. He was not of the nimble wits who can cover their dismay by tossing in a conversational stop-gap.

As before, his companion seemed unconscious of his silence and of the fact that he was staring at her with might and main.

"I was accursed," she went on bitterly, "to hold converse with a man who told me to my face that awful murder might be justified. 'T is right I should suffer for my sin," she continued, with added vehemence. "I shudder to think he was of the party that did it, their kith and kin. I feel that I have clasped the hand of a murderer. 'T is the penalty I must pay for my wrong-doing; 't is the yoke I must bear, and a grievous heavy yoke it is! Forgive me that I cry out under it! I am not yet grown callous to the smart."

Again Barent was mute. He may well have been dumfounded at the revelation he had heard. A silence fell between them; it was prolonged till clearly neither cared to break it. As if relieved by her outburst of feeling, Hester yielded to the soothing influences of time and place, and found a needed solace in the brooding quiet.

Thus they glided on. Far out of sight of the town or of any sign of man's presence, they were alone in the wilderness. Worn out by the fatigue and excitement of the day, lulled by the rhythm of the dipping oars, Hester's head began to droop.

The vigilant junker arranged a roll of sailcloth for a pillow; then covering her from the dew with the warm cloak, he sat at hand as they fared homeward, guarding the unconscious sleeper with watch-dog fidelity.

Not until they rounded up to the dock did she open her eyes. Then staggering to her feet, she looked about in bewilderment. Barent spoke a reassuring word.

"'T is the dock, Hester, — see! Let me go first! — now give me your hand. Have a care where you step! So, here we are again!"

"Yes, come; 't is time we were going. Hark! What o'clock is that? It must be very late. Ugh-h! how cold it grows! Let us make haste!"

Barent strode in silence by her side as she hurried along the winding Strand. Upon the stoop he faced about to take leave.

"You would leave me, then?" she cried, in a dismayed tone.

"That will I not, now or ever, if you but bid me stay," he said stoutly.

"I bid you neither stay nor go," she answered wearily. "I bid you do what you will."

She stood with her face in shadow, leaning against the doorpost, while he pondered for a whole minute what she had said.

"I am a fool at guessing folks' meaning. I made a blunder once; I would not do the same again. You know my mind, Hester; 't is the same now it was then. If you would take back what you said yonder, let me know it in one plain word!"

She made a movement to speak, but the words died on her lips.

"If you say not *no*, I shall think you mean *yes*."

He waited a minute in trembling suspense lest she might speak.

"Hester — Hester!" he cried at last, in a voice deeply moved. "I am a happy man."

At the end of his transport she released herself from his embrace with a sigh.

XXXVI.

One theme held sway over Steenie's thoughts all the voyage long, nothing happening in the weary round of ship-life to break its hold upon him. Perforce he must sit and think, and think, and think. All nature, too, seemed in his confidence: the waves breaking upon the vessel's prow to his enkindled fancy sang of the selfsame subject, the winds whispered of it, the stars winked knowingly down that they were in the secret. An end or a welcome interruption came to all this when the Angel Gabriel cast anchor in the Zuyder Zee, and the junker found himself in the home of his ancestors. Before he well realized the fact, however, or had breathing-time to look about upon the odd sights and varied forms of life in this new-old world, there came a letter telling of his father's death and calling upon him to go home.

He received the news with calmness, perhaps because mere words blown thousands of miles across the sea lose something of their dramatic force, perhaps because he was getting shock-proof. Neither, as it proved, did the interruption of his travels cause him any great regret; for, setting sail on his return voyage without loss of time, he saw the land recede with a look of pure indifference.

On the long homeward way he had ample time to reflect upon the new responsibilities awaiting him. For the first time he became sensible that his mother's more pronounced character had blinded him to his father's unusual qualities, and that the family, one and all, had been unconsciously guided by the rare sagacity and great worldly experience of his dead parent.

This subject, having been ripely considered, gave way, like a variation in music, to the original theme. Again the scene in the graveyard arose before his cooled and sobered fancy. Like tormenting insects, certain questions with regard to it, questions necessarily unanswerable, kept buzzing in his ears: Had the change been in him or in Hester? If she had ever really loved him, could she have cast him off thus? Could he help his opinions? Ought she to expect all the world to share her delusion that her father was a saint and a martyr, or accept as sane the judgment of her morbid conscience that filial duty should overshadow every other, and that her old righteous revolt against her father's tyranny had become through mere lapse of time a heinous crime?

But a profounder riddle than any of these was his own changed attitude with regard to the matter, was the growing remoteness of his own point of view, was the lack of any poignant regret as to its outcome. Had this change in himself come about gradually? Had it been of volcanic action? In either case, what had caused it? He was bewildered to find himself unable to decide.

Tiring of these puzzles, others awaited him; the sea-life showed itself prolific of them. Unbidden, there uprose before him the scene of his last meeting with Catalina, her strange behavior and unaccountable swoon. Thereupon, as he hung musing for hours over the taffrail, came remembrances of other times when she had been odd and baffling, and he recalled with a passing smile his old delight in her irascibility. Thus idly reminiscent he made a discovery. For the first time, in his self-absorption, it occurred to him that a change had taken place in the little maid's demeanor, — the old attitude of bristling hostility was gone!

Directly this puzzle outvied all others in interest. Catalina's conduct under this narrowed scrutiny began to assume new lights and significances. At last, with the suddenness of an electric flash it all stood before him in perfect consistency.

He jumped up and paced the deck;

it seemed a very narrow and cramped little deck now, when he longed for a boundless course over which he could stretch his long legs with some chance of relieving the white heat of heart and brain during those first few hours after his discovery.

Whereupon he began to turn his eyes towards the western horizon with growing suspense, to question the captain and sailors about their progress and the probabilities of arrival, all his patient apathy gone.

At the end of a dreary gray day the long-expected cry was heard, "Land ho!" The next morning the ship entered the harbor. Greeting an outward-bound vessel just issuing from the Hoofden, they were met with the news that a fast had just been proclaimed in town on account of the death of Lord Bellomont.

This startling report speedily brought the dreamer back to real life, to thoughts of the cause of his home-coming and of the afflicted family he was so soon to meet. Moreover, these two deaths presaged, as he well knew, momentous changes in private and public, and so invested his return with a sense of strangeness and upheaval.

Notwithstanding the familiar look of everything as he sailed up the harbor, years seemed to have elapsed since he went away. His voyage already began to serve as a dividing point in his life, and all that lay beyond it belonged to a past even now of shadowy remoteness. The same sense of strangeness pursued him on land. Making his way along the well-known streets, he stared about with the dazed look of a stranger, so suddenly had everything grown shabby, dwarfed, or disappointing.

Reaching home, he was greeted by the announcement that the family had removed to their summer estate upon the Hudson. This news, coming as a culmination to the train of thoughts described, filled him with a sense of loneliness and desolation. He longed for a welcoming face or voice. In this mood he hurried around to the Staatses'.

A slave at work in the garden saw him at the door plying the knocker, and came hurrying to say that the begum and the children had gone to the farm at New Utrecht, leaving only a couple of servants behind to care for the doctor, who was kept in town by business.

Amongst the political disturbances which followed upon the death of Lord Bellomont, and filled with stormful echoes the brief administration of Lieutenant-Governor Nanfan, two only came home to the returned traveler with immediate interest, — the trial and conviction of Colonel Bayard on the charge of high treason, and the persecution of his mother by Nanfan's officious auditing committee because of her refusal to give up the papers of her dead husband. Madam, it should be said, was as calmly defiant of their threats as she had been of Leisler's in the time of the revolution, and, as it turned out, with the like victorious result.

What with these political distractions and the imperative demands of important private duties in connection with his father's estate, Steenie had small leisure for ocean dreams. Though overlaid in his mind, however, it speedily appeared how little they were forgotten.

In his frequent comings and goings between the town and the new manor-house upon the river, he had thought many times of the Van Dorns as he passed the well-known bouwerie, but the urgency of present business had always prevented his stopping, until one morning, surprised by the littered stoop and general air of desolation, he rode up to the door and found the cottage empty. Conscience-stricken at his neglect, he at once set about a search, and soon succeeded in finding the family temporarily lodged with one of the neighbors.

Although plainly astonished to see him so soon returned from his voyage,

Tryntie greeted the junker with her usual air of grave respect.

"How goes it with you, vrouw?"

"All at the best, thank ye much, Mynheer!"

"And Rip, — he has still the rheumatics?"

"'T is no great matter."

"You have then left the bouwerie?"

"Mm-m," answered the little woman, dryly affirmative.

"So!" exclaimed Steenie with instant apprehension, "they took it from you?"

"I came not out of it upon a wink," was the answer, pronounced with a certain grim significance.

"But they gave you its worth?"

"I see it not yet what they give."

"So! humph — umph! Say a good word for me to Rip. I will see you soon again."

Tryntie courtesied, and gazed after the galloping horseman with a look of much perplexity.

Steenie's non-committal air at parting covered, as it proved, a serious intent. Before a week went by, he came with the offer of a small bouwerie belonging to his father's estate.

Certainly his statement was explicit enough, but Tryntie stupidly stared at him as if she had not heard. He repeated his words.

"'T is for me — this?"

"Yes; the cottage is small, but so is the rent, and you may get help to till the land."

Turning away her head and looking fixedly in the other direction, Tryntie made one or two attempts to speak, but beyond a choking sound nothing was audible.

Steenie suddenly discovered that he was parching for a glass of buttermilk. It was a happy thought; the little vrouw darted away to get the draught, and came back in a measure composed and coherent.

Needless to say, the timely offer was accepted. Rip's few belongings were soon removed with the help of the neighbors, and at the end of a week the family were fairly installed in their new cottage, not very far removed from the old, on the Sapokanican road.

Here, calling upon them not long afterwards to see if they were comfortably settled, Steenie found his new tenant loquacious in explaining the superior convenience of her new quarters: the tulip-bed was larger and better placed for the sun than the old; the brook, being running water, was better for the geese than their former muddy pond; and the bees were disposed in a more sheltered nook.

"You find everything, then, to your mind?" asked the pleased landlord.

"Beyond all I ever knew, Mynheer."

"You are in need of nothing?"

"Nothing, Mynheer, best thanks."

"You have wherewithal to buy food for the young ones till the crops ripen?"

"Never fear, Mynheer!"

Turning to go, Steenie was almost overturned by a slave who came riding up, carrying a large hamper before him on the saddle.

"'T is like her!" exclaimed Tryntie, receiving the hamper.

"Who is that?"

"Catalina!"

"She has been here?" with sudden eagerness.

"Ei, not this age; she bides yonder on the island."

"In New Utrecht?"

"Mm-m; but lets never a week go by that she sends me not something like this ye see."

"So!" muttered Steenie, in whom the incident seemed to have awakened a new train of thought.

"But 't is not my old Catalina, that was here and away over the fields and filled the house with song!"

"No?"

"Not she; her face is as long as the dominie's, with no cause one can see, and never a smile for her best friend, they say."

"In New Utrecht? Humph! Good-day to you, vrouw. I must not stay longer lest I be late getting home. Let me know if anything goes amiss."

After his professed eagerness to get home, Tryntie naturally wondered to see her landlord, instead of continuing his homeward way, turn about and ride smartly back towards the town.

Tryntie's astonishment, however, was as nothing to that of cousin Lysbeth, on seeing her kinsman come galloping up to her door that same evening, as she sat after supper upon the stoop.

The visitor was not the less welcome for being unexpected; and having feasted him with cold meats from the pantry, the dame drew up her chair, as he settled himself with his pipe upon the stoop, in keen anticipation of a quiet gossip.

Family news, an account of his recent voyage, the state of the province, these topics of their desultory talk, although of absorbing interest to cousin Lysbeth, availed not to keep Steenie from dropping shamelessly to sleep in the midst of her eager comments and questions. Realizing then the cruelty of prolonging the interview, she straightway packed her drowsy cousin off to bed.

Having early business in the fields, the bustling huysvrouw was up and gone, next morning, long before her lazy kinsman came sauntering down to his breakfast.

Once up, however, his indolence gave place to a restless activity. He did small justice to the dainty breakfast set forth for him, but, dispatching the meal quite unconscious of its excellence, called for his horse and rode briskly away.

At a turn in the road, he came by chance upon the begum riding in her palanquin. With practiced skill, the lady blinked out of sight her look of surprised recognition, and greeted him with matter-of-course cordiality.

"'T is long since we saw you, Mynheer."

"I have been out of the province, and am but just come back," he explained, returning the speaker's salute.

"Yes — pardon — it needs not to explain — you have my deep sympathy — pardon again — you visit here Vrouw Wickoff?"

"For the moment."

"I hope for the honor of seeing you."

"I was — er — am now on the point" — The junker paused, with a look of embarrassment. "You are most kind."

"I go to-day up to town; my husband sends word a box is come from India. With good fortune I am home again to-night, and if you find yourself here to-morrow" —

"I thank you much."

Thereupon with renewed compliments the lady went on her way to Breuckelen ferry, while Steenie took a speedier advantage of her invitation than she had dreamed of.

The servant, having bestowed him in the parlor, went in search of Catalina. Sunk in a luxurious Indian chair in the darkened room, the eyes of the waiting visitor idly followed the wake of an intruding beam of light out through the open hall door to an alluring little perspective of green fields and waving tree-tops. During the long absence of the servant, his thoughts, flocking along the lighted way into the outer air, visited in swift succession divers scenes rendered memorable to him in the neighborhood.

Roused from his reverie by the sound of approaching voices, he was presently aware of figures upon the stoop darkening his field of vision. Checking an impulse to rise and go forward, he consciously listened. A younger sister was urging upon Catalina some project to which she was disinclined.

"You have no excuse; you must go. All the junkers in Seawanacky, they say, will be there; and as for Vlacktebos and New Utrecht, there 'll not be a soul left at home. You should have heard the talk at church last Lord's Day.

The Lefferts, Van de Bildts, Remsens, Martenses, Van Voorhuys, Cortelyous, Couwenhoovens, Lotts, Stryckers, and Hegemans will all be there."

"So?"

"There 'll be every sport ever was heard of, 't is said, — reels, hipseysaw, shuffle-shuffle, cards, ninepins, plucking the goose, balls, and I know not what."

"*You* may go and bring me back a history of it all."

"Not I. You shall see it for yourself."

"I care not to go."

"And why, tell me?"

"I care not for it."

"'T was only last year you could not get enough of it. Poh! You must go, I say."

"Have done! I will not!"

"Suit yourself, then. I think too much of my breath to waste any more of it upon one so stubborn. But yonder is Johanna waiting for me to go gather cresses. Good-by. You 'll be sorry when 't is too late."

A deep sigh from the solitary figure upon the stoop presently aroused Steenie to a realizing sense of the fact that he had been playing the eavesdropper. Rising quickly, he walked to the outer door, but was stayed upon the threshold by the unexpected dismay his sudden appearance produced.

Clutching the bench upon which she sat with convulsive grasp, Catalina rose slowly and stared at him without speaking. Her look and attitude were so expressive of a deep inward shock that the junker himself was at a loss what to say.

"I have affrighted you. Had you not heard of my return?"

Catalina shook her head.

"'T is some weeks now — when my father — surely you heard of our great loss?"

She muttered an assent under her breath.

"My mother sent for me. I had scarcely landed. I have been much pressed since getting back. There have been troublous times yonder in town. My mother has been plagued by these busybodies. And Bayard, — you have heard how they try to hunt him to death?"

With resumed self-control Catalina sat quietly down upon the bench, and motioned him to a seat.

He remained standing, as if with some passing scruple about accepting the invitation.

"Tryntie — the Van Dorns — I stopped yesterday to see them in their new home."

The listener's face kindled with a faint interest.

"Whiles we talked came a messenger loaded with your bounty" —

The listener suddenly found her tongue.

"And Rip, — he is not worse for the moving?"

"None at all, as it seems. We had talk of you, the little vrouw and I. You should hear her upon that theme."

"You are come hither to — to visit Vrouw Wickoff?"

"No."

"So?"

The little monosyllable quivered upon her lip, and came fluttering forth with scarce breath enough to make known its birth.

"No, Catalina, I am come to see *you*," he said bluntly, sitting down as he spoke on the bench beside her, and looking close into her face with anxious eyes.

She made a vague movement as if to escape, but it was evident the effort was beyond her powers. She seemed well-nigh transfigured by an access of emotion; her eyes were filled with changing lights, her limbs were rigid, her organs of speech were paralyzed.

"And why should I not?" He paused as if for some sign of assent. "Are we not old friends?"

Still there was no answer; only in the startled eyes gleamed the same impotent purpose of flight.

"On the ship coming home I thought over my whole life as never before. I weighed my friends according to their worth. I examined well my heart as to which of them I prized and which I yearned to come back to."

She put out her hand with a gesture of protest.

"'T was then my eyes were opened. Then I saw my fatal mistake. Oh, Catalina, there came before me something, as it might be the finger of God, pointing to the precious flower blooming these many years in my pathway, which yet I had never reached to gather. From that moment all has been clear as the light; from that moment I have thought day and night of you, — of you, Catalina, as the one most dear to me in life."

"Stop!" she cried, a note of terror quivering in her breathless voice.

"All these years, I say, this spark has been smouldering in my heart, and I going blindfold on with no sense of it. I thought of your old childish spite as still living. I thought of it as a thing not to be shaken off, until, in the midst of the ocean yonder, something whispered me one day it was gone." He paused in vain for an assuring look. "Tell me, Catalina, is it so?"

He took her hand, but almost started at its icy touch.

"Speak, pray you, Catalina! Is it cured, that old spite? Pity my blindness that I did not know my own heart! 'T was duty blinded me, — duty, do you see? I thought myself bound by those old childish bonds. Catalina, do you hear me?" Stooping lower, he whispered tenderly in her ear, "Speak, little one. I am come hither to-day to tell you this, — to tell you that all my hope of happiness is now in you. Catalina, my treasure, I love you with all my heart!"

Receiving no word or look of answer, he bent down and kissed the cold little hand, when, as if awakened to life by an electric touch, she sprang quivering to her feet.

"You — you dare!"

He gazed at her in amazement.

"Nev-never speak to me again!"

"What! 't is not dead, then, — not dead yet! Heed it not, Catalina! Catalina, dearest, put it away from you! Mark me, 't is child's play; let it not follow us and blight us forever! We are man and woman now. 'T is a man's love I offer you."

"Go away — go — go!"

"Listen. I was a fool to speak thus without warning. You shall have time to think. I will wait till you know your mind."

"No — no!" she protested violently. "I know it now — I know it well!"

"What then" —

"Go — go — go — go!"

"You do not love me?"

Stepping swiftly forward, she caught the doorpost and steadied her swaying figure upon the threshold. There was a pause. It seemed a whole minute passed. Then constraining herself by a measureless effort, she answered, in a tone firm, unhesitating, almost defiant, —

"No!"

XXXVII.

Speed being an impossible factor in the begum's traveling on account of her peculiar means of conveyance, the journey to New York and back in one day proved necessarily a tedious undertaking. Indeed, it was not until long after supper that she arrived home with her hamper of Indian goods.

Having been met and noisily welcomed by the younger children, and hearing from a trusted servant that all had gone well in her absence, she took no further thought of household matters, but gave herself up heart and soul to the delightful task of unpacking the rare fabrics and curious ornaments she had brought. Thus engrossed, it was not until she came upon something especially intended for Catalina that she noticed her ab-

sence. With the thought of giving her a pleasant surprise, she went directly to her daughter's chamber, where she found the recluse curled up in the window-seat.

"Alone!" cried the mother, going gayly forward, holding the candle in one hand and waving the flashing bauble in the other.

With her face turned towards the darkened window, the daughter seemed not to hear.

"Why are you in the dark?" asked the begum, with a growing presentiment.

Still there was no answer.

"Catalina, you are in pain?"

"No."

The hollow dreariness of tone startled the anxious mother. Quickly putting down the things in her hands, she flung herself on her knees by the window and clasped the speaker in her arms.

"My daughter, what is it?"

"Nothing!"

"Catalina!"

"Oh, do not speak to me! Go — go, and leave me alone!"

She sprang to her feet, and almost shook herself free from her mother's embrace.

Shocked by the despairing cry, the begum rose, and stood gazing at her daughter in bewilderment. Making no further offer of sympathy, however, after a moment's thought she slowly withdrew, and, going down-stairs, walked up and down for an hour or two among the unheeded stuffs and trinkets. Later in the night, she stole with catlike tread to Catalina's door and listened. Hearing within a soft footstep coming and going in an aimless, wearying march, she crouched upon the floor, and waited in suspense until with the breaking of day it ceased.

As soon as the household was astir, the cautious mother, questioning the servants, learned of the visit received in her absence. Involuntarily she heaved a sigh of relief. A part, at least, of the mystery was solved; but directly, as if realizing that what remained had become more impenetrable than ever, she yielded to her former agitation. Instinctively she resorted to her embroidery frame, and after a long time spent there in taking false stitches, snarling her silks, and tossing about her head-gear, she suddenly arose with a look of resolution, ordered her palanquin, and betook herself to Vlacktebos to wait upon Vrouw Wickoff.

Cousin Lysbeth, summoned from cabbage-planting in a neighboring field, clumsily dissembled her annoyance at the visit, as she wiped her perspiring face on the under side of her apron, and passed an investigating hand over her cap and kerchief.

"'T is a day without a fault," began the visitor in an indefinite manner, as she settled herself in a proffered seat: "it has no cruel wind to spoil the good sunshine; it brings back thoughts of my own country. You care not much to go about, Vrouw Wickoff; you love better, I think, to hug the chimney-nook."

"The chimney-nook gets little of my hugging," answered the dame dryly, mindful, perhaps, of her sweating forehead.

"Pardon!" Recalling herself from a moment's preoccupation, the visitor recognized her mistake. "Your affairs — I thought not of them — take you out. Yes, such a repute for thrift is not gained sitting in idleness."

Vrouw Wickoff received the tardy tribute with an embarrassed little cough.

"Work," continued the begum in a strain that had no obvious pertinence to anything suggested by the visit, "is called a blessing; the worker forgets — how great a thing is it to forget! — and is happy. Work brings too the deep sleep that shuts us up every night in a tomb and brings us forth every morning, like the resurrection the dominie tells of."

"So!" murmured the puzzled huysvrouw, vainly trying to find some profitable application of this platitude to her neglected cabbages.

"It helps to pass away the dull hours,"

went on the begum, too intent upon her own purpose to heed her hostess's perplexity; "you forget the solitude, and you are not sad."

"Work is a good thing enough," said the dame, sinking back in her chair with a timely sigh of fatigue, "so there be not too much of it."

"But when 't is over, and the night comes, and there 's nobody to fill the chair yonder, then think you not of your children, your kinsfolk, and wish for some of them here?"

"I remember that I am an old woman, and count not upon their coming," said Vrouw Wickoff sturdily, but not without a touch of bitterness.

"There is one — your cousin, the junker that comes so often to visit you — seems not to mind you are not young."

"Who is that?"

"Mynheer Van Cortlandt."

"He is like the rest," answered the dame skeptically; "he comes to suit himself, with little thought of me."

"He has then something this way that draws him from the town?"

"Who knows? A junker must be doing something. 'T is to get a drink of my buttermilk or a day with the birds."

"I met him by chance yesterday on the highway, but he had not his gun."

"Then I know not his errand; some folly, no doubt, to waste his money on a dog or a colt. I concern myself not with his doings."

"So!" The visitor studied the speaker with a searching glance strikingly at variance with her indifferent tone. "I am glad at least you have him with you."

"That have I not; he is but a bird on the wing, — here to-day and away to-morrow."

"He is gone?"

"Long ago."

"He comes soon again?"

"Not he; 't is a doubt if I see him before the wild geese fly."

"That is many months."

"These are troublous times yonder in their bickering little town."

"'T is why he has grown so grave, perhaps."

"He is like me; he has much to do of late," said the dame, with a significance not to be mistaken.

"Pardon! I keep you from work." The begum instantly rose.

"You make a short stay," faltered her neighbor in feeble protest.

"I must needs go," subjecting her hostess's face to a final scrutiny. "'T will be a good year, they say, for the crops."

"That 's as it turns out," commented Vrouw Wickoff, with professional reserve. "You will be going, then?"

"Yes, they look for me yonder; 't is nearly noon. I hope soon for the honor of a visit from you."

With a profound salam the visitor was gone, leaving the dame as bewildered as upon her former visit.

Returning home, the begum found Catalina upon the stoop in a state of unaccountable excitement. With the detective sensitiveness of a barometer, the mother knew directly that something had happened in her absence. Abstaining, however, from question or comment, she watched her daughter's every movement with anxious interest. The repression of yesterday had given place to a feverish thirst for action.

"You are come? Where have you been? I have wanted you! I have searched for you everywhere!"

"I am here," said the mother reassuringly.

"'T is well you are come, else I had gone without you."

"Gone!"

"Yes; I would go to town."

"So! and why so far?"

"Because — because — oh, I cannot tell why, but I must go, — I needs *must* go!" she concluded, with growing imperativeness, as if to forestall objection.

"You shall go, my daughter," was the calm reply.

"Dear mother!"

Surprised, as it seemed, by this prompt acquiescence, the petitioner clasped her indulgent parent in a fervent embrace.

"But when, — when? How long must we wait?"

"Not long."

"But how long?"

"We will go to-morrow."

"Father, — what will he say?"

"I will send him word to-day."

"I may go, then, and make ready my things?"

"Yes."

In her precipitation the overjoyed girl let fall upon the floor, as she hurried away, a folded paper. Immediately her watchful mother picked it up, and read without scruple the following letter from Hester: —

DEAREST CATALINA, — Here is grate news for you. I had thought of late to have ended my life a spinster but Providence has ordayned it otherwise. How I wish for you here that I might tell you face to face I am to be married! Scarcely can I yet credit it myself so strangely it sounds in my ears. Barent it would seem has never given me up in his hart sence years ago in my blindnes I cast him off, — see what it is to have forbearance. He was my blissid father's own choyce as you well know, thanks be to my Heavenly Lord and Master who has cured my wicked pryde and opened my eyes to his trew merrit. Now at last I see my duty and find my best content in doing it.

As you have been ever my faithful frend I hope to have your prayers and good wishes in this grate change.

Your obed't and loving ser't,

HESTER LEISLER.

Although it does not appear that the begum had any well-defined theory as to her daughter's purpose, it may be taken as in a measure significant of her expected stay in town that she set forth next morning with only a few changes of clothes and her inseparable Indian servant for escort. There were, to be sure, the bearers of the palanquin and the two slaves left to attend the doctor's wants in town to eke out the household.

As they approached the shore in the rolling and tossing old ferry-boat, Catalina grew more and more agitated. She longed yet dreaded to arrive. Her excitement indeed reached such a painful pitch that when at last they stepped ashore in the dock she clutched her mother's arm and dragged her at a breathless pace by the nearest way home, darting anxious, furtive looks down every intersecting street.

Doubtless Dr. Staats had long ago given up as futile all attempts to fathom his wife's motives. If on this occasion he felt any surprise upon seeing her reappear with Catalina, he gave no sign of it. By thus neglecting to concern himself with the lesser politics of the household, the good doctor gained much valuable time for the larger pursuits which held him tied to the town while his family were in the country.

Arrived at her journey's end, Catalina's mood suddenly changed. Her look of eager hope gave place to one of blank helplessness, which in turn yielded to an expression, harrowing to her anxious mother, of dumb, weary, hopeless waiting.

The begum made bad work of her embroidery in those days; she snarled and knotted, and cut and raveled, without advancing an inch on her design.

At last, one morning, having found Catalina in her room pacing back and forth from window to window, while her untasted breakfast grew cold on the table, and noting with alarm a distinct shrinkage of the rounded oval of her face and a growing hollowness about the eyes, the excited mother, coming back to her embroidery, threw down the frame with a violent gesture, and then and there took the case into her own hands.

Having inquired of her husband with particularity the way to the Van Cortlandt manor, she dressed herself with unusual splendor, and, attended by the largest escort the household afforded, set forth upon an errand the nature of which she chose not to divulge.

Midway upon the road the lady's attention was drawn by a distant sound. Looking up, she saw approaching an imposing equipage enveloped in a cloud of dust. As it came nearer she recognized the Van Cortlandt coach, drawn by four horses and escorted by outriders in mourning, the whole making a prodigious show and bustle as it rolled heavily along.

Ordering her bearers to climb a bank upon one side of the road, the begum made way for the ponderous vehicle to pass. Supported on sumptuous cushions, her dress glittering with jewels, the silk curtains of the palanquin draped effectively about her, she formed a striking picture on the lonely highway.

As the coach drew near, Madam Gertryd, accompanied by the widowed Lady Bellomont, was seen sitting within. To the profound and ingratiating obeisance of the begum the owner of the carriage returned a freezing nod, as she rolled slowly past. The dark cheeks of the Indian flushed at the studied discourtesy. She sat speechless with indignation, looking after the retreating carriage. After some minutes' reflection, however, her face slowly cleared. The reason of the affront was plain. Dr. Staats had been one of the obnoxious auditing committee which had called the haughty Dutch matron to account, and pursued her with threats and legal process. The remembrance of this fact, if it did not induce her wholly to forgive the offender, plainly appeased in large measure the begum's anger. Quietly giving the order to her servants, she turned about and followed back towards town in the wake of the lumbering chariot.

Traversing thus leisurely her homeward way, busied with the new turn given to her thoughts by the late incident, she came upon a small cottage by the roadside, from the door of which, as she passed, a familiar figure came forth and proceeded slowly down the garden path.

Calling upon her bearers to halt, the begum alighted and hastened after the little huysvrouw, who, unconscious of being observed, continued her way to the bottom of the garden, where, pausing before a row of beehives set against the wall, she threw her apron over her head with a loud wail.

Suspecting her purpose, the visitor stopped, with a look of deep concern, and listened.

After a little the vrouw uncovered her head, and, knocking upon the hives one after another, cried in a voice choked with grief, —

"Sh! sh! my bees! He is gone at last! Have done with your buzzing! He is dead, I say! Never opens he his eyes again! Never comes he to ye again! My Rip — he is dead — dead — dead!"

Familiar with this old custom, and shocked by the intelligence she had heard, the begum softly retreated, and stood by the stoop waiting for the mourner to return. Soon, however, unable to refrain from offering her sympathy, she approached again, saying, —

"Tryntie, my good Tryntie, I hear you. My heart is sad for you. Weep! weep! 't will ease the load. But bethink you, too, 't is best for him; 't is over at last, all his trouble; he sleeps, he is at rest, he has no more pangs!"

But, as if deaf to her words and unconscious of her presence, the little vrouw went on from hive to hive with her despairing lament.

"Zoo! He 's gone — gone! Ye 'll see him no more with his pipe on the stoop yonder! Never! He is dead, I say! Hush, little fools! Would ye break his sleep? Go sing round his

grave when I have it planted with turf, and bid flowers grow there, and fetch me honey thence! Will ye have done, noisy rogues, and let me think? Dead — dead! I'll not believe it! 'T was but this morning he opened his eyes and spoke to me!"

"Tryntie!" called the begum.

"Look ye, go not away from me, too, my bees, as my Rip is gone!"

"Tryntie, I say, remember your children! Remember they were Rip's children, too!"

"See ye not I am alone, pretty bees? See ye not Rip is gone — gone — gone not to come again? Look then ye leave me not, too!"

"Tryntie, vrouw, hear but a word. You are not alone. You have friends. I will send them that will help you. Catalina will come. We will not forget you. Take comfort, I say."

Finding her attempts at sympathy unheeded, the begum at last reluctantly withdrew. Arriving home, she did not forget her promise, but directly dispatched to the afflicted woman a store of necessaries, with a servant to help her prepare for the coming funeral.

Contrary to all her hopes and expectations, however, Catalina made no offer to go, nor took, as it seemed, more than a passing interest in the matter. Vainly the begum, in her dramatic manner, recounted every detail of her visit to the bouwerie; the listener only wearily interjected an occasional "So!" or "Poor Tryntie!" at pauses in the narrative, and directly the story was over thought no more about it.

Meantime there came about a long-expected crisis in public affairs, which threw the whole province into a ferment of excitement. The timely arrival of Lord Cornbury, the new governor, changed in a moment the whole course of public policy. The Leislerians were thrust out of power, and, so far as possible, amends made for their mischievous and unlicensed doings. In the long list of these recited, it is only pertinent here to note that Colonel Bayard was saved from the scaffold, and that a stop was put to the persecution of Madam Van Cortlandt.

These acts of justice were consistently followed by the dismissal of Dr. Staats and his coadjutors from the council. Thus, it will be seen, the begum had divers grounds for personal concern in the crisis. So absorbing, indeed, was her interest in these public issues at the moment that she left Catalina to dream away the hours among the Copake rocks, and quite forgot the existence of the afflicted Tryntie.

Thus a fortnight slipped away, when, one day as she was setting forth upon some errand, in her palanquin, a funeral bell began to toll from the church tower in the fort. The doleful sound reminded her of Tryntie, and directly, with a touch of remorse for her long neglect, she gave orders to be taken to the bouwerie.

She found the bereaved widow upon the stoop, in warm discussion with a man whom, upon nearer approach, she recognized as the town sexton. Tryntie was criticising, with looks of indignation and dismay, a paper which he seemed to be reading.

Thus engrossed, she failed to notice the presence of her old mistress, who stood patiently awaiting the result of the discussion.

"'T is a true and honest account, and the money due, every stuyver of it," said the sexton, as if in reply to a protest.

"Huh!" was the scornful rejoinder.

"Hark ye! I will read it again."

"Oft reading makes it none the better."

"Three dry boards for the coffin, seven guilders ten stuyvers."

"Three! — *three* boards! Heard ever any one before of so much timber to one coffin?"

"Think of the size of him. He was a big man."

"Mm-m! the very size of an angel," assented the mollified vrouw, with a sudden choking, "that he was; there 's none like him left."

"Three quarters of a pound of nails, one guilder ten stuyvers," pursued the sexton.

"Where went all the nails? Nigh upon a whole pound of nails to one coffin! 'T is past belief!"

"Making coffin, four and twenty guilders. Cartage, ten stuyvers."

"'T is robbery!"

"A half-vat and an anker of good beer, twenty-seven guilders," pursued the imperturbable sexton.

"There was never the half of it drunk in the house!"

"One gallon of brandewyn, thirty-two guilders."

"Lieve hemel!" shrieked the little vrouw. "Where went it, then? It came not here."

"They drank it in his honor. 'T was what he liked best, mark ye."

"That did he, — that did he; nothing so much. Oh, Rip, if ye could but come back, man, ye 'd hear no more hard words about the brandewyn!"

"Six gallons madeira for the women, eighty-four guilders."

"Zoo! zoo! They were thirsty that day!"

"'T was for grief, mind ye; nothing so much dries the throat."

"'T is true."

"And they mourn not every day one so close to the liking of all."

"Zoo! One and all!" with a fresh outburst of tears. "Who could help but to love him?"

"Sugar and spice, five guilders. One hundred and fifty sugar cakes, fifteen guilders. Tobacco and pipes, four guilders and ten stuyvers. Digging grave, thirty guilders," continued the sexton in some precipitation, taking advantage of the listener's emotion to hurry over several objectionable items.

"Om God's wil!" burst forth the little dame wrathfully, the tears still shining in her eyes. "Thirty guilders, — thirty, say ye, for one grave?"

"Remember his size, will ye?"

"'T is out of all reason!"

"He looked down upon the most of men."

"Mm-m! that did he; 't is true."

"Would ye have him stinted for room in his last bed?"

"No — no — no-o-o!" sobbed the widow.

"Or put in bent or twisted?" continued the crafty sexton.

"Ye know I would not."

"Inviting to the funeral, twelve guilders. Marritje Lieverse, for assistance, six guilders. The whole, two hundred and forty-nine guilders. A true account, and small as can be made," concluded the sexton, thinking to finish under cover of the vrouw's sobs.

But the keen ears were on the alert.

"Two hundred, say ye, — two hundred and more? 'T is beyond all sense and reason! Two hundred and fifty guilders! I have not the half of it in the world! Not the half of it, I say, with the clothes on my back! Two hundred, ye say, and forty-nine guilders for burying one poor Christian?"

"And a modest sum, too," protested the sexton stoutly.

"God forgive the poor for being born, then, and spare us, good Lord, from death! We cannot afford to die."

"I 'll make the payment suit your convenience, vrouw."

"That will ye or get nothing! Two hundred and forty-nine guilders! I saw not so much money since buying the bouwerie yonder they have cheated me out of!"

"I 'll be easy with ye, I say. Give me what ye have in hand."

"'T is not much."

"'T is a beginning, and I 'll not let ye forget the rest."

"That will ye not. Go along with ye, and come back to-morrow. Ye shall

have what there is, but I'll not take the bread from the children's mouths for ye!"

The satisfied look upon the sexton's face, as he rode away on his gaunt black horse, was significant of confidence in his debtor.

The begum now announced her presence. Tryntie greeted her with warmest gratitude.

"I heard what was not meant for my ears," began the visitor apologetically.

"That one? He thought to rob me. He grows rich grinding the poor. He comes now, when my heart is heavy with grief for — for" —

She broke out into loud sobs, and for several minutes wept unrestrainedly.

"Never heed him. He shall not plague you. I will help you to the money."

"No."

"You may bring it back if you will."

"I shall not, — I shall not."

"'T is better to owe me than him."

The vrouw still continued to shake her head violently.

"But your children, — they must be cared for. What have you left for them?"

"These!" cried the plucky vrouw, holding up her bony, hard-worked little hands.

"Poor Tryntie!"

"They gained money once; there is strength left in them yet, so they rob me not again."

"Tryntie!" The begum's face lighted up with a sudden thought.

"Ei?"

"Wait, good vrouw, — wait, my Tryntie. I may do something for you yet."

"So?"

But without waiting to explain herself further, the lady gave the order to her slaves, and rode hastily away.

Arriving home filled with her new project, she was surprised, upon entering the house, to hear the sound of voices in Catalina's room.

Going thither in some anxiety, she pushed open the door, and beheld Hester, in the middle of the floor, cowering, with looks of amazement, before Catalina, who, with flaming eyes and withering emphasis, poured forth upon her a flood of denunciation.

"You — you — who are you to cast off *him*, a high-born junker with a noble heart, who has followed you with years and years of faithful service? Your father, say you! Who was your father? All the fathers ever born should not make me break my word! Your father! What is he but a handful of dust! He has done harm enough. Let the grave hold him! I am tired of his name, and for you — go — go! Get back to your blacksmith! He is good enough for you! I want never — never — never to lay eyes on you again!"

Dumfounded and dismayed, Hester turned about, went down-stairs and out of the house. Unconsciously making way for her to pass, the begum said not a word, but stood rooted to the spot, with her eyes fixed in wonder upon her daughter, who, the next moment rushing forward, fell into her arms, crying in pitiable, despairing tones, —

"Oh, my mother, help me!"

XXXVIII.

Scarcely had Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury arrived in New York to take upon him the government of the province under a commission from William III., when he was called upon to mourn the death of that able monarch, and proclaim the accession of his own royal kinswoman, Anne Stuart.

In fact, his Lordship was not only cousin-german to her new Majesty, but, as is well known, so closely resembled her in face and figure that he plumed himself much upon the likeness, and was led to favor it in unusual ways.

As has been hinted, the coming of

the new governor was most opportune for the Van Cortlandts and their friends. It so chanced that Steenie, in behalf of his mother and in furtherance of certain family interests, had occasion to wait upon his Lordship soon after his arrival, when he was received with so much favor that he naturally formed a high opinion of his Excellency's character and abilities.

On his part, the governor, in those early days while he was yet uncertain of his foothold, may have had reasons of his own for his kindly reception of a member of one of the most influential families in the province, a young man belonging to his own party, whose speech and air, moreover, were so marked by the settled gravity of middle age. It will be remembered that the begum had already remarked the junker's growing seriousness of manner.

"And what wonder he is become an old man?" cried Cornelis De Peyster, in consultation with Madam Van Cortlandt upon the subject. "He turns the cold shoulder upon all his old fellows; he 'll have nothing to do with any of us, these days. And see how he lives! He is never seen at a rout, he has forgotten how to handle a gun, he sees no point to a joke, he must be ever at work."

"Yes," put in madam with a motherly extenuation, "he works too hard, — 't is that is the matter."

"'Works'!" went on the irreverent Cornelis; "but at what, pray you, madam? If 't were in the way of ambition to make a figure in the world, all well and good. But 't is nothing of the sort. 'T is poor cheap drudgery, and he works at it like a horse in a treadmill."

Steenie, meantime, unconscious of his friend's concern about him, kept on in his treadmill, until one morning he was brought to a standstill by a circumstance which would be quite too simple to mention if it had not resulted in his liberation.

This was nothing more nor less than a letter, — a curious letter, written in a graceful but illegible hand, which cost Steenie an hour's close labor to decipher. Its contents were as follows: —

MYNHEER, — Suffer that I commend myself to you in all honor and respect, and pray that this may find you and your worshipful family in well-being!

I come to beseech your aid and favor in a matter of moment. It is, be assured, no business of my own, else had I not ventured to call upon you. It is to favor the humble petition of one in suffering. This is the matter: —

There is one Vrouw Van Dorn, well known to you. She lives now upon your estate. She is lately plunged in great grief by her husband's death. It may not yet reach your ears that she is left in great want, that she has scarce food for her children, and nothing wherewithal to pay the heavy funeral charges of her husband that is dead.

For all this, and despite her great need, she will take no aid. 'T is a pride most strange in one of her condition. None the less is she fixed and stubborn in her resolution.

You know her history, and with what injustice she was treated by them lately in power. I have now a thought. It comes to me his new Excellency may look with more favor upon her suit. To this end it must be brought to his notice by one he is well inclined to. You know in what esteem my name is held by his Lordship, and for what cause. 'T is therefore I stand now like one with the hands tied.

In this strait I think of you. I pray you may be moved to lift your voice and to stir your hand in the matter. Forgive such boldness, and let me know freely your mind. If you refuse, 't is well, — you will have reasons. If your heart is rather moved to give help, I pray you to wait upon me at your convenience, when I will make known to you all that is needful, and have the

matter fairly set forth in a paper to lay before his Excellency.

Whatever be your choice, it will not change the thoughts I have of you. Do nothing to oblige me! Obey only your own heart! I am done. I thank you for your pains in reading this letter. I pray you may have health and peace.

From your most respectful and obedient humble servant, * * *

The signature was adorned with a flourish so involved and elaborate that the junker could make nothing of it, yet he had no trouble in guessing the writer.

The call came to him like a voice out of the past, at once appealing and peremptory. Moved not by any impulse of benevolence, not by any love of justice, not even by any prompting of friendship for Tryntie, he obeyed, — obeyed as if in recognition of an obligation, but so mechanically that he went about the task required of him with the look and manner of a sleep-walker.

The begum received him with a gravity equal to his own. Perhaps because of her own profound preoccupation she seemed to find nothing unusual in his bearing.

"'T is good to see you again, Mynheer, — we grow strangers of late. I was sure of your coming; I knew well 't would touch your heart, — this noble charity. Sit, pray, and let us talk."

The visitor's eyes glanced furtively about the familiar room as he took the offered seat.

"Did I say 'eharity'? I take back the word; 't is rather justice. But you know it all, Mynheer, this story?"

Steenie bowed, with his sleep-walking look.

"It needs not, then, that I explain, but rather tell me your mind, Mynheer. Think you his Excellency will listen to our suit with favor?"

"Pardon!"

The lady saw instantly that she had been talking to deaf ears. Oddly enough, something very like a gleam of gratification at the discourtesy showed for a moment in her face, but directly gave way to her former zealous look as she repeated with gentle emphasis, —

"Will his Lordship, think you, be inclined to see justice done the poor woman?"

"'T is like — I hope so — er — there is good ground to expect it."

"Lies it in his Lordship's power to amend the wrong?"

"'Wrong'!" repeated the junker, again at sea.

"May he of his own will give order that the money be paid back, or is it a matter for the council? Pity my ignorance!"

"The council, — humph! 'T is rather a question for the assembly!"

"Then the governor can do nothing in the matter?"

"Anything, everything; they will heed his slightest beck till the honeymoon is over," answered Steenie, with a touch of irony, as he straightened himself in his chair and gave his mind at last to the subject.

"And you, Mynheer, — will you then take the great trouble to lay the matter before his Excellency?"

"Most willingly; 't is for that I" —

The sound of voices and steps outside in the passage caused him to stop. He listened a moment; then rose, with a troubled look.

"Are you in haste, Mynheer?"

"I have — er — pressing matters needing my attention."

"Let me not hold you. I — but since you have business — I am most bounden for your pains. Will it suit your convenience to move soon in the matter, Mynheer?"

"To-morrow or the day following, at his Lordship's leisure I will wait upon him."

"'T is sooner than I had hoped. Let us pray you may persuade him; and if you do, oh, Mynheer" —

"Pardon?"

"What a joy for the poor woman!"

"I will do my best."

"'T were a pity — that" —

"Eh?"

— "she should not know it without loss of time."

"So!"

Blind to the subtle insinuation of this suggestion, the junker stood obtusely staring.

"A thought comes to my mind" — The lady struggled with a momentary embarrassment.

"What thought?"

"How much greater pleasure if she could hear it from your own lips!"

"You would have me tell her?"

"'T is on your homeward way."

"So 't is. Yes, I will do it. I will stop at the door. What more, then, is there?"

"Nothing, 't is all. Take my thanks, a thousand thanks, Mynheer, for this great aid. 'T is raising a poor creature from the dust. My heart goes with you on this business. I think of nothing till the good news comes."

Since Rip's death, the begum, for reasons not hard to understand, had talked much at home of Tryntie's bereavement and of the sad state of things at the bouwerie. It was with no surprise, then, that Catalina heard the hackneyed subject brought up again, one morning, at table. As usual, of late, she gave little heed to what was said beyond a general recognition of the topic. It was otherwise when, an hour later, her mother came suddenly upon her, cloaked and hooded, in the passage, as she was about stealing forth to her old haunt upon the rocks.

"So, Catalina? 'T is well I saw you. You are going out, you may do me a service. Here are some things I had made ready for Tryntie" —

"But I — 't was not that way I had in mind to go."

"What matters to you one way or another? And she, poor woman, is in sore need. I have neglected her these last days."

"Kouba will do as well."

"No; she takes it to heart you go not to see her."

"'T is a great distance."

"Take your time. What need for haste? You may eat your dinner at the bouwerie."

Catalina hesitated, reflected; perhaps the long-stifled voice of conscience seconded the motion. The begum saw her advantage, and failed not to pursue it.

"Tell her — say to poor Tryntie to take heart. There is good news in store for her, — mark you what I say, my daughter?"

"I hear you."

"Say that one has undertaken the matter who has great weight with the new governor."

"One who has weight with the governor," repeated Catalina absently.

"He will go himself to plead her cause, and something must come of it."

"I will tell her."

"His Excellency cannot refuse to hearken to Mynheer Van Cortlandt."

The listener started, and turned in great agitation, as if to withdraw from the errand.

"Here are the things for Tryntie," went on the watchful begum. "You had best set forth at once; 't is a good stretch. You may take your time coming back. I will send Kouba with your horse. Look you wait there till he comes."

The same morning, mindful of his promise, Steenie presented himself at the governor's house. There having made known his wish for an interview, he was shown into the audience room and left, with the announcement that his Lordship was engaged at his toilet, but would presently appear.

Busied with his own thoughts, he scarcely heeded what the man said. He sat down, and for a long time waited

patiently. Gradually it began to dawn upon him that he was being neglected. Perhaps he had been forgotten! The thought made him uneasy. He stalked up and down the floor, he looked out at the windows, he moved about the furniture, to no purpose. At last, when his patience was quite exhausted and he was about leaving the house in dudgeon, there was heard a movement in the anteroom, — the sound of footsteps and the rustle of garments. Remembering his errand, he controlled his irritation, and composed his face and manner to outward deference.

Directly the door was thrown open with a flourish, and two servants in livery appeared backing slowly into the room. There followed a moment of strained expectancy, not void of effect upon the junker. Then an imposing figure filled the doorway. Steenie rose from his chair. A large woman, with an assumption of great state, came forward and seated herself upon a dais at the upper end of the room. She was followed by a train-bearer and several attendants, who solemnly ranged themselves behind her chair.

Steenie noted in some amazement the person and dress of this majestic gentlewoman. She seemed not remarkable for either grace or beauty, being of unusual stature, with a clumsy figure, a heavy face, big staring eyes, and a double chin.

Her dress, however, was ordered with an approach to magnificence. She wore a velvet robe, opened in front to show a bare neck, and a stomacher wrought in seed pearls, while at the waist the heavy folds of her gown were gathered into a girdle set in precious stones. Perched grotesquely upon her large wig shone a tiny head-gear in the form of a tiara.

Adjusting her draperies somewhat awkwardly, the lady directed her eyes with a look of extreme complacency upon Steenie, as if awaiting some explanation of his presence.

"May it please you, madam, I am come to see his Excellency Lord Cornbury."

"Mynheer Van Cortlandt is a frequent visitor at our court," answered the lady, in a powerful baritone voice which made Steenie start and lose countenance.

The speaker's complacent look broadened into a smile at the junker's discomfiture, and she exchanged meaning glances with her attendants.

"Madam," continued Steenie with dignity, "I am not come this time in my own behalf, but in the interest of one who suffered great injustice at the hands of those lately in power. I am persuaded that if I can but get speech with his Excellency, and make known to him the merits of the case, he will take it into consideration."

"Go on and tell your tale, Mynheer," said the lady in a condescending tone, as she adjusted a bracelet.

"Pardon, your ladyship, I would lay the matter before his Excellency in person."

Turning with a frown to repress a sudden tittering among her attendants, the lady repeated, —

"Go on, I say! If there be anything in the matter, it shall come to his ears, never fear!"

Impressed by the speaker's air of authority, Steenie judged it better not to prejudice his case by further hesitation, and so proceeded to tell Tryntie's story in the fewest possible words, darting an occasional glance of indignation at the giggling attendants, whom no awe of their mistress seemed to keep in check.

"These, then, are the facts, your ladyship," said Steenie in conclusion. "It is, as you will see, a plain case of robbery. If you have any influence with his Excellency" —

"Be assured I have, the very greatest," interrupted the lady, cooling her florid face with a large feather fan. "Indeed, I may say he is always ruled

by me in such cases; but I am free to confess," she went on, with an air of irritation, "that I can give you no great hope in this matter. His Excellency is tired of these complaints; he hears of nothing else from morning till night. He is sorry for these people, he feels great pity for them, but there is a limit to his power, there is a limit to the funds in the treasury. 'T is the people's money you ask for; his Excellency has no power over it, and there are needs more crying in other directions."

Somewhat taken aback by this emphatic rebuff, Steenie stood casting about in his mind for some pretext by which he could get speech with his Excellency in person, when the door opened, and the lackey appeared ushering in another petitioner.

Directly the lady's face lighted up; she stretched forth her hand with a gracious smile.

The new-comer advanced. It was Cornelis De Peyster. Hardly had the two friends exchanged looks of recognition, when, to Steenie's amazement, Cornelis stalked up to the dais, knelt upon one knee, and kissing the lady's fat hand said in an undertone, which yet was audible in every part of the room, —

"I hope I find your Majesty in better health this morning."

"Hush!" said the lady, tapping his lips with her fan; "those are dangerous words, Mynheer, if maliciously reported."

"'T is impossible to help it, your Maj— er — I would say — never was anything so like, I swear — 't is stronger this morning than ever," glancing back and forth from the lady's face to a large portrait of Queen Anne hanging above her on the wall. "The look, the attitude, — everything is complete; 't is as if your Maj— er — had walked bodily down out of the frame."

"You would flatter me."

"Not I."

"There may be a look, a passing likeness, I grant you, — it has indeed been remarked; but nothing so strong as you would have it," rejoined the lady, in a tone which invited contradiction.

"Two peas are not more like, I swear; 't is past all belief. But I intrude upon some graver business," looking around upon Steenie.

"No, Mynheer De Peyster is always welcome," said the lady reassuringly; adding directly, with marked emphasis, "I wish I might say as much for others of his family whom" —

"Ah, poor Abraham! Forgive him. He was led astray by those Leislerians," interposed Cornelis hastily in defense of his brother, lately dismissed from the council.

The lady replied only with a skeptical look, and abruptly changed the subject.

"If I mistake not, Mynheer, I read a petitioning look in your eyes this morning."

"Well read, your Majesty."

"Have done with that before harm comes of it," said the lady, with a passing frown.

"You must tie my tongue first."

"What is your petition?"

"To remind your" —

"Hush, I say."

— "of a certain promise."

"What is that?"

"You cannot forget. I shall not let you forget. What a pity I have not the artist here this morning, all is so perfect!"

A flush of extreme gratification overspread the lady's broad face. She was just gathering herself to answer, when the bell in the church close by began to ring with such a deafening clamor that for some minutes nothing else could be heard.

"Mark that," said the lady, rising; "'t is striking twelve. You shall stay and dine with us, and we will talk further of this matter of a portrait. Meantime, as Colonel Heathcote is waiting with some business of the council, I

must leave you for the moment. Come to me presently in my closet."

So saying, and graciously including the dumfounded Steenie in her farewell nod, the lady and her attendants disappeared from the room.

Left together, the two junkers gazed at each other for a moment in silence.

"Who — what means all this?" asked Steenie, with a look of hopeless perplexity.

"You do not know?"

"'T is Lady Cornbury, that?"

"'*Lady* Cornbury'!" repeated Cornelis, laughing in his friend's face. "Are you blind or a dunce, Steen?"

"Who, then?"

"Sh-h!" whispered Cornelis, discreetly lowering his voice. "Can you not see?"

"Eh?"

"'T is his Excellency himself."

"Lord Cornbury?"

"The same."

"In petticoats?"

"To favor the likeness, see you? Oh, 't is well known, this weakness of his Lordship. Look now what comes of living out of the world. I 'm in high favor because I humor the whim, and with no violence to my conscience, either. Did you note the resemblance? Come here," dragging Steenie before the portrait. "See you there, now? They are like as twins."

Steenie stood gazing in silence, quite unable to believe the evidence of his own senses.

"What, then, are you doing here, since you knew not 't was his Excellency?" asked Cornelis.

"I came with a petition, and demanded to see his Lordship."

"And it was granted, — your suit?"

"No."

"So!" Cornelis laughed satirically, and added presently, in a good-humored tone, "Come, come, Steen, your wits are gone wool-gathering. It needed no prophet to say you would fail if you stood by staring, and never made the mistake of supposing that you were speaking with her Majesty in person. What is your business? Tell it to me. If it be anything short of restoring brother Abraham to the council, I may bring it about for you."

"Do, do. Try, at least, dear Corny. 'T is a case crying for relief. See, here in this paper are the facts. You may have the little woman up herself to be questioned, and as many witnesses as you want."

"So! It sounds well," said Cornelis, glancing over the paper as he talked. "It seems just and right. 'T is no great matter, either. Good!" he concluded, folding the paper and putting it in his pocket. "I am called to his closet, as you heard, and am kept to dinner. I will bring it before him, and 't will be granted, too, or I 'm no courtier."

"Thanks, thanks, Corny. 'T is like you. And you will bring me word?"

"The moment I am let free, never fear. Sh!"

A lackey appeared to summon Cornelis to his Excellency, and thereupon Steenie took leave.

Several hours later, true to his promise, Cornelis came to Steenie's door with the welcome news that his Excellency had pledged his word Tryntie's loss should be made good if, upon inquiry, the case proved as deserving as represented. Thereto he summoned the dame to an examination next morning.

Thanking Cornelis cordially for his timely aid, Steenie set forth on his long ride home by way of the Sapokanican road.

The sun was fast sinking behind the distant palisades; his level rays, entangled in the roadside shrubbery, hung like a golden fleece from the thick-leaved branches. His quickening influence withdrawn, nature called a halt. The glare and tumult of the day were gone. Night came on apace. The air resounded with the evening song of all

created things, a rest-inspiring chorus. Lambs bleated for entrance to the fold; cattle lowed for the loitering cow-boy; birds twittered drowsily as they sank to rest; the gossiping poultry clucked their good-night greetings as they sought vantage points in the apple-trees; tree-toads in their viewless haunts and frogs from the distant marsh heralded with joyous clamor the night's approach. It was nature's crooning-time, and Steenie listened unconsciously to the lullaby as he strode along busied with deeper matters, soothed in his own despite.

Arriving at Tryntie's bouwerie, he dismounted at the gate, and, leaving his horse with a servant on the highway, sauntered up the grass-grown path.

Door and windows stood open, but nobody appeared. Steenie looked around with the critical eye of a landlord. The stoop was well swept; the yard was tidy. Upon a bench beside the door there lay some unfinished knitting; a busy kitten rolled about the ball of yarn upon the floor.

With the freedom of a neighbor, the visitor walked into the house. The supper-table was spread in the small living-room, the kettle was singing over the open fire, but the huysvrouw was nowhere to be seen. The junker called out once or twice to announce his presence. There was no answer. He searched the bedroom, peeped into the pantry, and bawled down the cellar stairs, and came at last to the back door. Clearly Tryntie had gone neighboring.

Pausing a moment, as if in doubt what to do, Steenie turned back towards the front of the house. As he passed through the living-room he heard a voice. He stopped. It was somebody on the stoop talking to the kitten. Tryntie had been milking and come in from the barn. He strode forward and presented himself at the door.

Dropping kitten and knitting, the new-comer sprang to her feet in dismay. Steenie's face fell. The joyous expectation faded from his eyes. He stood a moment with a troubled look; then, gravely stepping forth, said in tones carefully guarded, —

"I was looking for Tryntie. Say to her, please, that I will come again to-morrow."

He turned and walked towards the highway. A despairing cry rang in his ears. He stopped.

"Mynheer — Mynheer!"

The words sounded like a wail. He hurried back, and lifted the prostrate figure from the bench. Slipping from his hold, she sank to her knees, with face buried in her hands.

"Forgive — oh, forgive me, Mynheer!"

"Catalina!"

"I did not know" —

"What say you?"

"I thought — I thought you bound to her."

"To Hester?"

"Yes."

"But," he cried, tenderly gathering the little figure once more in his arms, and striving to look into the telltale face, — "but you told me" —

"A wicked lie!" she gasped, hiding her burning blushes upon his shoulder.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"The Southern Transept, hardly known by any other name but Poets' Corner." — DEAN STANLEY.

TREAD softly here; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your Poets. Kings and queens
Are facile accidents of Time and Chance.
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not there!
But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upborne
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him:
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine!

Tread softly here, in silent reverence tread.
Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid
Packed in the mountain's adamantine heart,
Or slyly wrapt in unsuspected sand —
The dross men toil for, often stain the soul.
How vain and all ignoble seems that greed
To him who stands in this dim cloistered air
With these most sacred ashes at his feet!
This dust was Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden this —
The spark that once illumed it lingers still.
O ever-hallowed spot of English earth!
If the unleashed and happy spirit of man
Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august Shades at midnight here convene
In the miraculous sessions of the moon,
When the great pulse of London faintly throbs,
And one by one the stars in heaven pale!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

V.

"*Dolce, ma non troppo dolce*," said the Professor to the Mistress, who was sweetening his tea. She always sweetens his and mine for us. He has been attending a series of concerts, and borrowed the form of the directions to the orchestra. "Sweet, but not too sweet," he said, translating the Italian for the benefit of any of the company who might not be linguists or musical experts.

"Do you go to those musical hullabaloos?" called out Number Seven. There was something very much like rudeness in this question and the tone in which it was asked. But we are used to the

outbursts, and extravagances, and oddities of Number Seven, and do not take offence at his rough speeches as we should if any other of the company uttered them.

"If you mean the concerts that have been going on this season, yes, I do," said the Professor, in a bland, good-humored way.

"And do you take real pleasure in the din of all those screeching and banging and growling instruments?"

"Yes," he answered, modestly, "I enjoy the *brouhaha*, if you choose to consider it such, of all this quarrelsome menagerie of noise-making machines, brought into order and harmony by the presiding genius, the leader, who has made a happy family of these snarling stringed instruments and whining wind instruments, so that although

Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,

notwithstanding there are a hundred vibrating tongues and a hundred bellowing mouths, their one grand blended and harmonized uproar sets all my fibres tingling with a not unpleasing tremor."

"Do you understand it? Do you take any idea from it? Do you know what it all means?" said Number Seven.

The Professor was long-suffering under this series of somewhat peremptory questions. He replied very placidly, "I am afraid I have but a superficial outside acquaintance with the secrets, the unfathomable mysteries, of music. I can no more conceive of the working conditions of the great composer,

'Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,'

than a child of three years can follow the reasonings of Newton's Principia. I do not even pretend that I can appreciate the work of a great master as a born and trained musician does. Still, I do love a great crash of harmonies, and the oftener I listen to these musical tempests the higher my soul seems to ride upon them, as the wild fowl I see through my window soar more freely and fearlessly the fiercer the storm with which they battle."

"That 's all very well," said Number Seven, "but I wish we could get the old-time music back again. You ought to have heard — no, I won't mention her — dead, poor girl, — dead and singing with the saints in heaven, — but the S—— girls. If you could have heard them as I did when I was a little boy, you would have cried, as we all used to. Do you cry at those great musical smashes? How *can* you cry when you don't know what it is all about? We used to think the words meant something, — we fancied that Burns and Moore said some things very prettily. I suppose you 've outgrown all that."

No one can handle Number Seven in one of his tantrums half so well as Number Five can do it. She can pick out what threads of sense may be wound off from the tangle of his ideas when they are crowded and confused, as they are apt to be at times. She can soften the occasional expression of half-concealed ridicule with which the poor old fellow's sallies are liable to be welcomed — or unwelcomed. She knows that the edge of a broken teacup may be sharper, very possibly, than that of a philosopher's jackknife. A mind a little off its balance, one which has a slightly squinting brain as its organ, will often prove fertile in suggestions. Vulgar, cynical, contemptuous listeners fly at all its weaknesses, and please themselves with making light of its often futile ingenuities, when a wiser audience would gladly accept a hint which perhaps could be developed in some profitable direction, or so interpret an erratic thought that it should prove good sense in disguise. That is the way Number Five was in the habit of dealing with the explosions of Number Seven. Do you think she did not see the ridiculous element in a silly speech, or the absurdity of an outrageously extravagant assertion? Then you

never heard her laugh when she could give way to her sense of the ludicrous without wounding the feelings of any other person. But her kind heart never would forget itself, and so Number Seven had a champion who was always ready to see that his flashes of intelligence, fitful as they were, and liable to be streaked with half-crazy fancies, always found one willing recipient of what light there was in them.

Number Five, I have found, is a true lover of music, and has a right to claim a real knowledge of its higher and deeper mysteries. But she accepted very cordially what our light-headed companion said about the songs he used to listen to.

"There is no doubt," she remarked, "that the tears which used to be shed over 'Oft in the stilly night,' or 'Auld Robin Gray,' or 'A place in thy memory, dearest,' were honest tears, coming from the true sources of emotion. There was no affectation about them; those songs came home to the sensibilities of young people, — of all who had any sensibilities to be acted upon. And on the other hand, there is a great amount of affectation in the apparent enthusiasm of many persons in admiring and applauding music of which they have not the least real appreciation. They do not know whether it is good or bad, the work of a first-rate or a fifth-rate composer; whether there are coherent elements in it, or whether it is nothing more than 'a concourse of sweet sounds' with no organic connections. One must be educated, no doubt, to understand the more complex and difficult kinds of musical composition. Go to the great concerts where you know that the music is good, and that you ought to like it whether you do or not. Take a music-bath once or twice a week for a few seasons, and you will find that it is to the soul what the water-bath is to the body. I would n't trouble myself about the affectations of people who go to this or that series of concerts chiefly because it is fashionable. Some of these people whom we think so silly and hold so cheap will perhaps find, sooner or later, that they have a dormant faculty which is at last waking up, and that they who came because others came, and began by staring at the audience, are listening with a newly found delight. Every one of us has a harp under bodice or waistcoat, and if it can only once get properly strung and tuned it will respond to all outside harmonies."

The Professor has some ideas about music, which I believe he has given to the world in one form or another; but the world is growing old and forgetful, and needs to be reminded now and then of what one has formerly told it.

"I have had glimpses," the Professor said, "of the conditions into which music is capable of bringing a sensitive nature. Glimpses, I say, because I cannot pretend that I am capable of sounding all the depths or reaching all the heights to which music may transport our mortal consciousness. Let me remind you of a curious fact with reference to the seat of the musical sense. Far down below the great masses of thinking marrow and its secondary agents, just as the brain is about to merge in the spinal cord, the roots of the nerve of hearing spread their white filaments out into the sentient matter, where they report what the external organs of hearing tell them. This sentient matter is in remote connection only with the mental organs, far more remote than the centres of the sense of vision and that of smell. In a word, the musical faculty might be said to have a little brain of its own. It has a special world and a private language all to itself. How can one explain its significance to those whose musical faculties are in a rudimentary state of development, or who have never had them trained? Can you describe in intelligible language the smell of a rose as compared with that of a violet? No, —

music can be translated only by music. Just so far as it suggests worded thought, it falls short of its highest office. Pure emotional movements of the spiritual nature, — that is what I ask of music. Music will be the universal language, — the *Volapük* of spiritual being."

"Angels sit down with their harps and play at each other, I suppose," said Number Seven. "Must have an atmosphere up there if they have harps, or they would n't get any music. Wonder if angels breathe like mortals? If they do, they must have lungs and air passages, of course. Think of an angel with the influenza, and nothing but a cloud for a handkerchief!"

— This is a good instance of the way in which Number Seven's squinting brain works. You will now and then meet just such brains in heads you know very well. Their owners are much given to asking unanswerable questions. A physicist may settle it for us whether there is an atmosphere about a planet or not, but it takes a brain with an extra fissure in it to ask these unexpected questions, — questions which the natural philosopher cannot answer and which the theologian never thinks of asking.

The company at our table do not keep always in the same places. The first thing I noticed, the other evening, was that the Tutor was sitting between the two Annexes, and the Counsellor was next to Number Five. Something ought to come of this arrangement. One of those two young ladies must certainly captivate and perhaps capture the Tutor. They are of just the age to be falling in love and to be fallen in love with. The Tutor is good looking, intellectual, suspected of writing poetry, but a little shy, it appears to me. I am glad to see him between the two girls. If there were only one, she might be shy too, and then there would be less chance for a romance such as I am on the lookout for; but these young persons lend courage to each other, and between them, if he does not wake up like Cymon at the sight of Iphigenia, I shall be disappointed. As for the Counsellor and Number Five, they will soon find each other out. Yes, it is all pretty clear in my mind, — except that there is always an x in a problem where sentiments are involved. No, not so clear about the Tutor. Predestined, I venture my guess, to one or the other, but to *which?* I will suspend my opinion for the present.

I have found out that the Counsellor is a childless widower. I am told that the Tutor is unmarried, and so far as known not engaged. There is no use in denying it, — a company without the possibility of a love-match between two of its circle is like a champagne bottle with the cork out for some hours as compared to one with its pop yet in reserve. However, if there should be any love-making, it need not break up our conversations. Most of it will be carried on away from our tea-table.

Some of us have been attending certain lectures on Egypt and its antiquities. I have never been on the Nile. If in any future state there shall be vacations in which we may have liberty to revisit our old home, equipped with a complete brand-new set of mortal senses as our traveling outfit, I think one of the first places I should go to, after my birthplace, the old gambrel-roofed house, — the place where it stood, rather, — would be that mighty, awe-inspiring river. I do not suppose we shall ever know half of what we owe to the wise and wonderful people who confront us with the overpowering monuments of a past which flows out of the unfathomable darkness as the great river streams from sources even as yet but imperfectly explored.

I have thought a good deal about Egypt, lately, with reference to our historical monuments. How did the great

unknown masters who fixed the two leading forms of their monumental records arrive at those admirable and eternal types, the pyramid and the obelisk? How did they get their model of the pyramid?

Here is an hour-glass, not inappropriately filled with sand from the great Egyptian desert. I turn it, and watch the sand as it accumulates in the lower half of the glass. How symmetrically, how beautifully, how inevitably, the little particles pile up the cone, which is ever building and unbuilding itself, always aiming at the stability which is found only at a certain fixed angle! The Egyptian children playing in the sand must have noticed this as they let the grains fall from their hands, and the sloping sides of the miniature pyramid must have been among the familiar sights to the little boys and girls for whom the sand furnished their earliest playthings. Nature taught her children through the working of the laws of gravitation how to build so that her forces should act in harmony with art, to preserve the integrity of a structure meant to reach a far-off posterity. The pyramid is only the cone in which Nature arranges her heaped and sliding fragments; the cone with flattened surfaces, as it is prefigured in certain well-known crystalline forms. The obelisk is from another of Nature's patterns; it is only a gigantic acicular crystal.

The Egyptians knew what a monument should be, simple, noble, durable. It seems to me that we Americans might take a lesson from those early architects. Our cemeteries are crowded with monuments which are very far from simple, anything but noble, and stand a small chance of being permanent. The pyramid is rarely seen, perhaps because it takes up so much room, and when built on a small scale seems insignificant as we think of it, dwarfed by the vast structures of antiquity. The obelisk is very common, and when in just proportions and of respectable dimensions is unobjectionable.

But the gigantic obelisks like that on Bunker Hill, and especially the Washington monument at the national capital, are open to critical animadversion. Let us contrast the last mentioned of these great piles with the obelisk as the Egyptian conceived and executed it. The new Pharaoh ordered a memorial of some important personage or event. In the first place, a mighty stone was dislodged from its connections, and lifted, unbroken, from the quarry. This was a feat from which our modern stone-workers shrink dismayed. The Egyptians appear to have handled these huge monoliths as our artisans handle hearthstones and doorsteps, for the land actually bristled with such giant columns. They were shaped and finished as nicely as if they were breastpins for the Titans to wear, and on their polished surfaces were engraved in imperishable characters the records they were erected to preserve.

Europe and America borrow these noble productions of African art and power, and find them hard enough to handle after they have succeeded in transporting them to Rome, or London, or New York. Their simplicity, grandeur, imperishability, speaking symbolism, shame all the pretentious and fragile works of human art around them. The obelisk has no joints for the destructive agencies of nature to attack; the pyramid has no masses hanging in unstable equilibrium, and threatening to fall by their own weight in the course of a thousand or two years.

America says the Father of his Country must have a monument worthy of his exalted place in history. What shall it be? A temple such as Athens might have been proud to rear upon her Acropolis? An obelisk such as Thebes might have pointed out with pride to the strangers who found admission through her hundred gates? After long meditation and the rejection of the hybrid

monstrosities with which the nation was menaced, an obelisk is at last decided upon. How can it be made grand and dignified enough to be equal to the office assigned it? We dare not attempt to carve a single stone from the living rock, — all our modern appliances fail to make the task as easy to us as it seems to have been to the early Egyptians. No artistic skill is required in giving a four-square tapering figure to a stone column. If we cannot shape a solid obelisk of the proper dimensions, we can build one of separate blocks. How can we give it the distinction we demand for it? The nation which can brag that it has "the biggest show on earth" cannot boast a great deal in the way of architecture, but it can do one thing, — it can build an obelisk that shall be taller than any structure now standing which the hand of man has raised. *Build* an obelisk! How different the idea of such a structure from that of the unbroken, unjointed prismatic shaft, one perfect whole, as complete in itself, as fitly shaped and consolidated to defy the elements, as the towering palm or the tapering pine! Well, we had the satisfaction for a time of claiming the tallest structure in the world; and now that the new Tower of Babel which has sprung up in Paris has killed that pretension, I think we shall feel and speak more modestly about our stone hyperbole, our materialization of the American love of the superlative. We have the higher civilization among us, and we must try to keep down the forthputting instincts of the lower. We do not want to see our national monument placarded as "the greatest show on earth," — perhaps it is well that it is taken down from that bad eminence.

I do not think this speech of mine was very well received. It appeared to jar somewhat on the nerves of the American Annex. There was a smile on the lips of the other Annex, — the English girl, — which she tried to keep quiet, but it was too plain that she enjoyed my diatribe.

It must be remembered that I and the other Teacups, in common with the rest of our fellow-citizens, have had our sensibilities greatly worked upon, our patriotism chilled, our local pride outraged, by the monstrosities which have been allowed to deform our beautiful public grounds. We have to be very careful in conducting a visitor, say from his marble-fronted hotel to the City Hall. — Keep pretty straight along after entering the Garden, — you will not care to inspect the little figure of the military gentleman to your right. — Yes, the Cochituate water is drinkable, but I think I would not turn aside to visit that small fabric which makes believe it is a temple, and is a weak-eyed fountain feebly weeping over its own insignificance. About that other stone misfortune, cruelly reminding us of the "Boston Massacre," we will not discourse; it is not imposing, and is rarely spoken of.

What a mortification to the inhabitants of a city with some hereditary and contemporary claims to cultivation; which has noble edifices, grand libraries, educational institutions of the highest grade, an art-gallery filled with the finest models and rich in paintings and statuary, — a stately city that stretches both arms across the Charles to clasp the hands of Harvard, her twin-sister, each lending lustre to the other like double stars, — what a pity that she should be so disfigured by crude attempts to adorn her and commemorate her past that her most loving children blush for her artificial deformities amidst the wealth of her natural beauties! One hardly knows which to groan over most sadly, — the tearing down of old monuments, the shelling of the Parthenon, the overthrow of the pillared temples of Rome, and in a humbler way the destruction of the old Hancock house, or the erection of monuments which are to be a perpetual

eyesore to ourselves and our descendants.

We got talking on the subject of *realism*, of which so much has been said of late.

It seems to me, I said, that the great additions which have been made by realism to the territory of literature consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil which had previously been left to reptiles and vermin. It is perfectly easy to be original by violating the laws of decency and the canons of good taste. The general consent of civilized people was supposed to have banished certain subjects from the conversation of well-bred people and the pages of respectable literature. There is no subject, or hardly any, which may not be treated of at the proper time, in the proper place, by the fitting person, for the right kind of listener or reader. But when the poet or the story-teller invades the province of the man of science, he is on dangerous ground. I need say nothing of the blunders he is pretty sure to make. The imaginative writer is after effects. The scientific man is after truth. Science is decent, modest; does not try to startle, but to instruct. The same scenes and objects which outrage every sense of delicacy in the story-teller's highly colored paragraphs can be read without giving offence in the chaste language of the physiologist or the physician.

There is a very celebrated novel, Madame Bovary, the work of M. Flaubert, which is noted for having been the subject of prosecution as an immoral work. That it has a serious lesson there is no doubt, if one will drink down to the bottom of the cup. But the honey of sensuous description is spread so deeply over the surface of the goblet that a large proportion of its readers never think of its holding anything else. All the phases of unhallowed passion are described in full detail. That is what the book is bought and read for, by the great majority of its purchasers, as all but simpletons very well know. That is what makes it sell and brought it into the courts of justice. This book is famous for its realism; in fact, it is recognized as one of the earliest and most brilliant examples of that modern style of novel which, beginning where Balzac left off, attempted to do for literature what the photograph has done for art. For those who take the trouble to drink out of the cup below the rim of honey, there is a scene where realism is carried to its extreme, — surpassed in horror by no writer, unless it be the one whose name must be looked for at the bottom of the alphabet, as if its natural place were as low down in the dregs of realism as it could find itself. This is the death-bed scene, where Madame Bovary expires in convulsions. The author must have visited the hospitals for the purpose of watching the terrible agonies he was to depict, tramping from one bed to another until he reached the one where the cries and contortions were the most frightful. Such a scene he has reproduced. No hospital physician would have pictured the struggle in such colors. In the same way, that other realist, M. Zola, has painted a patient suffering from delirium tremens, the disease known to common speech as "the horrors." In describing this case he does all that language can do to make it more horrible than the reality. He gives us, not realism, but super-realism, if such a term does not contradict itself.

In this matter of the literal reproduction of sights and scenes which our natural instinct and our better informed taste and judgment teach us to avoid, art has been far in advance of literature. It is three hundred years since Joseph Ribera, more commonly known as Spagnoletto, was born in the province Valencia, in Spain. We had the misfortune of seeing a painting of his in a collection belonging to one of the

French princes, and exhibited in a public gallery. It was that of a man performing upon himself the operation known to the Japanese as hara-kiri. Many persons who looked upon this revolting picture will never get rid of its remembrance, and will regret the day when their eyes fell upon it. I should share the offence of the painter if I ventured to describe it. Ribera was fond of depicting just such odious and frightful subjects. "Saint Lawrence writhing on his gridiron, Saint Sebastian full of arrows, were equally a source of delight to him. Even in subjects which had no such elements of horror he finds the materials for the delectation of his ferocious pencil; he makes up for the defect by rendering with a brutal realism deformity and ugliness."

The first great mistake made by the ultra-realists, like Flaubert and Zola, is, as I have said, their ignoring the line of distinction between imaginative art and science. We can find realism enough in books of anatomy, surgery, and medicine. In studying the human figure, we want to see it clothed with its natural integuments. It is well for the artist to study the *écorché* in the dissecting-room, but we do not want the Apollo or the Venus to leave their skins behind them when they go into the gallery for exhibition. Lancisi's figures show us how the great statues look when divested of their natural covering. It is instructive, but useful chiefly as a means to aid in the true artistic reproduction of nature. When the hospitals are invaded by the novelist, he should learn something from the physician as well as from the patients. Science delineates in monochrome. She never uses high tints and strontian lights to astonish lookers-on. Such scenes as Flaubert and Zola describe would be reproduced in their essential characters, but not dressed up in picturesque phrases. That is the first stumbling-block in the way of the reader of such realistic stories as those to which I have referred. There are subjects which must be investigated by scientific men which most educated persons would be glad to know nothing about. When a realistic writer like Zola surprises his reader into a kind of knowledge he never thought of wishing for, he sometimes harms him more than he has any idea of doing. He wants to produce a sensation, and he leaves a permanent disgust not to be got rid of. Who does not remember odious images that can never be washed out from the consciousness which they have stained? A man's vocabulary is terribly retentive of evil words, and the images they present cling to his memory and will not loose their hold. One who has had the mischance to soil his mind by reading certain poems of Swift will never cleanse it to its original whiteness. Expressions and thoughts of a certain character stain the fibre of the thinking organ, and in some degree affect the hue of every idea that passes through the discolored tissues.

This is the gravest accusation to bring against realism, old or recent, whether in the brutal paintings of Spagnoletto or in the unclean revelations of Zola. Leave the description of the drains and cesspools to the hygienic specialist, the painful facts of disease to the physician, the details of the laundry to the washerwoman. If we are to have realism in its tedious descriptions of unimportant particulars, let it be of particulars which do not excite disgust. Such is the description of the vegetables in Zola's "Ventre de Paris," where, if one wishes to see the apotheosis of turnips, beets, and cabbages, he can find them glorified as supremely as if they had been symbols of so many deities; their forms, their colors, their expression, worked upon until they seem as if they were made to be looked at and worshipped rather than to be boiled and eaten.

I am pleased to find a French critic of M. Flaubert expressing ideas with

which many of my own entirely coincide. "The great mistake of the realists," he says, "is that they profess to tell the truth because they tell everything. This puerile hunting after details, this cold and cynical inventory of all the wretched conditions in the midst of which poor humanity vegetates, not only do not help us to understand it better, but, on the contrary, the effect on the spectators is a kind of dazzled confusion mingled with fatigue and disgust. The material truthfulness to which the school of M. Flaubert more especially pretends misses its aim in going beyond it. Truth is lost in its own excess."

I return to my thoughts on the relations of imaginative art in all its forms with science. The subject which in the hands of the scientific student is handled decorously — reverently, we might almost say — becomes repulsive, shameful, and debasing in the unscrupulous manipulations of the low-bred man of letters.

I confess that I am a little jealous of certain tendencies in our own American literature, which led one of the severest and most outspoken of our satirical fellow-countrymen, no longer living to be called to account for it, to say, in a moment of bitterness, that the mission of America was to vulgarize mankind. I myself have sometimes wondered at the pleasure some Old World critics have professed to find in the most lawless freaks of New World literature. I have questioned whether their delight was not like that of the Spartans in the drunken antics of their Helots. But I suppose I belong to another age, and must not attempt to judge the present by my old-fashioned standards.

The company listened very civilly to these remarks, whether they agreed with them or not. I am not sure that I want all the young people to think just as I do in matters of critical judgment. New wine does not go well into old bottles, but if an old cask has held good wine, it may improve a crude juice to stand awhile upon the lees of what it was once filled with.

I thought the company had had about enough of this disquisition. They listened very decorously, and the Professor, who agrees very well with me, as I happen to know, in my views on this business of realism, thanked me for giving them the benefit of my opinion.

The silence that followed was broken by Number Seven's suddenly exclaiming, —

"I should like to boss creation for a week!"

This expression was an outbreak suggested by some train of thought which Number Seven had been following while I was discoursing. I do not think one of the company looked as if he or she were shocked by it as an irreligious or even profane speech. It is a better way always, in dealing with one of those squinting brains, to let it follow out its own thought. It will keep to it for a while; then it will quit the rail, so to speak, and run to any side-track which may present itself.

"What is the first thing you would do?" asked Number Five in a pleasant, easy way.

"The first thing? Pick out a few thousand of the best specimens of the best races, and drown the rest like so many blind puppies."

"Why," said she, "that was tried once, and does not seem to have worked very well."

"Very likely. You mean Noah's flood, I suppose. More people nowadays, and a better lot to pick from than Noah had."

"Do tell us whom you would take with you," said Number Five.

"You, if you would go," he answered, and I thought I saw a slight flush on his cheek. "But I didn't say that I should go aboard the new ark myself. I am not sure that I should. No, I am

pretty sure that I should n't. I don't believe, on the whole, it would pay me to save myself. I ain't of much account. But I could pick out some that were."

And just now he was saying that he should like to boss the universe! All this has nothing very wonderful about it. Every one of us is subject to alternations of overvaluation and undervaluation of ourselves. Do you not remember soliloquies something like this? "Was there ever such a senseless, stupid creature as I am? How have I managed to keep so long out of the idiot asylum? Undertook to write a poem, and stuck fast at the first verse. Had a call from a friend who had just been round the world. Did n't ask him one word about what he had seen or heard, but gave him full details of my private history; I having never been off my own hearth-rug for more than an hour or two at a time, while he was circumnavigating and circumrailroading the globe. Yes, if anybody can claim the title, I am certainly the prize idiot." I am afraid we all say such things as this to ourselves at times. Do we not use more emphatic words than these in our self-depreciation? I cannot say how it is with others, but my vocabulary of self-reproach and humiliation is so rich in energetic expressions that I should be sorry to have an interviewer present at an outburst of one of its raging geysers, its savage soliloquies. A man is a kind of inverted thermometer, the bulb uppermost, and the column of self-valuation is all the time going up and down. Number Seven is very much like other people in this respect, — very much like you and me.

This train of reflections must not carry me away from Number Seven.

"If I can't get a chance to boss this planet for a week or so," he began again, "I think I could write its history, — yes, the history of the world, in less compass than any one who has tried it so far."

"You know Sir Walter Raleigh's 'History of the World,' of course?" said the Professor.

"More or less, — more or less," said Number Seven prudently. "But I don't care who has written it before me. I will agree to write the story of *two* worlds, this and the next, in such a compact way that you can commit them both to memory in less time than you can learn the answer to the first question in the Catechism."

What he had got into his head we could not guess, but there was no little curiosity to get at the particular bee which was buzzing in his bonnet. He evidently enjoyed our curiosity, and meant to keep us waiting awhile before revealing the great secret.

"How many words do you think I shall want?"

It is a formula, I suppose, I said, and I will grant you a hundred words.

"Twenty," said the Professor. "That was more than the wise men of Greece wanted for their grand utterances."

The two Annexes whispered together, and the American Annex gave their joint result. One thousand was the number they had fixed on. They were used to hearing lectures, and could hardly conceive that any subject could be treated without taking up a good part of an hour.

"Less than ten," said Number Five. "If there are to be more than ten, I don't believe that Number Seven would think the surprise would be up to our expectations."

"Guess as much as you like," said Number Seven. "The answer will keep. I don't mean to say what it is until we are ready to leave the table." He took a blank card from his pocket-book, wrote something on it, or appeared, at any rate, to write, and handed it, face down, to the Mistress. What was on the card will be found near the end of this paper. I wonder if anybody will be curious enough to look further along to find out

what it was before she reads the next paragraph?

In the mean time there is a train of thought suggested by Number Seven and his whims. If you want to know how to account for yourself, study the characters of your relations. *All* of our brains squint more or less. There is not one in a hundred, certainly, that does not sometimes see things distorted by double refraction, out of plumb or out of focus, or with colors which do not belong to it, or in some way betraying that the two halves of the brain are not acting in harmony with each other. You wonder at the eccentricities of this or that connection of your own. Watch yourself, and you will find impulses which, but for the restraints you put upon them, would make you do the same foolish things which you laugh at in that cousin of yours. I once lived in the same house with the near relative of a very distinguished person, whose name is still honored and revered among us. His brain was an active one, like that of his famous relative, but it was full of random ideas, unconnected trains of thought, whims, crotchets, erratic suggestions. Knowing him, I could interpret the mental characteristics of the whole family connection in the light of its exaggerated peculiarities as exhibited in my odd fellow-boarder. Squinting brains are a great deal more common than we should at first sight believe. Here is a great book, a solid octavo of five hundred pages, full of the vagaries of this class of organizations. I hope to refer to this work hereafter, but just now I will only say that, after reading till one is tired the strange fancies of the squarers of the circle, the inventors of perpetual motion and the rest of the moonstruck dreamers, most persons will confess to themselves that they have had notions as wild, conceptions as extravagant, theories as baseless, as the least rational of those which are here recorded.

Some day I want to talk about my library. It is such a curious collection of old and new books, such a mosaic of learning and fancies and follies, that a glance over it would interest the company. Perhaps I may hereafter give the company a talk about books, but while I am saying a few passing words upon the subject the greatest bibliographical event that ever happened in the book-market of the New World is taking place under our eyes. Here is Mr. Bernard Quaritch just come from his well-known habitat, No. 15 Piccadilly, with such a collection of rare, beautiful, and somewhat expensive volumes as the Western Continent never saw before on the shelves of a bibliopole.

We bookworms are all of us now and then betrayed into an extravagance. The keen tradesmen who tempt us are like the fishermen who dangle a minnow, a frog, or a worm before the perch or pickerel who may be on the lookout for his breakfast. But Mr. Quaritch comes among us like that formidable angler of whom it is said, —

> His hook he baited with a giant's tail,
> And sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale.

The two catalogues which herald his coming are themselves interesting literary documents. One can go out with a few shillings in his pocket, and venture among the books of the first of these catalogues without being ashamed to show himself with no larger furnishing of the means for indulging his tastes, — he will find books enough at comparatively modest prices. But if one feels *very* rich, so rich that it requires a good deal to frighten him, let him take the other catalogue and see how many books he proposes to add to his library at the prices affixed. Here is a Latin Psalter with the Canticles, from the press of Fust and Schoeffer, the second book issued from their press, the second book printed with a date, that date being 1459. There are only eight copies of this work known to exist; you can have one of

them, if so disposed, and if you have change enough in your pocket. Twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars will make you the happy owner of this precious volume. If this is more than you want to pay, you can have the Gold Gospels of Henry VIII., on purple vellum, for about half the money. There are pages on pages of titles of works any one of which would be a snug little property if turned into money at its catalogue price.

Why will not our multimillionaires look over this catalogue of Mr. Quaritch, and detain some of its treasures on this side of the Atlantic for some of our public libraries? We decant the choicest wines of Europe into our cellars; we ought to be always decanting the precious treasures of her libraries and galleries into our own, as we have opportunity and means. As to the means, there are so many rich people who hardly know what to do with their money that it is well to suggest to them any new useful end to which their superfluity may contribute. I am not in alliance with Mr. Quaritch; in fact, I am afraid of him, for if I stayed a single hour in his library, where I never was but once, and then for fifteen minutes only, I should leave it so much poorer than I entered it that I should be reminded of the picture in the title-page of Fuller's "Historie of the Holy Warre:" "We went out full. We return empty."

— After the teacups were all emptied, the card containing Number Seven's abridged history of two worlds, this and the next, was handed round.

This was all it held: —

!

?

After all had looked at it, it was passed back to me. "Let The Dictator interpret it," they all said.

This is what I announced as my interpretation: —

Two worlds, the higher and the lower, separated by the thinnest of partitions. The lower world is that of questions; the upper world is that of answers. Endless doubt and unrest here below; wondering, admiring, adoring certainty above. — Am I not right?

"You are right," answered Number Seven solemnly. "That is my revelation."

The following poem was found in the sugar-bowl. I read it to the company.

There was much whispering and there were many conjectures as to its authorship, but every Teacup looked innocent, and we separated each with his or her private conviction. I had mine, but I will not mention it.

THE ROSE AND THE FERN.

Lady, life's sweetest lesson wouldst thou learn,
Come thou with me to Love's enchanted bower:
High overhead the trellised roses burn,
Beneath thy feet behold the feathery fern, —
A leaf without a flower.

What though the rose leaves fall? They still are sweet,
And have been lovely in their beauteous prime,
While the bare frond seems ever to repeat,
"For us no bud, no blossom, wakes to greet
The joyous flowering time!"

Heed thou the lesson. Life has leaves to tread
And flowers to cherish; summer round thee glows;
Wait not till autumn's fading robes are shed,
But while its petals still are burning red
Gather life's full-blown rose!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE NORTH SHORE WATCH.[1]

Mr. Woodberry's volume contains three comparatively long poems, a sestet of sonnets, and a group of lyrics. There is little that is immature in the collection, and nothing that is not admirable for its workmanship, always excepting a certain tendency to involved phrasing. Mr. Woodberry has been singularly fortunate or singularly wise in withholding his work in this kind until he had something definite to offer and had perfected his technique. The poem from which the book gets its suggestive title is the only one which bears the marks of youth. None but a youthful poet would have had the temerity to take for granted the public's interest in five hundred elegiac verses on the death of a classmate. That the reader quickly lends himself to the charm of these pensive and sympathetic stanzas justifies the venture, though it in no way detracts from the daring. It was part of the poet's good luck to select the Spenserian stanza for his threnody. The lingering, wailing music of which the Alexandrine is capable makes this form of verse an ideal kind of lyre for the purpose. The mournful cadence in question is well illustrated by the opening stanza: —

"First dead of all my dead that are to be,
Who at life's flush with me wast wont to roam
The pine-fringed borders of this surging sea,
From far and lonely lands Love brings me home
To this wide water's foam;
Here thou art fallen in thy joyful days,
Life quenched within thy breast, light in thy eyes;
And darkly from thy ruined beauty rise
These flowerless myrtle-sprays;
The hills we trod enfold thee evermore,
The gray and sleepless sea breaks round the orphaned shore."

It will be seen that The North Shore Watch is related to that class of poems of which the Adonais of Shelley and the Thyrsis of Matthew Arnold are the highest modern types. Mr. Woodberry has studied these masters not to his hurt. Here and there in his method is also traceable the influence of the elder English poets. He has learned from them the art of saying things in his own way. It is, however, in a poem wholly Greek in spirit that Mr. Woodberry is at his best, as he should be, since the little drama entitled Agathon is clearly his latest work. We call it a drama by courtesy, for it has no more plot or dramatic action than would please those novelists who are unable to invent such matters. The motive of Agathon is of the simplest, and is sufficiently stated in the initial speech of the shadowy Eros: —

"Between the gods who live and mortal men
I am the Intercessor, Eros called,
Fathered in heaven, but earth did mother me;
Whence is my nature mixed of opposites,
Unquenchable desire, want absolute,
And is near neighbor unto human fate.
The edict of Necessity besides
Bids own that kinship; for I come not home
Except my errand done, which ever is
To break the mystery of love to men,
Freeing themselves and me: not without me
Find they the Immortals; without them my wings
Blade not, nor from the gleaming shoulder break,
But by the warmth of love those plumes unsheathe.
. . . . . .
And oft my feet print blood what time I leave
Inhospitable, hard, and kindless doors.
But where some noble soul makes his abode,
And bids me enter in and lodge with him,
Beautiful am I as the gods in heaven;
His thatch, though lowly, unto them is known,
The rushes of his floor are loved of men,

[1] *The North Shore Watch and Other Poems.* By George Edward Woodberry. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

And who live there behold me as I am.
One such I seek for now, the flower of Greece,
Young Agathon."

Eros finds the young Greek poet at the entrance to Diotima's cave, and makes himself known. The main stress and beauty of the poem lie in the dialogue and the lyrical interludes which follow, though there are very striking passages in the previous conversation between Agathon and Diotima, the prophetess. Eros delivers the message of the gods, and Agathon accepts his destiny. It is seldom that the spirituality of love has been so celebrated as in this full and well-balanced blank verse, which nowhere sinks below the height of the theme. It is the apotheosis of human love. The argument and the poetry are here so closely knitted as to make illustration impracticable, and we must turn to another part of the text for an example of Mr. Woodberry's manner : —

"The violet landscape through the columns glowed —
Ægina and the olive-coasted gulf
Empurpling to the far Corinthian gleam;
Ilissus reed-beloved; Hymettus flowering;
On white Pentelicus the cloud-hung pines!
At every step more fair with lovelier change
The scene passed by, in those white columns framed,
Porches of heaven; upon the other side
Was I o'ershadowed by the eternal frieze,
That only seemed to move, but ever stayed,
Horsemen and maidens in the marble march,
Athene's people, bearing evermore
Praise to Athene; beautiful they stood
Before her coming, mixed with forms divine —
Men worthy to be gods, gods to be men;
And waking from my trance, I saw them shine,
Nor knew the change from the eternal world."

Blank verse with just this stately movement and rich severity is not too abundant outside of Landor's Hellenics. The entire poem has a distinction which it is easier to feel than to define.

In the ode My Country, which forms the third section of the book, the author strikes a note that repeats itself later in the sonnets. My Country may succinctly be described as the incarnation of the Fourth of July superintending a flight of eagles. The airy optimism of this ode will not have been forgotten by Atlantic readers, certainly not that fine passage in it descriptive of the duties of the ideal citizen, nor the ringing exordium, —

"Who saith that song doth fail?
Or thinks to bound
Within a little plot of Grecian ground
The sole of mortal things that can avail?"

Very admirable, too, and not to be passed by, is this apostrophe : —

"O Land beloved!
My Country, dear, my own!
May the young heart that moved
For the weak words atone;
The mighty lyre not mine, nor the full breath of song!
To happier sons shall these belong.
Yet doth the first and lonely voice
Of the dark dawn the heart rejoice,
While still the loud choir sleeps upon the bough."

This brings us to the sonnets, in which the same joyous patriotism finds wing. To our thinking, the best of these are the second of the two entitled At Gibraltar, the one On the Hundredth Anniversary of the French Revolution, and Our First Century. We should add to the list the sonnet addressed To Leo XIII., only that the sestet closes with a couplet, and the sonnet is thus turned into an epigram. In each of the six sonnets, in addition to other necessary excellence, are lines and half-lines which set an easy task to the memory. For example : —

"I know a nation's gold is not man's bread."

"Who founded us, and spread from sea to sea
A thousand leagues the zone of liberty."

"Dost thou think to tame
God's young plantation in the virgin West?"

"And millions came, used but to starve and bleed,
And built the great republic of the poor."

"Siberia, more rich in heroes' graves
Than the most famous field of glorious war."

"Now westward, look, my country bids good-night —
Peace to the world from ports without a gun!"

You will not pick such things out of every poet's first book!

Of the lyrics clustered under the title Italian Voluntaries we are not so confident. Victor's Bird, which is not a lyric, but an exquisite poem in unrhymed pentameters, gains from its surroundings. The Anecdotes of Siena seem to us to fail in that lark-like unpremeditation which belongs to the lyric — the liquid flow that is here discoverable in only two instances: in The False Dawn and Be God's the Hope. The False Dawn is one of those fantastic conceptions into whose exact meaning it is not well too curiously to inquire, lest there be no crock of gold at the end of the rainbow. Our liking for the mystical rune is out of all proportion to our comprehension of it. The last piece in the group is not so amenable to the charge of obscurity, and it sings itself into quotation: —

"Be God's the Hope! He built the azure frame;
He sphered its borders with the walls of flame;
'T is His, whose hands have made it, glory or shame.
Be God's the Hope!

"The Serpent girds the round of earth and sea;
The Serpent pastures on the precious tree;
The Serpent, Lord of Paradise is he.
Be God's the Hope!

"I thought to slay him. I am vanquishèd.
Heaven needed not my stroke, and I am sped.
Yea, God, thou livest, though thy poor friend be dead.
Be God's the Hope!"

We have endeavored to indicate the quality of Mr. Woodberry's verse rather than to insist on our personal impression of it. The reader is thus better enabled to form his own. Meanwhile, the reviewer, whose diversions in this sort are not many, counts it a fortunate month, indeed a fortunate year, when he can say, "Here is a new poet," and commend a volume which makes so rich promise as The North Shore Watch.

NEW YORK IN RECENT FICTION.

Since Mr. Howells makes a removal from Boston to New York a turning-point in the career of the married pair with whom he began to people his world of fiction, we may take the fact with equal seriousness, and accept his new novel[1] as an announcement that the business of reporting life as it is has been transferred from a provincial to a metropolitan centre. To be sure, so long as Basil and Isabel March remain in New York, even if they occupy furnished apartments only, we may hope to have something of the New England point of view; but we notice signs in them of an increasing adjustment to their new environment, and we may yet have Boston as New York sees it.

We have our suspicion that if this writer had applied his present method and used his present power in the portraiture of life in New England, we should have had books of deeper truthfulness than those earlier novels, which we enjoyed not because they depicted life in Boston and its neighborhood, but because they were altogether delightful and did not disturb

[1] *A Hazard of New Fortunes.* By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1890.

our sleep. For now Mr. Howells both charms us with his pictorial skill and banishes sleep from our eyelids. He began his career as a novelist with an indulgence in a humorous view of life, which contented itself with the lightest possible sketch of human nature in a few easily recognized varieties. Then his mind began to be stirred by problems which belong chiefly to the speculative period, and he essayed to carry his characters into a sort of no man's land, and, rather unluckily for his art, built a novel upon the false bottom of Spiritualism. Next he wearied of his light-headed and nimble people who graced the world of fiction, and sought to get hold of the men and women who were nearer the soil, and to busy himself with motives and problems which must interest such. In his work here he was more uncertain: at one time he would use his old playful and light manner, which gave a sort of masquerading effect to his real men and women; at another, in his eagerness to share the life of his uncouth folk, he would recklessly throw away his grace, and even send his dainty English after it. We must confess that while we respect the Howells of the transitional period, we have found it pretty hard to read his fiction of that time, and we have been watching with patience and interest for that emergence into the domain of sane art which we were confident would come some day.

We hope we are not hasty in our welcome, but in this new novel Mr. Howells certainly seems to have come near adjusting the ethical and the æsthetic glasses with which he views life, so that they have the same focus. Of late there has been a sort of strabismic effect about his novels which has made them uncomfortable reading. When we are uncomfortable now, as we are after reading A Hazard of New Fortunes, we find fault with things in general and feebly with ourselves, but we acquit Mr. Howells. It would be a somewhat indelicate task to seek to trace the growth in this novelist's own mind of his thought of life, though it is one of the penalties which such a writer pays for his popularity that if he grows at all he registers his successive stages of development in his successive books; and we may content ourselves with the reflection that his latest book ought to be his ripest; but we cannot help thinking that New York has a great deal to do with the artistic freedom and breadth of A Hazard of New Fortunes, and it is only by reference to Mr. Howells as a philosopher that we can make this evident.

It needed, in other words, that this novelist, this painter of human life, should have a large canvas and an abundance of material to serve as a check both upon his settled habit of using minute touches and his somewhat unsystematized discontent with contemporaneous society. New York is so heterogeneous and so big, such a huddle of unrelated details, regarded superficially, and yet so fascinating in its unrecorded power, giving such frequent glimpses of an unsuspected solidarity of human life, that when Mr. Howells faced it, and, as hinted at in his character of Basil March, began to study it as a whole in a vagrant, desultory fashion, he shrank from that kind of reproduction which had satisfied him when he had smaller sections of life to report. To apply his detailed methods was palpably ridiculous; to select types and imagine he was giving a comprehensive artistic whole was equally vain; to arraign this vast hive of humanity, or to square it with dilettante views of a regenerated society, would strike any one with Mr. Howells's sense of humor as nonsense. Instead, Mr. Howells discovered, by an instinct which is more valuable than any theories of literary art, that out of this great heap of material before him he must select a few men and women; that they must have something to do with each other; that they must be a society within a larger

whole. Then, with the great roaring city encompassing this small company, he had life enough in volume, and he could afford to let its tremendous problems just touch the inner circle of life upon which his attention was more closely directed. His native interest in the characters he creates is an element always to be counted on in Mr. Howells's work; and in his desire to find a few persons who should give him an opportunity to illustrate some of the phases of the great problem which one encounters who sees the rich and the poor, and the Lord the Maker of them all, he gave a peculiar vividness to the whole group that form his novel.

It may be said further that, under these conditions, he had less need of a dramatic story. With so strong a sense of the great drama going on about his men and women, he could let them play their own trifling comedies without detaching them from actual contact with the real world in which they were living. Indeed, he is so much impressed with the mighty flow of human life in the world of New York that he is scarcely conscious, as so genuine a humorist would be, of the whimsical nature of the enterprise which forms the apparent cause of the story. ' Basil March moves to New York for the purpose of taking charge of a literary journal, which is to be conducted upon a rather vaguely described plan of coöperation. It looks a little as if Mr. Howells had at first a notion of showing how even literature might hope, in a new social order, to enjoy all the profit which publishers now get over and above the pittance they bestow on the authors who give them something to publish. But if he had any such notion, he lost sight of it; for the enterprise of Every Other Week is quite orthodox, so far as the reader can see, and without the aid of the financial backer would lose its *raison d'être* in this novel.

So little does the reader miss the story element that he is willing, or ought to be, to follow the Marches up and down the streets of New York, as they look for a furnished apartment, to the extent of the entire first part, and to have Fulkerson's wooing of Miss Woodburn go on under his nose without his perceiving it. The treatment of these two elements in the story and of the love passages in general illustrates very well the attitude which Mr. Howells takes in his art, in this latest manifestation of it. At first sight, it is monstrous that the reader should be called upon to go in imagination with Mr. and Mrs. March as they exercise their wits upon the problem of settling themselves in New York. The clever method which Mr. Howells applied to the description of his travail in buying a horse he applies now to this very trivial matter of hiring apartments, but there is both a conscious and an unconscious use of the method. He wishes in the course of this first part to set several of his characters on their feet; he wishes also to hint at certain phases of poverty to which he means to return; and then he is enamored of his immediate subject, and forgets what he is going to do in the pure delight of describing the experience of his couple. Yet with all this there is a movement which we suspect the novelist himself scarcely recognized, though he may have been subconscious of it; we mean the slow approach to the heart of his subject, the retardation of one who is reluctant to attack a mighty theme. If this book were the first in a new Comédie Humaine, the introductory chapters would be a very good prelude. As it is, the orchestra never sweeps one away with a rush of harmonies, and when we have finished the book we are aware of a certain disproportionate space given to the introduction. After all, we cannot invest the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. March upon the scene of their future life with quite the importance which their creator would seem to intimate. Yet we like this portion for the very

reason that it hints at a willingness of the novelist to use his power humorously and with due regard to the complexity of life. He is to be serious in his general themes, — of that we are quite sure; there are to be no more merely entertaining Chance Acquaintances and Wedding Journeys; but we know also that he cannot help a genuine love of play.

Again, the love passages in the book are not climacteric. His characters do not exist for the sake of getting married; and the freedom of will which Miss Alma Leighton achieves gives one a notion that in the domain where Mr. Howells has won some of his signal successes, the heart, namely, of a willful young woman, he is likely to score even greater victories. We do not trouble ourselves much about Mr. Howells's theories of fiction, and when he is in the full ardor of the chase after his own prey he forgets them himself; but we can conceive that in the widening range of his powers he will come to a more delicate perception of all the forces which move men and women; and this novel shows how indifferent he is to that one passion which has so largely occupied the thoughts of novel-writers.

It is interesting to note how large a number of the persons figuring in this story are still the kind of persons with whom we have already become familiar in Mr. Howells's writings. They are not repetitions, but they belong to the same general class. It is to be expected that a literary enterprise should bring to the front characters who are artists or allied with artists, but then Mr. Howells chose to make the story turn upon a literary enterprise. In other words, he is using the old figures of his imaginative world, but he is infusing them with new blood. It is on this score that we regard his book as a strong indication of growth in literary power. The character of Alma Leighton is firmly modeled, but the clay is the old clay. Beaton is a very delicate study, almost over-refined, but the conception compels very delicate shading. It is noticeable that Mr. Howells here trusts more than is common with him to analysis; he finds himself obliged to make a report of Beaton's mind; the other minds give an account of themselves. Conrad is in very low relief as a figure, but how admirably the character is hinted at! We may regard this personage as an experiment, and we should not be surprised if Mr. Howells returned with pleasure to creations of this sort. It is, in truth, as his new thoughts on life are formulated in character that he may count on the interest of his readers. Fulkerson is a masterpiece. This gay fellow, with his narrow escape from vulgarity, his almost miraculous salvation from being taken at his own valuation, really provides the salt which saves Every Other Week from decay as a basis of the story; and we have not found so diverting an average American this many a day. We are not so sure about the Woodburns. The colonel seems studied from photographs rather than from life, and Miss Woodburn seems merely put in to keep for future convenience. Perhaps part of our indifference to these two persons arises from the great difficulty we have found with their vowels. There is a rigid conscience about Mr. Howells when he makes us acquainted with Miss Woodburn's speech which we try in vain to appreciate. He insists upon our taking her conversation raw; we would rather have it boiled, like that of other human beings.

He is much more successful in his conveyance of Lindau's German-silver English, and it is when we come to Lindau himself, and to Dryfoos, with his untamed daughters, his pathetically conceived wife, and his martyr son, that we find ourselves in the heart of the story and in the secret of Mr. Howells's great gain as a novelist. We cannot say that these figures are more deftly

handled than others which he has fashioned, but they mean more. They ally themselves distinctly with greater problems, with deeper insight of life, and our confidence in Mr. Howells is increased because of the wise reserve which he has used. They are not instruments in his hand for breaking the false gods of the Philistines; they are men and women into whom he has breathed the breath of life; but that breath comes from a profounder inspiration than he was wont to draw. And it is for this reason that, as we intimated at the outset, his book fills the reader with a divine discontent. What he did crudely in A Modern Instance, and thus irritatingly to most, he does here with firmness and delicacy, — in a word, as an artist who sees into his creations, and tells less than he knows to the reader. Because he does this, because his characters throb with a life which is in contact with great currents of thought and passion, the book is lifted to a higher level, and its power over the reader is greater. The uneasy hedonist may explain Lindau and Conrad away, but there they are, and somehow one cannot stop his ears to that torrent of New York humanity in which they were drowned. Nor can we fail to see in March and his attitude a generous charity on the part of the author for the perplexed lover of his kind, — the man who sees the injustice in which he bears an unwilling part, is opening his eyes gradually to the inconsistencies of modern civilization, yet is painfully aware of his own helplessness, and knows enough only to do the nearest duty. There are few finer things in this most interesting book than March's words to his family after he had told Dryfoos of Lindau's death, and again when commenting on the change that had taken place in Dryfoos. There is a sincerity about this honest gentleman which goes far to dissipate the notion of unreality attaching to his occupation. Somehow or other, journalism, when it gets into literature, has a very unsubstantial air.

There are several particulars in which Mr. Howells's story and Mr. Warner's latest essay in fiction [1] have a common cause, but we content ourselves with referring only to that which induces us to couple them in the title of this paper. Mr. Warner also appears to have been struck by New York as a mirror of modern life, but his attention has been concentrated on a single phase, — the insidiousness with which wealth quickly acquired eats into the finer nature. His theme is a very simple one, but is played in many variations. The reader is introduced to a girl of noble qualities and sensitiveness to impressions, and is asked to witness how her nature is slowly undermined by the silent approaches of the enemy of all spiritual things, the unrighteous Mammon. He will observe no marked changes in the superficial nature of the woman. She remains throughout the book as gracious, as kind, as beautiful, as when she first appears to the little chorus of the story, the neighborly circle in a country town, that discusses from time to time the problems suggested by the tale. Her circumstances change: she passes from this seclusion and this little society of cultivated men and women into the very conspicuous circles of New York society; she exchanges a moderate living for one of steadily increasing munificence, and, step by step, rises in the scale of splendor, until she has what, in the eyes of the world, is a commanding position, the wife of one of the richest men in New York, the mistress of a superb establishment, in possession of all that refined taste can buy, and unstained by any breath of scandal. The task which Mr. Warner set himself was to indicate the slow but steady deterioration of the woman herself at the core,

[1] *A Little Journey in the World.* By Charles Dudley Warner. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1889.

the gradual creeping in of the paralysis of her spiritual faculties, the dying out of that fire on the hearth which was kindled and kept alive in the sweet sobriety of her maidenhood.

It is an interesting intimation of the prevailing taste in fiction that Mr. Warner, with this subject before him, adopts the manner of the naturalist school instead of having recourse to that which is wearisome in its use of psychological analysis. He has made this analysis for himself, but when he comes to illustrate the downfall of Margaret Debree he gives the steps by which its course proceeded, not the steps by which the process was interpreted in his own mind. He employs a few crucial incidents and a great deal of conversation. The incidents have little about them that is dramatic, and the conversation, though often epigrammatic, is more often playful, besides having that graceful badinage which charms without unduly exciting the reader. He employs also the action and interaction of characters, the main figures being Margaret; Mr. Lyon, the incipient earl whom she rejects; Henderson, the New York broker whom she marries; and Carmen Eschelle, the pretty, evil genius of the story, who marries Henderson on the last page of the book, when he had been a widower a year and eight months. None of the personages are invested with such highly accented virtues or vices as to take them out of the range of normal human beings. Indeed, the naturalness of the characters, the conversation, and the incidents gives not only lifelikeness to the book, but causes the moral to penetrate the reader's mind far more surely than if the author had given the narrative an exceptional character. To many the story will doubtless seem tame, but it will by reason of this very evenness find readers who would be indifferent to a more spicy novel; and the pervading humor and wise satire of the author will forbid any one who can be interested in the theme itself to lay the book aside after it is once begun.

This naturalness, which is Mr. Warner's safeguard in the absence of any engrossing plot of circumstance, has been indeed something of a snare to him, for it has led him into a solecism of art which a story-teller more sure of his story-telling powers and more scrupulous in the use of means would have avoided. The story opens, as we have intimated, with a picture of a small society of cultivated men and women, of whom Margaret Debree is one; and another is the teller of the tale, a Mr. Fairchild, for whose name, we may remark, we have had to hunt through the book, so rarely is it mentioned. The book begins with a "We," which stands for the little society, and the story slides easily into its natural waters. The reader commits himself to the care of Mr. Fairchild, who is the guide that is to lead him through the world in which Margaret's journey is made. There are certain advantages to be had in the use of the autobiographic form in a novel, and certain disadvantages. Scott used the form occasionally with great skill. Mr. James, we remember, has used it once, at least, with such pertinacious conscientiousness as to rob himself of all its advantages and entangle himself in all its fetters. Mr. Warner plainly resorts to the form on much the same principle as did Thackeray, — for the purpose of giving an air of naturalness to the story; but having done this, he appears to think his Mr. Fairchild is absolved from any further obligation. Once, as if aware of the indefensible position in which he has placed this apparently virtuous gentleman, he falls back on a sort of *sotto voce* announcement that since Margaret's death he has come into possession of her letters to her aunt, Miss Forsythe. Mr. Fairchild, moreover, is present on several occasions, and his testimony on the stand would be good so far as the knowledge of an eye and ear witness at such times would go.

But what can he know of all those private passages between Margaret and her husband, to say nothing of the scene when she rejects Mr. Lyon? Who furnished him with the details of that interview? Margaret? She was too good at the time, and too much a woman of the world in her later career, to be so *gauche*. Mr. Lyon? Rejected suitors may remember, but they don't usually tell. And merely by the way, has not Mr. Warner gone dangerously near the edge of propriety in the use of this character? Englishmen in training for the peerage are not so common in real life that lifelikeness must be gained in fiction at the expense of identification.

We shall be told that this use of the autobiographical form is a mere convention, and no more to be tried by ordinary rules of life than the deafness of persons on the stage when asides are thrown out. This lame answer may satisfy the ordinary novel-monger, but Mr. Warner's novel belongs to the new school, where probability makes the laws and the usual reigns supreme; and we insist that a discreet workman will not make the staple from which his chain hangs the weakest part of the chain. If Mr. Warner means to use the novel-form in future for the setting forth of all that his observation and experience and reflection have furnished him, he will not lessen his power by attention to so primary a law as he has broken in this case. That he will give us more novels we sincerely trust; for as long as the great majority of people learn to think of the problems of life through fiction, we must be grateful to one who writes so humanely, with such shrewd insight of character, who has so much genuine humor, and who is able to use so skillfully the instrument of conversation. To read this book is to listen to the talk of well-bred persons who are interested in things, in men, and not merely in criticism of things and men, — who are prophets, in their way, using that word not so much in its derived sense of prediction as in its native sense of interpretation of things high to men low.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Some Old Saws Reëdged, etc.

We hear much about the sagacity and condensed wisdom of popular sayings and proverbs; but to one unbejuggled by the established theory on this point it may well occur that the most of these sayings and proverbs display a kind of fatuous surface sharpness rather than absolute truth. While having the color of use and experience, they are often so lamentably infirm on their logical legs as to wobble very noticeably when sent on a didactic mission of any sort. Moreover, some of them are so mean in their deductions as to human motives, and in their arguments for conduct, that any person of average self-respect might be ashamed to utter them as original sentiment. It would seem as though peddlers and various petty disciples of Mercury had been the mint-masters of much of this dubious coinage. For example, take Honesty is the best policy. I am afraid the noble promoters of this aphorism were not quite disingenuous. On this line of policy, and in view of many commercial successes, there would have been more candor in announcing and defending Dishonesty in business is the best policy.

Some of these maxims are of a specious economical turn. Look out for the

pennies, and the pounds will look out for themselves, could be restated with quite as much truth and more comprehensively, Look out for the pounds, and the pennies will be looked out for. Others of these aphorisms ring like the currency of cowards and losel knights: Discretion is the better part of valor (why not Valor is the better part of discretion?); Look out for Number One; Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost; Grant graciously what you cannot safely refuse. I suspect that Never put off till to-morrow that which can be done to-day, was the fetich of some feverish and ineffective hustler of issues (perhaps merely a fidgety housewife on her endless round). Contrariwise, it is extremely probable that Haste makes waste, Make haste slowly, and All things come to him who waits, were originally the little conscience-plasters of Master Slow and Master Ne'er-do-Weel. Even the Apostle, with his The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, is not quite free from the disposition to shift responsibility unfairly; for who does not, in his secret heart, know that it is often the spirit that is weak, while the willing body awaits the commands of its enervated superior? It was a short-sighted but complacent soul, convinced of its own thriftiness, who gave currency to Do not count your chickens before they are hatched; and it was a grim and heavy-armed Philistine, supremely scornful of your John-a-dreams, who first rated the poor little bird in the hand as worth two of those airy chanters in the bush (Hope's and Fancy's very own). I dare say it was an envious rustic, or idle gossip at her window, who first announced that Fine feathers do not make fine birds. To which may be opposed the fact, neither does dingy plumage make fine birds. (Witness the squabbling English sparrow.) He was himself undoubtedly praised as a blunt but honest fellow who originally affirmed that Praise to the face is open disgrace. Notwithstanding so much bluntness and honesty, a certain ambiguity rests upon this shining precept, since whose is the "open disgrace," the praiser's or that of the praised? A similar ambiguity, or rather a shakiness of syntax, characterizes three other pieces of proverbial wisdom; indeed, from my infant years I always interpreted them as pointing to unmitigated though deplorable fact, as follows: It 's a poor rule, *and* it does not work both ways; It 's a long lane, *and* it has no turning; It 's an ill wind, *and* it blows nobody good.

It is commonly believed that children and fools speak the truth. In reality, what is easier than to obtain false testimony from such innocent and irresponsible lips? *In vino veritas* should be freely rendered, In wine are lies; for what is more usual with the wine-mastered than a condition of tumid mendacity?

When the easy optimist meets me with that pseudo-Scriptural, Sterneish aphorism, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, I own I am sometimes moved to reply, "Yes, the wind is tempered to the shorn black lamb;" for circumstances often have a way of suiting themselves comfortably to the youthful renegado, while the young saint makes what shift he can amid their rough currents.

Here are a few scattering examples of old saws reëdged: —

Where there is hope, there is life.

To be good, you must be happy.

Whom the gods love they first make mad. (Plato's poet will please take notice.)

Dishonor and sham from bad condition rise. (Motto for an athlete of the ring.)

Godliness is next to cleanliness.

Whatever is, is wrong.

Lies crushed to earth will rise again.

They never love at all who love but once.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder — of another.

(I am indebted for the last four in my list to a cynic of wide experience.)

In connection with the reëdging of old saws, I have had it in mind to attempt re-pointing the morals of certain time-honored fables. Two such ventures are subjoined: —

PARABLE OF THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH SHEPHERD.

I.

There was a waggish shepherd lad of old,
Who found it dull, no doubt, to watch a fold,
And practice on the pan-pipe innocent,
So sought and found a new divertisement,
To wit: whenever travelers passed him by,
"Wolf! wolf! Jove help me!" he would cry.
So many times this little game he tried,
At length 't was known to all the countryside;
And when, in autumn weather, keen and cool,
The gray contractor came and took his wool,
(And eke his mutton, and himself as well!)
They thought his "Wolf" cry still the same old sell.

So runs our precious fable, but the truth
Is as I tell it now: That gamesome youth
Continued still to sell, and ne'er was sold,
But, full of honors and of love, grew old.
Whene'er he made a hue and cry, all ran,
Both gentlefolk and peasants, to a man.
'T is true the ferine foe they never saw,
But certain marks left by his savage paw,
Which tenderly they salved, whilst God they praised
Their shepherd true had not been slain, though badly grazed!

II.

Another shepherd wight there was, alas!
As silly as the sheep that nipped the grass;
For he, in days of safety and content,
Did practice well the pan-pipe innocent;
And other times, when danger he surmised,
Kept faithful watch, so not to be surprised.
The grizzly mountaineer oft prowled about;
The shepherd stood his ground, but raised no shout,
Till on a day the wolf grew fell and fierce,
One cry the shepherd uttered, fit to pierce
Whatever ear to human anguish keen,
Whatever heart that pitiful had been.

The truth proceeds to say (no fable this),
No passer-by deemed aught had chanced amiss,
But one to other spake, "That shepherd boy
Thinks he befools us with his cheap decoy!"
'T is true, when half a twelvemonth had rolled by,
And pan-pipe melody and bleating cry
Of sheep no more were heard, but blanching bones
Were seen amid the upland turf and stones,
The question rose, "Was there not once, up yonder,
A silly soul that used with flock and pipe to wander?"

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

A worthy person in a carapace,
A sound, well-balanced, worthy Philistine,
Once in an evil hour proposed a race
With the young scion of a wind-fleet line.

The latter gave his friend a trifling start
Of some few weeks (or months it was, perchance),
And meanwhile dozed, or, eyelids half apart,
Watched lazily his rival's slow advance.

That patient plodder over plain and knoll
Had but some rods to creep, when thus it fell,
The sleeper woke — and leaped — and won the goal.
The umpire murmured, "Humph! — but blood will tell."

A Yew-Tree Clipped by Piozzi.

— There is, in the south of Ireland, a city — although it has but a few hundred inhabitants — chiefly famous as the residence of the Bishops of Cloyne, and most chiefly of that bishop to whom Pope attributed, or caused others to attribute, "every virtue under heaven," — the philosopher, George Berkeley. The writer made a pilgrimage thither upon a summer's day, and saw the ivy-grown round tower, the myrtles planted by the bishop himself, — each one with a ball of tar at its root, it is said, — and the fine old cathedral church dedicated to S. Colman. Here some of the Berkeleys rest; and although the bishop is buried at Christ Church, Oxford, an altar-tomb, with a recumbent effigy of the prelate, is about to be placed here.

In walking about the church with my host, the chief dignitary of the cathedral, under whose genial guidance all sorts of interesting things were pointed out to me, we came to a tablet with this inscription: —

FROM THIS VAULT SHALL, AT THE LAST DAY, RISE THE REANIMATED BODY OF SUSAN ADAMS, MORE FAIR, MORE LOVELY, AND MORE EXCELLENT, (SINCE WITH OUR GOD ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE) THAN WHEN, AT 18 YEARS OF AGE, SHE LEFT A CIRCLE OF ADMIRING FRIENDS, TO SEEK THE UNFADING WREATH OF BLISS ETERNAL, BESTOWED ON MEEKNESS, PIETY, AND VIRTUE, WHILST, BY THE SETTING UP OF THIS SUBLUNARY TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE, A MOMENTARY CONSOLATION HAS BEEN LENT TO HER AFFLICTED MOTHER. JUNE, 1804.

Poor Miss Susan Adams! — for without that chaste prefix I cannot dare to address a shade with such an epitaph, — how rudely would your dreams be disturbed, not to mention your mother's maternal pride and Mrs. Piozzi's literary sensibilities (for she wrote the epitaph), could you have heard a cheery voice say, after I had twice read the inscription on the "sublunary token," "Dear me! Pagan, I call it!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Sociology and Economics. Crime, its Nature, Causes, Treatment, and Prevention, by Sanford M. Green. (Lippincott.) Judge Green is, as it were, a legal physician diagnosing a disease. He considers such causes as heredity, intemperance, ignorance, idleness, avarice, cupidity, personal ambition, and the conflict between Capital and Labor; he gives a historical sketch of the methods of treatment and outlines the proper discipline, and then proceeds to a discussion of education as a preventive, of the prevention further of intemperance and economical quarrels as lying nearest to the source of crime. He writes as a humane man, whose long experience on the bench in Michigan and careful study of penology give him a right to an opinion.

Poetry and the Drama. The New Pandora, by Harriet H. Robinson. (Putnams.) An ingenious performance in which, by the addition of a group of primitive men to the original characters of Pandora, Epimetheus, Vulcan, and Hope, the author has developed a drama in which woman's place in the world is worked out in miniature. The scheme is quite original, and the restraint of the form chosen helps the scenes, and saves them from a too liberal importation of modern sentiment. — Mrs. Moulton's new volume, In the Garden of Dreams (Roberts), is altogether the most charming collection of verse she has given us. The writer's wider range in theme and her advance in technical skill, not previously lacking, are notable. Nearly, if not wholly, one half of the book is occupied by the sonnet, — a most difficult form of verse; and it is no slight praise to say that it is here that Mrs. Moulton is at her best. The sonnet on page 122, for illustration, is in a very noble manner. The volume is exquisitely printed. — Cosmopolitania, a poem by J. G. Spencer. (The Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vt.) A whimsical performance, in which the writer, using the easiest form of verse, sets out to tell an extravagant romance. "By George," he says, when in the midst of his third canto,

> "By George, I wish I 'd never tried
> To write a canto number three, —
> The first two cantos were enough,
> To suit a vast majority."

Plainly he does not wish to be taken too seriously, and the reader, if he has time to spare, can extract some slight entertainment. — The Bugle Call and Others, by Augusta Clinton Winthrop. (W. B. Clarke & Co., Boston.) Poems, chiefly personal or suggested by the religious life. They are fervid, impulsive, and not weakened by their sentiment. — Banquet of Palacios, a comedy, by Charles Leonard Moore. (C. L. Moore, Philadelphia.) A headlong sort of drama, with a rush about it which drags the reader along, but he finds himself with scumbled wits when he is through. It appears to be a bit of bravado upon which a clever genius has wasted itself. — Divine Philosophy, by John Waddie. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.) A most business-like philosophic study, set forth in smooth lines. We start with the general principles of evolution by natural and sexual selection and the law of battle, and end with modern thought on immortality. An air of elegance pervades the work which is preserved to the last. The author appears to make his final bow in an immaculate shirt-front.

> "We glory in our race, and in the hope
> That our descendants may at length aspire
> To see the light for which we only grope;
> And, sated with life's banquet, we retire."

Travel. In and Around Berlin, by Minerva Brace Norton. (McClurg.) A simple, unpretentious, but readable account of life as seen by an American lady of refined tastes who spent a winter in Berlin in the American colony. She notes family and social life, education, churches, museums, philanthropic work, streets, parks, the Parliament, prominent personages, and other cognate subjects. We must compliment the publishers on the neatness of style in which this and other of their publications received this season are presented. It is a pleasure to read books so fair to the eye and agreeable to the touch. — An Eastern Tour at Home, by Joel Cook. (McKay.) A volume reprinted from the Public Ledger of Philadelphia. It would be quite possible for an American of one city to make a tour in his own country away from home and interest his readers by giving a new setting to familiar scenes, but Mr. Cook does not appear to write for any one but Philadelphians who never have been farther away than Camden. — The New Eldorado, a Summer Journey to Alaska, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Houghton.) Mr. Ballou applies his industrious method to a newer field than he has entered hitherto, and the result is a book which will strike his readers as fresh and inviting. The author is in agreement with others in anticipating a great future for Alaska, but he bases his expectation of prosperity on the development of the fisheries and mineral resources, having little confidence in agricultural enterprise. — A Race with the Sun; or a Sixteen Months' Tour from Chicago around the World through Manitoba and British Columbia by the Canadian Pacific; Oregon and Washington; Japan; China; Siam; Straits Settlements; Burmah; India; Ceylon; Egypt; Greece; Turkey; Roumania; Hungary; Austria; Poland; Transcaucasia; the Caspian Sea and the Volga River; Russia; Finland; Sweden; Norway; Denmark; Prussia; Paris; London and home. By Carter H. Harrison. (Putnams.) We have copied the full title-page as an indication of the scope of this big book. It consists of letters written to a Chicago journal, revised, and furnished with a number of views reproduced from photographs. Mr. Harrison was a quick observer and a rapid narrator, and though his observations are confined mainly to the external aspects of the world as he saw it, he sometimes makes a shrewd reflection, and he shows a good sense of proportion in not fatiguing the reader with too many details of those trivialities of personal experience which are common to all travelers. — Five Years at Panama, by Wolfred Nelson. (Belford.) The writer was a newspaper correspondent as well as practicing physician at Panama for 1880 to 1885, and took a lively interest in the canal project. Most of the book is occupied with a rambling account of life on the isthmus, and the last moiety is a detailed criticism of De Lesseps's "impossible canal." There are several clear process cuts from photographs, and a map.

Science. The Cosmic Law of Thermal Repulsion, an essay suggested by the projection of a comet's tail. (Wiley.) The layman is likely to turn first to the conclusion of this little book, and to rest his uneasy mind — laymen are always uneasy when comets' tails are projected — by the assurance "that all matter in nature is held suspended between these two forces of attraction and repulsion. . . . Thermal Repulsion and Gravitational Attraction hold in position the very ground beneath our feet." But ah! the last sentence, which follows this: "The end of the world, as we know it, would come by an explosion or contraction, if either of these forces was suspended for an instant." How well the Crack of Doom is named! — The Story of the Bacteria, and their Relations to Health and Disease, by T. Mitchell Prudden. (Putnams.) A popular presentation of the scientific facts regarding bacteria, though we are surprised to see that the author makes no statements regarding the precaution taken by sterilization. — Aspects of the Earth, a popular account of some familiar geological phenomena, by N. S. Shaler. (Scribners.) Readers of The Atlantic do not need to be told how versatile and suggestive a writer is Professor Shaler, but in this book they will see him at his best, treating of a subject which permits him scope for large generalizing from phenomena in geology, for free illustration of familiar aspects, and for constant association of man with the earth on which he lives. To this writer the globe is not a dead mass, obeying certain fixed laws, but an intelligent, throbbing organism, disclosing laws by its regular and by its irregular action. How interesting are the topics may be seen by an enumeration of the chapter headings: The Stability of the Earth; Volcanoes; Caverns and Cavern Life; Rivers and Valleys; The Instability of the Atmosphere; Forests of North America; The Origin and Nature of Soils. It is a pleasure to see engravings in such a book which are reproduced from photographs by the graver, and not by chemical process. — Scientific Papers of Asa Gray, selected by Charles Sprague Sargent, in two volumes. (Houghton.) Mr. Sargent has collected into the first volume Dr. Gray's reviews of botany and related subjects from 1834 to 1887, and into the second his essays and biographical sketches written between 1841 and 1846. The subjects discussed by Dr. Gray are those upon which he spoke with authority; but though the papers are scientific, they are such in no

narrow sense. Dr. Gray was a specialist in one of the great sciences before the day when men aimed to be great specialists in minor subdivisions of science. Moreover, he was a man of generous, humane sympathy, with a love of nature which was not lessened by his great learning. Thus his writings reflect his character as well as his attainments, and the layman, though he cannot read intelligently all of Dr. Gray's work in these volumes, will find abundance to attract him, just as it was impossible for one to know this wise, delightful man in his lifetime, and think of him merely as a great botanist.

Theology and Religion. Signs of Promise is the title of a volume of sermons, by Lyman Abbott, preached in the pulpit formerly occupied by Henry Ward Beecher. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) The attentive reader will discover much the same temper in the two preachers, but if he be dispassionate he will be likely to credit Mr. Beecher with genius or something very like it, and Mr. Abbott with a power in the construction of a working philosophy of religion far more indestructible than Mr. Beecher's phantasmal forms. Certainly this book, lighted from Mr. Beecher's torch, burns with a flame which both warms and lights. It is not often that a preacher combines so well the emotional and the logical mind. — A Short Cut to the True Church, or the Fact and the Word, by the Rev. Father Edmund Hill. (Office of the Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana.) The author of this little book was brought up outside of the Church of Rome, but found his way into it, and his little book is a guide to show the way to others who may be at the same starting-point; that is, of obedience to the scriptures of the Old and New Testament. There is a directness and frankness of manner which are very engaging, but to our minds this writer is silent about the one fact of the Roman Catholic Church which probably keeps more out of it than anything else, and that is the history of the Church itself, the fact which led to the great Protestant revolution. — Supernatural Revelation, an essay concerning the basis of the Christian faith, by C. M. Mead. (Randolph.) Mr. Mead's essay, which is a substantial book, aims at meeting current forms of skepticism, and accordingly his specific citation and criticism relate to authors who are now listened to; not to names, however important, who represent an earlier phase of thought. But his book is not merely polemic; he seeks for positive ground on which to rest an expressed belief, and there is a healthy tone to his mind which leads him to value common sense above subtlety. "Christians," he says in one place, "cannot be forever reëxamining the foundations of their faith;" and he writes as one who sets a proper estimate on the worth of experience as massed in large facts, but is ready to meet a thoughtful inquiry in a thoughtful and painstaking manner. — Church Song for the Uses of the House of God, prepared by M. W. Stryker. (Biglow & Main.) The reliance in music is largely upon the modern English school, but there is considerable variety both in hymns and tunes. The general effect is one of dignity and freedom from cheap sentiment. — The Struggle for Immortality, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton.) A collection of seven essays upon profound and elemental topics of faith and conduct. There is an ungloved grasp of some of the subjects, which is needed, perhaps, to make the hand felt in some quarters, but the violence done to a sensitive nature in some of the phraseology is a pretty high price to pay for the result gained. — Indications of the Book of Job; also, a Preliminary to the Indications. By Edward B. Latch. (Lippincott.) Mr. Latch has elaborated a scheme of humanity which reaches from B. C. 31,863 to A. D. 3963, which is the end of time. Some of the separate points in the progress may be noted. The first white race of men was created B. C. 29,789. There was an earthquake and volcanic eruption which swept away the first race of men B. C. 21,414. The third or black race was created B. C. 13,465. The second or red race was destroyed by drought and famine B. C. 12,098. The fourth or pale race was created B. C. 3897. Deluge came off B. C. 2241. Melchizedek appeared B. C. 1827. Future events are more interesting. Transgression comes to the full A. D. 2133. The King of the Thousand Years Era appears A. D. 2803. The Era of Destruction begins A. D. 3803. Job, it should be now said, belonged to the second or Heddekelic age, somewhere about B. C. 21,414. The Behemoth was the locomotive engine which was then running. But of all the wonders of this book, Mr. Edward B. Latch must be pronounced the most wonderful. — The Church in Modern Society, by Julius H. Ward. (Houghton.) Mr. Ward stands off a little way, and looks at modern life in order to see what part the historic organism The Church plays in it. The difficulty in any such survey is, of course, both in the man and the subject. It is hard to rid one's self of personal sentiments, and it is hard for any one to generalize to advantage from the vast sum of individual facts which go to make up the Church as an existing organization, and not as an image of the mind. Mr. Ward's sympathy is with the Church, and a habit of considering contemporary conditions has given him a certain facility of selection, so that his general statements strike one as reasonable. The thought of the book is interesting, and if

it is not precipitated into much practical recommendation, the limitations of space must be held accountable. If the lines of his thought were extended, they might touch many practical matters. — The Lily Among Thorns, by William Elliot Griffis. (Houghton.) The sub-title of this book explains its scope, — a study of the Biblical drama entitled The Song of Songs. Dr. Griffis approaches his subject with freedom, yet without that spirit of destructive criticism which so frequently is allied with freedom. On the contrary, he builds for the reverent reader of the Scriptures a far more reasonable and intelligible foundation of respect for this enigmatic book than is possible where one is driven into a mystical mode of interpretation. Out of a generous study of the original, in its setting, is drawn a view of its actual meaning and place which adds greatly to the reader's pleasure. — Jesus Brought Back, meditations on the problem of problems, by Joseph Henry Crooker. (McClurg.) An attempt to restate the result of modern criticism in popular language, and to rid Christianity of what the author believes to be the incrustations of speculation and superstition. May it not be that the accumulation of the centuries in the building up of the knowledge of One who is the greatest of known powers may be worth something, and that truth may be rich as well as simple?

Politics and Law. Principles of Procedure in Deliberative Bodies, by George Glover Crocker. (Putnams.) Mr. Crocker, who has had more than a theoretical knowledge of his subject, here comes to the aid of the intelligent presiding officer, not with a set of rules to cover all possible cases, but with a clear presentation of the principles involved, with illustrative application. The person using it will be less likely to err, we think, than one who blindly follows a set of rules without comprehending the principle underlying them. — Later Speeches on Political Questions, with Select Controversial Papers, by George W. Julian; edited by his daughter, Grace Julian Clarke. (Carlon & Hollenbeck, Indianapolis.) Mr. Julian's career is well known, and his deliberate secession from the Republican party, which led practically to his political hara-kiri, makes his later utterances interesting, since they may be taken as given without fear or favor. — Justice and Jurisprudence, an Inquiry concerning the Constitutional Limitations of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments. (Lippincott.) The preface to this octavo volume is signed by The Brotherhood of Liberty, and under this title appears to lie a body of men devoted to the interests of the African race on this continent. The most important section of the work is the digest of legislative and judicial proceedings, national and state, embracing the organic laws of the United States of America since March 6, 1862, in relation to the civil rights of all citizens of the United States. The body of the work is taken up with discussion of various cases which have come before the courts, each chapter introduced by a great variety of quotations. The love of color and sound attributed to the African race is illustrated by the general tone of this book, for scarlet and trumpet-flowers of rhetoric remain in the reader's mind after he has laid himself open to the resounding sentences.

Literature and Criticism. Half-Hours with the Best Humorous Authors, selected and arranged by Charles Morris. (Lippincott.) Four crown octavo volumes are devoted to this lightest form of literature, two being given to American and two to English, Irish, and Scottish humor, with a slight infusion from Continental authors. This is an equitable division. Mr. Morris has taken a good deal of pains to search far and wide for his material, and has by no means filled his books with what every one knows or knows about. He has in some cases discreetly abridged the matter, supplying connections where a break would be disastrous, and has provided convenient head-notes and indexes. The work affords the student an opportunity also to make some interesting comparative studies, though the arrangement is not wholly chronological. — Musical Moments, short selections in prose and verse for music-lovers. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) A pretty little volume which shows a good range of reading and refined taste. It is interesting to see how very recent much of the writing is. If music be the latest born of the arts, talk about music is still later. — The Poetry of Tennyson, by Henry Van Dyke (Scribner's Sons), is a comprehensive and appreciative review of the laureate's work. In his chapter on Milton and Tennyson we do not think that Mr. Van Dyke makes out his case. The book, however, as a whole, is an admirable one, and we are especially indebted to the author for the essay on The Bible in Tennyson and the carefully prepared chronology. In the latter, Longfellow's sonnet to Tennyson (1877) should have been included. — American War Ballads and Lyrics, edited by George Cary Eggleston (Putnam's Sons), is the title given to a selection from the vast body of verse called forth by our three notable wars. The compilation does not claim to be exhaustive, but no distinguished writer in this kind has been omitted. The really fine war-poems that have been written could be put into one very small volume. — Three Dramas of Euripides, by William Cranston Lawton. (Houghton.) Readers of The Atlantic do not need to be told of the quality of Mr. Lawton's

work. He had already treated in its pages of the Alkestis, the Medea, and the Hippolytos, and these constitute the theme of the present volume: but he gave only a taste in the magazine; here he gives a full and substantial repast. We do not know any modern rendering which sets before the reader so clear a view of the Euripidean drama, and is so free both of archaism and of the equally objectionable modernization. Mr. Lawton performs the true office of the interpreter, for he knows both languages, that of Greek art and that of modern thought, and he does not confuse the idioms.

Fiction. Mito Yashiki, a Tale of Old Japan; being a feudal romance descriptive of the decline of the Shogunate and of the downfall of the Tokugawa family. By Arthur Collins Maclay. (Putnams.) Mr. Maclay is a gentleman who has been resident in Japan, and now avails himself of his observation and his acquaintance with recent Japanese history to construct an historical romance. The material certainly is fresh, and there is much that is unusual in the book, but we think the author leans too heavily on his material, and does not sufficiently ply the novelist's art in his use of it. He is, besides, too much taken up with philosophical speculations. — Jane Eyre, an autobiography, by Charlotte Brontë, appears in the Camelot Series (Walter Scott, London; W. J. Gage & Co., New York), with an introduction by Clement K. Shorter, which is in effect a brief biography. — Emmanuel, the Story of the Messiah, by William Forbes Cooley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The reader naturally compares this book with Ben-Hur, and if he be a reverential person comes to contrast it with that now famous novel. Mr. Cooley has handled his material with a fine sense of the dignity of his subject; he has his eye always on the principal figure, but studies carefully the composition formed by the relation of others to him, and his book is to be praised for what it does not contain as well as for what it does. It was an admirable conception which led him to make the doubting disciple the second figure in the story, and throughout Mr. Cooley has shown a true insight into character and incident. His connection of the parables with the minds of the hearers is a felicitous touch, and in many instances the writer gives evidence of a careful and most intelligent study of his great subject. One falls to speculating whether, since fiction has so taken the place of art in popular estimation, there is to spring up a religious school of fictitious art, essaying either entire narratives or special episodes from sacred history. Mr. Cooley has gone to work somewhat as Holman Hunt in his modern Scriptural pictures. — Gerald French's Friends, by George H. Jessop. (Longmans.) A collection of stories by a writer who hits off well one phase of the Irish character, and uses with cleverness material drawn chiefly from experience on the Pacific coast. There is a little timidity of touch, but a commendable absence of extravagance, so that one is at liberty to believe the author capable of doing more important work, and of doing it well. — A Family Tree, and Other Stories, by Brander Matthews. (Longmans.) The reader is at once attracted by the ingenuity of Mr. Matthews's fancy. He is sure always to be entertained by cleverness, not so much of plot as of trivial incident. The air of lifelikeness which attaches to the stories gives one the confidence that he is not to be betrayed into any undue sentiment, but is to be treated to a piece of good-fellowship. — Memoirs of a Millionaire, by Lucia True Ames. (Houghton.) What would you do, reader, if you were a young girl, and had just inherited unexpectedly some ten million dollars? To some it would be enough to be the young girl, but this entertaining book shows a modern Countess of Monte Cristo, with the burden of the world on her shoulders, and the happiness of others instead of her own exercise of power the most momentous consideration. There is a great deal of ingenuity shown, and one with less than ten millions may find capital suggestions in it. — In Three Cities and a State or Two, by George S. Fraser. (Putnams.) A few short stories in a sentimental vein. — Engineer Jim, and Other Stories, by M. A. M. No author's name, no publisher's, not even a printer's. The book is a collection of a score of stories, which read as if the writer were struggling for expression, and had fed upon Norwegian and German tales. There is an evident desire to state the real truths of life, and the form is sometimes a parable. — Life's Long Battle Won, by Edward Garrett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A carefully written story, with conventional incidents, but well-considered characters and a delicacy of touch. There is a gentle religious tone which underlies the story, and is not obtruded. — Gold that did not Glitter, by Virginius Dabney. (Lippincott.) A lively little story, which has something of the vagrancy of Don Miff, but by reason of its limitations is more easily read and more to be enjoyed. Still it is hard not to feel that there is a slight affectation about the whole business. It is as if a story-writer of to-day should equip himself by an alternate reading of Southey's Doctor and Tristram Shandy.

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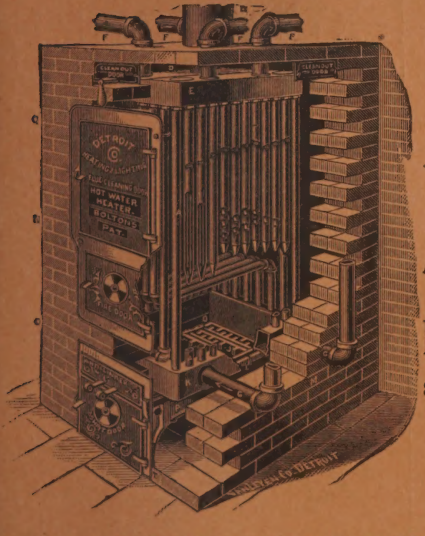

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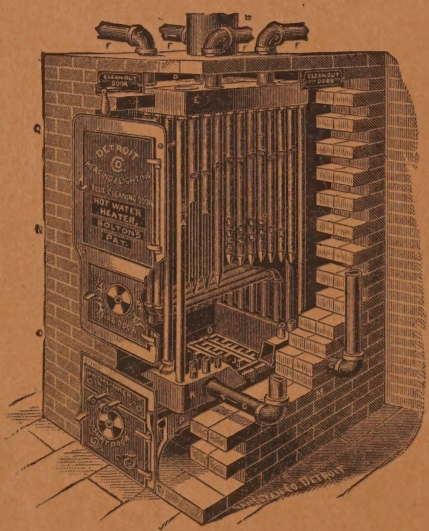

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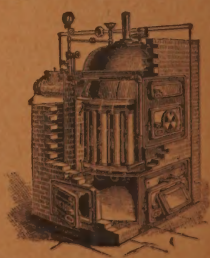

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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HENRIK IBSEN: HIS EARLY CAREER AS POET AND PLAYWRIGHT.

Curiously enough, Henrik Ibsen, who has been rightly characterized as "most distinctively and decidedly Norwegian" in genius and temperament, has not, so far as it is possible to trace his genealogy, a drop of Norwegian blood in his veins. It is true, as we shall see, that Norwegian blood may have been introduced at several points through the females of his line, but there is no positive proof, and only in one case even a probability of it.

His great-great-grandfather, Peter Ibsen, was a Danish seaman, who, in 1720, emigrated from the island of Möen to Bergen, and became a citizen of this enterprising and picturesque seaboard town, where he married the daughter of a German immigrant. No information is given as to the nationality of the mother of the bride. Peter Ibsen's son, Henrik Petersen Ibsen, who also followed the sea, took to wife the daughter of a Scotchman named Dishington, who had established himself in business and been admitted to citizenship in Bergen. Here, too, it is uncertain whether Mrs. Dishington was Norwegian or Scotch. Henrik Petersen Ibsen died during the first year of his wedded life. Soon after his death his widow gave birth to a son, and the posthumous child was christened Henrik, in memory of the deceased father. Henrik Ibsen wedded the daughter of a merchant named Plesner, in Skien, whither his mother had removed after her second marriage. Both Plesner and his wife were of German descent. Henrik Ibsen was, like his father, a seafarer, and perished, with the ship of which he was the captain and owner, on the coast at Hesnaes, near Grimstad. Only a few fragments of the wreck, and among them the name of the vessel, drifted ashore to tell the tale of disaster. This unfortunate mariner left one son, Knud Ibsen, who married Maria Cornelia Altenburg, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of German extraction, residing in Skien. The maiden name of the bride's mother was Paus, and her family must have been either Danish or Norwegian, probably the latter. Knud Ibsen's eldest child, the poet Henrik Ibsen, was born in Skien, March 20, 1828.

This mixture of foreign elements, Danish, Scotch, a possible Norwegian tinge, and a threefold German strain, in the blood of a man whose Norwegianism is quite as intense, though not so turbulent and aggressive, as that of his fellow-countryman, the typical Norseman, poet, and tribune, Björnstjerne Björnson, would seem to indicate that what we call national character is in a less degree the product of lineage than of environment. In other words, the qualities which an individual possesses in common with the people to which he belongs are due, not so much to the race of which he is born as to the social, political, educational, geographical, and climatic conditions into which

he is born. The characteristics which distinguish the fine breed are such as have been formed and fixed by a long course of fine breeding. It is not the mere accident of parentage that makes a man an American or an Englishman, but the impress of the peculiarly American or English culture which he has received; the multifarious and complex influences which have unconsciously moulded his character; in short, the moral and intellectual atmosphere which has surrounded and sustained him, and in which he has lived, moved, and had his being from earliest infancy.

In nomadic society consanguinity alone constitutes tribal membership, and furnishes a tie sufficiently strong to hold the vagrant community together; but with the transition to sedentary life and the permanent occupation of the soil, geographical propinquity becomes a matter of greater moment than genealogical propinquity; nearness of kin, as a bond of union, yields its claims to the more pressing and imperative demands of territorial nearness; kindness, as an emotion, overleaps the barriers of etymology, and no longer confines itself to kind; and a wider sympathy and solidarity of interests, gradually growing up, give rise to larger political aggregations, whose members recognize each other as countrymen instead of mere clansmen.

It has been suggested that the unrelenting severity with which Ibsen insists upon "the categorical imperative," and the high ethical standard which he sets up as a rule of conduct, as well as his somewhat pessimistic attitude towards human life as he finds it, are heirlooms of the Puritanism and idealism which have played such a decisive part in Scotch history, and left such a deep and lasting impress upon Scotch philosophy. On the other hand, his taste and talent for purely abstract and speculative reasoning, and his predilection and faculty for rigorously logical and systematic thinking, might naturally enough be regarded as German hereditaments. Indeed, it may be said of him, in the language of Kant, that two things fill his soul with ever new and increasing admiration and awe the oftener he contemplates them: the starry heavens above him and the moral law within him. In both cases it is the same sort of "cosmic emotion" which the phenomena excite; but of the two sublime and eternal revelations of the supremacy of universal and inviolable laws, it is the microcosm, or psychical world within, that appeals to him more strongly and interests him more deeply than the macrocosm, or physical world without. It is not the poetic or romantic, but the mystical or metaphysical, side of nature that attracts him. There is no landscape-painting in his dramas. He never introduces descriptions of scenery for their own sake, but only as symbols of human thought and aspiration and heroic endeavor; as, for example, the allusions to the glaciers and the "ice-church," the misty mountain-tops and the stormy fiord, in Brand. He has the love of an old Norse salt for "the fierce, conflicting brine," but it is the mysteriousness and unfathomableness of the restless water, type of the seething passions of the soul (that "sealet" within, according to Grimm's etymology of the word), which fascinate him, and suggest psychological problems darker than the ocean's waves "and deeper than did ever plummet sound," as in The Lady of the Sea.

But we need not go so far away as Scotland or Germany in quest of causes to account for the idiosyncrasies of the Norwegian poet. They lay around in his infancy at Skien. Sixty years ago, this place of his birth was by no means the prosy town and mere commercial mart it is to-day. Its inhabitants comprised many persons of wealth and superior culture, and several families of distinction resided in the city, or dwelt

permanently on their estates in the immediate vicinity. As these families were, for the most part, connected by nearer or remoter ties of kinship, the social life was exceedingly intimate and animated; and dinner-parties, picnics, balls, and musical entertainments followed each other in almost unbroken succession, summer and winter. These gayeties were greatly enhanced by the primitive and generous manner in which the rites of hospitality were then exercised in Skien; very much as they are at the present time in Iceland. There were, properly speaking, no inns in the city for the accommodation of travelers, who took up their quarters with friends or relations, or were lodged by those to whom they brought letters of introduction. "We had," says Ibsen, "strangers visiting us at nearly every season of the year; and especially at Christmas and during the annual fair, which was held in February, and lasted a whole week, our large and roomy house was full of people, and the table spread from morning till night."

The Ibsen family belonged to the aristocracy of Skien, and their spacious mansion was one of the chief social centres of the city. The head of the household was a quick-witted and free-handed man, genial and good-humored, and never so happy as when entertaining crowds of guests.

It was doubtless due in part to this liberal and rather reckless hospitality that, when Henrik Ibsen was eight years of age, his father became a bankrupt, and, after satisfying the claims of his creditors, had nothing left but a small and hitherto neglected farmhouse, not far from the city, to which he retired with his family, and where he spent the next six years in a state of poverty and seclusion, which formed a striking contrast to his former life of affluent ease and constant festivity. The "aristocratic" circles of which Knud and Cornelia Ibsen had been the brilliant ornaments were now closed to them, and this sudden change could hardly fail to make a deep and abiding impression upon the precociously thoughtful and susceptible mind of their eldest child. The lesson thus taught by his early experience of the utter selfishness and insincerity of society was such as could never be forgotten, especially as his subsequent larger knowledge of the world only served to enforce and confirm it.

Ibsen's youth seems to have been very lonely and sad. He seldom shared the sports of other boys, or even played with his own brothers and sisters. His most vivid reminiscences of his native town are of the old city hall, with its subterranean jail, and a dark and dingy cell in which lunatics were confined; the church, with its associations of gloomy piety; the pillory and the public whipping-post, at which criminals and runaway serfs were cruelly scourged. More cheerful memories of his childhood are of the hours which he used to spend in a small room next to the kitchen, poring over old volumes full of engravings. This closet-like retreat could not be heated, and was often fearfully cold; but he could fasten it with a hook inside and shut out all intruders, and this advantage outweighed any considerations of mere physical comfort. The scene in the third act of The Wild Duck, where Hedwig is absorbed in Harryson's History of London, and, not being able to read the text, learns what it is all about from the numerous pictures, is one of his youthful recollections.

He had a decided talent for drawing, and was diligent in the use of pencil and brush. He was particularly fond of painting figures, representing different characters in appropriate costume, on pasteboard, which he then cut out and set upon wooden blocks, so that they could stand alone. These puppets he arranged in groups and moved to and fro on the table, and by improvising dia-

logues, in which he attained remarkable facility, represented dramatically the historical incidents he had read about. Sometimes he would build a castle or fortress, taking great pains with every part of it, so that it seemed to the younger children a wonderful work of art; but no sooner was it finished than he took it by storm, and laid it level with the ground. Here, too, the main object he had in view was the dramatization of some historical event which had appealed to his imagination; and the careful and conscientious manner in which the boy constructed an edifice which he intended to demolish was significant of his strong artistic sense and the thoroughness with which he carried to completion whatever he undertook, qualities which have always characterized the literary labors of the man.

Until he was fourteen years of age Ibsen attended a school kept by two theological students at Skien, where he received instruction in the elementary branches of knowledge and also learned a little Latin. One of his school-mates describes him as having a fine head, remarkable quickness of conception, an excitable and somewhat ebullient temper, a sharp tongue, and a satirical turn of mind, but as being withal a sincere friend and a good comrade. Intellectually, he stood head and shoulders above his fellows. He read history, especially that of Greece and Rome, with uncommon avidity and appreciation, and showed an exceptional interest in the religious instruction which, as a rule, the pupils considered a bore and were inclined to shirk. "I remember," says the same informant, "how still it was once in the class, when Ibsen read a composition in which he related a dream, substantially as follows: —

"'As I was journeying, with several companions, over a high mountain, we were suddenly overtaken by night, and being very weary we lay down to sleep, like Jacob, with stones for our pillows. My comrades were soon wrapped in slumber, and, after a long time, excessive fatigue compelled me also to close my eyes. Then an angel appeared to me in a dream, and said, "Arise and follow me!" "Whither wilt thou conduct me in this darkness?" I asked. "Come," he replied, "I will show thee a vision of human life as it really is." Then I followed him with fear and trembling, and we descended as it were a flight of enormous steps, until the rocks rose in huge arches over our heads, and before us lay a vast city of the dead, a whole world of pallid corpses and bleached skeletons in endless succession; and over them all a dim, crepuscular light, which the church walls and the white crosses of tombs seemed to emit and cast over the illimitable graveyard. Icy terror seized me at the sight, and the angel who stood at my side said, "Here, thou seest, all is vanity." Then there came a rushing sound, like the first faint breathings of a rising storm, the low moan composed of a thousand sighs, and it grew to a howling tempest, so that the dead moved and stretched out their arms towards me. And I awoke with a shriek, damp with the cold dew of the night.'"

This is certainly not a kind of writing common with school-boys of fourteen. It strikes, in fact, the keynote which vibrates in various modulations through all his dramas, and reaches its highest pitch in Ghosts. Ibsen states that his recollection of this incident is quite distinct, because the teacher got it into his head that the composition was taken from some book, and expressed this surmise in the class; "whereupon," adds the author, "I set him right in a more energetic manner than was pleasing to him or perhaps proper in me."

This literary production was the utterance of thoughts and feelings fostered by the peculiar experiences of his childhood, and shows only, so far as it may have been influenced by his reading, how strongly his youthful imagination had been touched by the visions of Hebrew

prophets, the pessimism of the Preacher's philosophy of life, and the doctrine of the nothingness and transitoriness of all earthly things fundamental to Christianity and mystically revealed in the Apocalypse.

Ibsen wished to be an artist, and had circumstances permitted the realization of this desire he would have been, undoubtedly, the peer of his countrymen, Hellqvist and Grönvold, although his genius and style would have made him nearer akin to the latter than to the former. In all probability he would have been more thoroughly original than either. Of the one thing needful he would have had no lack, namely, ideas. It is this inborn and incurable deficiency that renders many an artist, with whose technique no fault can be found, hopelessly dull and intolerably commonplace. Ibsen has always preserved a lively and appreciative interest in art; the final preference for the pen has not robbed him of his fondness for the pencil, nor of a skill in the use of it far above the reach of mere dilettanteism. But the financial stress of the family forced him to choose a profession that would be immediately lucrative, or at least pay his way to competency. While waiting for his laurels to grow he must diligently cultivate some humble esculent,

> "not too good
> For human nature's daily food."

At the age of sixteen he left his native town, and entered upon his apprenticeship in an apothecary's shop at Grimstad, where he remained until he was twenty-two. Grimstad was at that time a little seaport of eight hundred inhabitants, mostly ship-owners and wharfingers, whose interest in literature was confined to Lloyd's list, and who were even more provincial and Philistine than the Skieners. In such a place the apothecary's shop competes with the barber's shop as a loafers' resort and a sort of social exchange, where all the gossip and scandal afloat are quoted, discounted, or stamped with the seal of general acceptance and put into circulation. It is difficult for those not "to the manner born" to form a proper conception of the intellectual depression exerted by the atmosphere of such a town. Every transgression of local customs and conventionalities is denounced as a dangerous excess; strong personal peculiarities are deemed personal defects; society shakes its empty noddle over all enthusiasms or ideas out of the common run; every vigorous expression of thought or emotion is eyed askance as an unaccountable eccentricity, and to be eccentric is to be either crazy or criminal.

That Ibsen soon came into collision with people of this sort it needs no "Scottish gift of second-sight" to foresee. It was discovered that the young man had an ambition above making pills and mixing pharmaceutical preparations, and that he intended to enter the university and study medicine; and this was a bad sign. What was still worse, he wrote poetry in the intervals of leisure left from dispensing drugs. Worst of all, he glorified in glowing verse the revolutionary movements of 1848, celebrated the heroic deeds of the Magyars, and called upon the Scandinavians to come up to the help of their kinsfolk in the Danish-German war. What impudence for a callow stripling to instruct his elders in their political duties, and to tell the nations what they ought to do!

Meanwhile, during this storm-and-stress period of his intellectual development, the young poet was diligently preparing himself for his *examen artium*, or examination for entering the university. Among other works, he read with eager interest Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline and Cicero's Catilinarian Orations, and thought that, under the mask of the historian's trite moral indignation and through the phrases of the orator, he caught a glimpse of the true character of the old Roman nihilist and anarchist, which these adversaries had sadly

travestied. This conception he embodied in a drama entitled Catilina, and, failing to get it either represented or published, he had it printed, by the financial aid of a devoted and believing friend, at his own expense at Christiania, early in 1850, under the pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme.

Ibsen accepts what Cicero and Sallust relate concerning Catiline's lawless and licentious life, and endows him, as a *dramatis persona*, with uncurbed passions, which furnish the tragic element in his career, and lead directly and inevitably to his destruction. On the other hand, he is not a mere vulgar adventurer and selfish exciter of sedition, but a man of liberal ideas, a sincere patriot and lover of the people, who would free his country from the tyranny of a pampered and plutocratic Senate, and revive the old Roman civic virtue; a spirit, in this respect, akin to Cato, whose memory, in one instance, he invokes. In short, Catiline is politically the author's ideal of a revolutionist, and embodies in his utterances much of the poet's enthusiasm for liberty excited by the events of 1848. Corresponding to the double nature of the hero, and personifying it, as it were, are the two women, Aurelia, his wife and good genius, and the Vestal Virgin Fulvia, his evil genius, who loves him, and yet plots his ruin when she discovers that he was the seducer of her sister Silvia, who had hidden her shame under the waters of the Tiber.

The interest of the drama is chiefly psychological, although there are a few intensely dramatic scenes in it; as, for example, that in the temple of Vesta, where Fulvia makes Catiline, whom she knows only as Lucius, swear to avenge her sister's wrong, and when he asks the name of her betrayer answers, "Catiline." He then confesses that he is the guilty one. In its original form, the play was a rather crude piece of work; but Ibsen rewrote and republished it in 1875, and, without changing it substantially, gave it a highly artistic finish, and introduced it again to the public with an exceedingly interesting autobiographical preface.[1]

In March, 1850, Ibsen went to Christiania to attend the school of Heltberg, who had the reputation of being an exceedingly rapid coach, and is said to have been able to convey a youth from the farm or the shop to the doors of the university with quite incredible speed. Among other pupils whom he met there was Björnstjerne Björnson, who in a sprightly poem entitled Old Heltberg has described Ibsen at that time as "languid and lean, with a complexion like gypsum behind an immense coal-black beard:" —

> "Anspänt og mager med Farve som Gibsen,
> Bag et kul-sort, umadeligt Skjäg Henrik Ibsen," —

lines which recall the description of the Mantuan apothecary: —

> "Meagre were his looks,
> Sharp misery had worn him to the bones."

Under Heltberg's high-pressure system, Ibsen was able to pass his examination in a few months, and did so with credit to himself in Latin and all the other branches except Greek and mathematics, in which he was a little weak.

[1] A Finnish critic, Valfrid Vasenius, in his Æsthetic Researches (Henrik Ibsens dramatiska diktning i dess första skede, Helsingfors, 1879, page 50) has endeavored to show that Ibsen gives a truer portraiture of Catiline as an historical personage than the caricature of the conspirator which has been handed down to us by tradition. That his political programme was, in a great measure, socialistic is unquestionable, and that he was honest in his aims we have no sufficient reason to doubt. Cicero says of him that he (Catiline) asserted that no one could be a faithful defender of the poor unless he were poor himself (negavit miserorum fidelem defensorem inveniri posse, nisi eum, qui ipse miser esset). This remark, which is intended as a reproach and a proof of demagogism, would seem rather to indicate a sympathetic appreciation of the feelings of the proletarian classes and an ability to put himself in their place.

While still engaged in his preparatory studies, he appeared again before the public: first, as the vindicator of personal liberty, and, secondly, as the author of a new drama. A South Jutlander named Harro Harring, who had led an adventurous life, fighting for Greek independence and taking part in other revolutions, came to Norway in 1849. In the following year he published a play entitled The Testament of America, which, in the opinion of the authorities, contained legacies that it would be better for the Norwegian people not to know anything about. Harring was accordingly arrested by the police, and placed under guard on board of a steamer lying at the wharf, to be expelled from the country. No sooner had this event become known than an indignation meeting was held, and a protest against such an arbitrary act of tyranny drawn up and signed by one hundred and forty citizens, and presented to the city council. The protesters then marched in procession to the ship, and sent a committee on board to express their sympathies to Harring, who, when he appeared on deck, was received with three cheers for himself and loud huzzas for freedom and fatherland. Two of the most zealous leaders of this improvised demonstration were Ibsen and Björnson.

About the same time, during the Whitsuntide holidays, Ibsen wrote a play in one act, called Kaempehöjen (The Hero's Mound), which was represented September 26, 1850, in the Christiania theatre. It is the story of a viking, Audun by name, who in a predatory expedition on the coast of Normandy had been left behind, severely wounded. A young Norman girl, Blanka, who had survived the general slaughter, finds and nurses him. After recovery, he builds a hut, adopts her as his daughter, and through her influence is converted to Christianity. As a sign of this change of faith, he buries his sword and armor, and erects a mound over them. Years afterwards, his son Gandalf comes to avenge the supposed death of his father. His first impulse is to slay the old hermit and the maiden, but he is disarmed by their gentle words. As he is thus led to neglect the duty of vengeance and to break his oath, he is about to turn his sword against his own breast, when Audun makes himself known. Gandalf returns to Norway, with Blanka as his bride; but the father prefers to remain where he is, and to end his days in his hermitage.

Ibsen's success with this piece, which was received with applause on the stage and favorably criticised by the press, determined him to abandon the idea of studying medicine, and to devote himself exclusively to literature. He gave up all thoughts of a university career, and was never matriculated as Civis Academicus, but had the honorary degree of Ph. D. conferred upon him after he had won his fame as a poet. He lived with his friend, the law-student Ole Schulerud, the same who had furnished the necessary funds for the publication of Catilina, in a modest quarter of the Norwegian capital. His income was exceedingly small and uncertain, the revenues of Schulerud were usually at a low ebb, and there was no knowing when a happy conjunction of affairs would bring in a flood tide. It often happened that the whole amount of their money was insufficient to pay for a simple dinner, but lest other persons in the house should suspect their real condition they went out at noon, and, after wandering about as long as it would have taken them to eat a good meal, returned, and appeased the pangs of hunger with bread and coffee. "At this period," says Botten-Hansen, "I saw them almost every day, but they were always in such excellent humor, and succeeded so well in concealing their pecuniary stress, that for a long time I did not have the slightest inkling of it." The good cheer which their table lacked

was supplied by their stout hearts and hopeful spirits. Only thirty copies of Catilina had been disposed of, and one evening, when their pantry, their purses, and their paunches were equally empty, they remembered the goodly amount of stock on hand, and resolved to "send it to Bucklersbury," as Ben Jonson expresses it, where they were sure the green-grocer would appreciate the quality of the paper. "For several days afterwards," says Ibsen, with characteristic conciseness, "we were not in want of any of the necessaries of life."

He wrote also for an organ of the labor movement edited by Abildgaard and Thrane, who, after a time, were arrested and the contributions to the journals seized. As Ibsen's articles were among them, he expected to share the fate of the editors, but escaped through the shrewd sense of the manager, who, when the policeman came to the office, threw a bundle of the most compromising manuscripts on the floor, and affected to conceal others of a perfectly harmless character. The police, with the overweening conceit of the bureaucratic mind, fell into the trap, demanded imperiously the hidden papers, and bore them off in triumph, paying no attention to those which had been so ostentatiously flung at their feet. Abildgaard and Thrane were sentenced to several years of hard labor in the penitentiary.

In connection with Paul Botten-Hansen and Aasmund Olafsson Vinje, he began, on January 1, 1851, the publication of a weekly political sheet, which, from the vignette on the title-page, was popularly known as Man. It was strongly radical, and represented the opposition in the Storthing. With the suppression of the revolution and the setting in of a general reaction in Europe, the Norwegian oppositionists grew feeble-kneed, to the intense disgust of Ibsen, who satirized them in a spirited travesty of Bellini's opera, entitled Norma, or the Love of a Politician; a Musical Tragedy in Three Acts, and changed the political into a literary weekly, called Andhrimner, after the cook who served the gods and heroes of Valhalla with their daily food, but which, it is to be hoped, was able to offer its readers a more varied bill of fare than that furnished by the mythical Scandinavian *chef*, whose culinary functions seem to have been confined to boiling over the same inconsumable old boar. However this may have been, the periodical was financially a failure; the number of its subscribers never reached a hundred, and it expired with the falling of the autumn leaves in the year of its birth.

Although the pecuniary returns of Ibsen's literary activity during the eighteen months of his life in Christiania were a mere pittance, and he was never free from "necessity's sharp pinch," the lyrics, dramas, satires, and criticisms he had published had won for him the reputation of being something more than a prolific scribbler who "writes to dine;" and when, chiefly through the untiring energies of Ole Bull, a new theatre had been established at Bergen, Ibsen was appointed dramaturgist and dramatic poet. His salary was about four hundred dollars a year, to which was added, at the outset, the sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars to defray his traveling expenses abroad for three months, in order that he might visit foreign theatres and acquire a practical knowledge of stage management. For this favor he bound himself to retain his position and perform the duties of "theatrical instructor" for five years.

Though the income was moderate, this was just the place Ibsen needed at this stage of his literary career. Alexandre Dumas fils, in the preface to Un Père Prodigue, makes the remark that "it is possible to become a painter, a sculptor, or a musician by study, but not a dramatic poet; a man is so either at once or never, as he is blonde or brown,

and cannot help it." "If this be true," says Henrik Jäger, who quotes the observation, "then the genius of the dramatic poem must form a remarkable exception to the general laws of evolution, to which all manifestations of physical and intellectual life are subject." In fact, the statement is preëminently absurd; and never was the principle of *nascitur, non fit*, more unfittingly applied. Indeed, it is far less true of the dramatic than of the lyric poet, whose effusions are intensely subjective and inward, and therefore in a greater degree independent of external circumstances. The dramatist portrays historical or social life, which he cannot know by intuition; nor is he born with a technical knowledge of the stage, without which his works may be read with pleasure, but can never be effectively represented. In this respect, the greatest genius may learn something from the manager or the mechanician of a theatre, or even from an experienced scene-shifter. The lively duet between Papageno and Papagena, in the second act of The Magic Flute, owes its present character to the suggestions of the old stage-director Schikaneder; as Mozart first composed it, the performance was exceedingly tame. A very slight circumstance may determine whether the laugh comes in at the right or wrong place; and upon this trivial event often depends the success of a play.

Ibsen remained in Bergen from 1852 to 1857, and during this period not only put more than a hundred plays of various kinds on the stage, but also conscientiously produced a drama of his own on January 2 of each year, namely, Midsummer Night (Sankthausnatten), a revision of The Hero's Mound, Dame Inger of Oestråt, The Feast at Solhaug (Gildet på Solhaug), and Olaf Liljekrans. All these dramas have been printed except the first and the last.[1] From 1857 to 1864 Ibsen was "artistic director" of the new Norwegian (in distinction from the old Danish) theatre in Christiania. This theatre, like that in Bergen, was a product of the strong enthusiasm for a purely national art and literature, which had been excited by the popular poems and sagas and other treasures of folk-lore brought to light by the labors of Asbjörnsen and Moe, who, in this province of research, did for Norway what the brothers Grimm had already done for Germany. It is certain that, Dumas to the contrary notwithstanding, the indisputable eminence of Ibsen as a master in dramatic technique is due in a great measure to his twelve years' theatrical experience in Bergen and Christiania.

As regards the aforementioned national movement, Ibsen threw himself into the fray with truly Berserker ardor and energy, and organized with Björnson, November 22, 1859, the Norwegian Society, the chief purpose of which was to nationalize the Norwegian stage by getting rid of the Danish influences that had taken exclusive possession of it. Another expressed object of the society, which sounds funny enough nowadays, was to oppose the Düsseldorf school of painting; showing how prominent this school was thirty years ago as a representative of foreign art, although even then it had lost much of its relative importance.

It was under the impulse of this movement that Ibsen wrote his interesting essay On Heroic Song and its Significance for Artistic Poesy (Om Kämpevisen og dens Betydning for Kunstpoesien. Illustreret Nyhedsblad, 1857,

[1] It was in Bergen, too, that Ibsen met the lady to whom he was wedded on June 18, 1858, Miss Susanna Thoresen, daughter of the provost of the collegiate church in that city, and step-daughter of the well-known novelist and dramatic poetess, Magdalene Thoresen. The fruit of this marriage has been one son, Sigurd, for some time connected with the Swedish embassy in Washington, and at present Swedish secretary of legation in Vienna.

Nos. 19 and 20), and applied the principles therein set forth in his drama The Warriors at Helgeland (Haęrmaendene på Helgeland); and that Björnson published his tales of Norwegian peasant life, Synnöve Solbakken, Arne, A Happy Boy, and other shorter stories. These productions were not merely works of art, but also parts of a political programme, a genesis, however, which does not prejudice in the least their literary character. The refusal of the Danish theatre in Christiania to represent The Warriors at Helgeland provoked a bitter controversy, which was waged in the press, and finally led to the utter defeat of the Danish party, and the fusion of the Norwegian with the Danish theatre on a national basis. The piece was first given in 1861, and has remained a stock play there ever since.

During this period Ibsen wrote two other dramas, wholly diverse in theme and technical treatment, — Love's Comedy (Kjärlighedens Komedie, 1863) and The Pretenders (Kongsemnerne, literally King-candidates, 1864). The topic treated in the first of these dramas had been already touched upon in Midsummer Night, the scene of which is laid in a farmhouse, where young ladies and students are assembled to dance on the feast of St. John, and, at the same time, to celebrate the betrothal of two couples, for which purpose punch is served in the garden. The kobold Nisse — a mischievous and sprightly elf, near akin to Shakespeare's Puck — squeezes into the punch the juice of a magical herb, which has the fatal effect of endowing those who drink it with the power of seeing things as they really are, stripped of all beneficent illusions. One can readily imagine what havoc this faculty makes in the relations of the lovers.

The perfectly correct feeling that a drama of modern social life ought not to be written in verse led Ibsen to work out the first draught of Love's Comedy in prose; but the result proved unsatisfactory. His thoughts had been so long accustomed to move in rhythmic measure, or in the somewhat stiff and stilted style of the sagas, that he found it difficult to hit the free and easy tone of ordinary conversation. He therefore recast the play in pentametric iambics, which have seldom been surpassed for compactness and strength, lightness and elasticity, and melodiousness of metrical expression; realizing in these respects what would seem to be the highest capabilities of dramatic dialogue in rhyme.

"Is marriage incompatible with love?" is a question said to have been submitted to a jury of noble ladies in a mediæval *cour d'amour*, and to have been decided by them unanimously in the affirmative. Essentially the same problem is presented for solution in Ibsen's drama, where, of all the fresh and sparkling rivulets of love that are merged and swallowed up in the sea of matrimony,

> "naught enters there,
> Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
> But falls into abatement and low price,
> Even in a minute."

The widow Halm, whose mission in life it is to find among her lodgers suitable husbands for seven nieces and two daughters; the country parson, Strohmann (*nomen et omen*), and spouse, —

> "The maiden once adored as his ideal,
> A slattern now, with shoes down at the heel," —

with twelve children in occupancy and one in expectancy; the ministerial copyist and secretary, Styrer, affianced for seven years to Miss Skäre ("Magpie," with the qualities characteristic of this bird); and the theological student, Lind, who in the first act becomes engaged to Anna Halm, all exemplify, in a greater or less degree, how impossible it is for love to resist the vulgarizing effect of matrimony, or even, of betrothal. In Lind's relations to Anna we see the first fresh budding and blossoming of tender

romantic sentiment, but it is like the rose,

"whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour."

No sooner is their engagement made known than four meddlesome aunts and troops of officious friends seize upon it, strip it of all its poesy, and scatter its delicate aroma to the winds, until the young lovers are forced, in sheer self-defense, to hide their passion from these desecrating minds. In the play, the critical attitude is taken by Falk, a young author, still in the first fumy and rather turbid stages of poetic fermentation, who vents his sarcastic humor on the self-complacent, commonplace couples, and finds a congenial spirit in Swanhild Halm. In Falk and Swanhild are two hearts evidently made for each other, two kindred souls drawn together by the irresistible forces of elective affinity into perfect and indissoluble unity. The scene in the beginning of the third act would seem to indicate in them a reserve of passionate capabilities strong enough to defy all adverse fate and inauspicious stars; as a matter of fact, they have not strength sufficient to overcome the petty social prejudices which they had joined hands in protesting against. A few common-sense remarks by the merchant Guldstad, who looks at matrimony from a baldly practical point of view, suffice to dissipate their illusions. Swanhild, at Falk's suggestion, takes off her engagement ring and flings it into the fiord; they part in order that their love may remain pure, ideal, and eternal as a memory. That Guldstad should lead Swanhild to the altar doubtless takes the gentle reader somewhat by surprise. Think of Juliet calmly accepting the hand of County Paris, because he promises to be a stout and trusty staff to her through life, a sort of ever-present and permanent gold-stick in waiting! But the complete solution of the psychological problem presented in the drama necessitated this sacrifice. Falk, meanwhile, disappears with a band of students, swinging his hat and shouting Excelsior! Philistinism keeps the field, and celebrates its victory by dancing on the green to the prosy thrumming of a piano and the popping of champagne corks. Sic transit gloria amoris!

Love's Comedy, in which matrimony, so far from being assailed, is defended and upheld, even in its least alluring form of *mariage de convenance*, "roused a storm of indignation more violent and extended," says Ibsen, "than most books can boast of in a land in which the majority of the inhabitants do not concern themselves in literary events." The critics of the Christiania press were loud in their denunciations of it, as "not only untrue and immoral, but also as unpoetical, as all views of life must be that represent the ideal and the real as irreconcilable." One writer even suspected that the author "must be drifting towards Catholicism, since the whole tendency of the piece is to commend celibacy."

Ibsen declares that he was not at all surprised at the manner in which the drama was received. It was regarded as a wanton assault upon the sanctities of love and the institution of marriage, which all sentimentalists and good citizens would naturally resent. "The majority of those who read and pass judgment upon books," he says, "possess only in a very inadequate degree the discipline and training of thought necessary to discern such errors. But it is not my business to give them a course of instruction."

Love's Comedy was the product of three years' labor, and the net profits on the copies sold a little exceeded one hundred dollars; and yet this paltry sum was more than as much again as he had received for any of his plays hitherto published. So severe was his pecuniary stress at this time that his friends thought seriously of endeavoring to se-

cure for him a subordinate position in the custom-house, where he might earn a meagre subsistence by weighing boxes of sugar and sacks of coffee, as Robert Burns had done by gauging pipes and puncheons of whiskey.

Fortunately, the greatest of Norwegian dramatists was saved from the sordid fate of the greatest of Scotch lyric poets. An application to the government for a traveling stipend was, after violent opposition from the University of Christiania, finally granted. With this *viaticum*, which amounted to a little less than seven hundred dollars a year, but was somewhat increased by the thoughtful generosity of a private gentleman, he left his native land, with his wife, April 2, 1864, going first to Berlin, and then *via* Trieste to Rome.

This event brought to a close the formative period of his development as poet and playwright, which it has been the purpose of this paper to sketch, and without a knowledge of which it is impossible fully to appreciate his literary character and to understand his later career as a dramatic poet.

E. P. Evans.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XLIX.

Miriam had guessed happily in saying to Nick that to offer to paint Gabriel Nash would be the way to get rid of him. It was with no such invidious purpose, indeed, that our young man proposed to his intermittent friend to sit; rather, as August was dusty in the London streets, he had too little hope that Nash would remain in town at such a time to oblige him. Nick had no wish to get rid of his private philosopher; he liked his philosophy, and though of course premeditated paradox was the light to read him by, yet he had frequently, in detail, an inspired unexpectedness. He remained, in Rosedale Road, the man in the world who had most the quality of company. All the other men of Nick's acquaintance, all his political friends, represented, often very communicatively, their own affairs, and their own affairs alone; which, when they did it well, was the most their host could ask them. But Nash had the rare distinction that he seemed somehow to stand for *his* affairs, the said host's, with an interest in them unaffected by the ordinary social limitations of capacity. This relegated him to the class of high luxuries, and Nick was well aware that we hold our luxuries by a fitful and precarious tenure. If a friend without personal eagerness was one of the greatest of these, it would be evident to the simplest mind that by the law of distribution of earthly boons such a convenience should be expected to forfeit in duration what it displayed in intensity. He had never been without a suspicion that Nash was too good to last, though, for that matter, nothing had happened to confirm a vague apprehension that the particular way he would break up, or break down, would be by wishing to put Nick in relation with his other disciples.

That would practically amount to a catastrophe, Nick felt; for it was odd that one could both have a great kindness for him and not in the least, when it came to the point, yearn for a view of his belongings. His originality had always been that he appeared to have none; and if, in the first instance, he had introduced Nick to Miriam and her mother, that was an exception for which

Peter Sherringham's interference had been in a great measure responsible. All the same, however, it was some time before Nick ceased to think it might eventually very well happen that to complete his education, as it were, Gabriel would wish him to foregather a little with minds formed by the same mystical influence. Nick had an instinct, in which there was no consciousness of detriment to Nash, that the pupils, perhaps even the imitators, of such a genius would be, as he mentally phrased it, something awful. He could be sure, even Gabriel himself could be sure, of his own reservations, but how could either of them be sure of those of others? Imitation is a fortunate homage only in proportion as it is delicate, and there was an indefinable something in Nash's doctrine that would have been discredited by exaggeration or by zeal. Providence, happily, appeared to have spared it this probation; so that, after months, Nick had to remind himself that his friend had never pressed upon his attention the least little group of fellow-mystics, nor offered to produce them for his edification. It scarcely mattered now that he was just the man to whom the superficial would attribute that sort of tail; it would probably have been hard, for example, to persuade Lady Agnes, or Julia Dallow, or Peter Sherringham, that he was not most at home in some dusky, untidy, dimly-imagined suburb of "culture," peopled by unpleasant phrasemongers who thought him a gentleman and who had no human use but to be held up in the comic press, which was probably restrained by decorum from touching upon the worst of their aberrations.

Nick, at any rate, never discovered his academy, nor the suburb in question; never caught, from the impenetrable background of his life, the least reverberation of flitting or flirting, the smallest æsthetic ululation. There were moments when he was even moved to a degree of pity by the silence that poor Gabriel's own faculty of sound made around him — when at least it qualified with a slight poorness the mystery he could never wholly dissociate from him, the sense of the transient and occasional, the likeness to vapor or murmuring wind or shifting light. It was, for instance, a symbol of this unclassified condition, the lack of all position as a name in well-kept books, that Nick in point of fact had no idea where he lived, would not have known how to go and see him or send him a doctor if he had heard he was ill. He had never walked with him to any door of Gabriel's own, even to pause at the threshold, though indeed Nash had a club, the Anonymous, in some improbable square, of which Nick suspected him of being the only member — he had never heard of another — where it was vaguely understood that letters would some day or other find him. Fortunately it was not necessary to worry about him, so comfortably his whole aspect seemed to imply that he could never be ill. And this was not, perhaps, because his bloom was healthy, but because it was morbid, as if he had been universally inoculated.

He turned up in Rosedale Road, one day, after Miriam had left London; he had just come back from a fortnight in Brittany, where he had drawn unusual refreshment from the subtle sadness of the landscape. He was on his way somewhere else; he was going abroad for the autumn, but he was not particular what he did, professing that he had returned to London on purpose to take one last superintending look at Nick. "It 's very nice, it 's very nice; yes, yes, I see," he remarked, giving a little general assenting sigh as his eyes wandered over the simple scene — a sigh which, to a suspicious ear, would have testified to an insidious reaction.

Nick's ear, as we know, was already suspicious; a fact which would sufficiently account for the expectant smile (it indicated the pleasant apprehension of

a theory confirmed) with which he inquired, "Do you mean my pictures are nice?"

"Yes, yes, your pictures and the whole thing."

"The whole thing?"

"Your existence here, in this little remote independent corner of the great city. The disinterestedness of your attitude, the persistence of your effort, the piety, the beauty, in short the example of the whole spectacle."

Nick broke into a laugh. "How near to having had enough of me you must be when you talk of my example!" Nash changed color slightly at this; it was the first time in Nick's remembrance that he had given a sign of embarrassment. "*Vous allez me lâcher*, I see it coming; and who can blame you? — for I've ceased to be in the least spectacular. I had my little hour; it was a great deal, for some people don't even have that. I've given you your curious case, and I've been generous; I made the drama last, for you, as long as I could. You'll 'slope,' my dear fellow — you'll quietly slope; and it will be all right and inevitable, though I shall miss you greatly at first. Who knows whether, without you, I should n't still have been representing Harsh, heaven help me? You rescued me; you converted me from a representative into an example — that's a shade better. But don't I know where you must be when you're reduced to praising my piety?"

"Don't turn me away," said Nash plaintively; "give me a cigarette."

"I shall never dream of turning you away; I shall cherish you till the latest possible hour. I'm only trying to keep myself in tune with the logic of things. The proof of how I cling is that, precisely, I want you to sit to me."

"To sit to you?" Nick thought his visitor looked a little blank.

"Certainly, for after all it is n't much to ask. Here we are, and the hour is peculiarly propitious — long light days, with no one coming near me, so that I have plenty of time. I had a hope I should have some orders: my younger sister, whom you know and who is a great optimist, plied me with that vision. In fact, we invented together a charming sordid little theory that there might be rather a 'run' on me, from the chatter (such as it was) produced by my taking up this line. My sister struck out the idea that a good many of the pretty ladies would think me interesting, would want to be done. Perhaps they do, but they've controlled themselves, for I can't say the run has commenced. They have n't even come to look, but I dare say they don't yet quite take it in. Of course it's a bad time, with every one out of town; though you know they might send for me to come and do them at home. Perhaps they will, when they settle down. A portrait-tour of a dozen country-houses, for the autumn and winter — what do you say to that for a superior programme? I know I excruciate you," Nick added, "but don't you see how it's my interest to try how much you'll still stand?"

Gabriel puffed his cigarette with a serenity so perfect that it might have been assumed to falsify Nick's words. "Mrs. Dallow will send for you — *vous allez voir ça*," he said in a moment, brushing aside all vagueness.

"She'll send for me?"

"To paint her portrait; she'll recapture you on that basis. She'll get you down to one of the country-houses, and it will all go off as charmingly — with sketching in the morning, on days you can't hunt, and anything you like in the afternoon, and fifteen courses in the evening; there'll be bishops and ambassadors staying — as if you were a 'well-known' awfully clever amateur. Take care, take care, for, fickle as you may think me, I can read the future: don't imagine you've come to the end of me yet. Mrs. Dallow and your sister, of

both of whom I speak with the greatest respect, are capable of hatching together the most conscientious, delightful plan for you. Your differences with the beautiful lady will be patched up, and you 'll each come round a little and meet the other half-way. Mrs. Dallow will swallow your profession if you 'll swallow hers. She 'll put up with the palette if you 'll put up with the country-house. It will be a very unusual one in which you won't find a good north room where you can paint. You 'll go about with her and do all her friends, all the bishops and ambassadors, and you 'll eat your cake and have it, and every one, beginning with your wife, will forget there is anything queer about you, and everything will be for the best in the best of worlds; so that, together — you and she — you 'll become a great social institution, and every one will think she has a delightful husband; to say nothing, of course, of your having a delightful wife. Ah, my dear fellow, you turn pale, and with reason!" Nash went on: "that 's to pay you for having tried to make me let you have it. You have it, then, there! I may be a bore" — the emphasis of this, though a mere shade, testified to the first personal resentment Nick had ever heard his visitor express — "I may be a bore, but once in a while I strike a light, I make things out. Then I venture to repeat, 'Take care, take care.' If, as I say, I respect those ladies infinitely, it is because they will be acting according to the highest wisdom of their sex. That 's the sort of thing women invent when they 're exceptionally good and clever. When they 're not, they don't do so well; but it 's not for want of trying. There 's only one thing in the world that 's better than their charm: it 's their conscience. That indeed is a part of their charm. And when they club together, when they earnestly consider, as in the case we 're supposing," Nash continued, "then the whole thing takes a lift; for it 's no longer the conscience of the individual, it 's that of the sex."

"You 're so remarkable that, more than ever, I must paint you," Nick returned, "though I 'm so agitated by your prophetic words that my hand trembles and I shall doubtless scarcely be able to hold my brush. Look how I rattle my easel trying to put it into position. I see it all there, just as you say it. Yes, it will be a droll day, and more modern than anything yet, when the conscience of women perceives objections to men's being in love with them. You talk of their goodness and cleverness, and it 's much to the point. I don't know what else they themselves might do with these things, but I don't see what men can do with them but be fond of them."

"Oh, you 'll do it — you 'll do it!" cried Nash, brightly jubilant.

"What is it I shall do?"

"Exactly what I just said; if not next year, then the year after, or the year after that. You 'll go half-way to meet her, and she 'll drag you about and pass you off. You 'll paint the bishops and become a social institution. That is, you will if you don't take great care."

"I shall, no doubt, and that 's why I cling to you. You must still look after me; don't melt away into a mere improbable reminiscence, a delightful symbolic fable — don't, if you can possibly help it. The trouble is, you see, that you can't really keep hold very tight, because at bottom it will amuse you much more to see me in another pickle than to find me simply jogging down the vista of the years on the straight course. Let me, at any rate, have some sort of sketch of you, as a kind of feather from the angel's wing, or a photograph of the ghost, to prove to me in the future that you were once a solid, sociable fact, that I did n't invent and elaborate you. Of course I shall be able to say to myself that you can't have been a fable — otherwise you would have had a moral;

but that won't be enough, because I 'm not sure you won't have had one. Some day you 'll peep in here, languidly, and find me in such an attitude of piety — presenting my bent back to you as I niggle over some interminable botch — that I shall give cruelly on your nerves, and you 'll draw away, closing the door softly (for you 'll be gentle and considerate about it and spare me — you won't even make me look round), and steal off on tiptoe, never, never to return."

Gabriel consented to sit; he professed he should enjoy it and be glad to give up for it his immediate Continental projects, so vague to Nick, so definite, apparently, to himself; and he came back three times for the purpose. Nick promised himself a great deal of interest from this experiment; for from the first hour he began to feel that really, as yet, compared to the scrutiny to which he now subjected him, he had never, with any intensity, looked at his friend. His impression had been that Nash had a head quite fine enough to be a challenge, and that as he sat there, day by day, all sorts of pleasant and paintable things would come out in his face. This impression was not falsified, but the whole problem became more complicated. It struck our young man that he had never *seen* his subject before, and yet, somehow, this revelation was not produced by the sense of actually seeing it. What was revealed was the difficulty — what he saw was the indefinite and the elusive. He had taken things for granted which literally were not there, and he found things there (except that he could n't catch them) which he had not hitherto counted in. This baffling effect, being eminently in Nash's line, might have been the result of his whimsical volition, had it not appeared to Nick, after a few hours of the job, that his sitter was not the one who enjoyed it most. He was uncomfortable, at first vaguely and then definitely so — silent, restless, gloomy, dim, as if, when it came to the test, it proved less of a pleasure to him than he could have had an idea of in advance to be infinitely examined and handled, sounded and sifted. He had been willing to try it, in good faith; but, frankly, he did n't like it. He was not cross, but he was clearly unhappy, and Nick had never heard him say so little, seen him give so little.

Nick felt, accordingly, as if he had laid a trap for him; he asked himself if it were really fair. At the same time there was something fascinating in the oddity of such a relation between the subject and the artist, and Nick was disposed to go on until he should have to stop for very pity. He caught, eventually, a glimmer of the truth that lay at the bottom of this anomaly; guessed that what made his friend uncomfortable was simply the reversal, in such a combination, of his usual terms of intercourse. He was so accustomed to living upon irony and the interpretation of things that it was strange to him to be himself interpreted, and (as a gentleman who sits for his portrait is always liable to be) interpreted ironically. From being outside of the universe he was suddenly brought into it, and from the position of a free commentator and critic, a sort of amateurish editor of the whole affair, reduced to that of humble ingredient and contributor. It occurred afterwards to Nick that he had perhaps brought on a catastrophe by having happened to say to his companion, in the course of their disjointed pauses, and not only without any cruel intention, but with an impulse of genuine solicitude, "But, my dear fellow, what will you do when you 're old?"

"Old? What do you call old?" Nash had replied bravely enough, but with another perceptible tinge of irritation. "Must I really inform you, at this time of day, that that term has no application to such a condition as mine? It only belongs to you wretched people who have the incurable superstition of

'doing;' it 's the ignoble collapse you prepare for yourselves when you cease to be able to do. For me there 'll be no collapse, no transition, no clumsy readjustment of attitude; for I shall only *be*, more and more, with all the accumulations of experience, the longer I live."

"Oh, I 'm not particular about the term," said Nick. "If you don't call it old, the ultimate state, call it weary — call it exhausted. The accumulations of experience are practically accumulations of fatigue."

"I don't know anything about weariness. I live easily — it does n't fatigue me."

"Then you need never die," rejoined Nick.

"Certainly; I dare say I 'm eternal."

Nick laughed out at this — it would be such fine news to some people. But it was uttered with perfect gravity, and it might very well have been in the spirit of that gravity that Nash failed to observe his agreement to sit again the next day. The next, and the next, and the next passed, but he never came back.

True enough, punctuality was not important for a man who felt that he had the command of all time. Nevertheless, his disappearance, "without a trace," like a personage in a fairy-tale or a melodrama, made a considerable impression on his friend, as the months went on; so that, though he had never before had the least difficulty about entering into the play of Gabriel's humor, Nick now recalled, with a certain fanciful awe, the unusual seriousness with which he had ranked himself among imperishable things. He wondered a little whether he had at last gone quite mad. He had never before had such a literal air, and he would have had to be mad to be so commonplace. Perhaps indeed he was acting only more than usual in his customary spirit — thoughtfully contributing, for Nick's enlivenment, a mystery to an horizon now grown unromantic. The mystery, at any rate, remained; another, too, came near being added to it. Nick had the prospect, for the future, of the harmless excitement of waiting to see when Nash would turn up, if ever, and the further diversion (it almost consoled him for the annoyance of being left with a second unfinished portrait on his hands) of imagining that the picture he had begun had a singular air of gradually fading from the canvas. He could n't catch it in the act, but he could have a suspicion, when he glanced at it, that the hand of time was rubbing it away little by little (for all the world as in some delicate Hawthorne tale), making the surface indistinct and bare — bare of all resemblance to the model. Of course the moral of the Hawthorne tale would be that this personage would come back on the day when the last adumbration should have vanished.

L.

One day, toward the end of March of the following year, or in other words more than six months after the incident I have last had occasion to narrate, Bridget Dormer came into her brother's studio and greeted him with the effusion that accompanies a return from an absence. She had been staying at Broadwood — she had been staying at Harsh. She had various things to tell him about these episodes, about his mother, about Grace, about herself, and about Percy's having come, just before, over to Broadwood for two days; the longest visit with which, almost since they could remember, the head of the family had honored Lady Agnes. Nick noted, however, that it had apparently been taken as a great favor, and Biddy loyally testified to the fact that her elder brother was awfully jolly, and that his presence had been a pretext for tremendous fun. Nick asked her what had passed about

his marriage — what their mother had said to him.

"Oh, nothing," Biddy replied; and he had said nothing to Lady Agnes and not a word to herself. This partly explained, for Nick, the awful jollity and the tremendous fun — none but cheerful topics had been produced; but he questioned his sister further, to a point which led her to say, "Oh, I dare say that before long she 'll write to her."

"Who will write to whom?"

"Mamma 'll write to his wife. I 'm sure he 'd like it. Of course we shall end by going to see her. He was awfully disappointed at what he found in Spain — he did n't find anything."

Biddy spoke of his disappointment almost with commiseration, for she was evidently inclined, this morning, to a fresh and kindly view of things. Nick could share her feeling only so far as was permitted by a recognition merely general of what his brother must have looked for. It might have been snipe, and it might have been bristling boars. Biddy was indeed brief, at first, about everything, in spite of the two months that had intervened since their last meeting; for he saw, in a few minutes, that she had something behind — something that made her gay and that she wanted to come to quickly. Nick was vaguely vexed at her being, fresh from Broadwood, so gay as that; for (it was impossible to shut one's eyes to it) what had come to pass, in practice, in regard to that rural retreat, was exactly what he had desired to avert. All winter, while it had been taken for granted that his mother and sisters were doing what he wished, they had been doing the precise contrary. He held Biddy, perhaps, least responsible, and there was no one he could exclusively blame. He washed his hands of the matter, and succeeded fairly well, for the most part, in forgetting that he was not pleased. Julia Dallow herself, in fact, appeared to have been the most active member of the little group united to make light of his scruples. There had been a formal restitution of the place, but the three ladies were there more than ever, with the slight difference that they were mainly there with its mistress. Mahomet had declined to go any more to the mountain, so the mountain had virtually gone to Mahomet.

After their long visit in the autumn, Lady Agnes and her girls had come back to town; but they had gone down again for Christmas, and Julia had taken this occasion to write to Nick that she hoped very much he would n't refuse them all his own company for just a little scrap of the supremely sociable time. Nick, after reflection, judged it best not to refuse, and he spent three days under Mrs. Dallow's roof. The "all" proved a great many people, for she had taken care to fill the house. She was a magnificent entertainer, and Nick had never seen her so splendid, so free-handed, so gracefully practical. She was a perfect mistress of the revels; she had organized something festive for every day and for every night. The Dormers were so much in it, as the phrase was, that after all their discomfiture their fortune seemed, in an hour, to have come back. There had been a moment when, in extemporized charades, Lady Agnes, an elderly figure being required, appeared on the point of undertaking the part of the housekeeper at a castle, who, dropping her *h*'s, showed sheeplike tourists about; but she waived the opportunity in favor of her daughter Grace. Even Grace had a great success. Nick, of course, was in the charades, and in everything, but Julia was not; she only invented, directed, led the applause. When nothing else was going on Nick "sketched" the whole company: they followed him about, they waylaid him on staircases, clamoring to be allowed to sit. He obliged them, so far as he could, all save Julia, who did n't clamor; and, growing rather red, he thought of

Gabriel Nash while he bent over the paper. Early in the new year he went abroad for six weeks, but only as far as Paris. It was a new Paris for him then: a Paris of the Rue Bonaparte and three or four professional friends (he had more of these there than in London); a Paris of studios and studies and models, of researches and revelations, comparisons and contrasts, of strong impressions and long discussions and rather uncomfortable economies, small cafés and bad fires and the general sense of being twenty again.

While he was away his mother and sisters (Lady Agnes now sometimes wrote to him) returned to London for a month, and before he was again established in Rosedale Road they went back, for a third period, to Broadwood. After they had been there five days — and this was the salt of the whole dish — Julia took herself off to Harsh, leaving them in undisturbed possession. They had remained so; they would not come up to town till after Easter. The trick was played, and Biddy, as I have mentioned, was now very content. Her brother presently learned, however, that the reason of this was not wholly the success of the trick; unless indeed her further ground were only a continuation of it. She was not in London as a forerunner of her mother; she was not even, as yet, in Calcutta Gardens. She had come to spend a week with Florence Tressilian, who had lately taken the dearest little flat in a charming new place, just put up, on the other side of the Park, with all kinds of lifts and tubes and electricities. Florence had been awfully nice to her — she had been with them ever so long at Broadwood, while the flat was being painted and prepared — and mamma had then let her, let Biddy, promise to come to her, when everything was ready, so that they might have a kind of old maids' house-warming together. If Florence could do without a chaperon now (she had two latch-keys and went alone on the top of omnibuses, and her name was in the Red Book), she was enough of a duenna for another girl. Biddy alluded, with sweet and cynical eyes, to the fine, happy stride she had thus taken in the direction of enlightened spinsterhood; and Nick hung his head, somewhat abashed and humiliated, for, modern as he had supposed himself, there were evidently currents more modern yet.

It so happened that on this particular morning Nick had drawn out of a corner his interrupted study of Gabriel Nash; for no purpose more definite (he had only been looking round the room in a rummaging spirit) than to see, curiously, how much or how little of it remained. It had become, to his apprehension, such a shadowy affair (he was sure of this, and it made him laugh) that it did n't seem worth putting away, and he left it leaning against a table, as if it had been a blank canvas or a "preparation" to be painted over. In this attitude it attracted Biddy's attention, for to her, on a second glance, it had distinguishable features. She had not seen it before, and she asked whom it might represent, remarking also that she could almost guess, but not quite: she had known the original, but she could n't name him.

"Six months ago, for a few days, it was Gabriel Nash," Nick replied. "But it is n't anybody or anything now."

"Six months ago? What 's the matter with it, and why don't you go on?"

"What 's the matter with it is more than I can tell you. But I can't go on, because I 've lost my model."

Biddy stared an instant. "Is he dead?"

Her brother laughed out at the candid cheerfulness, hopefulness almost, with which this inquiry broke from her. "He 's only dead to me. He has gone away."

"Where has he gone?"

"I have n't the least idea."

"Why, have you quarreled?" Biddy asked.

"Quarreled? For what do you take us? Does the nightingale quarrel with the moon?"

"I need n't ask which of you is the moon," said Biddy.

"Of course I 'm the nightingale. But, more literally," Nick continued, "Nash has melted back into the elements — he is part of the ambient air." Then, as even with this literalness he saw that his sister was mystified, he added, "I have a notion he has gone to India, and at the present moment is reclining on a bank of flowers in the vale of Cashmere."

Biddy was silent a minute, after which she dropped, "Julia will be glad — she dislikes him so."

"If she dislikes him, why should she be glad he 's in such a delightful situation?"

"I mean about his going away; she 'll be glad of that."

"My poor child, what has Julia to do with it?"

"She has more to do with things than you think," Biddy replied, with some eagerness; but she had no sooner uttered the words than she perceptibly blushed. Hereupon, to attenuate the foolishness of her blush (only it had the opposite effect), she added, "She thinks he has been a bad element in your life."

Nick shook his head, smiling. "She thinks, perhaps, but she does n't think enough; otherwise, she would arrive at this thought — that she knows nothing whatever about my life."

"Ah, Nick," the girl pleaded, with solemn eyes, "you don't imagine what an interest she takes in it. She has told me, many times — she has talked lots to me about it." Biddy paused, and then went on, with an anxious little smile shining through her gravity, as if she were trying, cautiously, how much her brother would take: "She has a conviction that it was Mr. Nash who made trouble between you."

"My dear Biddy," Nick rejoined, "those are thoroughly second-rate ideas, the result of a perfectly superficial view. Excuse my possibly priggish tone, but they really attribute to Nash a part he 's quite incapable of playing. He can neither make trouble nor take trouble; no trouble could ever either have come out of him or have gone into him. Moreover," our young man continued, "if Julia has talked to you so much about the matter, there 's no harm in my talking to you a little. When she threw me over, in an hour, it was on a perfectly definite occasion. That occasion was the presence in my studio of a disheveled actress."

"Oh, Nick, she has not thrown you over!" Biddy protested. "She has not — I have the proof."

Nick felt, at this direct denial, a certain stir of indignation, and he looked at his sister with momentary sternness. "Has she sent you here to tell me this? What do you mean by the proof?"

Biddy's eyes, at these questions, met her brother's with a strange expression, and for a few seconds, while she looked entreatingly into his own, she wavered there, with parted lips, vaguely stretching out her hands. The next minute she had burst into tears — she was sobbing on his breast. He said "Hallo!" and soothed her; but it was very quickly over. Then she told him what she meant by her "proof," and what she had had on her mind ever since she came into the room. It was a message from Julia, but not to say — not to say what he had asked her just before if she meant; though indeed Biddy, more familiar now, since her brother had had his arm round her, boldly expressed the hope that it might in the end come to the same thing. Julia simply wanted to know (she had instructed Biddy to sound him, discreetly) if Nick would undertake her portrait; and the girl

wound up this experiment in "sounding" by the statement that their beautiful kinswoman was dying to sit.

"Dying to sit?" repeated Nick, whose turn it was, this time, to feel his color rise.

"Any time you like, after Easter, when she comes up to town. She wants a full-length, and your very best, your most splendid work."

Nick stared, not caring that he had blushed. "Is she serious?"

"Ah, Nick — serious!" Biddy reasoned tenderly. She came nearer to him, and he thought she was going to weep again. He took her by the shoulders, looking into her eyes.

"It's all right, if she knows *I* am. But why does n't she come like any one else? I don't refuse people!"

"Nick, dearest Nick!" she went on, with her eyes conscious and pleading. He looked into them intently — as well as she, he could play at sounding — and for a moment, between these young persons, the air was lighted by the glimmer of mutual searchings and suppressed confessions. Nick read deep, and then, suddenly releasing his sister, he turned away. She did n't see his face in that movement, but an observer to whom it had been presented might have fancied that it denoted a foreboding which was not exactly a dread, yet was not exclusively a joy.

The first thing Nick made out in the room, when he could distinguish, was Gabriel Nash's portrait, which immediately filled him with an unreasoning resentment. He seized it and turned it about; he jammed it back into its corner, with its face against the wall. This bustling transaction might have served to carry off the embarrassment with which he had finally averted himself from Biddy. The embarrassment, however, was all his own; none of it was reflected in the way Biddy resumed, after a silence in which she had followed his disposal of the picture —

"If she's so eager to come here (for it's here that she wants to sit, not in Great Stanhope Street — never!), how can she prove better that she does n't care a bit if she meets Miss Rooth?"

"She won't meet Miss Rooth," Nick replied, rather dryly.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said Biddy. She was as frank as if she had achieved a sort of victory over her companion; and she seemed to regret the loss of a chance for Mrs. Dallow to show magnanimity. Her tone made her brother laugh, but she went on, with confidence: "She thought it was Mr. Nash who made Miss Rooth come."

"So he did, by the way," said Nick.

"Well, then, was n't that making trouble?"

"I thought you admitted there was no harm in her being here."

"Yes, but he hoped there would be."

"Poor Nash's hopes!" Nick laughed. "My dear child, it would take a cleverer head than you or me, or even Julia, who must have invented that wise theory, to say what they were. However, let us agree that, even if they were perfectly devilish, my good sense has been a match for them."

"Oh, Nick, that's delightful!" chanted Biddy. Then she added, "Do you mean she does n't come any more?"

"The disheveled actress? She has n't been near me for months."

"But she's in London — she's always acting? I've been away so much I've scarcely observed," Biddy explained, with a slight change of note.

"The same part, poor creature, for nearly a year. It appears that that's success, in her profession. I saw her in the character several times last summer, but I have n't set foot in her theatre since."

Biddy was silent a moment; then she suggested, "Peter would n't have liked that."

"Oh, Peter's likes!" sighed Nick, at his easel, beginning to work.

"I mean her acting the same part for a year."

"I 'm sure I don't know; he has never written me a word."

"Nor me either," Biddy returned.

There was another short silence, during which Nick brushed at a panel. It was terminated by his presently saying, "There 's one thing, certainly, Peter *would* like — that is, simply to be here to-night. It 's a great night — another great night — for the disheveled one. She 's to act Juliet for the first time."

"Ah, how I should like to see her!" the girl cried.

Nick glanced at her; she sat watching him. "She has sent me a stall; I wish she had sent me two. I should have been delighted to take you."

"Don't you think you could get another?" asked Biddy.

"They must be in tremendous demand. But who knows, after all?" Nick added, at the same moment, looking round. "Here 's a chance — here 's a quite extraordinary chance!"

His servant had opened the door and was ushering in a lady whose identity was indeed justly indicated in those words. "Miss Rooth!" the man announced; but he was caught up by a gentleman who came next and who exclaimed, laughing and with a gesture gracefully corrective, "No, no — no longer Miss Rooth!"

Miriam entered the place with her charming familiar grandeur, as she might have appeared, as she appeared every night, early in her first act, at the back of the stage, by the immemorial central door, presenting herself to the house, taking easy possession, repeating old movements, looking from one to the other of the actors before the footlights. The rich "Good-morning" that she threw into the air, holding out her right hand to Biddy Dormer and then giving her left to Nick (as she might have given it to her own brother), had nothing to tell of intervals or alienations. She struck Biddy as still more terrible, in her splendid practice, than when she had seen her before — the practice and the splendor had now something almost royal. The girl had had occasion to make her courtesy to majesties and highnesses, but the flutter those effigies produced was nothing to the way in which, at the approach of this young lady, the agitated air seemed to recognize something supreme. So the deep, mild eyes that she bent upon Biddy were not soothing, though they were evidently intended to soothe. The girl wondered that Nick could have got so used to her (he joked at her as she came), and later in the day, still under the great impression of this incident, she even wondered that Peter could. It was true that Peter apparently had n't.

"You never came — you never came," said Miriam to Biddy, kindly, sadly; and Biddy, recognizing the allusion, the invitation to visit the actress at home, had to explain how much she had been absent from London, and then even that her brother had n't proposed to take her. "Very true — he has n't come himself. What is he doing now?" Miriam asked, standing near Biddy, but looking at Nick, who had immediately engaged in conversation with his other visitor, a gentleman whose face came back to the girl. She had seen this gentleman on the stage with Miss Rooth — that was it, the night Peter took her to the theatre with Florence Tressilian. Oh, that Nick would only do something of that sort now! This desire, quickened by the presence of the strange, expressive woman, by the way she scattered sweet syllables as if she were touching the piano-keys, combined with other things to make Biddy's head swim — other things too mingled to name, admiration and fear and dim divination and purposeless pride, and curiosity and resistance, the impulse to go away and the determination not to go. The actress courted her with her voice (what was the matter

with her and what did she want?), and Biddy tried, in return, to give an idea of what Nick was doing. Not succeeding very well, she was going to appeal to her brother, but Miriam stopped her, saying it did n't matter; besides, Dashwood was telling Nick something — something they wanted him to know. "We 're in a great excitement — he has taken a theatre," Miriam added.

"Taken a theatre?" Biddy was vague.

"We 're going to set up for ourselves. He 's going to do for me altogether. It has all been arranged only within a day or two. It remains to be seen how it will answer," Miriam smiled. Biddy murmured some friendly hope, and her interlocutress went on: "Do you know why I 've broken in here to-day, after a long absence — interrupting your poor brother, taking up his precious time? It 's because I 'm so nervous."

"About your first night?" Biddy risked.

"Do you know about that — are you coming?" Miriam asked quickly.

"No, I 'm not coming — I have n't a place."

"Will you come if I send you one?"

"Oh, but really, it 's too beautiful of you!" stammered the girl.

"You shall have a box; your brother shall bring you. You can't squeeze in a pin, I 'm told; but I 've kept a box, I 'll manage it. Only, if I do, you know, mind you come!" Miriam exclaimed, in suppliance, resting her hand on Biddy's.

"Don't be afraid! And may I bring a friend — the friend with whom I 'm staying?"

Miriam looked at her. "Do you mean Mrs. Dallow?"

"No, no — Miss Tressilian. She puts me up, she has got a flat. Did you ever see a flat?" asked Biddy expansively. "My cousin 's not in London." Miriam replied that she might bring whom she liked, and Biddy broke out, to her brother, "Fancy what kindness, Nick: we 're to have a box to-night, and you 're to take me!"

Nick turned to her, smiling, with an expression in his face which struck her even at the time as odd, but which she understood when the sense of it recurred to her later. Mr. Dashwood interposed with the remark that it was all very well to talk about boxes, but that he did n't see where, at that time of day, any such luxury was to come from.

"You have n't kept one, as I told you?" Miriam demanded.

"As you told me, my dear? Tell the lamb to keep its tender mutton from the wolves!"

"You shall have one: we 'll arrange it," Miriam went on, to Biddy.

"Let me qualify that statement a little, Miss Dormer," said Basil Dashwood. "We 'll arrange it if it 's humanly possible."

"We 'll arrange it even if it 's inhumanly impossible — that 's just the point," Miriam declared, to the girl. "Don't talk about trouble — what 's he meant for but to take it? *Cela s'annonce bien*, you see," she continued, to Nick: "does n't it look as if we should pull beautifully together?" And as he replied that he heartily congratulated her — he was immensely interested in what he had been told — she exclaimed, after resting her eyes on him a moment, "What will you have? It seemed simpler! It was clear there had to be some one." She explained, further, to Nick, what had led her to come in at that moment, while Dashwood approached Biddy with civil assurances that they would see, they would leave no stone unturned, though he would not have taken it upon himself to promise.

Miriam reminded Nick of the blessing he had been to her nearly a year before, on her other first night, when she was fidgety and impatient: how he had let her come and sit there for hours — helped her to possess her soul till the

evening and keep out of harm's way. The case was the same at present, with the aggravation, indeed, that he would understand — Dashwood's nerves as well as her own: they were a great deal worse than hers. Everything was ready for Juliet; they had been rehearsing for five months (it had kept her from going mad, with the eternity of the other piece), and *he* had occurred to her again, in the last intolerable hours, as the friend in need, the salutary stop-gap, no matter how much she bothered him. She should n't be turned out? Biddy broke away from Basil Dashwood: she must go, she must hurry off to Miss Tressilian with her news. Florence might make some other stupid engagement for the evening: she must be warned in time. The girl took a flushed, excited leave, after having received a renewal of Miriam's pledge, and even heard her say to Nick that he must now give back the stall that had been sent him — they would be sure to have another use for it.

LI.

That night, at the theatre, in the box (the miracle had been wrought, the treasure was found), Nick Dormer pointed out to his two companions the stall he had relinquished, which was close in front — noting how oddly, during the whole of the first act, it remained vacant. The house was magnificent, the actress was magnificent, everything was magnificent. To describe again so famous an occasion (it has been described, repeatedly, by other reporters) is not in the compass of the closing words of a history already too sustained. It is enough to say that this great night marked an era in contemporary art, and that for those who had a spectator's share in it the word "triumph" acquired a new illustration. Miriam's Juliet was an exquisite image of young passion and young despair, expressed in the divinest, truest music that had ever poured from tragic lips. The great childish audience, gaping at her points, expanded there before her like a lap to catch flowers.

During the first interval our three friends in the box had plenty to talk about, and they were so occupied with it that for some time they failed to observe that a gentleman had at last come into the empty stall near the front. This discovery was presently formulated by Miss Tressilian, in the cheerful exclamation, "Only fancy — there 's Mr. Sherringham!" This of course immediately became a high wonder — a wonder for Nick and Biddy, who had not heard of his return; and the marvel was increased by the fact that he gave no sign of looking for them, or even at them. Having taken possession of his place, he sat very still in it, staring straight before him at the curtain. His abrupt reappearance contained mystifying elements both for Biddy and for Nick, so that it was mainly Miss Tressilian who had freedom of mind to throw off the theory that he had come back that very hour — had arrived from a long journey. Could n't they see how strange he was and how brown, how burnt and how red, how tired and how worn? They all inspected him, though Biddy declined Miss Tressilian's glass; but he was evidently unconscious of observation, and finally Biddy, leaning back in her chair, dropped the fantastic words —

"He has come home to marry Juliet."

Nick glanced at her; then he replied, "What a disaster — to make such a journey as that and to be late for the fair!"

"Late for the fair?"

"Why, she 's married — these three days. They did it very quietly; Miriam says because her mother hated it and hopes it won't be much known! All the same she 's Basil Dashwood's wedded wife — he has come in just in time to take the receipts for Juliet. It 's a good

thing, no doubt, for there are at least two fortunes to be made out of her, and he 'll give up the stage." Nick explained to Miss Tressilian, who had inquired, that the gentleman in question was the actor who was playing Mercutio, and he asked Biddy if she had not known that this was what they were telling him, in Rosedale Road, in the morning. She replied that she had not understood, and she sank considerably behind the drapery of the box. From this cover she was able to launch, creditably enough, the exclamation —

"Poor Peter!"

Nick got up and stood looking at poor Peter. "He ought to come round and speak to us, but if he does n't see us I suppose he does n't." Nick quitted the box as if to go to the returned exile. I may add that as soon as he had done so Florence Tressilian bounded over to the dusky corner in which Biddy had nestled. What passed, immediately, between these young ladies need not concern us: it is sufficient to mention that two minutes later Miss Tressilian broke out —

"Look at him, dearest; he 's turning his head this way!"

"Thank you, I don't care to look at him," said Biddy; and she doubtless demeaned herself in the high spirit of these words. It nevertheless happened that directly afterwards she became aware that he had glanced at his watch, as if to judge how soon the curtain would rise again, and then had jumped up and passed quickly out of his place. The curtain had risen again without his coming back and without Nick's reappearing in the box. Indeed, by the time Nick slipped in a good deal of the third act was over; and even then, even when the curtain descended, Peter Sherringham had not returned. Nick sat down in silence, to watch the stage, to which the breathless attention of his companions seemed to be attached, though Biddy, after a moment, threw back at him a single quick look. At the end of the act they were all occupied with the recalls, the applause, and the responsive loveliness of Juliet as she was led out (Mercutio had to give her up to Romeo), and even for a few minutes after the uproar had subsided nothing was said among the three. At last Nick began —

"It 's quite true, he has just arrived; he 's in Great Stanhope Street. They 've given him several weeks, to make up for the uncomfortable way they bundled him off (to arrive in time for some special business that had suddenly to be gone into) when he first went out: he tells me they promised that at the time. He got into Southampton only a few hours ago, rushed up by the first train he could catch, and came off here without any dinner."

"Fancy!" said Miss Tressilian; while Biddy asked if Peter might be in good health and had been happy. Nick replied that he said it was a beastly place, but he appeared all right. He was to be in England probably a month, he was awfully brown, he sent his love to Biddy. Miss Tressilian looked at his empty stall, and was of the opinion that it would be more to the point for him to come in to see her.

"Oh, he 'll turn up; we had a goodish talk in the lobby, where he met me. I think he went out somewhere."

"How odd to come so many thousand miles for this, and then not to stay!" Biddy reflected.

"Did he come on purpose for this?" Miss Tressilian asked.

"Perhaps he 's gone out to get his dinner!" joked Biddy.

Her friend suggested that he might be behind the scenes, but Nick expressed a doubt of this; and Biddy asked her brother if he himself were not going round. At this moment the curtain rose; Nick said he would go in the next interval. As soon as it came he quitted the box, remaining absent while it lasted.

All this time, in the house, there was no sign of Peter. Nick reappeared only as the fourth act was beginning, and uttered no word to his companions till it was over. Then, after a further delay produced by renewed evidences of the actress's victory, he described his visit to the stage and the wonderful spectacle of Miriam on the field of battle. Miss Tressilian inquired if he had found Mr. Sherringham with her; to which he replied that, save across the footlights, she had not seen him. At this a soft exclamation broke from Biddy —

"Poor Peter! Where is he, then?"

Nick hesitated a moment. "He 's walking the streets."

"Walking the streets?"

"I don't know — I give it up!" Nick replied; and his tone, for some minutes, reduced his companions to silence. But a little later Biddy said —

"Was it for him, this morning, she wanted that place, when she asked you to give yours back?"

"For him, exactly. It 's very odd that she just managed to keep it, for all the use he makes of it! She told me just now that she heard from him, at his post, a short time ago, to the effect that he had seen in a newspaper a statement she was going to do Juliet, and that he firmly intended, though the ways and means were not clear to him (his leave of absence had n't yet come out, and he could n't be sure when it would come), to be present on her first night: therefore she must do him the service to keep a seat for him. She thought this a speech rather in the air, so that in the midst of all her cares she took no particular pains about the matter. She had an idea she had really done with him for a long time. But this afternoon what does he do but telegraph her from Southampton that he keeps his appointment and counts upon her for a stall? Unless she had got back mine she would n't have been able to accommodate him. When she was in Rosedale Road this morning she had n't received his telegram; but his promise, his threat, whatever it was, came back to her; she had a sort of foreboding, and thought that, on the chance, she had better have something ready. When she got home she found his telegram, and she told me that he was the first person she saw in the house, through her fright, when she came on in the second act. It appears she was terrified this time, and it lasted half through the play."

"She must be rather annoyed at his having gone away," Miss Tressilian observed.

"Annoyed? I 'm not so sure!" laughed Nick.

"Ah, here he comes back!" cried Biddy, behind her fan, as the absentee edged into his seat in time for the fifth act. He stood there a moment, first looking round the theatre; then he turned his eyes upon the box occupied by his relatives, smiling and waving his hand.

"After that he 'll surely come and see you," said Miss Tressilian.

"We shall see him as we go out," Biddy replied: "he must lose no more time."

Nick looked at him with a glass; then he exclaimed, "Well, I 'm glad he has pulled himself together!"

"Why, what 's the matter with him, since he was n't disappointed in his seat?" Miss Tressilian demanded.

"The matter with him is that a couple of hours ago he had a great shock."

"A great shock?"

"I may as well mention it at last," Nick went on. "I had to say something to him in the lobby there, when we met — something I was pretty sure he could n't like. I let him have it full in the face — it seemed to me better and wiser. I told him Juliet 's married."

"Did n't he know it?" asked Biddy, who, with her face raised, had listened in deep stillness to every word that fell from her brother.

"How should he have known it? It has only just happened, and they 've been so clever, for reasons of their own (those people move among a lot of considerations that are absolutely foreign to us), about keeping it out of the papers. They put in a lot of lies, and they leave out the real things."

"You don't mean to say Mr. Sherringham wanted to *marry* her!" Miss Tressilian ejaculated.

"Don't ask me what he wanted — I dare say we shall never know. One thing is very certain: that he did n't like my news, and that I sha'n't soon forget the look in his face as he turned away from me, slipping out into the street. He was too much upset — he could n't trust himself to come back; he had to walk about — he tried to walk it off."

"Let us hope that he has walked it off!"

"Ah, poor fellow — he could n't hold out to the end; he has had to come back and look at her once more. He knows she 'll be sublime in these last scenes."

"Is he so much in love with her as that? What difference does it make, with an actress, if she *is* mar— " But in this rash inquiry Miss Tressilian suddenly checked herself.

"We shall probably never know how much he has been in love with her nor what difference it makes. We shall never know exactly what he came back for, nor why he could n't stand it out there any longer without relief, nor why he scrambled down here all but straight from the station, nor why, after all, for the last two hours, he has been roaming the streets. And it does n't matter, for it 's none of our business. But I 'm sorry for him — she *is* going to be sublime," Nick added. The curtain was rising on the tragic climax of the play.

Miriam Rooth was sublime; yet it may be confided to the reader that during these supreme scenes Bridget Dormer directed her eyes less to the inspired actress than to a figure in the stalls who sat with his own gaze fastened to the stage. It may further be intimated that Peter Sherringham, though he saw but a fragment of the performance, read clear, at the last, in the intense light of genius that this fragment shed, that even so, after all, he had been rewarded for his formidable journey. The great trouble of his infatuation subsided, leaving behind it something tolerably deep and pure. This assuagement was far from being immediate, but it was helped on, unexpectedly to him, it began to dawn, at least, the very next night he saw the play, when he sat through the whole of it. Then he felt, somehow, recalled to reality by the very perfection of the representation. He began to come back to it from a period of miserable madness. He had been baffled, he had got his answer; it must last him — that was plain. He did n't fully accept it the first week or the second; but he accepted it sooner than he would have supposed, had he known what it was to be when he paced at night, under the southern stars, the deck of the ship that was bringing him to England.

It had been, as we know, Miss Tressilian's view, and even Biddy's, that evening, that Peter Sherringham would join them as they left the theatre. This view, however, was not confirmed by the event, for the gentleman in question vanished utterly (disappointingly crude behavior on the part of a young diplomatist who had distinguished himself), before any one could put a hand on him. And he failed to make up for his crudity by coming to see any one the next day, or even the next. Indeed, many days elapsed, and very little would have been known about him had it not been that, in the country, Mrs. Dallow knew. What Mrs. Dallow knew was eventually known to Biddy Dormer; and in this way it could be established in his favor that he had remained some extraordinarily small number of days in London, had almost directly gone over to Paris

to see his old chief. He came back from Paris — Biddy knew this not from Mrs. Dallow, but in a much more immediate way: she knew it by his pressing the little electric button at the door of Florence Tressilian's flat, one day when the good Florence was out and she herself was at home. He made, on this occasion, a very long visit. The good Florence knew it not much later, you may be sure (and how he had got their address from Nick), and she took an extravagant satisfaction in it. Mr. Sherringham had never been to see her — the like of her — in his life: therefore it was clear what had made him begin. When he had once begun he kept it up, and Miss Tressilian's satisfaction increased.

Good as she was, she could remember without the slightest relenting what Nick Dormer had repeated to them at the theatre about Peter's present post's being a beastly place. However, she was not bound to make a stand at this if persons more nearly concerned, Lady Agnes and the girl herself, did n't mind it. How little *they* minded it, and Grace, and Julia Dallow, and even Nick, was proved in the course of a meeting that took place at Harsh during the Easter holidays. Mrs. Dallow had a small and intimate party to celebrate her brother's betrothal. The two ladies came over from Broadwood; even Nick, for two days, went back to his old hunting-ground, and Miss Tressilian relinquished for as long a time the delights of her newly arranged flat. Peter Sherringham obtained an extension of leave, so that he might go back to his legation with a wife. Fortunately, as it turned out, Biddy's ordeal, in the more or less torrid zone, was not cruelly prolonged, for the pair have already received a superior appointment. It is Lady Agnes's proud opinion that her daughter is even now shaping their destiny. I say "even now," for these facts bring me very close to contemporary history. During those two days at Harsh, Nick arranged with Julia Dallow the conditions, as they might be called, under which she should sit to him; and every one will remember in how recent an exhibition general attention was attracted, as the newspapers said in describing the private view, to the noble portrait of a lady which was the final outcome of that arrangement. Gabriel Nash had been at many a private view, but he was not at that one.

These matters are highly recent, however, as I say; so that in glancing about the little circle of the interests I have tried to evoke, I am suddenly warned by a sharp sense of modernness. This renders it difficult for me, for example, in taking leave of our wonderful Miriam, to do much more than allude to the general impression that her remarkable career is even yet only in its early prime. Basil Dashwood has got his theatre, and his wife (people know now she *is* his wife) has added three or four new parts to her repertory; but every one is agreed that both in public and in private she has a great deal more to show. This is equally true of Nick Dormer, in regard to whom I may finally say that his friend Nash's predictions about his reunion with Mrs. Dallow have not, up to this time, been justified. On the other hand, I must not omit to add, this lady has not, at the latest accounts, married Mr. Macgeorge. It is very true there has been a rumor that Mr. Macgeorge is worried about her — has even ceased to believe in her.

Henry James.

SIR PETER OSBORNE.

THE letters of Dorothy Osborne[1] have attracted many readers to whom some detailed account of her father's life may be interesting. I am the more emboldened to put forward this slight sketch of his career because, with him as with his daughter, the story is told mainly by his own letters, — letters which seem to me instinct with graphic force, giving us not only the portrait of their author, but also in some sense a picture of his surroundings. The chief authority on which I have drawn for material has been Ferdinand Brock Tupper's Chronicles of Castle Cornet, an honest and entertaining volume, now, unfortunately, out of print and difficult to obtain. Those who desire to know more about Sir Peter will find in the same author's History of Guernsey (second edition, 1876) a somewhat shorter but equally accurate and particular account of the period. Various local and English histories, with state papers and a few domestic manuscripts, have enabled me to add something to Mr. Tupper's chronicles, and to put together the following story of Sir Peter Osborne. Stiff, conventional, and incomplete, like all mosaics of this kind, I must readily confess it to be, but not perhaps wholly without a living interest.

Of the Osborne family it is not necessary to speak here at length. They seem to have been a race of landed gentry from time immemorial, coming from the north country to Purleigh, in Essex, where they remained some hundred years. Sir John Osborne, Sir Peter's father, first planted the family at Chicksands, in Bedfordshire, but his son Peter was probably born at Purleigh, in 1585. Sir Peter's mother was Dorothy Barlee, granddaughter of Richard, Lord Rich, Lord Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VIII.; and this is perhaps sufficient genealogy to satisfy us of his aristocratic descent. It was James I. who made him lieutenant-governor of Guernsey in 1621, when he was thirty-six years of age. At this time Sir John was living, and his son was probably glad to obtain this independent position, especially as there was attached to the post the reversion of the governorship of Guernsey in the event of the death of the Earl of Danby. By his marriage with Dorothy Danvers, daughter of Sir John Danvers and sister of the Earl of Danby, Sir Peter allied himself with a family that afterwards espoused the cause of Cromwell, and this alliance was of service to him in the troublous times to come. In 1628, Sir John died, and Sir Peter became thereby Treasurer's Remembrancer in the Exchequer, a valuable hereditary office which had been held by his grandfather in the time of Edward VI.

The above scraps of information are all that can be collected about Sir Peter Osborne prior to 1643. Indeed, he would have passed away from the world wholly forgotten, a quiet English gentleman, a stern, unpopular ruler of the people of Guernsey, if it had not been for the civil war. This called upon him to act as he thought, and so it was that Sir Peter, like many another English worthy, showed the world the heroic English nature that lay dormant within him. His defense of Castle Cornet remains his "*carte de visite* to posterity," as a modern writer hath it, which for two hundred years no one saw fit to print, publish, and set in some literary shop-window for the public to gaze at and purchase if they would. How it comes to pass that hitherto Sir Peter has escaped the immortality of the history books is

[1] See Atlantic Monthly for December, 1888, page 840.

indeed somewhat a mystery. But blind chance rather than any wise human selection seems to thrust one man forward as historical hero, to consign another in forgotten manuscripts to the oaken family chest of oblivion, while many hundred ignoble men, of low birth, in silent heroism made history, passed away, and today are nameless.

At the end of the year 1642, Sir Peter Osborne had been deputy-governor of Guernsey, resident in Castle Cornet more or less continuously, for some twenty years. The mere fact that he lived on an island rock, whence it was difficult to hold social intercourse with the gentry of Guernsey, probably did much to estrange him from the people. He was not in any large sense a ruler or leader of men. An uncompromising royalist; a man full of obstinate devotion to the king and his cause; one of the last of the aristocrats, belonging by birth, education, and temperament to the class that Cromwell came to destroy, one would not expect to find in him a successful governor of Guernsey at this period. He took no pains to make himself loved by the inhabitants of Guernsey. He disliked and distrusted their religious and political principles, and expressed his opinions openly. But although complaints and counter-complaints had already been made to the authorities in England by Sir Peter and the Guernsey people, there was no evidence of any open rupture between the parties until the beginning of 1643. In March of that year, the government of the bailiwick of Guernsey, which included Alderney and Sark, was provisionally vested in twelve jurats; Peter de Beauvoir des Granges being appointed president. The Parliament at least spoke boldly in its instructions to the jurats, who were ordered "to seize upon the person of Sir Peter Osborne, knight, deputy governor of the island of Guernsey, and upon the castle now in his custody; and to send him in safe custody to the Parliament, to answer such offences, contempts, and other misdemeanours as shall be objected against him."

The order must have had its humorous side to the poor jurats, sitting helpless at St. Peter's Port, gazing from their council chamber at the impregnable castle held by Sir Peter. Then querulously they reply to the Parliament, pointing out the impossibility of the task so lightly set them. "Already," they say, "Sir Peter obstructs all shipping from entering into or sailing out of the harbour, even the fishing boats. Nor will he allow strangers to go out to sea; and if this blockade continues it will be the utter ending of this island." Thus in March, 1643, began the siege and the blockade which lasted for nine weary years.

News soon reached England that the struggle had commenced. The fortress was regarded, not unnaturally, as the key to the English Channel and the outpost of royalist Jersey. While Castle Cornet stood firm for the king, Guernsey was useless to the Parliament. The castle, which is now but the termination of a large breakwater, was then an almost impregnable island fortress, commanding the entrance to St. Peter's Port, the harbor of Guernsey. In the centre was a donjon keep, where the watchman stood on the lookout, gazing across the placid ocean plains, marking the gulls dip lazily towards the tide gently covering the rocks at his feet, or sheltering himself from the storms as best he might, while the sullen waters beat around the castle and the mists separated him further from the land. Ever and anon, as he sighted a vessel approaching, it was his duty to strike twice upon the castle bell to warn the inmates. Close to the tower clustered the houses and barracks of the soldiers, around which were double walks, turreted, frowning with machicolations, the outer ramparts set down on the very rock itself, standing at places deep in green water at all

tides. From a print of somewhat later date there appears to have been an avenue of trees or shrubs along one of the outer walls. This, had it existed in Sir Peter's time, would probably have been cut down for firewood early in the siege. Well might King Charles be anxious about the fate of such a castle as this.

At first all is bustle and busy preparation. The king himself writes from his court at Oxford, to greet his trusty and well-beloved Sir Peter with ample promises of succors of men and provisions, and further assurances of personal emolument and allowances. Sir Peter, meanwhile, draws up stringent articles for his garrison, and in a zealous and martial spirit administers an oath to all his soldiers. The articles are full and particular: "That no soldier do reveal the secrets of the house, upon pain to be shot to death." "That none shall be found to put off their clothes in the night so long as the water shall be passable on foot between the castle and the town, upon pain of severe punishment at the governor's discretion." Swearing, cursing, discord, and quarrel were punished by a fine of "paying to the poor-box twopence at the first fault," "and afterwards imprisonment." Drawing blood or striking within the house meant the loss of the combatant's right hand. All regulations were made for a time of war, for a house in a state of siege, doubtless with little thought of the years of weary watching and waiting that the governor and his men would have to undergo.

On the 16th of September, Russell, the parliamentary governor of Guernsey, formally called upon Sir Peter to resign his command, and Sir Peter replied in the following terms: —

"For the surrender of this castle without His Majesty's pleasure, signified under his royal signature, or by the right Honorable the Earl of Danby, — these islands being in no way subordinate to other jurisdiction, but to His Majesty alone, as part of his most ancient patrimony enjoyed by those princes his glorious predecessors, before that, by claim or conquest they came to have interest in the crown of England, — no summons by virtue of what power whatsoever, hath command here, nor can make me deliver it up to any but to him, by whom I am trusted and to whom I am sworn, that have never yet made oath but only to the king. And God I hope, whose great name I have sworn by, will never so much forsake me but I shall keep that resolution (by yourself misnamed obstinacy) to maintain unto my sovereign that faith inviolate unto my last."

The point about the subjection of the Channel Islands to his Majesty alone is a happy one, and probably pleased its author as thoroughly as it must have irritated the parliamentary governor.

The first incident of the siege was the capture of prisoners by one Captain George Bowden. He came under a commission of Prince Maurice, and by treachery induced three of the Guernsey jurats, De Beauvoir, Carey, and De Havilland, to come on board his ship. Captain Bowden, who was an illiterate privateer, probably fighting as much for his own personal ends as for love of the cause, wanted to carry his prisoners to Dartmouth, they having promised him fifty jacobuses if he would do so. Sir Peter, however, would have none of it, and sent his boat with peremptory demand for the prisoners; and he not seeming to Captain Bowden the kind of man it was wise to quarrel with, and being manifestly a useless man to parley with, they were delivered up. Sir Peter was very hopeful now of treaty with the island. Meanwhile, he put his prisoners in a chamber alone, an underground dungeon, in which there happened to be a quantity of old match. There they remained for more than a month, until they bethought themselves to cut through the floor of their prison and get at the wet

match below, which they twisted into cotton ropes, and then, on Sunday, December 3, when the tide was low, dropped out of their window and over the walls of the castle on to the sand. The sentry saw them and gave the alarm, but it was too late. The grapeshot of the cannon fell around them harmlessly, as they ran along the western beach, and the congregation rushed out of the church to welcome the escape of their three jurats. Thus were Sir Peter's hopes of bringing the island to terms roughly put an end to, and at the close of the year 1643 the siege and the blockade seemed to have no future of hope for either party.

In June of this year, the Parliament had appointed the Earl of Warwick governor of Guernsey and Jersey, and he wrote several letters of exhortation and remonstrance to the islanders, who indeed did all that men could do in face of the determination and impregnable position of Sir Peter in his own island stronghold. Sir Peter, too, addressed the jurats in February, 1644, trying to call them to what he considered a sense of duty, in an answer to the parliamentary commissioners who had offered him some sort of amnesty.

It scarcely need be said that his dignified remonstrances had no effect upon the jurats. The good men of the world all seemed to be at cross-purposes, their ideals of duty and fidelity were dissimilar, and the times were too much out of joint for any hope of peace. In June, 1644, the Earl of Warwick bethought himself to address a letter to Sir Peter, offering terms of peace. This and Sir Peter's answer, melancholy in their courtesies, cheerful in their irrevocable honesty of purpose, are worth printing at length, as illustrative of the situation at home and in Guernsey. "The tempestuous storm," as Sir Peter says, "blows us one against the other." Indeed, there is at this moment no safe anchorage for these two men in the same roadstead.

Sir, — Our ancient acquaintance, the relation I have to your family, and the affection I bear to your person, have made me studious to serve you. And upon the result of my thoughts no way offers itself with equal advantage to my being a remembrancer of that danger that may ensue your declining the Parliament. Your ingenuity (I am sure) doth easily discern how closely our religion and dearest interests are bound up in the parliament of England. And though happily the integrity of this present parliament may be obscured, and not so obvious to your apprehension in respect to the mistiness and uncertainty of those mediums that convey their proceedings; yet, surely did you see them near hand or had you any inspection of their bosoms (which is only God's Prerogative) you would discover nothing in their designs but loyalty and duty to his majesty's person and just rights, sincerity to religion in the truth and power of it, and resolution to maintain in full vigour those laws that are our common inheritance, and by which our liberties and properties are preserved. And though a sad necessity hath forced them into ways not usual, yet, if you examine them with an impartial judgment, you shall find them all to stand in order to and in a full conjunction with these ends. I know the pretences offered by those advisers of his majesty to this distance from his great council, would fain be thought specious. But, certainly their cause hath little to say for itself that relies for supportment upon the counsels of persons (heretofore in quiet times) eminently opposite to the peace and honour of this nation; upon the adherence of Papists (the professed and active underminers of our happiness); upon the razing of the parliaments, the most established foundation of our security; and upon their procuring of a cruel peace with those bloody rebels in Ireland, that have waded in the blood and ruin of so many thousand protestants and innocent

souls. Though I will not deny that some persons of honour are engaged on that side, by means of relations, misconstructions, or other accidental temptations, which bias them from those ways of honour and peace, to which their own principles would otherwise have a tendency. God will in due time plead the cause of his servants, and as both parties have appealed to the Judge of all the world, so He will at last give a righteous determination. In the meantime you may believe that he hath honoured the Parliament with many late (as well as former) successes: their armies being raised to a height of strength and honour above the proportion of their late visible means. The King's army lately flying before them; his own person withdrawing to Woodstock, and afterwards more privately to Oxford; Oxford being besieged by an army of 20,000 men; York supposed by this time to be secured under the Parliament's power, and with it the whole north given over by the other side for lost. The Scotch Army being numerous and resolved; the large disturbances in Scotland quieted, and the fomentors driven, some into the mountains, others into Newcastle to which town their pursuers have pursued them and do there besiege them; the western parts being in a posture to close with any strength that shall appear for their countenance. All these I have received from good and unquestionable hands not many days since, which may contribute something to your own judgment and disposition for persuading a return to the Parliament from whom you have departed. As a preparation and good step whereunto, I offer to your consideration; that, by his majesty's authority residing in them, I am appointed governor of Guernsey; my Lieutenant-Governor Russell officiating under me, by authority lawfully derived. The castle in Guernsey, now in your hands, standeth out by your commands against that authority, wherein if you persist I leave to your wisdom to determine the peril. The losses of the kingdom are great, and reparation will be had out of their estates who hath kindled that fire that hath near consumed us, or shall continue to blow it into a greater flame. Opportunities are precious. If you shall deliver up the castle to my lieutenant-governor for the use of his majesty and the parliament, I shall lay out myself and my interest to the uttermost in making your peace with the parliament, not doubting but to effect it. I have also taken order with Captain Jordan, in that case, to give safe convoy to yourself and lady to Portsmouth, or any other friendly port in the South, and for that purpose attend her at St. Malo; however (in any case) to transport her ladyship with safety to Portsmouth, I being moved in that behalf by our noble friend and your brother, Sir John Danvers. This intimation is the proceed of mere love, which, whether you embrace or no, I shall still continue all those good wishes and offices of respect that may become,

Your assured friend,

WARWICK.

Aboard his Majesty's ship the James,
At anchor, before Lynn.
June 7th, 1644.

To which Sir Peter replies: —

MY LORD, — Your first lines bring me into a sad remembrance of that much valued happiness which in your Lordship's favours, and those of your most honourable family, I have formerly enjoyed and, by what I now suffer under your name, appear to have lost in the changes produced by these miserable times. Yet I shall not depart from that affection and true respect I shall ever bear to your family, though it gives great increase to the sense of my troubles, that I find them laid upon me by your hand. But, how sharply soever that, being guided by others, may be pressed against me, I nevertheless hope

your long knowledge of me will still suggest on my behalf, in the secret of your breast, that no bias is like to draw my course away from the direct way of an honest man, which estimation I prefer to all things else. And, since there is nothing more precious in this world than a good name, nor that more conduceth to the next than to preserve a clear conscience, I shall most carefully avoid to receive a stain in the one, and so near the evening of my life to take a burden on the other. Both these oppose my obedience to your lordship's command for the delivery up of this castle to that officer of yours, you name, which many strong engagements oblige me not to do, tied by the faith of a trust and the bond of an oath, lawfully given and sincerely taken, whereof no authority can acquit me, nor may keep me from the shame that would follow me living, and accuse me dead. Moreover, these islands, reserved by all princes to their own peculiar, and governed by the laws of Normandy, of which they are part, have never had to do with parliaments, whose ordinances and commands not to extend hath been ever accounted one of their chiefest freedoms, until some factious persons of late years, for ambitious and private ends, attempted this innovation, with intention only to make deceitfully use of their power, without yielding submission unto it as of right. Who never yet have been in any kinds provoked by any payments or taxes imposed by the King to seek out new protection, His Majesty having in no one particular made his government heavy or grievous to them. And I, for my part, decline neither parliament nor other inquisition, might this charge intrusted to me leave me free and at liberty. For, excepting a few mutinous spirits that were of necessity to find pretence to set on foot their designs, the greater numbers and generality, with one voice, acknowledge there is nothing at all to be objected to me. Of this all the English, brought against me as enemies, have the truth and ingenuity to be my witnesses. My answer, long since given to a former summons, I am well assured your lordship hath seen, which makes me forbear the tediousness of a longer reply. And, knowing it little pertinent to enter here into a contestation concerning my right in this government, I only, with your lordship's permission, say this, that if the times were even to me, I should not have much cause to mistrust the state of my title, nor between another and me to refuse yourself for one of my Judges, so honourable and just I believe you. In conclusion therefore, my lord, to weary you no further, I am most heartily sorry my ardent desires can find no hope in your lordship's letter, of a happy accommodation of those woeful troubles, which would prove a glorious and blessed work for those that were the peacemakers. It duly hath my wishes and prayers every day. And now in my last words, I humbly beseech your lordship to be pleased in brief to receive my most humble thanks for those noble expressions of your favourable inclination towards me, which truly I believe your goodness in, although this tempestuous storm blows us one against the other, and doubt not, however this world goes, but that we shall all meet friends in heaven. Presenting you likewise, with most humble acknowledgements for your consideration of that desolate fugitive, my wife, driven to seek refuge and her safety amongst strangers, whom with her children I must leave to their patience and their great God, that, brought to the lowest extremity, can raise them up again, whose blessed will be done both in them and me. If I perish, your lordship will lose a most faithful well wisher in me, that, determined by God's assistance to make good this place like an honest man, am nevertheless,

Your lordship's humble servant

PETER OSBORNE.

CASTLE CORNET, *June 22nd*, 1644.

This sad but necessary business of answering the earl's letter being disposed of, nothing remained but the common round of military duties, the continuous lookout for supplies, the constant enforcing of discipline among ill-paid and badly-fed men. Colonel George Carteret, the royalist governor of Jersey, is no honest friend to Sir Peter. He was, at the Restoration, made vice-chamberlain to the king and treasurer of the navy, and is a prominent official figure in Charles II.'s reign, as readers of Pepys will remember; an ambitious, self-seeking man, managing his governorship to good personal profit, even in these days, by privateering and like means. Now, in August, 1644, he sends word that Lady Osborne, who has been aiding her husband with supplies, as far as may be, from St. Malo, has gone with her son in a Parliament ship bound for London. "I know not what fears and doubts of the success of things may work upon women," he writes maliciously, hinting that Lady Osborne has gone home to her brother and his friends, tired of the siege and faithless to the cause. Sir George speaks of his desire to help Castle Cornet, of the three thousand livres he is already out of pocket, and of another thousand livres "lent in money at several times to your lady." This letter, the only news of the outside world reaching Sir Peter in the summer of 1644, must have roused many dismal thoughts in the mind of the stout old cavalier, as he paced the ramparts of his castle. These lie clearly mirrored in a letter to his friend, Amias Andros, a Guernsey gentleman, now in Jersey, to whom he writes about this time as follows: —

Sir, — It would much amaze and trouble me if my wife should be gone for England, as won away from us, or misdoubting the event on the King's side. But I know her resolution not to be easily changed. And there can be no other reason but want of friends and ability longer to support her self. Against necessity there is no striving, and it seems the man that gave her credit, by the troubles brought upon him, is not there now, to assist her longer. When we hear from her, I am most assured, that she was forced to take the opportunity of a good passage before her purse failed her, will be the chief reason she will allege. I that know the stock she carried have much wondered she hath so long held out; I think you have done so too. But in her absence I should be glad to have you remain in Jersey, finding so good effects of your care and diligence so it may be without danger of giving disgust to Colonel Carteret, who is our principal stay, and without whom I so well understand my self and state, we are not to expect that any thing can be done there. As you conceive best, dispose of your self for your abiding still or coming hither.

Our people make a very honourable relation of the readiness of the most principal men of that island to impress money for the raising of a magazine of provisions for our supply, to be sent as the opportunity serves, which will give great assurance to us, and no less honour to them to be preservers of this place, and will hereafter procure them not only thanks from the King, but his favour and reward, and lie as a spot upon his people, to the glory of their generous fidelity.

It is told me there is now to be had in Jersey a young man of the religion, and a very good surgeon that speaks English. That he lives in town without employment, and willing to come hither. If it be so, and that he hath a well furnished chest, I should be glad to have him. The worst I fear is, that he has served the Parliament, but his leaving that service shews that he hath left his affection to it, and is like to be more firm to the King's side. Our

surgeon is weary and must be dismissed or he will give us the slip.

Some half dozen good men, orderly and without wives, that I might not have their bodies here and their minds at home, would be very welcome hither to strengthen our squadrons least our men fall sick, which we cannot but look for, now winter, hard duties, and long nights come on.

Being confident that Matthew Le Pork will be of use to you in the procuring of such, as well as in other business, I have sent him again, for I fynde him very honest and careful and esteem him for it. If in this long letter I have forgotten anything, I will trust it to his relation and his memory, and now conclude with the remembrance of my service to you, and that I am,

Your loving friend,

PETER OSBORNE.

CASTLE CORNET, *August 29th*, 1644.

I pray with all respect present my humble service to Mrs. Carteret.

For my loving friend, the
SEIGNEUR OF SAUSMAREZ, at Jersey.

Later in the year, matters are by no means improving. He has no further good news from outside. The situation is becoming dismally monotonous. Sir George Carteret, the man whose battle he is fighting, a very half-hearted friend and supporter; his wife, penniless and unprotected, fled to England; his garrison discontented and ill supplied, — these are the doubts and distresses gnawing at his heart when, on October 3, 1644, he sits down to write to the king himself: —

"May it please your most sacred majesty, I should not assume the boldness to offer this unto your royal hands, had I well known unto whom else to address myself. For this long siege hath kept me, if not wholly ignorant, at least in much uncertainty of English affairs, and who, under your majesty, have the managing of business now. I therefore most humbly desire this presumption may by your majesty be thus graciously excused, the extremities which I foresee we may shortly be reduced unto, pressing me to give the advertisement in time, lest peradventure the remedy may come too late. For unless we can be furnished with a speedy and complete supply, during this season that makes it unsafe for ships to lie upon us, hereafter, when they are like to return, it will grow very difficult if not impossible, to relieve this castle. Whilst I had the ability and credit to subsist, I strove upon my own strength against all necessities, the best I could. But now, unable longer to struggle with them, become too many for me, I am forced to crave assistance that I may not fail your majesty's expectation for want of succour, which I shall never do for want of truth. Of the importance of this place there will need no other argument than the eager pursuit of those who, with such expense and diligence, seek to be masters of it. In whose resistance how much I have already endured these 20 months I willingly am silent in, lest I might seem to complain myself of that which I esteem my honour, and value as a happiness, if by any sufferings of mine, I may have done your majesty the least service. For my estate in England, it remains either sequestered or disposed away from me: which I mention with no other end but only to make it appear in what need I stand of further help, having nothing left to serve your majesty with, but my life, which likewise upon all occasions I shall, by the Grace of God, be most ready to lay down to approve myself to the last,

"Your Majesty's most humble and loyal subject

PETER OSBORNE.

"From your Majesty's fort
CASTLE CORNET, *Oct. 3rd*, 1644."

About the end of October, John Os-

borne, who is at Jersey, manages to send his father a boat-load of provisions, the garrison at Guernsey firing a piece of ordnance on its arrival, that by such primitive telegraphy those at Jersey may know of its safe arrival. Still, Sir Peter, mewed up in his castle, hears so little of the world's doings, and is so manifestly receiving shabby treatment at the hands of Carteret, that he writes at length to Lord Jermyn, royalist governor of Jersey, complaining of his lieutenant's conduct, and inclosing a copy of the king's letter in which he had been promised assistance. In this letter he insists upon the necessity of some endeavor being made to relieve the castle at once, pointing out that "after Christmas it may be too late to think of relieving us, for about the 10th January last, the great ships with ketches and shallops, came hither to lie upon us, & we have good cause to expect them as early now. We stand in want of fuel, in much extremity, have drunk water this last half year, which we least consider, so our necessities were otherwise plentifully supplied, though it be very much for poor soldiers in winter and cold, to drink only water that undergo such hard duties as mine are put to do."

That Carteret might have done more for Castle Cornet is clear. But Carteret is a good business man as well as a royalist, and does nothing until he sees how he is to be paid for it. Therefore, on November 25, 1644, he writes to Sir Peter: "More I cannot do except you will be pleased to oblige yourself to repay the sums of money which I have disbursed for you, one half six months after the reduction of the island of Guernsey to the King's obedience, and the other half eighteen months after the same with interest for that money, (for I do pay it); and in case of failing of payment upon the revenue of Guernsey, then your estate in England to be liable for it." John Osborne, who is at St. Helier, writes two days afterwards explaining, from his point of view, Carteret's conduct and his reasons for it, as follows: "As for the cause of Capt. Darrell's delay, you have guessed very well at it in your letter to him, to wit, the colonel's unsettledness and often changings. His first resolutions I have written you in my first letter, which you will receive of the captain. Now, he is determined to let you have the ketch not out of good will; but being now resolved to send you nothing more, nor lay out any more money, he thinks it best not to end basely but that it shall be said he hath now sent you an extraordinary supply. He exclaims still very much that you should refuse to give him the assurance he requires, and goes about to make the country believe your intentions to him were not sincere." The idea of obtaining an assurance from Sir Peter on the Guernsey revenues is both mean and, as Sir Peter points out, wholly unstatesmanlike. At the same time, Sir Peter does inclose some form of assurance, the exact nature of which we are unable to discover, but of which Sir Peter writes that it is one "that may content as I conceive any reasonable man."

Castle Cornet, *Dec.* 31, 1644.

Sir, — Much desirous to give you satisfaction (though to my own burden and disadvantage) I have now sent you an assurance that may content as I conceive any reasonable man. If it please not you, I must then appeal and refer myself to those of better judgment that will be impartial between us.

The assurance you so press upon me and peradventure hope extremities may force me to, I too plainly foresee the hazards it would encompass me with (to the great disservice of the King and my own ruin) ever to yield assent to that. No course more like to increase the obstinacy of these islanders than by engaging the profits of this Government to put myself in estate to come a needy

man among them, from whom they could not but then look for more burden than ease. Nor can there be a course more dangerous to lose the hearts of my soldiers, and raise them into mutiny (who with great endurance and patience have long undergone such misery) than now at last to see all their hopes at an end, that expect their pay and rewards from those revenues. They begin already to mutter at the overture and very whisper of it. Concerning the sum you would abate for your wife's being with mine at St. Malo, I am most assured she was received upon no such agreement, and hope my hard fortunes will never leave my wife in so ill estate, but that she will be able to give entertainment and welcome to her friends without taking money. I therefore desire you not to think upon it nor can I admit of that abatement.

Your humble servant P. O.

Towards the end of January, 1645, the garrison must have been much in heart to receive a gracious letter from King Charles, in the following terms: —

Charles R.

Trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. We have received your letter of the 3rd October last, & are fully satisfied of your duty and fidelity to us, as well as with the reasons you express for requiring aid of us, after so many months siege & expenses made by you in that time. That our castle & island we cannot but esteem of very great convenience to be maintained against the rebels who have so long & earnestly sought to wrest them from us. Wherein we have endeavoured to make all the diversion of their forces that we could. For your present relief we have given effectual order to the Lord Hopton, (General of our Ordnance) and to Sir Nicholas Crisp, respectively, to send you the recruits & provisions mentioned in this note enclosed, with such speed as it may be with you before the season for the rebel ships to return thither, & the Lord Treasurer is to allow Sir Nicholas Crisp's expenses therein upon receipts of the business in his own hands or otherwise. So as we doubt not but, by God's assistance, you will be timely supplied with the necessaries desired & that, being thus enabled, you will cheerfully continue in the preservation of that place, & suppressing of any that there, or from abroad, do or shall affront our royal authority or the powers and command we have committed to your charge, wherein we do graciously acknowledge your eminent deservings, & shall not forget in due time both to recompense them & your expenses full: and in the mean space to take care also for such further assistance to be given you as the condition of your affairs will admit. Given at our court at Oxford, the 23rd day of January 1645.

By his Majesty's Command
Edw. Nicholas.

To Sir Peter Osborne,
governor of Guernsey.

Nothing, however, came of these kind promises, and the incident is so thoroughly characteristic of the king that I set down its conclusion here at once. John Osborne, armed, we must suppose, with the "note enclosed," appears to have gone to England to see that the recruits and supplies are sent to Guernsey. How he fares we may know from his own letters. He soon learns the value of the king's promises, concerning which he writes in loyal wonder to his father. There is also a proposal of selling Guernsey to France, which John Osborne is able in some measure to hinder, and it comes to nothing.

"When I came to Oxford," he writes, "by Sir Richard Cave's means I had kissed the King's hand & delivered my letter, I was sent to Secretary Nicholas, who wondered you had no relief from France; for I told him you had not the

worth of a farthing, nor hopes of any: About a fortnight after, I had letters to Sir Nicholas Crispe for what I asked, with a ship of defence for a convoy, who was to be paid out of the tin he hath in his hands, assured by my Lord treasurer's letters. Now I am come hither, Sir Nicholas Crispe tells me the tin is taken out of his hands, & that the queen hath given the king a sum of money for it, & that a ship is here of 40 piece of ordnance to fetch it away for France. This is my condition. Notwithstanding, I shall not leave off so, but will endeavour my utmost to stop so much of it as to relieve you. Yet it seems strange to me the king should give me letters to furnish you upon the tin, when he hath sold it.

"Before my coming, there was a proposition made to the king to engage the island to the French for a sum of money. Whereupon my brother Henry told the King if he consented to such a thing, that it was just you should be paid for the losses you had sustained. But the King told him he did not consent to the proposition. Since my coming it hath been proposed the King that the French do offer themselves to reduce that island, & ask nothing till the work was done, & their officers were to be nominated by the Queen. When I had shewn the dangerous consequence & unjustness of it, it was not agreed to. These things I am glad I can let you know, for they were carried as if you were nothing concerned in it."

Within a few weeks, whilst still at Falmouth, or rather at the neighboring town of Penryn, he writes again to his father that "there came express letters from the King & my Lord Treasurer to Sir Nicholas Crispe with an absolute command to deliver up all tin in his hands to be sent to the Queen, so that the little hope I had was quite cut off." This faithless folly of his royal master cost John Osborne both time and money. Meanwhile, the king's castle and garrison were being starved out. It must have needed greater strength of loyalty in Sir Peter and his men to continue their unwavering faith in kings and princes after this piece of reckless deceit practiced on them in their extremity. Perhaps Sir Peter kept the story to himself, and tried to make the best of it and square it somehow with his own honest ideals.

During the early months of the year 1645, Sir Peter, now almost at handgrips with starvation, lives on false promises and vain hopes, while Carteret continues sending backbiting and dishonest reports to Sir Richard Browne and other authorities at home. Writing in February, he has the incredible meanness to suggest to Sir Richard Browne what he must have known to be absolutely without foundation: that Sir Peter was acting the part of a traitor, and that "when Lady Osborne left St. Malo to go to the Parliament by whom she is since restored to her former livelihood, it was not without suspicion that she went to London to overture for the delivery of the Castle into their hands, sundry messengers having past to and fro between her and Sir Peter about that time." There is no doubt that when Carteret wrote this he was greatly incensed at Sir Peter's refusal to give him a charge on the January revenue, and he appears to have been guilty of some breach of faith in reference to such assurance as was given him by Sir Peter. But the lengthy letters and depositions referring to this further misunderstanding are not sufficiently explicit or to the purpose to be set down here. John Osborne writes home that he has no news of his mother, except that he hears from Lady Gargrave, her sister, that she is very well; and it must have been peculiarly galling to Sir Peter, sure as he himself was of his wife's loyalty to the cause for which he was suffering, not to be able to contradict with authority the rumors that Carteret was so diligent in spreading abroad.

About this time, the king sent over a royal commission to inquire into the condition of the islands. The commissioners sat at Jersey, under the personal superintendence of Sir George Carteret. One Thomas Wright, who appears to have been Sir Peter's bailiff, a trusted servant and his then accredited agent at Jersey, writes that the royal commissioners are entirely in the hands of Sir George Carteret. He tells Sir Peter that he and Captain Darrell are "curbed and snubbed and like to be clapt by the heels," to teach them manners towards Sir George and the commanders. Further, he says that some well-affected men have made a collection through every parish in the land for the relief of Guernsey Castle, amounting to upwards of £300, and Sir George, "having gotten this money into his hands," used it for his own purposes. Nothing of which is likely to be consoling to Sir Peter in his extremities. It is under these circumstances that he writes the following account of his situation to Sir Richard Browne: —

"At my wife's coming to St. Malo she was wholly guided by Sir G. Carteret whom she reposed much confidence in, and so desired to oblige that she received him and his whole family into her house, till by reason of her losses sustained, and the indirect dealing she found, she was forced to seek other assistance; being in great danger to have been soon exhausted and disabled to give us the succour which yet she still got the means to do. For when her money was spent and plate sold, she made no difficulty among strangers to engage in a great debt for the relief of this castle, till her credit at last failed. In these straights and our great extremity, she had made a shift to send us to Jersey a seasonable relief, where, committed to Sir George's trust, it lay two months wasting and untransferred while we were starving, brought from little to less, and in conclusion for bread to four biscuits a man for a week. The rest of our provisions growing no less scant, that where as our number was parted into three divisions, we could allow those only at night a little porrage that were then to have the watch, the other two divisions going without any thing, supperless to bed. Nor could my son Charles, sent thither of purpose to hasten away those her provisions (none other expected of Sir George) procure them before his return to St. Malo, desirous to have comforted his mother with that good news. So that, oppressed with trouble and grief, she fell into a desperate sickness, that her self, and all those about her, feared her life. Of the condition that we were in, the Parliament had from our enemies continual advertisement and employed vessel after vessel, with all the shallops the islanders could set forth, to lie day and night upon us. And they conceiving it a good time again to summon me, I received a letter to that purpose from the Earl of Warwick in very fair terms. To which I likewise made a civil answer, but such as was agreeable with my allegiance to His Majesty, and that left him hopeless of making any change in me. I have both the letters to produce when time serves. In the midst of these distractions and miseries; my wife, sick without money, friends, and hope, was driven to embark herself for England in a ship of Holland, so far from recovery that she scarce felt the amendment of two days. Nor could that, her compelled departure, give suspicion of her going to harken to overtures for the surrender of the castle, which she with so much carefullness and expense to the uttermost of her means and credit, had so long preserved, and who had one of her sons then at Bristol in his Majesty's service, and at her going away furnished another whom she also sent to the king; her eldest being left with me to run the hazard of my fortunes, like to be ill enough. And though, I doubt not, but this will appear suffi-

cient, to wash off these maliciously invented slanders, my holding of this castle ever since now ten months more, with much sufferings and extremity and without all taint of disloyalty, that must needs in this time have broken out, will shew the clearness of my innocence, and the impudence of his untruths.

"Since her going Sir George hath from time to time deluded us with promises, and harrassed us with delays, that I have been constrained to send boat upon boat; till left at last without any to send upon what urgent necessity soever, so that we wanted men to perform the duty of our watches. And when at length he thought good to supply us with something, it was always with a scarce hand, nothing answerable to our wants, and the charge of our men that lay there, and who could not be dispatched, that the reckonings he makes in his bills ariseth to a strange proportion in extraordinaries to His Majesty's great charge; and yet this his Castle unsupplied, we having for this twelve month and above, never been able to allow our soldiers more than one biscuit a day, with a little porrage for their supper, and have been forced for necessity to use the stuff sent us to make candles and to dress our boats, to frye the poor John, limpets and herbs we use in the best mess, though we concealed it from them, and made no complaint, and lived thus about three weeks. The provisions, though ill-conditioned, carry the prices of the best, yet have I not returned back any thing he sent, how faulty so ever. In so much that, secure of that he hath not forborne to put again upon us the sorts we have found fault with, to vent and issue out to us, what he could not else tell how to dispose of. Neither Captain Darrell nor any of mine admitted to see the choosing, putting up, number or weight, of what he sent, he still saying 'cross me not,' 'let me alone' and much displeased if any sought to look into it. His next charge is, that with fearful threats I seek to tie him to impossibilities. I know not what may appear fearfull to his apprehension. If he can make proofs of these menaces offered to him by my letters, I shall be much ashamed of my folly. Nor do I seek impossibilities, credibly informed that many in Jersey have contributed great sums for this place by express name, though their service and merit be concealed and the money be converted to other uses.

"For the breaking up of all the vessels he sends us, he knows very well from the report and view of his own people, that I never break up any, but such as his and our enemies' shot, and foul weather made utterly unserviceable. But if it had been so as he would have it understood, as done of purpose, our extreme want of firing would have excused me, and cast the blame upon him, that was continually informed of it, and yet neither sent us coal, having plenty, nor that which was our own, which we kept a twelve month, while we were forced to pull down what was combustible about our houses to burn our timber which I now much want, and at last, which I was exceedingly troubled to be reduced to do, to burn our carriages for our ordnance that were good and serviceable and our tables and our doors, &c.

"Whereas he sayeth I turn my soldiers upon him without money or clothes. I part with none willingly, but only such as, with our hard diet being sick, would have perished here. And I hope it will be held reasonable that I should rid myself of the sick for our own safety and their preservation. And likewise, that all places under His Majesty's obedience should be open to receive and relieve such as have undergone so much, of whose miserable sufferings I need no witness, having the testimony of my accuser, though he sayth it to make me seem the more uncharitable to send them without money and clothes, that have neither to give them and well he knows it. The rest of his charges are so friv-

olous that I conceive them unworthy of replying to, as namely, that in so great necessity I should be consenting to the yielding up of a good shallop to our enemies (and no small boate as is pretended) laden with provisions that we stood in need of, and were hardly gotten for us by my son, together with the loss of a surgeon that had already received a good part of his wages, and whom I much solicited for, to quit me of one that I had then in mistrust, loosing with all divers provisions bespoken for my own particular use and health, which I cannot look to have procured for me again. A subtilty that my great wants, empty purse, and distance from friends was not like to permit to come into my imagination, much less to suffer me to put in execution that curious invention. As lykewise, that my son, charged to be guilty of this, is not sent to Paris as was thought, and where he might be safe, but by Sir George's industry discovered to be in England, the same whom I now send with my answer.

"I come now to the last charge: being again brought to the uttermost, not above a fortnight's bread left, and despairing of supply from Sir George, I was driven to seeke all shifts for myself, and therefore sent to Mrs. Danvers my wife's kinswoman (that hath had her part in all her miseries) to St. Malo with my apparel and some trunks of linen left in her custody, to make trial what she could instantly get in provisions for us upon that pawn or sale: which business she so well despatched that in six dayes she came back to Jersey, in their view chased by a pirate, and narrowly escaping by running with great danger among the rocks. Yet at her coming away the next day, she could not obtain of Sir George one seaman of his (for she requested but one) the better to man her boat, in case she met with the same man of war or any other, whereof those parts were then full. The hazzard of the loss of our provisions and the best shallop I had, and which brought me the greatest supply that I ever received in such a boat nothing at all moving him, nor the danger and entreaty of a gentlewoman, nor the aspersions cast upon her (convinced of untruth by her return) working any remorse in him by way of compensation, to have afforded her that small courtesy.

"In conclusion touching the advice he gives for the prevention of my supposed disloyalty, so certain in his apprehension, that one of those courses must instantly be taken. If his Majesty can be brought to have my truth in doubt after so long proof of it, I silently, with all obedience submit to his Royal pleasure, though most loath, I must confess, to have such a mark of his disfavour and difference stamped upon me, as may in sorrow close up these days which in these long and many sufferings, I have the comfort and hope should have found a joyful end in his service.

"Castle Cornet, *June 18th*, 1645."

Nor was such a letter without its effect on those in England, who were in all probability well aware of the comparative characters of Sir Peter Osborne and Sir George Carteret. Within a month there comes a note from the Prince of Wales himself, from his court at Liskeard, to Sir George Carteret, urging him to take some speedy course for transporting provisions to Sir Peter, and promising Carteret payment of the charges thereof. Matters indeed do not seem to get much better on receipt of this note, and perhaps Carteret had his difficulties in obtaining supplies, though it is clear that he might have done much more for Castle Cornet than he did. Thomas Wright, forwarding "a little parcel of special tobacco and a dozen of pipes" to Sir Peter, writes a gossiping letter of news from Jersey, from which we gather that Sir George was still not very gracious to the adherents of Sir Peter then sojourning at Jersey. During the next month the Prince of Wales

writes to Sir Peter, promising him supplies to be sent from Cornwall, but we cannot find that these are ever sent. Indeed, on October 20th, John Osborne tells his father that there is little hope of succor from England, in the present state of affairs; that "the council will hearken to every thing to save money;" and that poor Mr. Sheaffe, a Guernsey envoy, cannot get a trumpery sum of ten pounds from the Chancellor's secretary, though it is admitted to be owing, for his charges. The state of Castle Cornet at the end of this month is set out in a report of Sir Peter to the king's commissioners, in which, in spite of his cruel circumstances, aggravated by the meanness and trickery of others, he can still speak of his "confidence placed in God and the King, whom I have truly served, without consideration of the ruin of myself, my wife, my children and my home, of whose princely goodness I nothing doubt, nor he I hope of my integrity."

Sir Peter is indeed at bay with a terrible situation. Soldiers and mean persons have been found to back up the charges already made by Sir George Carteret. Mutiny in some sort is now added to his other troubles. Along with his dignified complaint to the royal commissioners at Jersey Sir Peter finds time to send a little personal note, accompanied by a draft, "this little enclosed," to the wife of his friend Amias Andros, who has evidently given him news of Lady Osborne and her daughter.

Good Mrs. Samares, — Your welcome letter is come safely to my hands, whereby I understand your happy arrival in these parts, escaped from the ill usage of your enemies. The comfort you have given me by the short account of my Wife and poor family, I humbly thank you for, of whose state I remained long doubtful. That great God, who keepeth us both, is able with his blessing to make a little enough. Amongst your kindred in Jersey, I cannot doubt you will find assistance and courtesy. Yet least your virtuous constancy and goodness for her & me (for which I hold myself much obliged) may do you prejudice, I beseech you favour me so much as to accept this little enclosed, which I present unto you with my best respects & thankfulness. But [if] you find my estimation there so little valued, that it proves to you of no use, complain of the change of my fortune and not my goodwill. Forbear I pray to look for an answer to the latter part of your letter, and have the patience not to expect your husband yet.

Your most humble servant
Peter Osborne.

Castle Cornet, *Oct. 30th*, 1645.

To my worthy friend,
Mrs. Elizabeth Andrewes Samares,
at Jersey.

Once more, after long months of suffering, Sir Peter receives a letter from the Earl of Warwick, offering in language almost affectionate terms of peace which Sir Peter might well accept without dishonor to himself. But on the very same day that he has to write to Carteret of the petty details of his wants and necessities, Sir Peter also sits down to write another letter, refusing to stain his grand ideal of loyalty with even a word of disbelief in the king's cause. In spite of all the misery caused by his perilous situation and the faithlessness of friends, he can still write of the "clear cause," and pity Lord Warwick for numbering himself among the king's enemies. This is Sir Peter's reply to the courteous and honorable letter of the Earl of Warwick: —

My Lord, — That your lordship is pleased to continue me in your honourable favour, notwithstanding these distractions lead us in several courses, I acknowledge with thankfulness your goodness in it, and give your lordship assurance you shall also find in me a

like constancy, full of love, respect and observance to yourself & yours. Whereof I could have small hopes to win you into the belief, and to keep you in it still, should I stain my truth with the infamy of such a falsehood to his Majesty, which might brand me for that dishonest man of whom you and all men else would then have just reason to beware. And the very expression your letter signifieth this castle by (naming it my charge) gives me a tacit warning of the faith and duty belonging to that trust, and that cannot but make my heart rise against the motion, much more abhor a deed so hardly even to be demanded but with words that imply my shame. I have with more search and consideration examined and weighed this unlucky business, than ever to have the confidence of excusing myself with having been all this while mistaken, wherein I must then with shame enough belie my confidence and this clear cause. Your great successes, my lord, are deceitful arguments not to be relied on, human beings being subject to change. Who can tell but that God may permit them (as in the case with Benjamin) to draw you at last within a severe revenge. Wherefore I most humbly beseech your lordship to employ rather your best endeavours in those good offices that may procure agreement and peace, seeking after that blessed reward and honour so transcendent beyond all this world can bestow. And be pleased not to despise this intimation from one that heartily desires your happiness, and is so far from affecting these unalterable quarrels, that I would yield myself willingly not only to be ruined (if that might do it) but to die for peace. Lastly, in a word, though most determinately resolved never to serve your lordship in this way you require me, I yet remain in your own particular, with all sincerity of affection and observant respect

Your lordship's most humble &c,

Castle Cornet, *January 15th*, 1646.

This answer to the Earl of Warwick, the purport of which became known to Carteret and the royalists in England, made Sir Peter an object of greater sympathy than heretofore. It was apparently clear to the Prince of Wales that nothing could be done to make Carteret and Sir Peter work together, and he and his council came to the not unusual decision of statesmen, that the honest man must be shelved, and the self-seeking politician retained. Carteret is said, during these wars, to have made £60,000 by privation, that is by robbing English (rebel) merchandise vessels, and the court could not disoblige so valuable an ally. A pleasant letter was therefore written to Sir Peter by the Prince of Wales, and carried to him by Sir Thomas Fanshawe, in February, 1646, "with such full instructions and with such present accommodation for that garrison in some reasonable measure as we hope shall produce a very good effect." About the same time Sir Edward Hyde writes a courteous and conciliatory letter from Pendennis Castle. But Sir Peter sees that it is intended he shall resign his command, and, after an interview with Sir Thomas Fanshawe, he "who looks for nothing in this business but merely your Highness' pleasure," he expresses to the prince his desire to hear and submit to his command. This note, written to Sir Thomas Fanshawe somewhere about May, 1646, shows how utterly unselfish are his endeavours to do the king service. He had gained what many another honest soldier gained in that service, — ruin. His wife and family are refugees somewhere in England; one of his sons has been killed fighting for the king; and he himself, after holding out against a terrible siege, but weakly supported from outside, is now forced to give up his command, — forced to do so, indeed, not by his own incapacity, but because he sees that Carteret is necessary to the royal cause, and that Carteret will never

assist Castle Cornet while he remains there. He writes to Sir Thomas Fanshawe, asking to be allowed to retire to St. Malo: —

Sir, — I write this to yourself, under the confidence you have given me, beseeching you to consider what I have put into your trust, much dearer than my life, whereof I cannot hope, with others for consideration, when I see none had of my son thus near His Highness' protection, I having lost his brother so lately in the King's service. I beseech you, therefore, not to transfer the care of me into other hands, that have committed myself into yours, & rely upon your assurance and integrity not used to fail your friend. I pray, make way rather for my direct going to St. Malo, where I may for awhile quietly recollect myself and recover some patience for what I suffer and foresee I am still like to do.

Thus, in May, 1646, he voluntarily resigned his command to Sir Baldwin Wake, whom he formally appointed his lieutenant-governor. Not until three years after the execution of Charles I., when the battle of Worcester had been fought and Jersey given up to the Parliamentarians, did Castle Cornet surrender. Then, on Friday, December 19, 1651, the royalists, under command of Colonel Roger Burgess, left the castle with full honors of war, "drums beating, ensigns displayed, bullet in mouth, and match lighted at both ends." Even when they laid down their arms, it was with the honorable exception of their swords, which they were permitted to wear.

It would have gladdened Sir Peter's heart if he could have been with his faithful garrison on that day, for they had at least been faithful above all others of the king's servants. But in 1651 Sir Peter was at his own home in Chicksands, already an old man, worn out with years and disappointment, lonely and forgotten, waiting somewhat hopelessly for the end to come. After leaving Castle Cornet, he appears to have stayed at St. Malo, spending his energies and substance in endeavoring to provision his beloved castle. The court party had, of course, been able to do little or nothing of what they promised when he left Castle Cornet at their request, and in 1649 he found himself poverty-stricken and abandoned in St. Malo, with his English home, as far as he could learn, sold and taken from him. It is under these circumstances that he announces to King Charles II. his intention of returning to England, in the following letter:

"May it please your most excellent Majesty, I have lately had notice from England that the small proportion that remains of my estate is to be sold, and no consideration out of it to be had, either for my wife or children if I come not to a composition for it. This and the extreme wants I suffer in this place, with the little consideration hath been had of them (having received nothing for my maintenance since my being here, nor any part of that was promised me at my retiring from Guernsey Castle) have at length driven me to the necessity of thinking upon that which of all things I was the least inclined to, and to look after that little that is left of my own. But this I can now resolve on with greater satisfaction by how much I may seem less useful to your Service: And as, by your Majesty's command, I suspended the exercise of my government, so do I still leave it in those hands where you were pleased I should commit it. Only I beseech your Majesty in equity to consider the right I have in it, and for it what I have left and that I may not suffer from both sides, only because I have been honest. For be pleased Sir, to give me leave to say, that certainly I have served your Majesty and your Royal father with a

sincere integrity, against which neither temptations nor discouragement have prevailed, and have submitted to your will with that quiet obedience; that I have not at all considered my interests, and hardly my honour, when that that was called your service, was but said to be concerned. And after all, the chiefest request I have to make is, that God, in his good time would restore your Majesty to your rights, and then I am certain your goodness will consider mine, and if in any thing I have deserved your gracious regard, be pleased then to look upon me and my children, and only so much as your Majesty's own justice and honour shall judge me worthy the esteem of

Yours &c."

Thus he bade farewell to the king he would still have served if it had been in his power to do so. Upon his return to England we find him living at Chicksands Priory, the influence of his wife's friends gaining him perhaps some consideration out of his sequestered estate. His wife died early in 1652, and he remained in retirement at Chicksands, drifting rapidly into old age. On April 14, 1653, he was taken suddenly ill in the priory chapel. For a year he lay ill, tenderly nursed, we may be sure, by his daughter Dorothy, who writes one, at least, of her letters to Temple while sitting up at night watching by his bedside. Toward the spring of the next year he grew gradually worse, and at length died on Saturday, March 11th, at eleven o'clock of the night, being within two months of sixty-nine years old. He was buried at Campton, and a tablet to his memory may still be seen in the church there, with an inscription speaking his praise. For ourselves, we do not, I think, need monument or tablet. He has unconsciously drawn a clear outline of his character in these letters, which will remain his best epitaph. His defense of Castle Cornet, his single-minded love for his king, and the stern, uncompromising honesty of his life will be engraven on the memory of all who read his story in these his own words. Wiser men and greater men there were many in those stirring times, but none more valiant, honorable, and true-hearted than Sir Peter Osborne.

Edward Abbott Parry.

RUDOLPH.

"There was the Door to which I found no Key,
There was the Veil through which I could not see."

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

WE are taught, I believe, by the best critical authority that the essence of tragedy lies in the conflict of Will and Fate, or rather in the victory of Fate over the more or less consciously struggling individual; and that the catastrophe, to be truly Greek, must in some way result from deeds morally significant. But is there not an appallingly tragic element in the action of Fate, when, as we so often know it, the catastrophe has no relation to responsibilities anywhere; when it is but a blind bolt, falling blindly, stopping, crushing, annihilating, without more moral significance than is in the rain which falls alike on the just and on the unjust? Is it not because this is too appalling, because it frightens us as children are frightened in the dark, that we cling so closely to those instances of human history in which deed and doom are bound together by brief and simple sequences?

It is a very unimposing little figure that is most deeply associated in my mind with that other and more mysterious tragedy, in which the fine and sane and true is overpowered by that blank, meaningless, and terrible power we call Chance.

One spring day, years ago, it happened that for a few hours I, myself hardly more than a school-girl, was given charge of an unfamiliar village school. It was in a mongrel Southern mountain town, where some coal mines were lamely contributing to the foundations of that New South which as yet the Old South scarcely grudgingly admitted as a possibility. The school was made up of such a variety of elements as probably could not have been matched, at that time, in any school-room south of the Ohio River. There were "Yankee" children from the East and the West, mountain-born and Southern-born children (the mountaineer is Southern only in a shallow geographical sense), even children with a brogue and a touch of broad Lancashire dialect; but in this crowd, so heterogeneous for the South, so homogeneous compared to the mixtures the North is forced to venture, there was but one child who spoke the English language with a foreign accent.

To me, as I struggled with the opening class, they all seemed conspicuously united by a common dullness. This class was of the older scholars, and they were studying Peter Parley's Universal History, — that absurd yet admirable little book, superseded generations ago, everywhere but in forgotten and benighted Southern nooks, by works paralyzingly full and distressingly accurate. The lesson was about Prussia. That torpor which nature enables all but the liveliest children to take on, as a protection against the horrors of the school-room, pervaded the class; the big girls and boys sat about in attitudes of heavy woodenness, answering questions, when they could answer them at all, as if badly constructed, insufficient machinery were for the moment put in motion. I was casting about in my mind as to what would bring them to life, when, as I quoted something from the lesson about the King of Prussia (the book dated much further back than the seventies), I heard the shyest, softest, eagerest young voice say, — as if the barriers of repression had perforce given way, — "He 's Emperor now."

I turned to see to whom all these lesson-words meant facts, thoughts, something else than gibberish, with a sense of unreasonably grateful refreshment. There he was, a broad-shouldered, dark-eyed little boy, about twelve years old, who was seated, when school opened, half-way back in the long, grimy room, but who was now wriggling with vitality, suppressed interest, and an overpowered but abiding sense of misconduct, on a seat just behind the recitation benches, — drawn there, evidently, by a force similar in its imperiousness to gravitation itself.

"He 's Dutch," remarked a boy in the class, in a tone explanatory, but not lowered.

"What 's your name?" I asked.

"Rudolph, ma'am." (It seemed that, for purposes of convenience, the regular teacher had found "Rudolph" name enough, and had pointedly refused to struggle with further Teutonic syllables.)

"Well, Rudolph, come out here, and tell these big boys and girls about how the King came to be made Emperor. Come, sit there."

But Rudolph had found an opportunity for something more dear than humiliating others. His bright dark eyes were fastened upon me as he slipped from the one seat into the other, saying, "The war it was that made them do it, was not so? The Emperor is bigger than the King? They want the German — the German one to be big, my father say. Who — how it come done — what had Herr Bismarck do?"

The child sat on the edge of the bench, bending toward me as he poured forth his questions, as if the major part of his young life had hitherto been spent in a fruitless search for the facts of the German consolidation. I listened, divided betwixt admiration and terror. Needless to say, I did not find time to satisfy all his exhaustive questionings, but I told him to come and see me after school, and we would see what we could do. Before the class was dismissed I found that there was nothing very special in Rudolph's interest in the Emperor and Bismarck; that he brought this same insatiable curiosity, this same large, intelligent comprehension of the existence of uncomprehended causes, to other subjects.

Before noon I was enjoying quite a delightful small excitement about the child. What so thrilling as discovery, and what discovery so thrilling as to find a mind? Rudolph came into two more classes: one in spelling, where he was recklessly and hopelessly rational and consistent; and one struggling with the tedium of long division, where he was slow, patient, and sorely afflicted. At noon my little brief authority ended. I left Rudolph plunging about the playground in a game of "base," — rather clumsy, something of a butt in the sport, and perfectly hearty and good-natured.

Before he came to me in the afternoon I had learned something about him. He was known among the men of our household, I found, through his habit of "hanging around" where any talk about the mines was going on, and, oddly enough, because of his notably courteous ways at the post office and the "store," places where the miners were given to tacitly asserting their superiority to all other classes. His father and mother were Germans, I was first told; but Jim, a small cousin, said the father was "half Eyetalian," and further informed me that Rudolph was "no good," that he could n't catch a ball.

"But he 's very nice and good-natured, is n't he?" I inquired, weakly longing to hear only praises of my discovery.

My young man stared. "Yaw," he drawled, in uncomprehending derision, and disappeared around the corner of the porch on his hands.

I was sitting on the porch when Rudolph came, — a little awkward, but withal much more pleased than shy, stopping to wipe his bare feet on the grass, and before he was fairly under the roof taking off his shapeless rag of a hat, with a bright smile of greeting. I had gathered together some old illustrated papers of the time of the Franco-Prussian war; he fell upon them.

"I before one did see, a long time; it had a picture of another Emperor, Max— Maxmillan? he that was killed, is it not so? How — how could that come, when he was Emperor? Was he not the biggest?"

Rudolph soon recognized the necessity of limiting his field of research, and began to put me through a most exhaustive examination on Franco-German politics. He did not find me altogether satisfactory; my knowledge was too superficial and too qualified. He caught continually at main lines of causation, which could be followed only by going far afield.

"Why wished the French Emperor to fight?" he finally asked, with a touch of sternness, when I had tried to describe the diplomatic pretenses by which the war was precipitated.

"People thought that he was afraid the French nation were getting tired of him, that they might begin to ask again why he should be Emperor; and so he wanted to give them something else to think about, and to please them by making them victorious."

Rudolph pondered. "You know not surely?"

"No; of course he would not say things like that, nor would the men who

worked for him, even if they believed they knew his thoughts."

"It must been something that way, is it not? You think it would been better he not try and be smart so?" He sat with his grimy little forefinger on a portrait of Napoleon III., and looked at me as eagerly as if it were the end of a fairy-tale he was awaiting.

"Hullo, Dutchy!" called Jim from the doorway.

"Hullo!" answered Rudolph pleasantly, but with the same air of deeply unconscious patronage with which one would pat a dog while thinking of something else.

"Miss Mollycoddle, Miss Mollycoddle!" shouted the other, as he tore away and over the fence.

"He I goes fish with sometime," said Rudolph, as if in explanation and apology for the familiar rudeness of this address.

"He should not speak to you so," I said.

Rudolph grinned. The remarks of young animals like that did not seem to him in any way related to emotional experience.

After he had exhausted both me and himself in historical research, I began asking him about his home; and he brightened again, and told me that he had a little sister, who was "*schön*," — "You know *schön*, that is better than English word," — and that she was fair, with hair and eyes like a Christmas doll, and that she loved to ride upon his back. Three years old she was.

"I must go," he suddenly broke out, starting up; "she will want to go ride to our spring; I forget;" and he smiled confidentially at me, and then stood twisting his hat, with a sense of needed ceremonial of which he was ignorant. "I much thank you. Oh, yes, I come again. I like it much. *Guten Abend*," and he ducked his black head to me, and then to my mother, whom he saw standing, shining with benevolence, in an inner doorway; then he scurried down the long porch, and I heard Jim challenge him for a race.

"Jim will beat him," said my mother indignantly, from the window to which she had hurried.

The radiant-faced little lad had won our hearts.

I was afraid of growing sentimental about him, and tried to view him coldly; but in truth it was impossible not to feel enthusiasm for such an example of humanity. He revived one's belief in the possibility of the race. I feel now that I might give my tale a greater *vraisemblance* by in some way belittling him, the expedient of inadequacy, but obligations stronger than artistic ones are upon me.

I soon made my way to the despoiled hillside, half poor village, half bare woods, where was Rudolph's home. It was a neat little cabin, and I was pleased to find the family all there, — the little Teutonic blonde sister, the work-worn, dust-colored, plain mother, and the big, dark father, with his touch of Latin vivacity appearing and disappearing beneath his gravity.

Rudolph gazed at me, pleased and proud and possessive, possessive of everybody, and silently brought the little passive sister to my elbow, that I might better note her charms.

I sent him off to fill my bottle with water from the sulphur spring, so that I could talk better about himself.

"I think Rudolph is a very remarkable boy," I began; "a very, very smart boy," I added, in my effort to make myself comprehended.

"Yas," said the father briefly, from the doorstep where he stood, "he iss great, — great here, great here." He touched first his forehead, then his breast.

The mother, who could speak no English, showed by her softening countenance, as she looked at us and then after the boy, that she understood.

"I come to America for he. I know not that he get much good, but I try."

"He 'll be great in himself, anyhow."

"Yas, dat iss so," spoken with tranquil solemnity. "Not many is born dat way as he, *aber* — I wish he get ed-u-cation." The word had been well learned. "He not get much here?" turning a gaze of troubled inquiry upon me. He told me how he was afraid to go now to a place with better schools, for fear he could not find work. He could do no skilled labor. He longed to get Rudolph a place in the machine-shops, but the boy was not clever with his hands. Perhaps he could never rise much above his father unless he got "one ed-u-cation."

I said there was small fear; he 'd find his way to a very practical education; he 'd know many things before he was grown.

The man's face brightened, and he showed his white teeth as he nodded and said a few words to the mother, who nodded and smiled too.

"He ask, ask always," he said.

The small sister now started down the hill, making her legs fly until she met the returning brother, and was lifted on his back, where, when he arrived, she hung, dumb, solemn, and round-eyed as before.

I arranged that Rudolph should come and see me often, and laboriously suppressed my tendency to make vague promises and prophecies as to his future. Who knew what could or could not be counted upon in this disjointed world?

The captivating thing about Rudolph's mind was the curious absence of any touch of precocity; it was as normal as a blackbird's; all its peculiarity seemed to lie in its superior soundness, reasonableness, and activity; things were real to him; phenomena needed to be accounted for. He was always trying to accomplish the explanation, striking for the roots of things. He had a sleepless desire to find out. His interest in history — it did not, by the way, reach the point of enabling him to derive pabulum from the usual historical classics — was as simple in its way as Jim's in the story of a 'possum hunt; the difference was that Rudolph had the qualities that enabled him to grasp the verity of the larger games, while poor Jim could only comprehend the existence of things akin to his experience.

I tried, of course, a hundred youthful experiments with this delightful mind, and came to the conclusion that it was not an artist's organ; that it was meant for the conduct of large affairs at first hand, not for any plastic or poetic afterinterpretation of them. Not that he was without appreciation of such interpretations; on the contrary, he was appreciative of more things than any one I ever knew; he was alive to every form of mental activity presented to him. He was a choice companion for days in the woods, and would lie silent for hours on the high brinks of those far, fair blue gulfs with which the valleys encompassed the mountain.

But he was mastered by the thirst for large knowledge of human undertakings. He probably had more actual acquaintance with the mines than my cousin, the president of the company; and though arithmetic was a painful thing to him, he would enter into computations as to the operations, and by sheer force of reasoning would push his calculations beyond the point of his school-room acquirements.

The chestnuts were brown in their caskets when, one day, one memorable day, I went nutting with Rudolph and Jim. We had two or three hours of the simplest, purest delight, all turned into three harmless young animals, with but one idea in the world, — chestnuts.

There is nothing like some such primitive pursuit to bring the heart close to Nature, for getting past the rhapsodical

and wordy state, and becoming one with her; a hundred deep, starved, hereditary instincts are once more gratified. But Nature is an appalling mother.

The place we chiefly haunted was a chestnut grove near the edge of the cliffs; and just here the formation was unusual. The mountain sloped rapidly down toward the valley for a little distance, instead of descending from its full height by the usual perpendicular cliff; but this steep slope broke off abruptly above a straight wall of granite, far below which again waved the delicate crests of the great trees. The turf and small woodland growths extended down the slope nearly to the brink; but before it was reached the scanty soil failed, and at last was the living rock of the mountain side, dark, unworn by frost or time, now damp and smooth.

In that simplicity of absorption, the pleasure of which I have been vaunting, I followed a rolling nut (such a big one!) down close to the danger line, — too close. The slight hold of the mosses and grasses on which I stood gave way, my hand uprooted the bush I held, my feet slipped from under me, and I lay face down on that smooth sloping surface, without a thing within reach to support a child. I kept myself from slipping only by a certain strain of muscular pressure. Below was the gulf, whose far-off depths were filled with the beautiful, visible music of waving branches; above me, the late yellow sunlight shone brilliantly between the dark trunks of other trees, and beneath them stood two white-faced little boys. Rudolph was nearest me, — half-way down the slope. I saw a whole heartful of history take place within him, as I gazed. The first stroke of terror was followed by a heavier, for between the two, in a long second's time, the child found out he loved me. He had never thought of loving me before; rather, as love goes not by thinking, he had been deflected by no pulsation of conscious love toward me. I was a pleasant factor in a diversified universe; I was not the father, nor the mother, nor the little sister. But suddenly, here and now, as I lay there beneath the fair sky, helpless and in mortal danger, Rudolph's heart went out to me; he loved me, and he loved me greatly, with a flashing, backward, heart-bursting realization that I had been good to him. These are many words, but three changing expressions, melting swiftly into each other on the child's ashen face, told it all.

Jim did the best he could; it was useless, but it was all his lights and his gifts were equal to. He could run, and he ran, far and fast, starting at once, with only a half-choked word and a nod to Rudolph, and taking himself off in good shape, though he was so white.

Rudolph and I were alone, and already my power to cling to the rock was weakening.

I tried to wriggle myself upward; I slipped a very little further down. Rudolph now nodded reassuringly at me, saying in a queer, low voice, "In one minute," as he ran a short distance to where a lot of poles lay cut for some purpose. He came back dragging one. The nearest point to me that offered firm anchorage was where, at one side and somewhat above me, stood a young hemlock in a cleft in the rock. Rudolph selected the spot in an instant, but the distance between me and it was greater than the length of the pole. He immediately stripped off his coarse cotton shirt. Splitting one sleeve in two, he knotted the parts firmly around the tree. He tore a strip off the garment; he tied that, with a loop hanging, just above the butt end of the pole. By holding to the shirt bound to the tree, he could extend his range perhaps a foot; the loop at the end of the pole gave him a few inches more. He clutched the shirt, put his other hand through the loop and twisted it about his wrist, slipped toward me as far as he could on his knees, and

pushed me the pole. Not a moment had been lost. I could reach it, if I caught quick and firm, before I had time to slip, after relaxing my pressure on the rock. There was nothing else to do.

A minute later I sat at the foot of the hemlock, and Death had once more fled into the far dim haze of the unrealized future, but I was cold with the feel of his breath upon me. It seemed hours before two haggard-faced men rode up on unsaddled, foaming horses.

That night, as the household sat around the fireplace, all having with me, I think, a little special realization of life's "human richness like the rose," in contrast to a "cold, abysmal, blank, alien eternity," I said to my cousin, the head of our family, that now he could hardly refuse to listen to my prayer that something be done for Rudolph, that he be given some opportunity.

"I certainly cannot, my child," he replied. "What do you want done?"

"We had better talk to him about it," I said; "he is the wisest person for that question, by all odds. I think if he chooses quite freely, it will be to go to some decent school for a year; then he will know better how to decide for the next year."

"Yes, yes," said my kinsman thoughtfully, looking at Jim, curled up asleep on the floor like a little dog, "I think you are right, that he will absorb knowledge through the pores of his skin. He is a remarkable boy, — undoubtedly a very remarkable boy. Make yourself easy, my little girl; we can't neglect him now," and he patted my head as he rose from his chair.

The next day came the end, — the stupid, meaningless, miserable end. I cannot dwell upon it.

Rudolph was coming through one of the little peninsulas of woodland that here and there invaded the straggling village. He caught his foot in a vine, staggered against a tree, appeared to regain his foothold, and then sank down. Some boys at a distance saw this, but what was it to call for special attention? They went on.

It seems to have been more than half an hour later that a man, coming along the path, found the child, dead. He lay under the soft drifting bright leaves, in a pool of blood. He had cut his wrist with a big sharp knife, his pride, which he had open in his hand when he stumbled. An artery was severed; he had bled to death.

By such fantastic fooling did Chance take the life that the day before had been gallantly risked for mine, and so were stilled the heart and brain to whose power I owe all these happy years.

For a decade has passed since, alone in the sweet checkered autumn sunshine, the rarest child, the most hope-stirring human being, I ever knew lay dying. Would that these pages might give some shadowy glimpse of that noble and splendid little figure, and defy ever so faintly and ineffectually the hideous recklessness of the Fate that thus quenched such a life!

He was buried in the small unkempt graveyard on the hill. I have not seen the spot since that winter. Perhaps half a dozen people in the world, within as many years, have remembered that he once lived. Beyond these his memory is faded from the earth, as though he had never been.

Viola Roseboro'.

A PSALM OF THE WATERS.

Lo! this is a psalm of the waters, —
The wavering, wandering waters:
With languages learned in the forest,
With secrets of earth's lonely caverns,
The mystical waters go by me
On errands of love and of beauty,
On embassies friendly and gentle,
With shimmer of brown and of silver.
In pools of dark quiet they ponder,
Where the birch, and the elm, and the maple
Are dreams in the soul of their stillness.
In eddying spirals they loiter,
For touch of the fern-plumes they linger,
Caress the red mesh of the pine roots,
And quench the strong thirst of the leafage
That, high overhead, with its shadows
Requites the soft touch of their giving:
Like him whose supreme benediction
Made glad, for love's service instinctive,
The heart of the Syrian woman.
O company, stately and gracious,
That wait the sad axe on the hillside!
My kinsmen since far in the ages
We tossed, you and I, as dull atoms,
The sport of the wind and the water.
We are as a greater has made us,
You less and I more; yet forever
The less is the giver, and thankful,
The guest of your quivering shadows,
I welcome the counseling voices
That haunt the dim aisles of the forest.

Lo, this is a psalm of the waters,
That wake in us yearnings prophetic,
That cry in the wilderness lonely
With meanings for none but the tender.
I hear in the rapids below me
Gay voices of little ones playing,
And echoes of boisterous laughter
From grim walls of resonant granite.
'T is gone — it is here — this wild music!
Untamed by the ages, as gladsome
As when, from the hands of their Maker,
In wild unrestraint the swift waters
Leapt forth to the bountiful making
Of brook, and of river and ocean.

I linger, I wonder, I listen.
Alas! is it I who interpret
The cry of the masterful north wind,
The hum of the rain in the hemlock,
As chorals of joy or of sadness,
To match the mere moods of my being?
Alas for the doubt and the wonder!
Alas for the strange incompleteness
That limits with boundaries solemn
The questioning soul! Yet forever
I know that these choristers ancient
Have touch of my heart; and alas, too,
That never was love in its fullness
Told all the great soul of its loving!
I know, too, the years that, remorseless,
Have hurt me with sorrow bring ever
More near for my help the quick healing,
The infinite comfort of nature;
For surely the childhood that enters
This heaven of wood and of water
Is won with gray hairs, in the nearing
That home ever open to childhood.

And you, you my brothers, who suffer
In serfdom of labor and sorrow,
What gain have your wounds, that forever
Man bridges with semblance of knowledge
The depths he can never illumine?
Or binds for his service the lightning,
Or prisons the steam of the waters?
What help has it brought to the weeper?
How lessened the toil of the weary?
Alas! since at evening, deserted,
Job sat in his desolate anguish,
The world has grown wise; but the mourner
Still weeps and will weep; and what helping
He hath from his God or his fellow
Eludes the grave sentinel reason,
Steals in at the heart's lowly portal,
And helps, but will never be questioned.
Yea, then, let us take what they give us,
And ask not to know why the murmur
Of winds in the pine-tree has power
To comfort the hurt of life's battle,
To help when our dearest are helpless.
Lo, here stands the mother. She speaketh
As when at his tent door the Arab
Calls, Welcome! in language we know not;
Cries, Enter, and share with thy servant!

S. Weir Mitchell.

LITERARY SHIBBOLETHS.

THERE is a delightful little story, very well told by Mr. James Payn, the novelist, about an unfortunate young woman who for years concealed in her bosom the terrible fact that she did not think John Gilpin funny; and who at last, in an unguarded moment, confessed to him her guilty secret, and was promptly comforted by the assurance that, for his part, he had always found it dull. The weight that was lifted from that girl's mind made her feel for the first time that she was living in an age which tolerates freedom of conscience, and in a land where the Holy Office is unknown. It is only to be feared that her newly acquired liberty inclined her to be as much of a Philistine as Mr. Payn himself, and to believe with him that all orthodoxy is of necessity hypocritical, and that when a man says he admires the Faerie Queene, or Paradise Lost, or Rabelais, the chances are that he knows little or nothing about them. Now, as a matter of fact, it is seldom safe to judge others too rigidly by our own inadequate standards, or to assume that because we prefer In Memoriam to Lycidas, our friend is merely adopting a tone of grievous superiority when he modestly but firmly asserts his preference for the earlier dirge. It is even possible that although we may find Don Quixote dull and The Excursion vapid, another reader, no whit cleverer, we are sure, than ourselves, may enjoy them both, with honest laughter and with keen delight. There is doubtless as much affectation in the world of books as in the worlds of art and fashion; but there must always be a certain proportion of men and women who, whether by natural instinct or acquired grace, derive pleasure from the highest ranks of literature, and who should in common justice be permitted to say so, and to return thanks for the blessings accorded them. "It is in our power to think as we will," says Marcus Aurelius, and it should be our further privilege to give unfettered expression to our thoughts.

Nevertheless, human nature is weak and erring, and the pitfalls dug for us by wily critics are baited with the most ensnaring devices. It is not the great writers of the world who have the largest following of sham admirers, but rather that handful of choice spirits who, we are given to understand, appeal only to a small and chosen band. Few of us find it worth our while to pretend a passionate devotion for Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dante. On the contrary, nothing is more common than to hear people complain that the Inferno is unpleasant and Paradise Lost dreadfully long, neither of which charges is easily refutable in terms. But when we read in a high-class review that "just as Spenser is the poet's poet, so Peacock is the delight of critics and of wits;" or that "George Meredith, writing as he does for an essentially cultivated and esoteric audience, has won but a limited recognition for his brilliant group of novels;" or that "the subtle and far-reaching excellence of Ibsen's dramatic work is a quality absolutely undecipherable to the groundlings," who can resist tendering his allegiance on the spot? It is not in the heart of man to harden itself against the allurements of that magic word "esoteric," nor to be indifferent to the distinction it conveys. Mr. Payn, indeed, in a robust spirit of contradiction, has left it on record that he found Headlong Hall and Crotchet Castle intolerably dull; but this I believe to have been an unblushing falsehood, in the case of the latter story, at least. It is hardly within the bounds of possibility that a man blessed with so keen

a sense of humor could have found the Rev. Dr. Folliott dull; but it is quite possible that the average reader, whose humorous perceptions are of a somewhat restricted nature, should find Mr. Peacock enigmatic, and the oppressive brilliancy of Mr. Meredith's novels a heavy load to bear. There is such a thing as being intolerably clever, and Evan Harrington and The Egoist are fruitful examples of the fact. The mind is kept on a perpetual strain, lest some fine play of words, some elusive witticism, should be disregarded; the sense of continued effort paralyzes enjoyment; fatigue provokes in us an ignoble spirit of contrariety, and we sigh perversely for that serene atmosphere of dullness which in happier moments we affected to despise.

"A man," says Dr. Johnson bluntly, "ought to read just as inclination leads him, for what he reads as a task will do him little good." In other words, if his taste is for Mr. Rider Haggard's ingenious tales, it is hardly worth his while to pretend that he prefers Tolstoï. His more enlightened brother will indeed pass him by with a shiver of pained surprise, but he has the solid evidence of the booksellers to prove that he is not sitting alone in his darkness. Yet nowadays the critic diverts his heaviest scorn from the guilty author, who does not mind it at all, to the sensitive reader, who minds it a great deal too much; and the result is that cowardice prompts a not unnatural deception. Few of us remember what Dr. Johnson chanced to say on the subject, and fewer still are prepared to solace ourselves with his advice; but when an unsparing disciplinarian like Mr. Frederic Harrison lays down the law with a chastening hand, we are all of us aroused to a speedy and bitter consciousness of our deficiencies. "The incorrigible habit of reading little books" — a habit, one might say, analogous to that of eating common food — meets with scant tolerance at the hands of this inexorable reformer. Better, far better, never to read at all, and so keep the mind "open and healthy," than be betrayed into seeking "desultory information" from the rank and file of literature. To be simply entertained by a book is an unpardonable sin; to be gently instructed is very little better. In fact, Mr. Harrison carries his severity to such a pitch that, on reaching this humiliating but comforting sentence, "Systematic reading, in its true sense, is hardly possible for women," it was with a feeble gasp of relief that I realized our ignominious exclusion from the race. I do not see *why* systematic reading should be hardly possible for women, any more than I see what is to become of Mr. Harrison if we are to give up little books, but never before did the limitations of sex appear in so friendly a light. There is something frightful in being required to enjoy and appreciate all masterpieces; to read with equal relish Milton, and Dante, and Calderon, and Goethe, and Homer, and Scott, and Voltaire, and Wordsworth, and Cervantes, and Molière, and Swift. One is irresistibly reminded of Mrs. Blimber surveying the infant Paul Dombey. "Like a bee," she murmured, "about to plunge into a garden of the choicest flowers, and sip the sweets for the first time. Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Terence, Plautus, Cicero. What a world of honey have we here!" And what a limited appetite and digestion awaited them! After all, these great men did not invariably love one another, even when they had the chance. Goethe, for instance, hated Dante, and Scott very cordially disliked him; Voltaire had scant sympathy with Paradise Lost, and Wordsworth focused his true affection upon the children of his own pen.

It is very amusing to see the position now assigned by critics to that arch-offender, Charles Lamb, who, himself the idlest of readers, had no hesitation in commending the same unscrupulous methods to his friends. We are told in

one breath of his unerring literary judgment, and in the next are solemnly warned against accepting that judgment as our own. He is the most quoted because the most quotable of writers, yet every one who uses his name seems faintly displeased at hearing it upon another's lips. I have myself been reminded with some sharpness, by a reviewer, that illustrations drawn from Lamb counted for nothing in my argument, because his was "a unique personality," a "pure imagination, which even the drama of the Restoration could not pollute." But this seems to be assuming more than we have any right to assume. I cannot take it upon myself to say, for example, that Mr. Bagehot's mind was more susceptible to pollution than Charles Lamb's. I am not sufficiently in the secrets of Providence to decide upon so intimate and delicate a question. But, granted that others have a clearer light on these matters than I have, it would still appear as though the unpolluted source were the best from which to draw one's help and inspiration. What really makes Lamb a doubtful guide through the mazes of literature is the fact that there is not a single rule given us in these sober days for the proper administration of our faculties which he did not take a positive pleasure in transgressing. His often-quoted heresy in regard to those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without" might perhaps be spared the serious handling it receives; but his letters abound in passages equally shameless and perverting. "I feel as if I had read all the books I want to read," he writes unconcernedly; and again, "I take less pleasure in reading than heretofore, but I like books about books." And so, alas! do we; though this is the most serious charge laid at our doors, and one which has subjected us to the most humiliating reproofs. It is very pleasant to have Mr. Ainger tell us what an admirable critic Lamb was, and with what unerring certainty he pointed out the best lines of Wordsworth and Southey and Coleridge. The fact remains — though to this Mr. Ainger does not draw our attention — that he found nothing to praise in Byron, heartily disliked Shelley, never, so far as we can see, read Keats, condemned Faust unhesitatingly as "a disagreeable, canting tale of seduction," and discovered strong points of resemblance between Southey and Milton. Under these circumstances, it is hardly safe to elect him as a critical fetich, if we feel the need of such an article, merely because he admired the Ancient Mariner and Blake's Chimney Sweeper, and did not particularly admire We are Seven. Even his fine and subtle sympathy with Shakespeare is a thing to be revered and envied, rather than analyzed and drawn into service, where it will answer little purpose. But what is none the less sure is that Lamb recognized by a swift and delicate intuition the literary food that was best fitted to nourish his own intellectual growth. This was Sir Walter Scott's secret, and this was Lamb's. Both knew instinctively what was good for them, and a clear perception of our individual needs is something vastly different from idle preference based on an ignorant conceit. It is what we have each of us to learn if we would hope to thrive; and while we may be aided in the effort, yet a general command to read and enjoy all great authors seldom affords us the precise assistance we require.

Still less do we derive any real help from those more contentious critics, who, being wedded hard and fast to one particular author or to one particular school of thought, refuse, with ostentatious continency, to cast lingering looks upon any other type of loveliness. Literary monogamy, as practiced by some of our contemporaries, makes us sigh for the old genial days of Priest Martin, when the tyranny of opinions had not yet grown into a binding yoke, and

when it was still possible to follow the example of Montaigne's old woman, and light one candle to Saint Michael and another to the dragon. At present, the saint — or perhaps the dragon — stands in a blaze of glory, all the more lustrous for the dark shadow thrown on his antagonist. "Praise handed in by disparagement," the Greek drama whipped upon the back of Genesis, if I may venture to quote Charles Lamb again, this is the modern method of procedure, — a method successfully inaugurated by Macaulay, who could find no better way of eulogizing Addison than by heaping antithetical reproaches upon Steele. In a little volume of lectures upon Russian literature, lectures which were sufficiently popular to bear both printing and delivery, I find the art of persuasiveness illustrated by this firebrand of a sentence, hurled like an anathema at the heads of a peaceful and unoffending community: "Read Tolstoï! Read humbly, read admiringly! Reading him in this spirit shall in itself be unto you an education of your highest artistic nature. And when your souls have become able to be thrilled to their very depths by the unspeakable beauty of Tolstoï's art, you will then learn to be ashamed of the thought that for years you sensible folk of Boston have been capable of allowing the Stevensons with their Hydes, and the Haggards with their Shes, and even the clumsy Wards with their ponderous Elsmeres, to steal away, under the flag of literature, your thoughtful moments."

Now, apart from the delightful vagueness of perspective, — for Robert Elsmere and She grouping themselves amicably together is a spectacle too pleasant to be lost, — I cannot but think that there is something oppressive about the form in which Mr. Panin offers his comments to the world. It reminds one of that highly dramatic scene in Bulwer's Richelieu, where the aged cardinal hurls "the curse of Rome" at a whole stageful of people, who shrink and cower without knowing very distinctly at what. Why should critics, I wonder, always adopt this stringent and defiant tone when they would beguile us to the enjoyment of Russian fiction? Why should the reading of Tolstoï necessarily imply a contempt for Robert Louis Stevenson? Why, when we have been "thrilled to our very depths" by Peace and War or Anna Karenina, should we not devote a few spare moments to the consideration of Markheim, a story whose solemn intensity of purpose in no way mars its absolute and artistic beauty? And why, above all, should we be petulantly reprimanded, like so many stupid and obstinate children? I cannot even think that Mr. Howells is justified in calling the English nation "those poor islanders," as if they were dancing naked somewhere in the South Seas, merely because they love George Eliot and Thackeray as well as Jane Austen. They love Jane Austen too. We all love her right heartily, but we have no need to emulate good Queen Anne, who, as Swift observed, had not a sufficient stock of amity for more than one person at a time. We may not, indeed, be prepared to say with Mr. Howells that Miss Austen is "the first and the last of the English novelists to treat material with entire truthfulness," having some reasonable doubts as to the precise definition of truth. We may not care to emphasize our affection for her by repudiating with one breath all her great successors. We may not even consider The Newcomes and Henry Esmond as illustrating the degeneracy of modern fiction; yet nevertheless we may enjoy some fair half-hours in the company of Emma Woodhouse and Mr. Elton, of Catherine Morland and Elizabeth Bennet. Only, when we are searching for a shibboleth by which to test our neighbor's intellectual worth, let not Jane Austen's be the name, lest we be rewarded for our trouble by hearing the

faint, clear ripple of her amused laughter — that gentle, feminine, merciless laughter — echoing softly from the dwelling-place of the immortals.

It is inevitable, moreover, that too much rigidity on the part of teachers should be followed by a brisk spirit of insubordination on the part of the taught. Accordingly, now and then, some belligerent freeman rushes into print, and shakes our souls by declaring breathlessly that he hates "Wagner, and Mr. Irving, and the Elgin Marbles, and Goethe, and Leonardo da Vinci;" and this rank socialism in literature and art receives a very solid and shameless support from the more light-minded writers of the day. Mr. Birrell, for instance, fails to see why the man who liked Montgomery's poetry should have been driven away from it by Macaulay's stormy rhetoric; and why Macaulay himself could not have let poor Montgomery alone; and why "some cowardly fellow" should join in the common laugh at Tupper, when he knows very well that in his secret soul he much prefers the Proverbial Philosophy to Atalanta in Calydon or Empedocles on Etna. A recent contributor to Macmillan assures us, with discouraging candor, that it is all vanity to educate ourselves into admiring Turner, and that it is not worth while to try and like the Mahabharata or the Origin of Species if we really enjoy King Solomon's Mines or the Licensed Victualler's Gazette. On the other hand, we have Ruskin's word for it that unless we love Turner with our whole hearts we shall not be — artistically speaking — saved; and hosts of strenuous critics in the field of letters are each and every one assuring us that there is no intellectual future for the world unless we speedily tender our allegiance wherever he says it is due. Poet-censors, like Mr. Swinburne, whose words are bitterness and whose charity is small, lay crooked yokes upon our galled necks. Even the story-tellers have now turned reviewers on their own account, and gravely tell us how many novels, besides their own, we should feel ourselves at liberty to read.

Under these circumstances, it is hardly a matter of surprise that people whose minds are, as Mr. Bagehot termed it, "to let" stand hesitating between license and servitude. On the one side, we hear men — intelligent men, too — boasting that they never read anything but the newspapers, and seeming to take a perverted pride in their own melancholy deprivation. On the other, we see both men and women, and sometimes even children, practicing a curious sort of literary asceticism, and devoting themselves conscientiously and very conspicuously to the authors they least enjoy. These martyrs to an advanced cultivation find their self-imposed tasks, I am happy to think, grow harder year by year. Helen Pendennis, occasionally reading Shakespeare, "whom she pretended to like, but did n't," had comparatively an easy time of it; but her successor to-day, who goes to a Browning Society when she would prefer cards and conversation; who sits, perplexed and doubtful, through a performance of A Doll's House when Little Lord Fauntleroy represents her dramatic preference; who reads Matthew Arnold and Tourguéneff, and now and then Mr. Pater, when she really enjoys Owen Meredith, and Bootles' Baby, and the Duchess, pays a heavy price for her enviable reputation. "The true value of souls is in proportion to what they can admire," says Marius the Epicurean; but the true value of our friends' distinction is in proportion to the books we behold in their hands. We have hardly yet outgrown the critical methods of the little heroine of Mademoiselle Panache, who knows that Lady Augusta is accomplished because she has seen her music and heard of her drawings; and, as few of us resemble the late Mr.

Mark Pattison in his unwillingness to create a good impression, we naturally make an effort to be taken at our best. Mr. Payn once said that Macaulay had frightened thousands into pretending they knew authors with whom they had not even a bowing acquaintance; and though the days of his autocracy are over, it has been succeeded by a more fastidious and stringent legislation. We no longer feel it incumbent upon us to profess an intimacy with Thucydides nor to revere the Pilgrim's Progress. Indeed, a recent critic has been found brave enough to speak harsh words concerning the Delectable Mountains and the Valley of Humiliation, — words that would have frozen the current of Macaulay's blood, and startled even the tolerant Sainte-Beuve, weary as he confessed himself of the Pilgrim's vaunted perfections. But there is always a little assortment of literary shibboleths, whose names we con over with careful glibness, that we may assert our intimacy in hours of peril; nor should we, in justice, be censured very severely for doing what is too often with us, as with the Ephraimites, a deed of simple self-defense.

These passwords of culture, although their functions remain always the same, vary greatly with each succeeding generation; and, as they make room in turn for one another, they give to the true and modest lovers of an author a chance to enjoy him in peace. Wordsworth is now, for example, the cherished friend of a tranquil and happy band, who read him placidly in green meadows or by their own firesides, and forbear to trouble themselves about the obstinate blindness of the disaffected. But there was a time when battles royal were fought over his fame, owing principally, if not altogether, to the insulting pretensions of his followers. It was then considered a correct and seemly thing to vaunt his peculiar merits, as if they reflected a shadowy grandeur upon all who praised them, very much in the spirit of the little Australian boy who said to Mr. Froude, "Don't you think the harbor of Sydney does us great credit?" To which the historian's characteristic reply was, "It does, my dear, if you made it." Apart from the prolonged and pointless discussion of Wordsworth's admirable moral qualities, "as though he had been the candidate for a bishopric," there was always a delicately implied claim on the part of his worshipers that they possessed finer perceptions than their neighbors, that they were in some incomprehensible way open to influences which revealed nothing to less subtle and discriminating souls. The same tone of heartfelt superiority is noticeable among the very ardent admirers of Robert Browning, who seem to be perpetually offering thanks to Heaven that they are not as other men, and who evince a gentle but humiliating contempt for their uninitiated fellow-creatures; while Ibsen's fervent devotees dwell on the mountain-tops apart. How many people, I wonder, who believe that they have loved Shelley all their lives, find themselves exceedingly dazed and harassed by what Mr. Freeman calls "the snares of Shelleyana," a mist of confusing chatter and distorted praise! How many unambitious readers, who would fain enjoy their Shakespeare quietly, are pursued even to their peaceful chimney-corners by the perfidious devices of commentators and of cranks! In the mean while, an experienced few ally themselves, with supreme but transient enthusiasm, to Frédéric Mistral or to Pushkin, to Omar Khayyám or to Amiel; and an inexperienced many strive falteringly to believe that they were acquainted with the Rubáiyát before the date of Mr. Vedder's illustrations, and that the diary of a half-Germanized Frenchman, submerged in a speculative and singularly cheerless philosophy, represents the intellectual food for which their souls are craving.

The object of criticism, it has been said, is to supply the world with a basis, a definition which cannot be accused of lacking sufficient liberality and breadth. Yet, after applying the principle for a good many years, it is discouraging to note that what has really been afforded us is less a basis than a battlefield, the din and tumult from which strike a discordant note in our lives. That somewhat contemptuous severity with which critics address the general public, and which the general public very stoutly resents, is urbanity itself when compared with the language which they feel themselves privileged to use to one another. Señor Armando Palacio Valdés, for example, who has been recently presented to us as a clear beacon-light to guide our wandering steps, has no hesitation in saying that "among the vulgar, *of course*," he includes "the greater part of those who write literary criticism, and who constitute the worst vulgar, since they teach what they do not know." But this is the kind of thing that is very easy to say, and carries no especial weight when said. The "of course" adds, indeed, a faint flavor of unconscious humor to the enviable complacency of the whole, and there is always a certain satisfaction to a generous soul in the sight of a fellow-mortal so thoroughly enjoying the altitude to which he believes he has risen.

> "Let us sit on the thrones
> In a purple sublimity,
> And grind down men's bones
> To a pale unanimity,"

sings Mrs. Browning in one of her less luminous moments; and Señor Valdés and his friends respond with alacrity, "We will!" Unhappily, however, "the greater part of those who write literary criticism," while perhaps no more vulgar than their neighbors, are not generous enough nor humorous enough to appreciate the delicate irony of the situation. They rush forward to protest with energetic ill temper, and the air is dark with warfare. Alas for those who succeed, as Montaigne observed, in giving to their harmless opinions a fatal air of importance! Alas for those who tilt with irrational chivalry at all that man holds dear! How many years have passed since Saint-Evremond uttered his cynical protest against the unprofitable wisdom of reformers; and to-day, when one half the world devotes itself strenuously to the correction and improvement of the other half, what is the result, save pretense, and contention, and a dismal consciousness of insecurity! More and more do we sigh for greater harmony and repose in the intellectual life; more and more do we respect the tranquil sobriety of that wise old worldling, Lord Chesterfield, who counsels every man to think as he pleases, or rather as he can, but to forbear to disclose his valuable ideas when they are of a kind to disturb the peace of society.

In reading the recently published letters of Edward Fitzgerald, we cannot fail to be struck with the amount of unmixed pleasure he derived from his books, merely because he approached them with such instinctive honesty and singleness of purpose. He was perfectly frank in his satisfaction, and he was wholly innocent of any didactic tendency. Those subjects which he confessed he enjoyed because he only partly understood them, "just as the old women love sermons," he refrained from interpreting to his friends; those "large, still books," like Clarissa Harlowe, for which he shared all Tennyson's enthusiasm, he forbore to urge upon less leisurely readers. And what a world of meaning in that single line, "For human delight, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Scott"! For human delight! The words sound like a caress; a whole sunny vista opens before us; idleness and pleasure lure us gently on; a warm and mellow atmosphere surrounds us; we are invited, not driven, to be happy. I cannot but compare Fitzgerald reading Scott, "for

human delight," in the quiet winter evenings, with a very charming old gentleman whom I recently saw working conscientiously — so I thought — through Tolstoï's Peace and War. He sighed a little when he spoke to me, and held up the book for inspection. "My daughter-in-law sent it to me," he explained resignedly, "and said I must be sure and read it. But," — this with a sudden sense of gratitude and deliverance, — "thank Heaven! one volume was lost on the way." Now we have Mr. Andrew Lang's word for it that the Englishmen of to-day, "those poor islanders," indeed, are better acquainted with Anna Karenina than with The Fortunes of Nigel, and we cannot well doubt the assertion in view of the too manifest regret with which it is uttered. But then nobody reads The Fortunes of Nigel because he has been told to read it, nor because his neighbors are reading it, nor because he wants to say that he has read it. The hundred and one excellent reasons for becoming acquainted with Tolstoï or Ibsen resolve themselves into a single motive when we turn to Scott. It is "for human delight" or nothing. And if, even to children, this joy has grown somewhat tasteless of late years, I fear the reason lies in their lack of healthy unconsciousness. They are taught so much they did not use to know about the correct standing of authors, they are so elaborately directed in their recreations as well as in their studies, that the old simple charm of self-forgetful absorption in a book seems well-nigh lost to them. It is not very encouraging to see a bright little girl of ten making believe she enjoys Miss Austen's novels, and to hear her mother's complacent comments thereon, when we realize how exclusively the fine, thin perfection of Miss Austen's work appeals to the mature observation of men and women, and how utterly out of harmony it must be with the crude judgment and expansive ideality of a child. I am willing to believe that these abnormally clever little people, who read grown-up books so conspicuously in public, love their Shakespeares, and their Grecian histories, and their Idylls of the King. I have seen literature of the delicately elusive order, like The Marble Faun, and Elsie Venner, and Lamia, devoured with a wistful eagerness that plainly revealed the awakened imagination responding with quick delight to the sweet and subtle charm of mystery. But I am impelled to doubt the attractiveness of Thackeray to the youthful mind, even when I have just been assured that Henry Esmond is "a lovely story;" and I am still more skeptical as to Miss Austen's marvelous hair-strokes conveying any meaning at all to the untrained faculties of a child. Can it be that our boys and girls have learned from Emerson and Carlyle not to wish to be amused? Or is genuine amusement so rare that, like Mr. Payn's young friend, they have grown reconciled to a pretended sensation, and strive dutifully to make the most of it? Alas! such pretenses are not always the facile things they seem, and if a book is ever to become a friend to either young or old, it must be treated with that simple integrity on which all lasting amity is built. "Read, not to contradict and confute," says Lord Bacon, "nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse;" and, in the delicate irony of this advice, we discern the satisfaction of the philosopher in having deprived the mass of mankind of the only motives which prompt them to read at all.

Agnes Repplier.

THE FUNERAL OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

NOTE. — All that is of interest or value in the following pages has been selected from a large number of manuscripts, collected with infinite labor and care by the late Doyne C. Bell from every available source, as the groundwork of an exhaustive history of Royal Interments, the completion of which his regretted death unfortunately prevented. That this article is far beneath, and perhaps altogether aside from, the form it would have taken under his own hand is a fact, I fear, painfully conspicuous. He had not himself made any attempt to arrange this portion of the materials, and in endeavoring to establish some record of his painstaking research I have been guided alone by the desire to put forward what might appeal to the general reader rather than to the archæologist or the historian, for whom his work was designed.

It is but fair to his memory to state that only the facts were obtained from his papers, and that he is in no way responsible for the opinions expressed; from some or all of which he may have radically differed.

"PAST one o'clock, and a fine, warm night."

Thus, according to his wonted custom, the old watchman cried along the quaint, gabled streets of the little city of Peterborough, in Northamptonshire, on the night of Sunday, the 30th of July, — or, reckoning by the reformed calendar, the 8th of August, — in the year 1587.

If, however, he was but fulfilling his ordinary duties, he was doing so under altogether exceptional and unprecedented circumstances. The place which is described by a contemporary French writer, a member of the household of Queen Mary of Scotland, as "a small town, not walled any more than the other towns of England," was, as a rule, at that hour silent and deserted; the houses close shut and darkling; the watchman's step the sole one on the street; his voice and the clanging bells of the cathedral the only disturbers of the calm. But now every house was illuminated, all doors were open, and each honest citizen, who should have been wrapped in well-earned slumber, was watching on the outskirts of the town, or making his way through the hurrying throng, with his wife and children, across the populous market-place and under the old stone gateway into the open space before the lofty arches and battlemented towers of the cathedral church of St. Peter.

Presently, those who were looking out through the darkness beheld, far away across the rich, flat land, a cluster of distant lights advancing from the direction of Fotheringhay, Fotheringay, or Fotheringham Castle, as it is variously called.

"They are coming! They are coming!" The murmur ran and spread until it was whispered in the bishop's palace and cried in the close. Nearer and nearer, slowly they drew on. The rumble of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, and lastly the softer fall of footsteps and the low hum of voices broke upon the listening ear.

The town was reached; the glare of flickering torches threw leaping lights and shadows upon the walls and crowded casements on either hand, and the silent procession swept on between the ranks of citizens, who reverently unbonneted as the strange vehicle which the new arrivals were escorting creaked heavily past, and then, with the gravity of respect, not of grief, fell into the train and followed on behind.

A strange array, truly, well befitting time and place; one which mothers held their children high to see, that they might tell of it to their successors, by the fireside, in years to come, when their own heads were gray.

At the head rode Sir William Dethick, Garter King at Arms, attired in deep mourning, accompanied by five heralds in their embroidered coats; next, a body

of horsemen, "gentlemen and others, and some servitors and lacqueys, all dressed in mourning;" and then, surrounded by footmen carrying the flaring torches that had lighted the way, and followed by six servants of the illustrious dead (some French, some Scotch, but all Gallicized by the recorder of these events as Melvin, Master of the Household, Burgoin, Pierre Corion, Annibal Steuard, Jean Lauder, and Nicholas de la Mare), came on the central object of interest to the hushed and gaping towns-folk, — a royal carriage, drawn by four horses in long funereal trappings emblazoned with the arms of Scotland. The coach, itself overlaid also with black velvet, and "covered all round with small bannerolls, exhibiting partly the arms of Scotland, partly those of the house of Anjou," at a cost of eighteen pounds, six shillings, and eightpence, contained, "enclosed in lead and the same coffined in wood," the body of her to whose honor all this gloomy display was addressed.

At the great door of the cathedral, as soon as the arrival of the *cortége* was made known, all was ready for its reception.

Three or four days previously, the heralds had ridden down from London in order to fix upon a place for the interment, which, with the assistance of the bishop and dean, had been done; the spot chosen being in the south aisle of the cathedral, on the right side within the choir, immediately opposite the canopied monument erected over the tomb of "that good Queen Catherine, wife of the late King Henry VIII." Here "was made a grave, bricked all round and of sufficient depth;" ten pounds having been paid for breaking the earth and constructing the vault.

As the equipage halted before the entrance to the cathedral, the bishop, Dr. Howland, "in his episcopal habit, but without mitre, crosier, or cope;" the dean and chapter "in their canonicals;" Mr. Fortescue, the Master of the Wardrobe; Robert Cooke, Esquire, Clarencieux King at Arms, and various other officials came out to receive it; and with such speed as was consistent with due reverence, the ponderous coffin, weighing in all nine hundredweight, was lifted from the chariot, and carried in procession to the grave. One pound sterling was deemed sufficient reward for the sturdy bearers.

The interior of the cathedral, under the directions of the Master of the Wardrobe, had been duly draped in mourning. Each second pillar in the nave was hung with two breadths of black baize, "six or seven yards from the floor," embroidered with the arms of the dead queen surmounted by an imperial crown. The choir and the semicircular space to the east of the bishop's throne were similarly adorned, the baize alone costing twenty pounds. "In the midst of this part," says one writer, "near the steps ascending from the choir, a stately and beautiful hearse was erected;" but according to other accounts, it would seem to have been placed in the middle of the choir itself. As, however, the first statement occurs in a manuscript belonging to the dean and chapter of the cathedral, it is probably correct.

That this unqualified encomium of an eye-witness was not altogether undeserved may be gathered from the description he proceeds to give, though the French attendant, who, with his fellow-servants, seems to have been determined to approve of nothing, dismisses it with a very brief mention, stating that it resembled somewhat the *chapelles ardentes* of his native land, and giving a few general details.

"The top," says the fuller account, "was octagonal, raised like a tent, covered with black baize, and ornamented with escutcheons of metal, and pinnacles at the corners. On some of these was depicted the shield of Scotland alone, on others France and Darnley impaling Scotland; a saltire argent in a field or; and a unicorn argent collared,

crowned, and chained or, on a field azure. On the top of the hearse were three escutcheons of Scotland gilded, and an imperial crown. The valence was of black velvet a yard and a half deep, fringed with gold three inches deep, adorned with four compartments of silver, two on each side. In these were small shields of arms in metal, with buckram between; and beneath the shield of Scotland this motto, 'In my defence God me defend.' At every corner over the valence was an escutcheon surmounted by an imperial crown, and fastened to black staves projecting a foot from the hearse; and round this part of the hearse were pencils of silk in form of streamers. The six principal posts were covered with black velvet, and over each a compartment, with a motto and a small escutcheon of metal."

To this minute word-picture may be added the following facts, gathered from the Camden Society's Mary, Queen of Scots. The timber frame of the hearse was twenty feet square, twenty-seven feet in height, and cost sixteen pounds; the hearse was surrounded by double rails covered with black cloth, the inner rails being lined with black baize; and the total expense of furnishing and preparing the erection was upwards of one hundred and fifty pounds.

Beneath the shadow of this imposing structure, lighted only by the candles of the church and the torches of the escort, in deathly silence, "without chanting, or tolling, or saying a word," the coffin was lowered into the vault. The bishop was prepared to continue at once with the funeral service, but after some eager whispered consultation among the principal assistants it was decided to defer all other rites until the following Tuesday, the day appointed for the ceremony; and in accordance with this resolution the cathedral was forthwith deserted, save by the few idlers who still lingered to watch the workmen who were engaged in arching over the grave with brick level with the floor, "leaving only an aperture of about a foot and a half, through which might be seen what was within, and also for admitting the broken staves of the officers, and the flags which it is customary to put down at the funerals of sovereigns."

There are two reasons given for this precipitate inclosure. The first is that the coffin "was so extreme heavy by reason of the lead that the gentlemen could not have endured to have carried it with leisure in the solemn proceeding." The second "occasion" is more naive than pleasant to a modern mind, but some light may be thrown upon it by the fact that in the bishop's accounts we find the item of two shillings and sixpence for "Perfumes."

The death of Mary, Queen of Scots, whose body was thus unceremoniously hurried into the earth, has been too often and too fully recounted to need recapitulation here. It is, however, necessary to note that, six months before, the head of the fascinating, scheming, and ambitious woman, whose existence within or without its borders had been a standing threat and constant peril to the state of England and the Protestant religion, had fallen beneath the headsman's axe; and while Henry Talbot, son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, was spurring along the country roads to carry to London the news that the long-brooding incubus was lifted from the national breast, the body of the unfortunate queen was lying in an apartment adjoining the hall in which she perished, still clad in the strange crimson garments she had herself chosen to wear that fatal day, and covered with a piece of old green baize stripped from a billiard-table, — strange contrast to that "rich pall of velvett embroidered with the Armes of the mightie Princesse," which was laid over her tomb, sixteen years afterwards, by the same Sir William Dethick who conducted her obsequies.

A pathetic account is given, in Blackwood's History of Mary, of the behavior of her maids, who, being harshly excluded from the chamber where she lay, gazed upon her from afar with streaming eyes, "thorowe a little hole of the chamber wall," of which melancholy satisfaction they were also rigorously deprived by the suspension before the aperture of a "cloath."

The bitter grief of her attendants was not shared by the bulk of the English people. As the tidings spread, bonfires and joy-bells greeted its arrival; to quote Charles Kingsley's words in Westward Ho! "All England, like a dreamer who shakes off some hideous nightmare, has leaped up in one tremendous shout of jubilation, as the terror and the danger of seventeen anxious years is lifted from its heart forever."

Elizabeth, it is true, burst into a spasm of real or affected anger, and for a time visited her displeasure upon all who had taken any part in the execution of her warrant, — a proceeding that the wily Walsingham had foreseen, and guarded against on his own account by a timely sickness, from which, after the event, he speedily and miraculously recovered.

It may be permissible to doubt how far these expressions of wrath were the product of actual passion. The late Professor Green accepted them as perfectly genuine. At any rate, it is certain that the politic queen would have preferred that her rival should have been removed by the secret assassination to which she endeavored to prompt Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drew Drury, — a proposal to which, to their credit be it said, they returned a firm and positive refusal, at the risk of offending mortally a by no means amiable ruler.

This excited thrill of popular delight was probably the main reason why Mary's body lay for six months, embalmed, salted, and wrapped in lead, before orders were given for its sepulture. During that period, the servants of her household had been detained practically as prisoners in Fotheringay Castle; and as no intimation of the intended removal had reached them, great indeed was their consternation and dismay when, at eight o'clock on that Sunday night, the coach and trappings, together with the officers and gentlemen already mentioned, arrived before the gateway of the castle.

In frightened groups they clustered together, discussing in doubt and terror what these things might mean. When they saw the strange men, all dressed in black, go into that woful chamber which they were never permitted to enter, and prepare to carry down all that remained of their beloved queen, they debated fearfully among themselves what course they should pursue. The women wept and trembled, but the men, with firmer purpose, whispered to one another that it was meet that some of them should follow the body, to see what was about to become of it; "deeming that it was not their duty to let it be carried away without being accompanied by some of them."

Seeing the perturbation that he and his assistants had created in these faithful breasts, Sir William Dethick, displaying a consideration for their feelings to which, it is to be feared, they were little used, went to them and explained fully his commission and the reasons for his departure that night, namely, the distance to be traversed, the weight of the coffin, the readiness of the vault, and, what was doubtless the true one, that the ceremony "could not take place on the first of August appointed without collecting a great concourse of people, and producing confusion or default of some kind." He further invited some of them to accompany the corpse for the satisfaction of their fears, while the rest could follow the next day, in order to be present at the funeral. This arrangement was finally agreed to; but the negotiations had taken time, and it was

not until ten o'clock that the body was "brought down, and reverently put into the coach, at which time the heralds put on their coats of arms, and, bareheaded, with torches light, brought the same forth of the castle."

The next morning being Monday, the bishop's household were early astir, preparing for the banquet, or "supper," to be held that day. The Master of the Wardrobe saw that the great chamber was properly hung with black, and a canopy of state, constructed of purple velvet, on the right side of it; while Mr. Dorrel and Mr. Cox, who had been especially sent down from the royal household for that purpose, superintended "the preparation for the diet." Still constant in his thoughtfulness for the late queen's servants, Sir William Dethick instructed a herald to invite them most courteously "to look at and consider the whole, explaining how he intended to proceed, that if they saw anything that needed amending or correcting, whatever it might be that they thought not proper, it should be made to their satisfaction; that such was the pleasure of his mistress, that nothing was to be spared; and that if he had failed to obey these directions it would be his fault, wishing the whole to be done in the most honorable manner possible." But not even this kindly and humble submission to their wishes could soften the proud hearts of the Scotch and French, still smarting under the loss of their adored mistress and their own unwarranted confinement, and to these overtures of peace "answer was very coldly made that it was not for them to find fault; that his mistress and he were discreet enough to do what was right, as they had agreed, and that the whole was dependent on their pleasure." With which chill rebuff, though scarcely deserved, Sir William presumably had to be content.

It is to be inferred that after this the implacable attendants were not present at the banquet, but nevertheless the same afternoon "the nobility and a large company assembled at the bishop's palace, and were entertained at supper." As this supper and the dinner next day cost altogether two hundred and ninety-nine pounds, nine shillings, and fourpence, Mr. Dorrel and Mr. Cox must have carried out their part of the proceedings in a generous and unstinting spirit.

By daybreak next morning, Tuesday, the 1st of August, old style, the country-folk far and near were up and at work, finishing such daily toil as must be done in order to be present in time to witness the stately ceremony appointed for that day; and the looker-out from the cathedral tower might have beheld in the flush of dawn the roads thronged with people pressing into the town from all the country-side, so that by eight o'clock "the concourse of people was so great as to amount to several thousands."

Within the bishop's palace, in the mean time, all was ready, and "about eight of the clock, the chief mourner, being the Countess of Bedford, was attended upon by all the Lords and Ladies, and brought into the presence chamber." This also was hung with black cloth, and a cloth of estate of purple velvet provided, "somewhat under" which the great dame was placed by the gentlemen ushers of the queen, whose duty it was to see that all was done in order.

"Having given to the great officers their staves of office, namely, to the Lord Steward" (Lord St. John of Basing), "Lord Chamberlayne" (Lord Dudley), "the treasurer" (Sir Edward Montague), "and comptroller" (Mr. Melvin, the last two having been officers to Queen Mary), "she took her way into the great hall where the corps stood."

This "corps," to which frequent reference is made in the descriptions of the subsequent ceremonial, was merely a symbol of that which lay in the vault, and consisted of "a representation in the form of a bier," covered over with

a pall of black velvet: from which circumstance it may be concluded that there was no actual waxen effigy of the deceased, such as it was customary to display at royal interments.

Upon the pall "lay a purple velvett cushion, fringed and tasseled with gold, and upon the same a close crown of gold set with stones;" and to this emblem of departed power all the fitting respect was paid until the conclusion of the service.

For a time the heralds were fully occupied in marshaling the great procession, but at length they set out solemnly to pace the distance from the palace to the cathedral. The silence of the previous Sunday night was no longer maintained, and the great bell boomed out its mournful note above the city roofs; for we find in the bishop's "duties" three pounds, six shillings, and eightpence for "ringing bells."

First in the slow advance came the Sheriff Bailiff and the Bailiff of Peterborough, followed by one hundred poor men, arrayed in mourning at the queen's expense, as we learn from the irreconcilable Frenchman, who says, "So anxious was the sweet Elizabeth to have it believed that she was sorry for the death of her Majesty that she furnished all the mourning dresses worn by those who walked in the procession, more than three hundred and fifty in number, paying the whole expense." This piece of unappreciated generosity must have formed a considerable item in the three hundred and twenty pounds, fourteen shillings, and sixpence certified by the Lord Treasurer as the cost of the queen's funeral, but which must refer to Elizabeth's expenditure alone, as the total outlay was upwards of two thousand pounds.

Next came John Hamshire and John Keyer, "two yeomen hamengers," preceding Sir George Savill, Knight (subsequently raised to a baronetcy by James I.), who bore the standard of Scotland, and was followed by "gentlemen in clokes to the number of fifty, being attendants on the Lords and Ladies." Mr. Eaton, Mr. Bykye, Mr. Flint, Mr. Charlton, Mr. Ceacavall, and Mr. Lyle, six grooms of the chamber to Queen Elizabeth, intervened between these and a further gathering of "men," "the Dean of Peterborough's man" leading, the number of twenty-eight being concluded by "the old Countess of Bedford's three men."

Nine "gentlemen sewers to the Queen's Majesty," namely, Mr. Fynes, Mr. Horseman, Mr. Martin, Mr. Holland, Mr. Crewster, Mr. Watson, Mr. Allington, Mr. Marmaduke Darrel, and Mr. Thomas Fescue, "in gowns," passed in advance of "Scots in clokes, seventeen in number," and "a Scottish priest," who wore a large cross pendent on his breast, and who, it was popularly whispered, was in reality a French Jesuit, which is far from improbable.

After these the greater dignitaries appeared: the chaplains to the Bishops of Peterborough and Lincoln; Mr. Fortescue, Master of the Wardrobe to the Queen's Majesty; Dr. Richard Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough; Dr. Howland, Bishop of Peterborough; and Dr. William Wickham, Bishop of Lincoln. Behind them waved the great banner borne by Sir Andrew Knowell, Knight, beneath the folds of which marched the four officers with their staves of office, while two ushers in cloaks, with black staves, escorted the "Atchievements of Honour borne by Heralds" as follows: "the Healme and Crest by Portcullis, the Target by York, the Sword by Rouge Dragon, and the Coat by Somersett."

Immediately following "Clarencieux King of Armes with a gentleman usher with him" (Mr. Conyngsbye), Mr. Francis Fortescue, Mr. William Fortescue, Mr. Thomas Stafford, Mr. Nicholas Smith, Mr. Nicholas Hyde, and a sixth, who was either Mr. Howland, the bish-

op's brother, or Mr. Fortescue, Senior, of Aywood, all "esquires in clokes," "bore the corps" with the proper "leisure in the solemn proceeding" which had been so carefully provided for. The canopy of black velvet fringed with gold was borne above it by four knights, — Sir Thomas Manners (fourth son of the Earl of Rutland), Sir George Hastings (son of Earl Huntingdon), Sir James Harrington (of Exton, Rutland, where he lies buried), and Sir Richard Knightly (of Fawsley, Northamptonshire); while the "assistants to the body, four barons which bore up the corners of the pall of velvett," were the Lord Mordaunt, the Lord Willoughby of Parham, the Lord Compton, and Sir Robert Cecil (eldest son of Lord Burleigh). The first and third of these, strangely enough, took part in the condemnation of her to whom they were now paying honor. "Eight bannerolles borne by esquires," namely, William Fitzwilliams, Mr. Griffin of Dingley, Mr. Robert Wingfield, Mr. Bevill, Mr. Lynne, Mr. John Wingfield, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. John Fortescue of Aywood, succeeded; of which "bannerolles" in their due order, together with the standard and "atchievements," engravings will be found in the Camden Society's Mary, Queen of Scots, copied from a drawing, with Dethick's account of the funeral.

Behind this hollow show, conducted by Sir William Dethick "with the gentleman usher," Mr. Brackenburye, "supported by the Earls of Rutland and Lincoln," and "her train borne up by the Lady St. John of Basing, and assisted by Mr. John Manners, Vice Chamberlain," came the chief mourner.

This lady, who was Bridget, second wife of Francis, Earl of Bedford, and herself the widow of two husbands, Sir Richard Morrison and Henry, Earl of Rutland, was attended by two countesses, those of Rutland and Lincoln, eight ladies, and two commoners, with one of whom, Mrs. Curle, described as a "Scots gentlewoman," a curious and incredible legend is connected.

There is a monument in the church of St. Andrew, at Antwerp, of which it is asserted that "Barbara Mowbray and Elizabeth Curle, both ladies of the bedchamber to Mary, Queen of Scots, and faithful companions of her various fortunes, after her execution were permitted to retire hither, and to take the *head* of their mistress with them, which they interred near a pillar opposite to the chapel of the Holy Sacrament."[1]

In the train came two yeomen of the guard, and "eight Scottish gentlewomen, two and two." It was these, presumably, who distinguished themselves by an exhibition of rancor against Queen Elizabeth, thus set down: "The Queen of England had some days before sent cloth to make mourning for the servants of her Majesty as much as was necessary for the men to make a cloak apiece for Monsr. Melvin and Monsr. Burgoin, and a gown for each of the women, but some of them declined it, making shift with their own dresses which they had got made for mourning, immediately after the death of the deceased; and as the head-dresses of the ladies and women were not according to the fashion of the country for mourning, a woman was sent on purpose to make others in their fashion, to be worn by them on the day of the funeral, and to be theirs afterwards."

The long procession was concluded by: "The gentlewomen of Countesses and Baronesses, according to their degree, all in black, with Paris heads," thirty in number. "Servants in black coates. The Countess of Bedford. Ten. The Countess of Rutland. Eight. The Countess of Lincoln. Eight. The Lady St. John of Basing. Five. All lords and ladyes.

[1] Mackie's Castles, etc. This legend may have taken its rise from the probable circumstance of the two ladies bearing with them in their exile a portrait of their late mistress, which might well have been hung upon the pillar, though not "interred" near it.

Five. All knights and their wives. Five. All esquires. One." And lastly, five hundred poor women.

While the end of this train was still on its way, its head had been already received at the door of the cathedral by the prebendaries and choir; and an anthem having been sung, the "corps" was carried into the choir and laid in the hearse before referred to. Some period of confusion ensued while the heralds arranged "the mourners according to their degree," during which "the Scots, except Mr. Melvin, quitted the Cathedral," which they regarded as "prophaned like all the churches of England," "and would not be present at the service or sermon."

When all were placed, the Bishop of Lincoln preached a sermon upon Psalm xxxix. 5, 6, and 7, in which "he only dwelt on the general doctrine of the vanity of all flesh," concluding with a prayer. It was no easy task to steer a steady course between the danger of pricking Elizabeth's jealous conscience and that of failing in respect to the dead, but he acquitted himself of the task like a veteran courtier. "Let us give thanks," he said, "for the happy dissolution of the high and mighty Princess, Mary, late Queen of Scotland, and Dowager of France, of whose life and death, at this time, I have not much to say, because I was not acquainted with the one, neither was I present at the other."

Other anthems were then sung while a long piece of velvet and a cushion were laid at the bishop's feet, after which the four chief officers were placed, "two at the top of the stairs under the Bishop's throne, and two beneath them," and then "the offering began very solemnly."

First, the chief mourner, preceded by the two principal heralds, and supported by the Earls of Rutland and Lincoln, Lady St. John of Basing bearing her train, attended by all the ladies, advanced to the cushion, and, kneeling, offered for the queen, all returning afterwards to their place. "The two Earls being stationed without the pale, before the Countess, one of the Kings at Arms brought from the hearse the coat-armour, gave it to the other King at Arms, and he delivered it to the two Earls; they carried it (obeisance being done to the Countess) to the Bishop, and kissed it on delivering it; a third herald took it of the Bishop and laid it down on the altar." The sword, target, helm, and crown were each in turn treated with the same elaborate courtesy. The two banners were next placed by their bearers upright upon the altar, "leaning to the wall," and "the other eight bannerets were put into the hearse, as they stood."

"Then the Countess of Bedford went a second time, Sir John Manners bearing her train, and offered alone to the Bishop. After, the Ladies and Gentlemen, two and two, went up and offered."

Another account gives a slightly different order: "The Trayne bearer alone. The two Earles together. The Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlaine, together. The Bishop of Lincoln alone. The four lords assistants to the body. The Treasurer, Comptroller, and Vice Chamberlaine. The four Knights that bore the canopy. On which offering every course was led up by a herald for the more order."

The Bishop of Lincoln was last of all conducted from the pulpit by a herald, and, the obsequies being finished, "the greater part of the mourners left the church in the same order in which they came."

The solemnity of this outgoing was relieved by a pretty and touching proceeding. "Towards the door of the choir the Scottish women stood, parted on either side, and as the English ladies passed they kissed them all;" assuaging, let us hope, by this display of fellow-womanhood, some of the bitter resentment that burned in those wounded hearts.

Those who remained drew together round the vault, where the Dean of

Peterborough read the funeral service. As the last words of this died away under the vaulted roof, each of the officers raised his staff above his head, and breaking it in two threw the ends into the vault, upon the coffin, and all was done.

While a dole was being given to the poor, and the guests were partaking of "a handsome banquet" at the bishop's palace, previous to leaving Peterborough to settle down once more into its wonted quiet dullness, an epitaph, written "by Mr. Blackwood" in Latin on parchment, was hung up near the grave, but was very shortly afterwards removed; by order, it was rumored, of Queen Elizabeth. Certainly, its contents, as may be seen in the following translation, were not of a kind to be gratifying to her: —

"Mary, Queen of Scots, a King's daughter, widow of the King of the French, cousin and next heir to the Queen of England, adorned with royal virtue and a royal mind (the royal authority being often implored in vain), by the barbarous cruelty and tyrannical sentence of the English, the ornament of our age, and the true royal light is extinguished. And by the same nefarious judgment, both Mary, Queen of Scots, and all other Princes (made plebeian) suffer a civil death. A new and unheard-of kind of tomb is this in which the living are included with the dead. Know, with the sacred ashes of the divine Mary, here lies prostrate and violate the majesty of all Kings and Princes. And because this silent royal monument abundantly admonishes Kings of their duty, traveler, I say no more."

Five and twenty years afterwards, and not until the tenth of his reign, James I., having constructed the monument still to be seen in Westminster Abbey, decided upon the removal thither of the body of his mother, against whose execution he had protested only in a feeble and half-hearted fashion. Even in the letter he sent to Peterborough to arrange the matter, he calls the woman whom all Mary's followers regarded as her murderess, his "late dear sister;" nor is this the only curious trait of his character which peeps out in the document. In 1603, the year he ascended the throne, he had sent down a pall of velvet to grace his mother's tomb; and now he prefers rather to regain that from the cathedral authorities, who might regard it as a fee, at "a reasonable redemption," than to go to the expense of a new one.

Of the removal and reinterment no more need be said. The helmet and escutcheons were seen by Dugdale, in 1641, suspended high upon a pillar above the place where Mary had lain; but even their height did not preserve them in the popular outbreak of fury during the revolution, and they were destroyed.

Now "a plain black marble slab, close without the south door of the choir," alone indicates the spot round which, that August day, so much mournful pomp and funeral splendor centred.

Malcolm Bell.

AUGURY.

I.

A HORSESHOE nailed, for luck, upon a mast:
That mast, wave-bleached, upon the shore was cast!
I saw, and thence no fetich I revered,
Yet safe, through tempest, to my haven steered.

II.

The place with rose and myrtle was o'ergrown,
Yet Feud and Sorrow held it for their own.
My garden then I sowed without one fear, —
Sowed fennel, yet lived griefless all the year.

III.

Brave lines, long life, did my friend's hand display.
Not so mine own; yet mine is quick to-day.
Once more in his I read Fate's idle jest,
Then fold it down forever on his breast.

Edith M. Thomas.

SIDNEY.

XIV.

Before Robert was really well, and could go back to the pleasant evenings with Miss Sally in the yellow parlor, April had come, with swallow flights, and sweeping rains, and a hint of greenness on the south slope of the pasture beyond Major Lee's. Miss Sally had missed her lover very much, and welcomed him with timid warmth. She was the more affectionate, perhaps, because his fortnight's absence, apart from her anxiety about him, had been — she was ashamed to acknowledge it to her own heart — a strange relief (it is not always easy to live in the exciting air of happiness; commonplace unimportance is really restful); and so she was very remorseful and very kind to her lover. She even told him, with a blush, that she had thought of what he had said about being married in June, but if — if he did n't mind — if he had just as lief, could n't it be in August? The question of living at the major's afterwards had never been settled, because Robert had never thought of it seriously; but Miss Sally made haste to drop the subject of marriage, lest it might have to be discussed. She knew quite well what she wanted, but she knew also, by experience, that it was extremely unlikely that her wishes would govern her circumstances. She began to chatter her small news: Alan had scarcely been to see them since Robert's illness, and she was puzzled to know why; Mrs. Paul had taken Scarlett and gone away for a fortnight's visit (Miss Sally, anxious to be agreeable, did not add that Mrs. Paul had declared that she should die if she had to live among idiots any longer); John Paul had told the major that he was going to leave Mercer by the middle of May, to enter a newspaper office in the city; she had seen Miss Katherine Townsend quite often. "How pleasant she is!" she said, her face beaming. "Once she met John Paul here, and it seems they know each other." It would interest Robert, Miss Sally thought, to talk about his cousin. Katherine had been so cordial and so sweet, and her manner betrayed such pretty deference, that Miss Sally's easily affectionate heart had been quickly won. Of course she could not see what a pathetic little creature she seemed in Miss Townsend's eyes, or know that during the pleasant walk home with John Paul, after that meeting at the major's, pity that was almost pain kept the girl in unexplained silence, which caused Mr. Paul much anxiety. Indeed, as he went

back to town alone, he became very gloomy, and did not even notice Eliza at the window of the toll-house, so her heart ached also. It is easy to circumscribe a cause, but who can tell how far the effect will travel?

Robert Steele had made the gravest mistake a man can make, and here, in the parlor of the old toll-house, Eliza Jennings cried until she could scarcely see. Her growing pain of unrequited love — it was thus Eliza expressed it, uncomforted by hot muffins and cups of strong tea — had made her pine more than ever to confide in some one. That impulse to confide generally strikes outside the family circle; perhaps one's family sees too clearly the extenuating circumstances, and offers comfort too readily. The easy consolation of those who know us is dishonor to our grief, and it is natural to appeal to a stranger for sympathy.

In this connection, Eliza thought, as she had thought many times before, of Miss Katherine Townsend. Mrs. Jennings might share her joys, but Eliza could not bear to display her sorrows to the maternal eye. It was very well to tell her mother that she had had a talk with Mr. Paul at the toll-house window; or that he had asked her for some crocuses from her garden border (which he had made haste to give to Miss Townsend); or, most beautiful of all, that he had overtaken her at the other end of the bridge, and walked across with her, lifting his hat when he left her. "Oh, ma, if you could 'a' seen the way he lifted his hat!" Upon that occasion, Eliza had been so dazed with happiness that, as she came into the house, she almost tumbled over her mother, who had been peering out of the window at this unusual scene, and she had had the moment of sharp anger with which one is shaken out of paradise by a blunder of one's own. But Eliza's paradise was speedily regained; she seated herself by the stove, carefully turning her skirt back over her knees that it might not be scorched, and told her mother every word of Mr. Paul's conversation. She ended the recital with a sigh, as though aware that one kind of happiness consists in understanding just when to be miserable. She knew exactly what Mrs. Jennings' comment would be, and she knew also, in her heart of hearts, how groundless were her mother's assertions that it "would all come out right;" but such knowledge did not interfere with her happy imaginings.

It needed something real and tangible to do that, and the reality came when Mr. Paul passed the toll-house without giving her a pleasant nod and smile. Eliza treasured this grief for many days. It put a certain life into her sentimentality, and gave her some genuine pain. The entries in violet ink in the diary became shorter as this small reality crept into them. It is not impossible that under such unnatural and artificial conditions a sickly sort of love could actually be created; or rather, as love has no varieties, but many resemblances, a very good imitation could spring from such circumstances. Eliza's round face was really a little pale under her freckles, in those first soft spring days; as the daffydowndillies and hyacinths pushed their green tips through the cold, wet ground in the toll-house borders, her eyes seemed to grow large and her lips took a pitiful droop. She began to spend much time in looking at the river, now very high with the spring rains, or in walking about the winding paths of the garden, stopping to lean her elbows on the white gate and stare down the road or along the bridge; in fact, she was thoroughly enjoying the misery of sentiment.

It is not only the young man's fancy which is affected by the spring; the sunshine and the softly blowing winds, the scudding ripple on the river's breast, the nod of the daffodils and the brimming gold of a crocus cup, touch the young

woman's heart, too, and then a confidante becomes absolutely necessary. So it happened, when, on one of these wonderful spring days, Miss Townsend came to give Eliza her music lesson, and noticed with a kindly word the paleness of her pupil's face, that Eliza's misery sprang to her lips.

"Oh, I 'm that unhappy!" She swung round on her music-stool, and put her hands up to her eyes. Mrs. Jennings chanced to be out, so there was nothing to check the stream of confidences, long restrained and swelling for expression.

"Why, you poor little Eliza!" said Miss Townsend. "Something troubles you very much?"

"Oh, my goodness," sobbed the pupil, "I guess it does!"

"Can't I help you?" Katherine asked. She was distressed to see the little milliner so unhappy, but, as she spoke, she thought, vaguely, how impossible it was to judge by the outside of things. She would never have connected anything so great as grief with the life in the toll-house; it had seemed to her too full of drowsy satisfaction to feel the spur of sorrow. Geraniums were always glowing on the white window-sills of the little sitting-room, and the rippling light, striking up from the river, played in a sleepy rhythm back and forth across the low ceiling; the cheerful warmth which danced out from the isinglass windows of the stove, and shone on the keys of the family organ and on the lithographs upon the walls, told of nothing but content; everything, Katherine had thought, was as comfortable as the big feather cushion in Mrs. Jennings' rocking-chair. Heartache was incongruous in such a room. "Tell me about it," she said, with good-natured amusement, for the sense of incongruity is hostile to reverence.

"I 'm — I 'm so unhappy!" Eliza answered, with a gasp. "I 'd — like to ask your advice, Miss Townsend."

"Have you asked your mother's advice?" ("Can it be that Mrs. Jennings does not approve of Job Todd?" Katherine wondered.)

As for Eliza, she was trembling with joyous excitement; the moment had actually come, — she was going to tell Miss Townsend! She rose from the revolving stool, and motioned her teacher to take Mrs. Jennings' big chair, — which, however, Miss Townsend declined, — and then she flung herself down on a hassock, and once more buried her face in her hands. "Ma don't know anything about it," she declared, with filial indifference. "I could n't tell any one but just you, and I want you to advise me."

"Your mother ought to know whatever troubles you," Katherine said, with kindly sternness, "but tell me, and let me see if I can help you."

"Miss Townsend, I don't know what you 'll think of me," Eliza answered, from between her fingers, "but I — I 'm in love, Miss Townsend!"

Katherine's smile was like sudden sunshine. "That ought to make you happy, if he is a good man and your mother approves of him."

"Yes," Eliza quavered, "only he — he don't care anything about me!"

"Oh!" said Katherine blankly. So this was how unhappiness might come to the toll-house? Job was unfaithful! "If he does not love you any longer, you must try not to think of him, my dear." She was really very sorry for her pupil.

"Yes, but," explained Eliza, wiping her eyes and looking up in her earnestness, "he never did, you see."

"Never did?"

"Care, I mean, and I don't know *what* to do. I thought you would advise me."

"But I don't see what advice there can be."

"Oh," the girl cried, wringing her hands, "don't you see? I don't know what to do!"

"I should n't think there was any-

thing to do," Katherine answered, really puzzled. "But if it is Job Todd, I am sure you are mistaken, and it will all come out right; I know that he" —

"'T is n't him," interposed Eliza briefly.

"Then," Katherine said, after a moment's pause, "the only thing for you to do, whoever it is, is to put him right out of your mind."

"Do you think it 's wrong to love him, if he don't love me?" Eliza persisted, in a broken voice.

Katherine hesitated. It was not wrong; it might even be very great, but not in Eliza. How could she explain it?

"Not wrong, but — I don't think I would."

The poor little creature on the hassock was really so miserable that Katherine felt like putting her arms around her and bidding her dry her eyes; had she done so, the frightened pleasure of it would probably have banished her romance from Eliza's mind, at least for the moment. "If he cared for Another," she protested, "it would be different. I would — I would tear him from my heart."

"Certainly," Katherine agreed; "but, anyhow, you must try to put it all aside, and" —

"I thought," interrupted the other, — she was so impressed with the importance of the occasion that she actually dared to interrupt Miss Townsend, — "that may be you 'd know if — if there was any other young lady. You know him."

"I have no idea whom you mean; but don't you see? — that is his affair, not yours nor mine. All you have to do is just, cheerfully, to make your life richer and better by giving, or else to put the whole matter out of your mind, which is far the wiser way."

"But how?" And after all, the question was very pertinent.

"Be a sensible girl, and do your duty, and" —

"It 's Mr. John Paul," observed Eliza, in a sort of parenthesis.

Katherine Townsend had risen, meaning, with one or two cheerful, friendly words, to bring this conversation to an end; but she was so absolutely dumfounded that she stood with parted lips for an instant, staring, without speaking, at the figure on the hassock.

"I thought," proceeded Eliza, "you 'd know if he was waitin' on anybody; for, of course, if he is, I must — tear him from my heart!"

Katherine's impulse to laugh made her face scarlet, but she was conscious of a perfectly unreasonable anger. She sat down again. "I am ashamed of you, Eliza," she said sharply. "Mr. Paul is — you know very well, Mr. Paul is not in your station, and it is absurd and immodest for you to think about him in this way."

At the change in her voice, Eliza looked up, half frightened. "Is — he waitin' on somebody — is he engaged?"

"Not that I know of," Katherine answered, after an instant's pause, "but that has nothing to do with it. Mr. Paul is a gentleman, and you will probably never know him; he would certainly never think of you in any such way. Now, don't be a silly girl. Just put this whole matter out of your mind. I shall not respect you if you give it any more thought."

"I do know him! He 's been in an' taken a cup of tea. I know him real well, Miss Townsend. He 's walked over the bridge with me, an' he 's just as kind" —

"Of course he is kind; but don't you understand? Mr. Paul is kind to every one, and you have no right to think of him — in that way. Try to be sensible, Eliza."

Katherine was aware that she was unjust, and that her lofty thoughts of the greatness of giving were somehow blotted out; so, as she opened the door to go, she tried to throw some sympathy into

her voice. "Now, don't cry; just see how foolish you have been. It is n't worthy of you. There! Promise me you 'll not think of it again." She went back, and rested her hand on the girl's shoulder with a kindly touch.

This moved Eliza so much that she gasped out, "I 'll try — but it is n't any use — but I 'll try" — and she even nodded, with a watery sort of smile, when Miss Townsend looked back at her from the road.

In spite of a curious indignation, the absurdity of which she could not help recognizing, Katherine was so alive to the drollery of the situation that she laughed under her breath; and when she met Mrs. Jennings, a little later, she said "Good-evening" with such smothered gayety that Eliza's mother was stirred to curiosity.

"I 'd like to know," Mrs. Jennings reflected, waddling breathlessly towards the toll-house, "what *she* 's got to laugh at, poor soul!" But she was to discover the cause of Miss Townsend's mirth. "Law!" she said, standing still in the doorway, as she caught sight of her daughter rocking and sobbing in the big chair, "what is it, 'Liza? You give me such a turn!"

It was some time before Eliza could tell her, and all the while Mrs. Jennings sat in her big fur-trimmed jacket, only loosening her bonnet-strings and taking off her gloves. She was far too excited to think of her own comfort. To see her Eliza crying, and swaying back and forth, and declaring that she wished she were dead, and refusing to say what was the matter, was anguish to Mrs. Jennings.

"Was it your music lesson?" she cried, in despair. "Did n't you know it? Did she scold you, 'Liza?"

That opened the flood-gates; with tears and sobs Eliza confessed that she had told Miss Townsend about Mr. Paul. "An' she said that he 'd never look at me — 'cause he was rich an' I was poor, an' there was n't no use to think of him — an' so — an' so" —

She was really incoherent by this time, but Mrs. Jennings could not discriminate between grief and hysterics. She was beside herself with anger.

"So that was what she was laughin' at, the hussy! Not another lesson do you take from her, do you hear that?" In her excitement, she flung her bonnet down upon the floor, and tore her jacket open at the throat for breath; her face was purple. "The like of her to say he would n't look at you! She wants him herself, so she does. I 'll tell her so to her face, — a miserable music teacher!"

"Ma!" expostulated Eliza. "She was just as kind" —

"The idea of telling her, any way!" burst out Mrs. Jennings. "You ain't got a proper pride, 'Liza, — you don't know your place. Telling such a person as her — I 'm — I 'm ashamed of you! But I 'll see to her, just trust me, — trust your mother, lovey, poor lamb, poor dear!"

She lifted her baby in her big trembling arms, to soothe her upon a bosom which held a flame of maternal love as true and tender as though she had been as slight and subtile as any wiser mother. But though she comforted Eliza, and, a little later, still in the heavy jacket, brought her a steaming cup of tea and a wedge of cake, she was raging and doubting at once in her own heart; even while she was assuring her daughter, now able to sit up, and eat and drink, that she "knowed the ways of men — and if she was n't very much mistaken — well!" she had a vague and awful fear that her first absurd charge was true, and the "hussy" wanted him for herself. Yes, and might get him, too! "Ain't he always a-walkin' over the bridge with her?" she groaned, when she went out to the pantry for another piece of cake for her darling; "though he ain't gentleman 'nough to pay the toll for her! Well, she 's welcome to

such meanness. 'Liza would n't have him. But I 'll see to her; she sha'n't get him, — so there!" And then aloud, "Here, lovey, now eat a bit of cake, darlin'; there, my heart, it 'll be all right, lovey!"

XV.

As Miss Sally had said, Alan had not come to the major's very often during Robert's illness. The doctor's care for the sick man explained this perfectly to Miss Sally, but there had been another reason. Alan, for the first time in his life, was finding decision so difficult that he was deterred from action. He had been uncertain many a time before, and had found it very hard to make up his mind; but when this had been the case, he had always said gayly, "I 'll drift. Fate must decide for me;" and generally he was well content with Fate. But he had come to a point now when this could not be; he must keep his life in his own hands, he must decide for himself. And those hours with Robert Steele were his opportunity.

"What is the right thing to do?" he asked himself again and again. He knew now, with all his happy heart, that he loved Sidney Lee. The knowledge had come to him in that midnight when he had thought that he might die from the strain and shock of his plunge into the river. Before that, he had been alternately charmed and antagonized by Sidney's attitude towards life. Her father's view he had regarded merely as a most interesting expression of the abnormal; it never occurred to him to consider it seriously. An *idée fixe* he had called the major's belief, and had had the usual patient, or impatient, amusement with which a doctor regards such a mental condition. But, although the unnaturalness of Sidney's ignorance of life had in it something almost repulsive, her charm had become greater every day, even while he realized more and more the distance which she placed between herself and the natural human instincts.

The thought of death, the realization of the poverty of an eternal lull, sometimes opens the eyes to the treasures of life; and when Alan thought that he might be dying, he knew once for all that he loved her. With that knowledge the subtle antagonism departed, and with antagonism his dismay at her tranquil selfishness, and his approbation of that beautiful aloofness which had charmed him. All which had repulsed now attracted him. Even her selfishness seemed natural, for was it not herself that she loved? Perhaps love of the same object often blinds the lover to selfishness. But Alan's anxiety at present had nothing to do with character or with love itself. He was only concerned to know what course of action was demanded of him in view of Mortimer Lee's wishes for his daughter's future, and his own position as the major's friend, or at least as his trusted acquaintance. Over and over the doctor argued with himself that the major's theories were monstrous and unnatural. Sidney had a right to life, — which meant love, — and he, Alan, had a right to offer it to her. Yet to betray her father's trust!

He frowned and whistled in his perplexity. The young man was as confused in his honest desire to see clearly as Robert Steele himself might have been.

"If I tell the major I love her, and ask his permission to tell her so," he said to himself, "it will only give him a chance to stuff a lot more pessimistic nonsense into her mind, and warn her against me; besides, he would probably show me the door. Now, it is n't fair to Sidney to treat her in that way. I think I ought to speak to her first, and then tell the major."

Alan was perfectly aware that this was not his honest opinion, though he continued to assert that it was. As a result, he stayed away from the major's,

assuring himself each day that he would go on the next and warn his old friend.

He knew very well — for Alan felt the moods of his friends as truly as a sunny pool reflects cloud shadows, and perhaps no more deeply — that Sidney's father was less cordial to him. The major himself did not recognize any change; he only knew that those words of Mrs. Paul's were a continual but vague discomfort. He watched Alan now very closely, and with a perplexed and anxious look that sometimes turned upon Sidney, but never found any words of question to the one or of warning to the other. Indeed, he did not put what he feared into words even to himself; to combat it in his thoughts would have been to dishonor his convictions by a doubt of the power of truth. But he was depressed, and grew more silent than ever. He fell into a habit of returning from the Bank by way of the great iron-yards of the rolling-mills beside the river, which were deserted after six. Here he walked, his hands clasped behind him, and his worn old face sunk upon his breast, scarcely ever looking up. It pleased him sometimes to stop and glance into the smelting-furnaces, and see the glow of molten metal as it was run into bars of pig-iron in the sand, and note the black figures of the puddlers standing against the fierce glare of red light, or coming out into the gray evening like shapes from the mouth of hell. No one noticed the old man in the blue cloak, and he could brood and dream in his slow walk without fear of interruption. But once, in the keen, sweet dusk of an April evening, Alan Crossan chanced to see him turn from the crowded street towards the river-bank and the mill-yards, and with a sudden impulse followed him.

It had been in the doctor's mind, as a part of this troublesome question as to whether it was honorable to seek Sidney Lee's love without her father's knowledge, that he would some day discuss these absurd theories of love and life with the major himself. It would probably lead up to a fuller confidence; but merely to plan such a conversation seemed in some intangible way to satisfy his conscience for not having boldly told her father that he meant to win Sidney's love — if he could. A discussion would at least hint the direction of his hopes, he thought; and it was something to let the major know how foolish, nay, how wicked, to his mind, was such a blighting of her life as her father proposed. He had, that very day, concluded to say something like this to Major Lee; and with a decision all his gladness had come back again, and he felt the exhilaration of a man who has done his duty; for the opportunity is a small thing, when the will is ready. But here was the opportunity, and so he made haste to follow the major, his face full of anxious gravity. Mortimer Lee's mind had been of late so occupied with that miserable suggestion of Mrs. Paul's that when he looked up, in answer to Alan's greeting, and saw the earnest expression, he felt a pang of apprehension. A forlorn dismay looked out of his mild eyes. But Alan, as they began to talk, — or rather, as he began to talk, — grew more cheerful. The thought of combat always brought a fresh gayety and boyish confidence to his face, which added to its charm of indolent and sweet good-nature. He scarcely waited for the major's "Good-evening."

"Major Lee," he said, rushing into his subject with all the enthusiasm of a young knight who has never tried his armor, "I have thought so often of that talk we had in your library, one Sunday afternoon in the winter; do you remember? You spoke of the worth of life and the folly of love, and, do you know, I think you were all wrong?"

If Alan had been any less direct, his companion would have quietly turned the subject. The misery of life, as he saw it, was not a thing the major talked

about. He had no desire to prove a point; he had felt it. When the grave had closed over his wife, all was said, and life needed no comment. Talk for the sake of talk was impossible, and the fashion of the day to protest that life was not worth living was not honored even by his contempt. The young man's frank declaration that he was wrong would have pleased him, even had there not been something in the young courage of a fool which touched him. Of course he did not mean to enter into a discussion, but he put on his glasses and looked at Alan kindly; he even smiled a little. He had never been so near liking the doctor.

"So?" he said. "You think I am wrong, do you?"

"Yes," Alan answered; "and I've been meaning to ask you how you account for the desire to be alive, even in the greatest pain or misery, — we doctors see that all the time, — if, as you seem to think, life is not worth living; and, also, how it is that those whose love cannot be questioned are yet capable of happiness even after death has robbed them?"

Perhaps because Alan had for a moment drawn his thoughts away from that hint of Mrs. Paul's, and he had the kindly feeling which is a part of relief; perhaps, too, because it was not easy to avoid a direct question, the major found himself saying something about the blind will to live, in the first place, and the belief in immortality, in the second place.

While he was speaking they reached the street, which was parallel to the river, and were about to cross it and enter the mill-yard, when Alan felt a detaining hand upon his arm. Drearily along the muddy street came a little funeral procession. Major Lee stood silently, with uncovered head, until it had passed, and then went on with the sentence which it had interrupted.

"How genuine he is!" Alan thought, with sudden compunction. For a moment the young man almost forgot the absurdity of remembering death in one's plans for life.

They walked on, down between the great piles of pig-iron, and reached the high bank of the river, but there the major seemed to hesitate. "Am I not taking you out of your way, sir?" he said. In his own mind he was wondering why in the world the young man should choose this path; it did not occur to Mortimer Lee that it might be for the pleasure of his society. The major would not have walked with any one, save Sidney, for the pleasure of society. Nor did it at that moment strike him that to walk with Sidney's father might be agreeable to a young man.

"Not if you will allow me to accompany you," Alan answered, with that fine deference in his voice which is instinct and training rather than reason, for he was tingling with impatience.

The river, between banks of cinders which had been thrown out of the mills and furnaces, lay black under the falling dusk, but was touched by the wind here and there into a metallic sheen and lustre. On its further side, beyond Little Mercer and the distant hills, the sky was a pale, clear yellow, that melted up into the violet of early night; bars of filmy gray were gathering in the west, but in the upper heavens they rippled into fading fire; a puff of brown smoke from a great chimney drifted like a stain upon the tranquil night. Now and then, from the rolling-mill through the yard of which they had come, a flare of light lifted and quivered and blotted out the tender sky colors, leaving only the gray dusk and the gray river. The very air was a caress, and all the sounds of day came softened into a tired murmur.

The major felt the peace of it, and could have wished that Alan had chosen some other time to convert him; but doubtless the young man's intentions were good. So, in answer to the request to walk with him, he said patiently,

"Surely, surely," and began to calculate how soon the doctor would have to turn into the street again to seek his own home.

"But this blind will to live, of which you speak," Alan began, "has, it seems to me, a certain reasonableness on the face of it, and that is what concerns us. As you talked of life, that night, you apparently did n't consider any of the pleasures of living, with which the will certainly justifies itself. You did not admit any happiness. Now, Major Lee, there *is* happiness!"

"You are fortunate in thinking so," said Mortimer Lee absently. He had no desire to convert the doctor; he was even glad, in a pathetic way, that any one could be so foolish.

"Surely," Alan persisted, his eager young face aflame with the sunset light, "surely it is not fair, in making one's estimate of life, to leave out the joy of success, and of hope, and of love, the gladness of the senses. Why, this very sky and soft wind, the ripple of the river over that sunken slag, are so beautiful that it is almost pain."

"It is pain," returned the major. He was glad that Alan had not stopped at love, in summing up the happiness of life; he could not have put the reason into words, but he did not care to talk of love to Alan Crossan; and for fear that the doctor might return to it, he began to repeat, with quaint impressiveness: —

> "I know not what they mean:
> Tears from the depths of some divine despair
> Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
> In looking on the happy autumn fields."

"Oh, no, no, it is not that!" said the other, "for the 'days that are no more' are not nearly so beautiful as the days which are to come," — his face was radiant at the thought of those coming days. "I think that that pang with which we see beauty or power is only the assertion that we belong to it all, but are not in it; it is the protest of the molecule," he ended, laughing; "the instinct to melt into the current of life, from which we have been for a moment separated. But, Major Lee, I can't be abstract. I think my mind is inquisitive rather than speculative. The concrete attracts me, the real tangible reasons for thinking as you do, or as I do."

The major made no reply.

"You say life is miserable because there is death in it, but it seems to me you don't take belief into consideration. You forget the consolations of religion. Of course I am not stopping to argue for the truth of the belief in immortality, the belief in God; but its comfort cannot be denied. Well, granting that, never mind what is the fact, life is good, and love is wise."

"True," the major agreed mildly, "you would not be apt to consider the fact."

"I consider the peace and happiness," Alan answered; "I do not care to search too deeply. If I am happy, I am satisfied. It is better to have a false belief than none, and with belief loss can be borne."

"Just so," returned his companion, "the truth which makes us free by no means necessitates happiness."

"Whereas," Alan insisted, "your position necessitates unhappiness!"

"I cannot see," observed the major, "that happiness or unhappiness can affect belief; because I should suppose a man must endeavor to believe, not what makes him happy, but what he thinks is true."

"I wonder," Alan said, "whether happiness is not the deepest truth, and so we believe in God, and immortality, and love?"

"Because you prefer to?"

"Because I am a man, because I cannot help it! Yes, and I suppose because I prefer to; at least, I refuse to disbelieve, and I make myself as happy as I can."

Major Lee looked about for escape;

this foolish talk was as annoying as a cloud of gnats. But suddenly a thought struck him: he might show the young man, he might prove to him, the folly of it all? The boy was a sensible boy in the main, and perhaps he could be taught? The major began to feel a little glow of friendliness.

"If you are in no especial haste, I should be glad to hear your views. May we not stop here and talk for a little time? We shall suffer no interruption if we go down to the river-side."

"I shall be delighted to!" cried Alan, really astounded at what he naturally felt to be the result of his logic.

They left the mill-yard and the smelting-furnace behind them; the river was banked by slag which had been run into great conical moulds, and then flung out to cool and crumble down by the water. Upon one of these moulds the old man seated himself, drawing his blue cloak around him, and resting his hands upon his stick. He waited a moment, thinking how he might best begin, and looking up at the young man standing against the sunset. Alan had taken off his hat, and threw back his head with a certain beautiful joyousness which made it good to look at him. His voice held the sound of pleasant thoughts. The major's patience exhilarated him. He did not wait for the older man to begin, but hurried on with his arguments.

"Yes; it seems to me you quite leave out this ability of the soul to be satisfied, — this power of belief which makes it possible to bear grief; and there 's another thing, which I think prevents a really fair judgment upon the worth of life, — you dwell constantly upon death. Now — I beg your pardon, but the normal and healthy soul does not consider death; it lives in the present, as it was meant to do."

The major did not stop to be amused at one who declared that he understood what the soul was "meant" to do. "Does it really seem to you abnormal to take a certainty into consideration in making your plans for living?" he asked.

"Absolutely so!" Alan answered, and then hesitated. "Perhaps because, while the consideration of such a certainty may be reasonable enough, it simply is not human. And humanity sets the limits of the normal."

"Then you would have a man a fool, just because there are, it must be admitted, more fools than wise men in the world?"

"Hold on! I don't admit that to forget death is folly, — it is merely sane; and I think that the joy of life — I — I mean love, you know, while it lasts, is worth the pain of loss. Beside, I do believe in the goodness of God, — immortality declares that; and if God is good, the purpose of life must be."

"Yet even you go through a process of reasoning, no doubt?" the major queried thoughtfully; "and when you say that the grief of death can be borne because death does not end all, you prove the reunion in which you say you believe?"

"Yes," Alan answered, "I prove it, at least to my own satisfaction, by saying that God is good."

"Ah, I see," commented the other. "Life, which is one long endurance of sin and misery and exquisite suffering, must be compensated for by an eternity of joy, or else the Creator would be a conception so blastingly cruel that men would die at the very sight of the Frankenstein they had called into their minds; men must be immortal to prove the goodness of God?"

"Yes," Alan said again.

"But observe," continued the major, "your belief in the goodness of God rests upon your belief in immortality, and your belief in immortality rests upon your belief in the goodness of God. Admirable logic."

"But" — Alan began to protest, in a confused way.

The major stopped him with a gesture. "Now, if you were not so fortunate as to be able to retain your belief in God and immortality in the face of reason and as dependent upon each other (and there are some persons who are unable to do so), may I inquire whether you would still feel that life is good?"

"I never maintained that it was entirely good," Alan answered; "only that" —

"Goodness is not comparative, I think," interrupted the other.

"Only that it is worth having. It is beautiful and precious because — oh, because, Major Lee, of this very love which you think is an invitation to sorrow!"

The old man had risen, and put one lean white hand on Alan's arm; he was so earnest that his voice shook. "Yes, love," he said, — "love is the greatest curse of all! That is what I wanted to say to you. To the man who cannot go through life with his eyes shut, who cannot summon the dream of immortality to comfort him with the thought of reunion, — and there are few who can do that genuinely, — love is only terror and misery beyond words. Love returns fourfold despair, whatever absence of pain there may be in success, or hope, or the beauty of conduct. Love is hell."

Alan was shocked into silence; the misery in this old face swept the light assertions from his lips. The yellow sunset had faded, and the fog was beginning to steal up the river. Alan shivered.

"This love, in marriage, what is it? Friendliness, perhaps, which commonplace daily living turns almost into indifference; when it is that, it is the profanation of an ideal. Passionate joy, which is the ideal, and with it the blackening, blasting fear of grief, or — grief itself. Then, in either case, the responsibility of bringing new souls into the world, to suffer; such a responsibility is like your God's! But what man shrinks from it? I know what you would say, — that I am declaring existence to be a curse. I do so declare it. The only escape from the tragedy of consciousness which the caprice of the motiveless will fastens upon us is resignation — is the giving up of desire — is the giving up of living. Resignation! even your religion teaches that, disguising it beneath promises of recompense and some future of happiness. Sir, I have studied life as other men study art or nature, and I know — listen to me, young man, I beseech you — I know that the nearest approach to what we call happiness is in negation. Believe me, Alan."

The two men stood motionless in the shadows, but Alan could see the older man's face, and there was a look in it which made him turn away his eyes. There is a brutal indecency in watching a naked soul struggle in an agonized human countenance.

"But to seek only freedom from pain is moral suicide," he stammered, scarcely knowing what he said, "and a woman who is cheated of her right to suffer, of the beauty that there is in pain, has a life deformed and" —

"Ah!" cried the other. "Young man, you talk of the beauty of suffering? Because you know nothing about suffering!"

Mortimer Lee turned away; it was time to go home. Why had he wasted his words? Who can convince a youth? Yet he would have saved him; there had been a point when he had been really disinterested in what he said. He was so absorbed in his own disappointment that for a few moments he was unaware that Alan was still walking at his side. The young man's heart was hot within him, the physician was lost in the lover; he forgot that Major Lee was morbid. The human horror of death and the human instinct of love each entreated him, and he looked at both with that strange simplicity which comes when a man forgets himself in the presence

of primal things. For once he could find no words.

It was not until they reached the major's gate and were within the little courtyard that he burst out, "No! no! no! you are wrong! Love is worth while. A man can blind himself, he can cast out fear, he can be divinely happy, with belief or without it. Love is enough; we can shut our eyes to everything else."

"Until the end, — until one is taken, and the other left," the major answered.

As he spoke, the hall door opened, and Sidney stood upon the threshold, looking out into the night. As she saw the two dark figures beneath the ailantus-trees, she said under her breath, with that wonderful intonation which was the promise of untouched depths of tenderness in her nature, "Father?"

She came down the steps, and took her father's arm. "You are coming in, Alan?" she said. The major stood as erect and silent as though upon the parade ground, but he glanced at Alan. The young man only shook his head silently, and turned away into the dark.

XVI.

That glimpse of a living grief sobered Alan into patience, almost into reverence, for Mortimer Lee; indeed, he felt a pitying tenderness towards the old man's theories which the major would have resented with a pity of his own. But after a while Alan's own hopes claimed him, and he declared that the way was clear. The major knew now, he insisted to himself, that he loved Sidney. "I did n't say it in so many words, but he must know it, and so I need not feel like a sneak," and his courage and his hope increased together. There was nothing now to distract his attention, or to prevent him from going to the major's on every possible excuse. He was well aware that Sidney's father did not welcome him, and he guessed, with the compassionate amusement of youth, that the major did not forbid his coming only because that would have seemed to doubt Sidney's convictions. Sidney's convictions! What were they? Thistledown, if the breath of love should touch her lips. It was inconceivable to Alan that there should be any reality in an attitude of mind attained by precept and not experience (he admitted the major's reality since that talk by the river), and he set himself with all his heart to win a conscious look from Sidney's tranquil eyes, a deeper flush on her smooth cheek, or one word that was not as impersonally kind as the April sunshine itself.

Alan's absorption and happiness, but perhaps still more the absence, for the first time in many months, of any anxiety about Robert Steele, shut his friend outside the doctor's life. "Bob is all right," he reflected carelessly, and then had no more thought for him.

Robert was well. There had been a physical rebound after that sore throat which had made Miss Sally so anxious, and he was better than he had been for years; which was of course a great happiness to Miss Sally. But that very health was a humiliation to him. There are times when the body seems to flaunt itself before the sick and cringing soul. Robert was walking in spiritual darkness; he was searching for his duty with blind gropings into his fears. But the blood leaped in his veins, this spring weather; his hand was steady, his eye clear; he was a well man. It is curious how sometimes the soul is outraged by the body. Grief resents hunger as an insult to its dead; anxiety flies from sleep which pursues it with unwelcome comfort; remorse turns its eyes away from the soft impulses which invite it; but how often the body triumphs! Robert Steele felt a deeper shame for his health's sake. And all the while Miss Sally rejoiced.

After that revelation of himself in

the woods, there had come to Robert that dogged acceptance of despair which is a sort of peace. His duty to Miss Sally was all he had to live for, and that meant the fulfillment of his engagement. Yet, in his eyes, marriage without love was a profanation, and there had been a terrible moment when it had seemed that he must tell her of his baseness; but he had flung the thought away from him. It was profanation, but why should he not profane himself if it saved her pain? — Robert honored Miss Sally too truly ever to suspect the quality of her love for him. To blacken his own soul was a small thing, if she could be spared the grief and humiliation of the truth. Yet he cringed at the thought, and, without being aware of it, beneath his resolution a continual argument had been carried on.

There were days when this strange secondary consciousness brought nearly to the surface of his determination the belief that truth to Miss Sally was his first and only duty. Truth to his ideal walked unrecognized beside that duty. But of late this hidden thought came boldly into his most sacred moments, — came, saying, "Truth is God manifested in the soul. To let silence lie to the woman who thinks you love her is the cruelest wrong you can do her." And Robert, with anguish, admitted to himself that this was so, and the peace of despair was lost in the possibility of greater pain.

But he was, during all this time, as even Mrs. Paul admitted, a most devoted lover; it was she, however, who detected a confession in his devotion. To be sure, she did not witness it, and only knew of it by questioning Sally Lee, and sometimes Sidney, for she had scarcely seen Mr. Steele. He had made the proper call after the tea-party; then he had been ill; after that, he had always been ready with an excuse when Miss Sally suggested that they should go to call upon dear Mrs. Paul. She never did more than hint that they should go, not having courage enough to reproach her lover for ill manners, but she did hint quite constantly; not because she attached so much importance to the conventionalities of life, but because she was daily reminded of Mr. Steele's shortcomings in this respect by Mrs. Paul.

Indeed, Mrs. Paul's desire to see him was known to everybody except Mr. Steele himself; for the longer he neglected her, the more generally was her annoyance felt; what was really anger at him vented itself in sharp words upon any subject to any person. Unfortunately, it does not follow that the object of one's anger receives its expression; expression is all that is necessary to most people. There was a collateral justice, perhaps, in abusing Miss Sally; but it was hard that Sidney should be scolded, and the girl protested to Mr. Steele, during one of their rare moments of conversation, — for Robert was quite right in feeling that she avoided talking to him. "You must go to see Mrs. Paul, Mr. Steele," she said, with a directness which took away Miss Sally's breath. "She really holds this entire family responsible for your absence." And the next afternoon Robert went.

He had gone to the major's first, and finding Miss Sally out thought that she might be at Mrs. Paul's, and to go to fetch her home would be an excuse for a very short call. But Davids, as he announced him, said that Mrs. Paul was alone, and it was too late then for retreat. It came into his mind, as he saw her alert, keen face, that he had "gone up the winding stair," and here was the spider awaiting him. Her eyes lighted as he entered.

She had long ago decided what she should say to him when he came; yet she approached her subject so delicately, and by that most subtle flattery of friendly silences, that Robert began to be remorseful for having judged her too harshly. It must have been as Miss

Sally said, that Mrs. Paul had not been well that dreadful night, and that she was kinder than she seemed. She was entertaining now; she said clever things, but forgot to be bitter. Robert almost enjoyed the twenty minutes before she touched on Miss Sally.

"Oh, you expected to find her here? But you will never be so ill-mannered as to say you did not come to see me?"

"Yes," Robert answered, with instant constraint in his voice, "I came to call upon you, but I hoped to find her here, so that I might walk home with her."

This evident desire to protest his devotion delighted Mrs. Paul; she was almost fond of him, because of what such a desire betrayed, and because of the chance it gave her to wound him. "To be sure, and how sorry she will be not to have waited! She is really, you know, the most lovesick person; and it is n't becoming to a middle-aged woman to be in love! Oh, come, now; if you take offense so quickly, how will you stand the jars of domestic life? And why should you take offense? I merely said that Sally was very much in love."

"Because you do not speak as Miss Lee's friend."

She made a gesture, which meant apologetic amusement. "No, no, you misunderstand me," she said, watching, as though to see how far it was safe to go, the frowning antagonism gather in his face. "I am Sally's friend, her best friend, when I say" — she hesitated, with a look of interest and concern — "that I am sorry with all my heart that she has become engaged to you."

Robert caught his breath. Was she in earnest? Did she really see how despicable he was?

"I am not worthy of her," he began to say, "but" —

"Of course not," she answered, the restraint of temper beginning to show in her voice; "no one is, you know. But what I meant was, — I 've known Sally so long, you must let me say just this, — it has been a mistake; of hers, we 'll say, not yours. She will not be happy, — I speak for her sake, — she can't be happy. Lord! an old maid can't change her nature." Mrs. Paul lost her patience and her policy together. The young man rose, with compressed lips. "And would n't it be better to release her?" she ended.

Robert was shaken by that tumult of dismay which comes when a man sees what he has thought good looking at him with a devil's leer, or hears a solemn truth upon lips which turn it into a lie. He does not stop to say that the medium distorts it, and that truth is still true.

"That is for her to say. Whatever she wishes of me, even my happiness, is hers. But I dare to believe that you are mistaken. I bid you good-afternoon, Mrs. Paul."

He hurried out of the house, tingling with rage and resolution. He would never see that woman again, he would never cross her threshold! And as for her vile suggestion, — a thousand times no! He would be true to Miss Sally, he would make himself love her. He thanked God that that wicked old woman had put his thought into words, the purpose which he had said to himself was honor. He thanked God that she had shown him his own heart, had torn the mask of duty from the face of the hideous selfishness which had insisted that he must tell Miss Sally that he did not love her. Yet how, as that conviction of duty had grown, silently, in his mind, he had weighed his motives to see whether he was honest, — how he had scanned each one in an agony of fear lest he might find a taint of self in it! Over and over again, since he had recognized those unseen processes which revealed to him his duty, had he retraced the mental steps which had led him to a terrible conclusion, looking for a way of escape, and finding none, — believing all the while that he was honest. He knew

better now, he said. Mrs. Paul had confessed him to himself. He had been trying to find his own freedom, he had been hiding behind fine words, he had taken the holy name of honor upon his profane lips. "I have lied unto God!" he groaned.

He was almost blind with terror and pain. He did not know that people looked after him in the street, with a shrug or a half-laugh, and a light word that he was drunk. Mrs. Jennings, toiling across the bridge, shrank away from him as he passed her, and for a moment forgot her own troubles. His loathing of himself was so overpowering that he became indifferent to Mrs. Paul; he had not rage to spare for her. But could he have thought of her, he would have been incapable of imagining that the pleasure of having implanted in his mind the seed of what she must have felt was dishonor had left her delightfully amiable, — so amiable that when Davids told her there was a person in the hall who wished to see her, she nodded to him in a gracious way, and said, —

"Very well, Davids."

"It is," Davids observed, his eyebrows well lifted and his voice full of condescension, "the bridge person, I believe."

"Very well," Mrs. Paul said again, pleasantly. "She wants some help, no doubt." She smiled archly as the man left her. "Lord! what fools, what fools they are! They can be led about like animals. Of course he was angry, but he 'll do it!"

She looked up, still smiling, to see Mrs. Jennings entering with heavy awkwardness. Davids, standing flat against the baize door to keep it open, regarded the woman with an intolerable indifference, which so confused her that she forgot to make the decent bow she had planned, and was filled with the wordless fury of a vulgar woman. "As though I did n't know him 'fore he was in breeches!" she thought. But by the time she had seated herself and said "Good-evening," and made a remark about the weather, she was more composed. She panted a little and swallowed hard before she began to speak, — perhaps because, although she had thought of this scene for days, she really did not know what to say. She hardly knew why she had come. A blind impulse to do something for her little 'Liza had made her resolve that she would "see his mother and stop him breakin' of her girl's heart." Her daughter did not know of her intention. Eliza was too interested in her own grievances to take much thought of the pain her mother suffered for her sake. Mrs. Jennings' rage at Miss Townsend had found an echo in Eliza's soul; she was full of that stinging anger which is really shame, and which follows bursts of unnecessary confidence.

"Oh, *why* did I tell Miss Townsend?" she asked herself a dozen times a day, with a pang of humiliation which sent the tears into her eyes. As is the rule in such cases, the revenge Eliza took caused her as much suffering as she had hoped it might cause her victim. She decided to give up her music lessons.

"Miss Townsend," — she wrote, — "I ain't going to take any more lessons. You can send your bill.

Miss Jennings."

Mrs. Jennings approved of this note, though she would have been glad if Eliza had said right out that she considered her music teacher a meddlesome hussy. The only relief the poor mother had was to abuse Miss Townsend, which abuse blew up a great flame of wrath out of her almost imperceptible material, — so imperceptible, in fact, there was danger that it would burn out before she could put it into words, here in Mrs. Paul's presence. So Davids' supercilious looks were really most helpful, although they had made her forget for the moment how she had intended to

tell her story. There was a blown and breathless appearance about her, as she sat upon the edge of her chair, looking at Mrs. Paul. Her small crêpe bonnet was very far back upon her head, and her large and anxious face was mottled with rising color. Her hands, covered with those unpleasant gloves the fingers of which are gathered into a little bag, tied and untied the cord about the waist of an umbrella, which she held between her black bombazine knees.

"Well, my good woman?" Mrs. Paul interrogated, adjusting her glasses and crossing her feet with lazy comfort; her gown rustled, and then fell into soft gleaming folds.

"Ma'am," replied her visitor, swallowing once, "my name is Jennings, — Mrs. Asa H. Jennings."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Paul.

"An' I 've come to see you," proceeded the other, her voice growing louder. "I 've been meanin' to come this long time" —

"Yes?" This enormously stout woman, whose face was quivering with emotion, and who had a chin like the folds of an accordion, was really very droll. Nor, for once, was Mrs. Paul more cruel than the rest of the world. Emotion which tries to express itself through a weight of flesh does not often reach the sympathies of the beholder.

"Yes, I 've been meanin' to come, for I 've somethin' to say. I 'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news. I ain't one that likes to tell unpleasant things; no, nor gossip; no, nor make trouble in families."

"Of course; I think I know exactly how much you would dislike to gossip, Mrs. — What did you say you were called?"

Mrs. Jennings supplied her name, and then, carefully unwinding the cord from around her umbrella, so that its generous folds flapped loosely about the wooden handle, she said, "So it ain't to make mischief I come, only to tell the truth. I 'm a mother myself, an' I know how you 'll feel havin' some one comin' an' findin' fault. But it 's truth, gospel truth, an' my 'Liza, she 's suffered enough, so she has! 'T ain't only right but what he 'd ought to be made to be different. 'Stead of that, he 's goin' to see another young lady; nothin' but a music teacher, too! An' I made out it was my duty to come an' tell his mother."

The lazy amusement had faded out of Mrs. Paul's face.

"You are referring, I suppose, to Mr. John Paul?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am, I am," answered Mrs. Jennings, her eyes roving about the room. "I 'm not one to deny it. I am. That 's the truth, an' I 'm not ashamed to tell it. He 's been — he 's been — my 'Liza's heart 's just broken. An' now he ain't satisfied with sendin' her to her grave, but he 's makin' up to some one else. I 'd just as lief tell her name, if you want me to?"

"I will not trouble you."

"A poor, miserable music teacher!" burst out Mrs. Jennings, "with two sisters and a brother dependent on her. She thinks he 'll marry her; I believe in my soul she thinks he 'll marry her. But I told my 'Liza I guessed not, — not if what everybody says about you was true, — I guessed not."

"Well," said Mrs. Paul, tapping her glasses lightly upon the arm of her chair, "and what is your object in coming here?"

Mrs. Jennings stared at her; there was a sudden collapse of all her windy anger. What had been her object? What good would it do, after all? There had been the moment's relief of talking out the pain of her poor old heart, but what now? She opened her lips, but she had nothing to say. There is something pathetic in the struggle of a small soul to grow great with passion. Mrs. Jennings burst into tears, and fumbled in her pocket for her handkerchief; not

finding it, she wiped her eyes upon a fold of her umbrella. "My 'Liza" — she sobbed.

"Oh," Mrs. Paul said; "yes, I see." She leaned back in her chair, with delicately knitted brows. "Well?"

"Well?" Mrs. Jennings repeated blankly.

"I suppose you have threatened my son with this visit to me?"

"Ma'am?" said Mrs. Jennings.

"But you have made a mistake. I do not interfere with Mr. Paul. You must go to him for money. I shall not give you any, you may depend upon that."

Mrs. Jennings stared at her. "Why, I ain't a poor person; I ain't in any need," she said. "I don't know what" —

Then it burst upon her. She rose, her lips parted, her broad bosom laboring for breath.

"Shame on you!" she stammered, — "shame, you bad woman! What are you thinking of? Money for my 'Liza that's had her innocent heart broke? An' what kind of a heart have you that you can think such thoughts of your own son?" In her honest and womanly anger her foolish jealousy of Miss Townsend was forgotten. "You think bad thoughts easier than good ones," she cried shrilly, running her hand down the staff of her umbrella, so that it opened and closed with her quickened breathing. "I come here 'cause I was most wild 'bout my 'Liza, an' to warn you 'bout Miss Townsend. Thank the Lord, my 'Liza ain't in any danger of comin' into such a family! An' if it was n't that I 'm a Christian, an' always do as I 'd be done by, I 'd say I wish 't Miss Townsend would marry Mr. Paul, just to bring your dirty, wicked pride down; but she 's too good for a son of yours, if she is poor. Shame on you!" She struck the floor with her mildewed old umbrella as sharply as Mrs. Paul could have done with her gold-headed stick.

"She is poor, is she?" Mrs. Paul inquired, watching the tears course down Mrs. Jennings' quivering cheeks.

"I have n't anything more to say," Mrs. Jennings responded, with a gasp, trying to tie her bonnet-strings into a tighter knot beneath her shaking chin.

"But I have," returned Mrs. Paul. "Of course I know very well why you came here, and if you had conducted yourself properly no doubt something could have been arranged. But you have chosen to gossip about Mr. Paul. If you had given your attention to your daughter a little sooner, it would have been wiser. This Miss Townsend, whoever she is, Mr. Paul has no idea of marrying, and you will never allude to such a thing again; do you hear me?"

"I will do just exactly what I please!" cried the other, thrusting out her lower lip and flinging her head back. When Mrs. Jennings chose, with her hands upon her broad hips, to make this unpleasant gesture, she was the embodiment of insolence.

Mrs. Paul was furious. She rang her bell wildly, and the savage jangle, echoing through the silent house, brought Davids running to the parlor door.

"Show her out!" said Mrs. Paul. "Show this person out, Davids!"

"Don't trouble yourself, Billy, don't trouble yourself, my dear!" screamed Mrs. Jennings, purple and panting. "I would n't stay, I would n't stay, — no, not for all her money; no, nor I would n't let my 'Liza cross his threshold. An' I 'll warn Miss Townsend against him, but I hope he 'll get her, poor as she is!"

Mrs. Paul made a motion of her hand which was unmistakable. Davids took Mrs. Jennings' wrist, and before she knew it, still railing and sobbing, she found herself running with the terrifying speed of a large person down the steep steps of the terrace and out through the iron gate. She was hardly able to check her pace by the time she came to the bridge, and her knees were

still shaking, from such unusual exercise, when she reached the toll-house.

Eliza had been watching for her mother, holding back the dimity curtain, so that a wavering line of cheerful light fell across the road; when she saw the familiar figure she hastened to open the door. "The tea-table 's set, and the toast is ready, ma," she said, and then broke into a cry of amazement at her mother's face.

"I 've been — I 've been" — Mrs. Jennings panted, falling into the big rocking-chair, trembling very much, and pressing her hand upon her side — "I 've been to his mother's — and that woman, that bad, wicked woman" —

"Whose mother's?" said Eliza faintly. "*His?*" She had run and fetched the toast from the kitchen, but in her agitation she put the plate down among the geraniums on the window-sill.

Mrs. Jennings nodded. She tried, with clumsy gloved fingers, to unfasten her bonnet-strings, and looked appealingly at Eliza for help, but her daughter was too excited to be dutiful.

"Tell me about it, ma, every word, quick!"

Mrs. Jennings, her voice still unsteady, told her story; at least part of it. She could tell Eliza that her mother had been insulted, but she could not soil her daughter's mind with Mrs. Paul's suspicion. When she stopped for breath Eliza burst into tears. In vain Mrs. Jennings tried to soothe her; she had nothing but sobbing reproaches for her mother.

"I don't know what in the world you went for, anyhow," she wailed, "an' I don't see that you said anything, either. Don't seem, somehow, as if there was any point in it, an' I 'll never hold up my head again. Oh, mother, how could you do it, — how *could* you?"

"But, 'Liza," quavered Mrs. Jennings, "I did n't mean no harm; I only meant — I only meant" —

"You 've disgraced me. She 'll tell him, and what 'll he think?"

Even as she spoke a vision of Job Todd came into little Eliza's mind: partly because, in this sudden light of common sense, her sentimental fancies showed their real value, and were almost blotted out; and partly because she reflected that if she "took Job, why, then *he* 'd never know anything, even if his mother did tell him!"

Of course this was all too confused for words, but Mrs. Jennings was profoundly thankful that Eliza's sobs did not continue very long; and, indeed, she so far recovered that she was soon able to sit up and eat a piece of toast, while shedding a few excited tears into her tea-cup. Mrs. Jennings, all the while, hovered about her like a ponderous butterfly. She was full of small caresses, and tender words, and little clucking sounds of maternal love, but there was a mist of tears in her fierce little eyes. "I was never spoke to so in my life," she was thinking. "I would n't 'a' minded for myself, but to think bad of my 'Liza!"

Margaret Deland.

THE EASTER HARE.

For more seasons than one cares to count, the Easter egg has been the familiar symbol of the great spring festival; but of late years, owing probably to the immense increase of our foreign population, another emblem has begun to dispute its supremacy in the confectioners' shops, and for some time the hares at Easter have been almost as numerous as the eggs. The hares are

quite as often rabbits, delicate distinctions in zoölogy not being the province of confectioners; but in this case they cannot go far out of the way in confounding the two, because in symbology the animals are identical, and, moreover, to the American eye the rabbit is the more familiar form.

But why either? What has the "innocent rodent," as George Eliot would say, "with its small nibbling pleasures," to do with the great festival of the Resurrection?

To solve this enigma and trace out the meaning of the symbol, we must go like a crab backwards, through the history of Easter itself, even at the risk of repeating by the way many things that everybody knows already.

The egg-symbol, which naturally suggests the bursting into life of a buried germ, is easily understood, though it is a question whether many of the boys who amuse themselves by breaking each other's Easter eggs know that they do so to celebrate the opening of the year. The giving of eggs at the Easter season can be traced back to the remotest antiquity, and belongs to all the Eastern nations, who used the symbol both to signify the universe and to represent the revival of life at the vernal equinox.

Easter, though apparently a solar festival in its connection with the equinox, in reality, and even as ordered by the Christian Church, belongs of right to the moon. As early as the second century the Western churches began to object to the contemporaneous celebration of Easter with the Jewish Passover, and in 325 A. D. the Council of Nice decided that it should be held in future upon the first Sunday after the first full moon upon or after the vernal equinox; and if said full moon fell upon Sunday, then Easter should be the Sunday after. (This full moon, by the way, is the imaginary moon of the calendar, and neither the real moon nor the mean moon of astronomers.) In spite of the precautions of the Council of Nice, however, from the fact that the Jewish Passover depends upon the first full moon of spring, Easter and the Passover have occurred together twice in this century, and will do so three times in the next.

Easter is derived from the name of the Saxon goddess Eostre, whose festival was held in April, and who was undoubtedly identical with Astarte, the Phœnician goddess of the moon. Now the moon was the earliest measurer of time, and we are told by Max Müller (in his first Lecture on the Science of Language) that her Sanskrit name, *mâs*, is clearly derived from the root *mâ*, to measure. The moon was masculine in Sanskrit, as she was in Anglo-Saxon, and indeed in all the Teutonic languages, and as she is in German still. This confusion of sex, as it seems to us who are accustomed to think of her as a "goddess excellently bright," probably arose from the fact that the deities of the earliest mythologies were androgynous, and that sex was a question of relation, and depended upon their personification in an active or a passive form. Even in the Greek mythology we find frequent instances of this double aspect; Dionysus, or Bacchus, for instance, being worshiped both as male and as female. The moon, as the measurer or lord of time, was considered as an active element, and personified as masculine.

Why the moon should have been chosen as the measurer of our days rather than the sun is very clearly explained in The Secret Doctrine, vol. i. p. 389. In outline this explanation is as follows: When the earliest races of mankind wished to mark off periods of time, some cycle that belonged equally to the starry spheres and to humanity would naturally be that upon which their choice would fall. Such a cycle was found in the physiological phenomena

connected with the life of the mother and her child. The lunar month of twenty-eight days (or four weeks of seven days each) gave thirteen periods in three hundred and sixty-four days; equivalent to the solar-week year of fifty-two weeks. The old Egyptians and Hebrews both calculated the calendar by the three hundred and sixty-four or three hundred and sixty-five days of the lunar year. Thus came the method of measures by lunar time, and through lunar, of solar time.

The moon, as we have already seen, varied in sex according to circumstances. As the new moon, with her brilliant horns and her increasing strength, or as the full moon, in the plenitude of her power, she represented the active element, and was personified as masculine; she was the Lord of Light, the sign of new life, the messenger of immortality. But the waning moon was passive, or feminine, and typified darkness, death, and, in the Egyptian mythology, Typhon, or the Evil Principle, who had the supremacy during his fourteen days' rule, when he tore Osiris (the sun) into fourteen pieces. But with the new moon Osiris came back to life, and at its full the Egyptians sacrificed a black pig (representing the now conquered Typhon) to Osiris. In the planisphere of Denderah, the god Khunsee is seen offering the pig by the leg in the disc of the full moon, and in some parts of England a leg of pig is still eaten on Easter Monday, — a curious survival of this sacrifice.

In ancient symbolism, again, the light half of the moon was masculine; the dark, feminine. There was also another dualism connected with the moon, as the prototype of the Virgin Mother, which may explain a very singular old English Easter custom which has always been a mystery to antiquarians. The Virgin Mother was represented by the British Druids as *two:* the sisters Kreirwy and Llywy (the British Proserpine and Ceres), the Virgin *and* the Mother. Proclus speaks of "the vivific goddesses" as the elder and the younger. The same idea runs through Polynesian mythology, and corresponds with Isis and Nephthys in Egyptian, and "the two wives of Jacob that builded the house of Israel" in Biblical lore. Pausanias describes a temple of two stories (the only one he knew) dedicated to Aphrodite; the lower story consecrated to the armed goddess, the upper to Aphrodite Morpho, veiled and with bound feet, — the fetters signifying gestation. One of the legends of the Mahabharata describes the two wives of Kaçyapas, Kaden and Vinatâ, the mother of breath, who bears the egg whence issues the serpent.

Now there is an endowment in the parish of Biddenden, Kent, of old but unknown date, which provides for the distribution of six hundred cakes among the poor upon the afternoon of Easter Sunday. These cakes bear a very curious "three-quarters" representation of two female figures joined at the shoulders and hips. The style is decidedly what in art parlance would be called "archaic," and the origin of the design has never been satisfactorily explained. Max Müller long since wrote of that interesting process of human thought by which elaborate myths grow from the seed-germ of a wish to account for some accepted fact, as in the case of the famous barnacle geese, who were described and painted as issuing from the barnacles of ships, through a popular misunderstanding of the name, which really came from the markings like spectacles (or *barnacles*) round the eyes of the geese. So, in the case of the Biddenden cakes, a legend was invented that the endowment was made by two unfortunate women who lived joined together in this impossible fashion, *à la* Siamese twins. The hot cross-buns of Good Friday are readily traced back to the pagan worship of the sun; and I am inclined to believe that these two

conjoined female figures represent the Virgin and Mother of the British Druids, the double Aphrodite of Pausanias, or the dual aspect of the moon. For in the oldest myths the goddesses, like the gods, are but one; and Artemis and Aphrodite, Here and Pallas, but representations of the varying phases of the *ewige Weiblichkeit.*

Having thus traced some of the connections of the moon with Easter, we have still to run down the mythical hare; and him we find directly as a type of the moon itself, across whose disc endless numbers of Hindu and Japanese artists have painted him, while their Chinese brethren represent the moon as a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. The hare was identical with the moon in symbology, for reasons that shall presently be explained; but having been drawn "in the moon," two different versions of one story arose to explain his presence there, as in the case of the barnacle geese.

One was that Buddha once took the shape of a hare that he might feed a hungry fellow-creature, and was translated in that form to the moon, where he evermore abides. But this is a very inferior version of the beautiful story of the starving tigress and her cubs, whom Buddha fed with his mortal body; and the second myth, as told by De Gubernatis in his Zoölogical Mythology, seems more likely to be the genuine one. This legend says that when Indra, disguised as a famishing pilgrim, was praying for food, the hare, having nothing else to give him, threw itself into the fire, that it might be roasted for his benefit, and the grateful Indra translated the animal to the moon.

In Sanskrit, the *çaças*, literally *the leaping one*, means not only the hare and the rabbit, but the spots on the moon supposed to depict the hare of the above myth. There are several other Hindu myths connecting the hare and the moon, notably one in the first story of the Pançatantram, where the hares dwell upon the shores of the lake of the moon, and their king, Vigayadattas (the funereal god), has for his palace the lunar disc. The hare is often represented in popular sayings as the enemy of the lion (or the sun), as in the Latin proverb, *Mortuo leoni lepores insultant* (or *saltant*), the equivalent of another saying, "The moon leaps up when the sun dies." Mary Stuart, in the days of her captivity, adopted for her device a netted lion with hares leaping over him, with the motto, *Et lepores devicto insultant leone.* (See also King John, Act II. Sc. 1.)

There were several reasons why the hare was chosen to symbolize the moon. One was that it is a nocturnal animal, and comes out at night to feed; another, that the female carries her young for a month, thus representing the lunar cycle; another, that the hare was thought by the ancients to be able to change its sex, like the moon. Sir Thomas Browne says that this was affirmed by Archelaus, Plutarch, Philostratus, and many others. Pliny, who is not mentioned by Sir Thomas, gives it the weight of his authority in his Natural History. The historian of Vulgar Errors devotes a chapter to the subject, but is extremely cautious in his dealing with it, considering it quite possible that such a change might take place, but in exceptional instances only, and certainly not annually, as the ancients asserted.

Beaumont and Fletcher allude to the notion several times, especially in the Faithful Shepherdess, Act III. Sc. 1, in the incantation of the Sullen Shepherd: —

> "Hares that yearly sexes change,
> Proteus altering oft and strange,
> Hecate with shapes three,
> Let this maiden changéd be."

Here we have the hare in close connection with Hecate, or the moon. And the same idea may be found in Hudibras, II. 2, v. 705.

But a more important reason for the identification of the hare with the moon lay in the fact that its young are born with their eyes open, unlike rabbits, which are born blind. The name of the hare in Egyptian was *un*, which means *open, to open, the opener*. Now the moon was the open-eyed watcher of the skies at night, and the hare, born with open eyes, was fabled never to close them: hence the old Latin expression, *somnus leporinus*, and the identification of the open-eyed hare with the full moon. The old principle of cure by "sympathies" led to the prescription, in the early English folk-lore, of the brain and eyes of the hare as a cure for somnolency.

The Egyptian word *un* not only meant *hare* and *open*, but also *period*, and for this reason (as well as for the one already given as to its time of gestation) the hare became the type of periodicity, both human and lunar, and in its character of "opener" was associated with the opening of the new year at Easter, as well as with the beginning of a new life in the youth and maiden. Hence the hare became connected in the popular mind with the paschal eggs, broken to signify the opening of the year. So close has this association become with some peoples, that in Swabia for instance, the little children are sent out to look for *hares' eggs* at Easter. In Saxony, they say that the Easter hare brings the Easter egg, and even in America we may see in the confectioners' windows the hare wheeling his barrowful of eggs, or drawing one large one as a sort of triumphal chariot. In some parts of Europe, the Easter eggs are made up into cakes in the shape of hares, and the little children are told that babies are found in the hare's "form." The moon, in her character of the goddess Lucina, presided over childbirth, and the hare is constantly identified with her in this connection in the folk-lore of many peoples, both ancient and modern. Pausanias describes the moon-goddess as instructing the exiles who would found a new nation to build their city in that myrtle-grove wherein they should see a hare take refuge. In Russia, if a hare meet the bridal car (as an omen thus *opposing* it), it bodes evil to the wedding, and to the bride and groom. If the hare be run over by the car, it is a bad presage, not only for the bridal couple, but for all mankind; being held as equivalent to an eclipse, always a sinister omen in popular superstition. In Swabia, the children are forbidden to indulge in the favorite childish amusement of making shadow-pictures of rabbits on the wall, because it is considered *a sin against the moon*.

Among English popular customs celebrating Easter, the only trace of the hare seems to be found in Warwickshire, where at Coleshill, if the young men of the parish can catch a hare and bring it to the parson before ten o'clock in the morning of Easter Monday (the *moon-day*), he is bound to give them a calf's head, one hundred eggs, and a groat; the calf's head being probably a survival of the worship of Baal, or the sun, as the golden calf.

The hare-myth has come over to America not only in the shape of the confectioners' Easter hares, but also in the very curious superstition among the negroes as to the efficacy as a talisman of *the left hind-foot of a graveyard rabbit killed in the dark of the moon*. In an article by Mr. Gerald Massey[1] (to whom I gratefully acknowledge my obligations) on the subject of such a talisman, said to have been presented by an old negro to President Cleveland during his electioneering tour of 1888, Mr. Massey very plainly shows that the two myths have the same origin. The rabbit, identical with the hare in symbolism, is here equivalent to the Lord of Light and Conqueror of Darkness, in, or as, the new moon. In the hieroglyphics,

[1] Lucifer, vol. i. p. 6. London. See also his Natural Genesis.

the *khepsh*, leg or hind-quarter, is the ideographic also of Typhon, or personified evil; the *left* side intensifying the idea. Therefore the left hind-foot of the graveyard rabbit stood for the last quarter or end of the moon, a symbol of the conquered Typhon, or Principle of Evil, to be worn in triumph, like a fox's brush, as a token of resurrection, or renewal, or general good fortune. The killing in the dark of the moon is simply a duplication of the victory over evil and death, a sort of symbological tautology, as it were. As a type of renewal, it was especially suitable as a gift to a President seeking reëlection, but in this case, as in the proverbial "dry time," all signs appeared to fail. It is a singular coincidence, and shows the universality of ancient symbols, that in England the luckiest of all lucky horseshoes, says Mr. Massey, is the shoe from the *left hind-foot of a mare.*

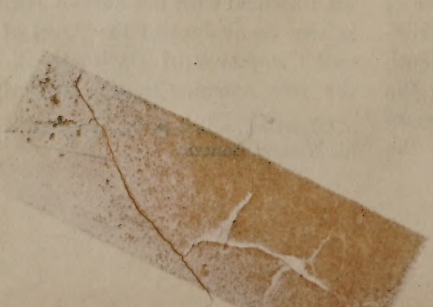
So we have hunted our Easter hare (or rabbit, as you choose) through America and England and Germany, all the way back through ancient Egypt and India, till we have run him into his original "form," the moon. That silent, silver-shining planet is the fountain-head of many a myth and the origin of many a mystery, and not half of "the fairy-tales of science" of which she is the heroine have yet been told.

Whether the proverbially "mad" March hare has anything to do with the moon and Easter I do not know. It has been suggested that this "madness" in March is probably only the access of liveliness that pervades the animal creation in the spring; but the fact that the hare was a proverbially melancholy beast indicates a different kind of madness, perhaps dependent on the "lunacy" of the moon. Prince Henry suggests the hare to Falstaff as a type of melancholy rather superior to the "gibcat" or the "lugged bear." The eating of its flesh was said by Galen to produce melancholy (perhaps as a sequence of indigestion!), and Nares thinks the long sitting of the hare in its form may have caused it to be considered a melancholy animal. If this condition be equivalent to madness, as the gentle optimist would have it, then we have the madness of the March hare sufficiently accounted for; otherwise we may hunt him through whole libraries of proverbs and popular sayings, and Archaic Dictionaries, and Glossaries, etc., only to find him mentioned as "well known" as far back as 1542. Only this and nothing more. Indeed, he is said to have made his first appearance in the pages of Skelton's Replycation to the Scoler, in 1520. A hare crossing a person's path was supposed to disorder his wits, as the moon's beams falling upon the face were supposed to do; and, upon the whole, the weight of evidence is in favor of the hare's madness being a species of "lunacy" rather than the jollity of spring.

Perhaps the reader, weary of the subject, may feel inclined to agree with the profound genius who dismissed the question of the similarly proverbial madness of hatters in these simple words: —

"Why hatters as a race are mad
I do not know, nor does it matter!"

Katharine Hillard.



SOME POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

VII.

"THIS is the civil service that he [Jefferson] taught us, sir, — 'Is the man honest? Is he capable?' These were the only requirements. If then he is a man who is deserving, his employer should be the sole judge of it. When I make application for admission as an employee in one of the departments here, the head of the department is the man to inquire into my qualifications and honesty." [1]

That a representative of Tammany Hall should arise in the national Congress and gravely inveigh against the merit system on the ground that it does not embody the Jeffersonian requirements of honesty and capacity, is a spectacle calculated to excite pensive reflections upon the decadence of American humor.

That "ancient and powerful organization" might have informed itself that the Pendleton Act does not prevent the "head of a department" from looking into "the qualifications and honesty" of an applicant. The appointive power is not transferred by that measure. No one pretends that the secretary of a great department has the time personally to test the fitness, by examination or otherwise, of those applying for the numerous clerkships under his control. Under any system this duty must be delegated. The Civil Service Commission is a convenience, simply, and is created as a guarantee of fair play. It does not appoint; it merely certifies to the result of the public competitive examinations held under its auspices. Its functions are ministerial, and its inquiries may be treated as preliminary. It is true that the head of the department cannot go outside of the list of eligibles in making appointments; but it is true also that the whole public is invited to the competition, and thus has the opportunity to range itself within those lists.

If heads of departments, or rather chiefs of bureaus, ought to choose their own subordinates, then the objector quoted above has furnished an excellent reason why the spoils system, which he advocates, should be abolished. An unwritten law governing that system robs the chief of bureau of all discretion in the matter of appointments. Congressmen dictate to him whom he shall employ.

The questions, Is the applicant honest? Is he capable? are not controlling. Practically, the chief is precluded from discriminating inquiry; he must take what the Congressman sets before him. Nor is this all. He cannot discharge an unruly or inefficient employee without endangering his own head. Numerous instances might be quoted to show that clerks who have been dismissed by the chief for the good of the service have been restored by him under the pains and penalties of congressional insistence.

A system which permits outsiders thus to interfere in the conduct of the departments, and which transforms the civil service into a bankrupt court for the liquidation of political debt, can hardly be extolled as promotive of good administration. Much less are its defenders in a position to assail the merit system, which would appoint a chief of bureau by promotion, and which would secure to him such independence and discretion as are necessary to the proper performance of his duties.

[1] General Spinola, Proceedings of the House of Representatives, December 19, 1888.

VIII.

"The duties of all public officers are, or at least admit of being made, so plain and simple that men of intelligence may readily qualify themselves for their performance; and I cannot but believe that more is lost by the long continuance of men in office than is generally to be gained by their experience. I submit, therefore, to your consideration whether the efficiency of the government would not be promoted, and official industry and integrity better secured, by a general extension of the law which limits appointments to four years." [1]

President Jackson himself furnishes the best commentary upon his own text. Without waiting for Congress to act upon his recommendation to extend the four-year law, he proceeded immediately to put his theory into practice by making removals wholesale, thus inaugurating the spoils system as we now know it. The effect was not at all what the public had been led to expect by the words of the annual message. Webster said, in a speech,[2] that during the first three years of the new administration (1829–32) more nominations had been "rejected [by the Senate] on the ground of unfitness than in all the preceding years of the government; and those nominations, you know, sir, could not have been rejected but by votes of the President's own friends." Nor did those persons who succeeded in passing the ordeal of senatorial confirmation give character to the service. The good name of the country was scandalized by great frauds. The loss which occurred in the handling of government funds during the eight years of Jackson's rule averaged $7.52 per thousand, an increase of $3.13 over that of his predecessor, John Quincy Adams. During the administration of Van Buren, — that perfect exponent of the spoils system and *protégé* of Jackson, — the deficits reached the great sum of $11.72 per thousand, the high-water mark of inefficiency and corruption in the official history of the United States. This marked deterioration of the public service may be easily explained. Incumbents had been removed for political reasons, and not for purposes of administrative reform. Little wonder, then, that President Jackson should advocate the vacation of office by law, and thus save himself and his successors the odium of those evils which follow in the train of an arbitrary and indiscriminate proscription of place-holders.

IX.

"Rotation in office, change, is an absolute necessity. Our whole system abhors perpetuity. Rotation and change, the frequent examination of the servant's accounts, and the frequent removal of the servant himself, is an essential element to secure the perpetuity of free institutions." [3]

An examination of the servant's accounts should not wait upon removal, and the servant himself should not be removed unless there is cause for it. "Change for the sake of change" is not only unsound as a political principle, but it is impracticable as a business method. It would wreck any railroad that adopted it. In essence it is a pseudo-socialism. The theory that the citizen owes a duty to the state is supplanted by the doctrine that the state owes a place to the citizen; that government is a device for the support of its subjects; and that every man should be maintained in some mysterious and circuitous manner by every other man. This opens an alluring vista of possibil-

[1] Andrew Jackson's first annual message to Congress, December 8, 1829.

[2] Worcester, Mass., October 12, 1832.

[3] Senator Williams, Cong. Rec., vol. xiv. Part I. p. 505.

ities. If every man "has a right to an office;" if incumbents should be removed simply because they have been in "long enough;" if official life is a "merry-go-round," it follows duly that rotation must successively induct into place every adult in the United States, for a period of time to be ascertained only by a nice calculation in the rule of three. Should it be objected that rotation is not rotatory, — that is, that it does not include all, — then the doctrine lacks even the apology of a common benefit, and becomes merely an alimentary provision for a few hungry office-seekers. As such it will not commend itself to the popular judgment. The people are not interested in the fortunes of itinerant place-hunters. They are interested, however, in having the business of the government — that is, the business of themselves — well done. But to refuse to recognize merit by promotion; to remove all officers, the faithful and the unfaithful, the efficient and the inefficient, the honest and the dishonest, indifferently, is to put a premium upon sloth, bungling, and peculation. In these days of sharp competition, commercial houses do not conduct their business so, and would not if they could. To employ a man with scant regard to his fitness, and to discharge him despite his skill, trustworthiness, and experience, would be to court ruin and to build up rival concerns. But it may be urged that the government is a monopoly, and can afford to ignore the economies; that the American people are rich, dislike cheeseparing, and are fond of "munificent public expenditure." Is the art of administration beneath the dignity of an intelligent people? It should be their pride. The United States is the most extravagant of civilized governments. What it wastes would enrich any third-class power. States and municipalities are groaning under debts recklessly incurred. In some cases, where the burdens have been too heavy to be borne, or where the public conscience has been weak, repudiation has left its indelible stain. Princely domains have been voted to railroads by federal and state legislatures. Tens of millions of dollars have been sunk in the improvement of unused water-ways, in half-finished canals, and in badly made roads. The enormous fees and salaries paid in many States to county officers have been a prolific source of office jobbery and of corrupt elections, and, it may be remarked in passing, afford a field for civil service reform which as yet is scarcely explored. As to municipal government, its name is a byword and a hissing. Valuable franchises, which ought to yield a permanent public revenue, have been, and are being, constantly given away to corporations. Insecure public buildings, defective sewage systems, illy paved and illy lighted streets, leaky aqueducts, and impure water supplies commemorate in almost every city the carelessness of a free people and the unfitness of their servants. A computation of the cost of government in this country, made by some careful statistician, would be an interesting object-lesson to the taxpayer. That much-exploited individual is awakening at last to the fact that something is wrong. He is beginning to doubt whether the "hustler" or the "worker" is the ideal administrative officer. To choose a city civil engineer because he is a "good fellow," and to appoint an architect of federal buildings because he is a cousin of the President's step-aunt, no longer seems to him to be a wholly rational proceeding. The idea that every American is qualified, without previous training or experience, to fill any office has proved to be an expensive delusion. The most incompetent men in the civil service of the United States are those who are appointed for short terms. About 3500 of the higher-grade officers are so selected by the President and the Senate, but the business of the places themselves is in the hands of subordi-

nates, upon whom the superior is helplessly dependent. As a rule, the presidential Postmaster knows nothing of the workings of his office. Although he is the highest in rank, he becomes, by force of circumstances, the pupil of the lowest. He learns his duties at the expense of the government, and, as often as not, is removed at the very time he begins to be serviceable. The same is also true of other officers, including the members of the cabinet. The case of the last named, however, is exceptional. These officials are quasi-legislative, as well as administrative. As the political advisers of the President, and indirectly of Congress, and as the exponents of a party or national policy, they should be removable at pleasure. If the effect of this commingling of duties is not always salutary, it furnishes sometimes an agreeable diversion to the disinterested spectator. The facility with which members of the cabinet are shifted from one department to another, during the same administration, indicates either great versatility in the American administrative officer, or (more probably) a profound and impartial ignorance that is not less impressive. At the best, the technical knowledge possessed by the heads of departments is superficial, and the rapidity of cabinet changes merely emphasizes the need for experienced subordinates. Indeed, experience, of which duration in office is generally the measure, is absolutely indispensable.

But the advocates of rotation may cite the many excellences of the civil administration of the United States as a proof of their theory. It disproves it. Parties have not alternated in the control of the government every four years, as the Constitution permits. They have had extended leases of power, and, while many changes have been made in the *personnel* of the service, the body of the employees have been retained long enough to enable them to become familiar with their duties, and to administer their offices with economy and dispatch. Mr. Eaton, the American encyclopædist of civil service reform, writing in 1884, said that "the average periods of service in the lower offices, of late, at least, have been two or three times four years, and have been the longest where administration has been best and politics least partisan and corrupt. The average time of service of the more than 42,000 postmasters, whose terms are not fixed by law, has probably been about ten years, at least, if we exclude post offices established within that period." [1]

Here, then, we are face to face with the difficulty (before stated) which confronted England, namely, to obtain good government, either the spoils system must be abolished, or some one party must be continued in power indefinitely.

The history of the last administration is illustrative, although it is too fresh in memory to need specific and detailed criticism. Suffice it to say that, in the change of parties, the efficiency of the civil service was greatly impaired by sweeping and causeless removals. The people were justly indignant at this needless disordering of public business, and the press was a chorus of complaint from the beginning of the presidential term to the end. It is the well-considered opinion of many that if President Cleveland had redeemed the promises he had so copiously made, he could not have failed of reëlection in 1888. But it should not be forgotten that, in the event of his so doing, he might have failed of renomination. Under the spoils system politicians make presidential candidates, and they will not be balked twice in the same man. As it was, Mr. Cleveland crossed the creek, but could not ferry the river. Fearing that his record as an administrative officer would challenge defeat, he dexterously introduced a new issue into the canvass; but without avail. He was abandoned by enough advocates of the merit system in one State alone to

[1] Lalor's Cyclopædia, vol. iii. p. 904.

elect his opponent. The people demanded reform, and it is the onerous duty of the present administration to meet this demand. If it succeed in fulfilling public expectation, it must make capacity, integrity, fidelity, and experience the test of appointment; the lack of these qualities, the test of removal. "Rotation" is already discredited in business communities. It exists in theory only because it is infrequent in practice. A few successive trials of it will be a liberal education to all persons concerned.

But it is urged, with some patriotic fervor, that "our system abhors perpetuity;" that rotation is a fundamental principle of democracy; and that it is essential to the permanence of our institutions.

Whether a government, established for the common benefit of the whole people, "abhors" the "perpetuity" of anything that helps to secure that end is a question which perhaps even the wayfaring man might answer, without invoking the aid of the casuist. But it is not relevant to the issue.

The government of the United States was formed as a protest against tyranny; that is, against the rule of unfit and irresponsible men. The fitness and responsibility of rulers were among the germinal ideas of the Constitution. Hereditary kingships and hereditary houses of legislation were abolished by that instrument. Merit, and not accident of birth, was to be the test of official preferment. Civil service reform embodies this ideal. It says that those officers of the executive department whose duties, being purely administrative and not legislative, are the same, whatever party is in power, shall be appointed from the whole people, solely on account of fitness; that they shall not be secured in place for any fixed term, be it short or long; and that their tenure shall depend upon their good behavior and efficiency. Obviously, this tenure, which means the instant decapitation of the unfit servant, is a very different thing from life tenure, which means a vested interest in office.

Several facts prove conclusively that the founders of the republic took this view of the matter. In the first place, they fixed the term of no officer in the executive department except that of the President and the Vice-President. Secondly, they provided by express words in the Constitution that the judges of the Supreme Court and the inferior courts should hold their offices during good behavior. Thirdly, they applied this system to the civil administration at the very beginning of the government. The allegation, then, that a tenure of this character, which was an established usage for forty years, is radical, revolutionary, and subversive of "our system" may be leniently ascribed to the inaccurate tendencies of the florid and rhetorical mind.

Strange as it may appear to earnest but misguided vociferants, there has been no statutory change in the tenure of the great majority of inferior officers in the civil branch of the executive department. Custom, it is true, has wrought a decided change in that it has substituted a tenure of favoritism and partisanship; but no legal barrier to continuous service has been erected. An appointee under the spoils system may grow gray in the government service, provided always he can gain and retain the influence of some potent politician. Probably the advocates of rotation will not greatly object to this, if the incumbent belongs to "their side." Indeed, it is painful, as a commentary upon the perishable nature of political convictions, to observe how speedily the party in power becomes reconciled to that perpetuity in office which erstwhile was so abhorrent. It leaves it to the party which is out of power — those who are unbidden to the feast — to become "aghast" at the enormity of the thing. Did not the dominant party thus acquiesce periodically in a stable holding, the

doctrine of rotation would have vanished in disgrace long since.

As far back as 1835, Mr. Calhoun pointed out the distinction which is vital to a proper understanding of the rotation theory. In advocating the repeal of the four-year law, with the ablest men of the Senate, including Webster, Clay, Benton, and others, he said: —

"I will not undertake to inquire now whether the principle of rotation, as applied to the ordinary ministerial officers of a government, may not be favorable to popular and free institutions, when such officers are chosen by the people themselves. It certainly would have a tendency to cause those who desire office, when the choice is in the people, to seek their favor; but certain it is, that in a Government where the Chief Magistrate has the filling of vacancies, instead of the people, there will be an opposite tendency — to court the favor of him who has the disposal of offices — and this for the very reason that when the choice is in the people their favor is courted. If the latter has a popular tendency, it is no less certain that the former must a contrary one." [1]

If this reasoning suggests to zealous advocates of rotation the propriety of making the ministerial offices of the executive department elective, and thereby amenable to the people, another quotation — one from the great publicist, John Stuart Mill — may be permitted: —

"A most important principle of good government in a popular constitution is that no executive functionaries should be appointed by popular election, neither by the votes of the people themselves nor by those of their representatives. The entire business of government is skilled employment; the qualifications for the discharge of it are of that special and professional kind which cannot be properly judged of except by persons who have themselves some share of those qualifications, or some practical experience of them. The business of finding the fittest persons to fill public employment — not merely selecting the best who offer, but looking out for the absolutely best, and taking note of all fit persons who are met with, that they may be found when wanted — is very laborious, and requires a delicate as well as highly conscientious discernment; and as there is no public duty which is in general so badly performed, so there is none for which it is of greater importance to enforce the utmost practicable amount of personal responsibility, by imposing it as a special obligation on high functionaries in the several departments. All subordinate public officers who are not appointed by some mode of public competition should be selected on the direct responsibility of the minister under whom they serve." [2]

If, to suppose a case, the 57,000 postmasters in the United States were elected by the people, where would be the efficiency of the Post-Office Department? Instead of a coördinated whole, regulated by and responsible to a single head, there would be a multitude of independent units — a debating society. The Postmaster-General, denuded of all authority, would be a figure-head, an adviser, not a commander. Even if the power of removal were secured to him, he could not exercise it without affronting the judgment of the particular constituency that elected the displaced officer. Appeals from his decisions to the electoral bodies would be frequent, and would result in endless confusion. Under such circumstances an administrative system would be impossible. Blame for maladministration could not be fixed, and responsibility is vital to good government. "As a general rule, every executive function, whether superior or subordinate, should be the appointed duty of some given individual. It should be apparent to all the world who did everything, and through whose default

[1] Works, vol. ii. pp. 445–6.

[2] Rep. Gov., pp. 268–9.

anything was left undone. Responsibility is null when nobody knows who is responsible; nor, even when real, can it be divided without being weakened." [1]

Municipalities are beginning to lay this lesson to heart. Government by boards of aldermen and by councils, whose members are answerable, not to the whole city, but to separate districts, is a famous contrivance for ill doing and not doing. For these joint feasors there is no common court. But if authority were fused, it would be easier to mete out punishment. A mayor elected by the whole community, and endowed with the power of appointing boards of public works, would receive the full meed of praise or blame. Charged with malfeasance, he could not, Adam-like, lay it on the woman. Solely responsible, he would present a conspicuous figure for public sacrifice. Complexity is the weakness of popular government; simplicity is its genius. The mass move slowly, and it is the height of unwisdom to distract their attention from one to many by diffusing responsibility. This reasoning applies to all administrative government, whether local or national. It tells strongly against the four-year law, which divides between the President and the Senate the responsibility of appointing the higher administrative officers of the United States. This law, which is the exemplar of rotation, increases the power of the President by compelling a new appointment every four years. It also decreases his responsibility. To use the words of Webster, "the law itself vacates the office, and gives the means of rewarding a friend without the exercise of the power of removal at all." [2] If the friend thus appointed is incompetent, unfaithful, or dishonest, the President can plead, in extenuation, that the Senate coöperated with him in the selection of the officer. But the Senators themselves escape individual censure, because all confirmations occur in secret session. It was said in defense of this cumbrous method of choice that the Senate, in acting upon a nomination by the President, would look solely to the fitness of the candidate, and that "its advice and consent" would be disinterested. Experience refutes this. In many instances, nominations are ratified, not because the nominees are fit, but because their names have been suggested by the very Senators who pass upon them. In other instances, the power of "senatorial courtesy" is invoked, and nominations are rejected because the nominees are personally objectionable to the Senators of some particular State. Division of responsibility here means division of spoil.

The first four-year law (passed in 1820) was the herald of the patronage system. "The bill was retroactive, and it made official terms expire upon the eve of the presidential election." It was drawn by Mr. Crawford, who expected to be, and was, a candidate for the presidency in 1824.

"The avowed reason, or rather the apology, for the new policy was that it would remove unworthy officers; the speciousness of which appears in the facts that the tenures of all in office, worthy and unworthy alike, were, without inquiry, severed absolutely; and nothing but official pleasure was to protect the most meritorious in the future. There was no showing of delinquencies; no charge that the President could not or would not remove unworthy officials; not a word of discussion, not a record of votes, on this revolutionary bill!" [3]

In the lapse of time the provisions of the bill were extended. With the downfall of the congressional caucus the initiative in the nomination of Presidents passed to the country at large. Thus it

[1] Rep. Gov., p. 262.

[2] The Appointing and Removing Power, U. S. Senate, February 16, 1835.

[3] D. B. Eaton, Lalor's Cyclopædia, vol. iii. p. 900.

happened that "workers" were needed in every quarter to advance the interests of candidates, and these men must be paid. But how? To abolish tenure on good behavior and to legislate incumbents out of office every four years was an easy and admirable expedient. This was done in the case of postmasters drawing a salary of a thousand dollars per annum, or more, and of some others, and the law now covers nearly all the high-salaried officials on the civil list. The Pendleton Act affects only their subordinates; and our administrative system to-day presents the anomaly of filling certain inferior offices by the test of merit, and of jobbing out the superior offices as political rewards. If the civil service act is to be honestly enforced, the four-year law must be repealed. Postmasters, collectors, heads of divisions and bureaus, who are themselves the creatures of favoritism, and who are daily beset by "workers" clamoring for office, cannot be expected to look kindly upon a law which is a reproach to their own existence, and which denies them the power to pay the men who have made them what they are. Another consideration is, the highest positions demand the largest capacity and the longest experience. But the four-year law makes the supply smallest where the demand is greatest. Again, to subject subordinates to ignorant and incapable superiors is to demoralize the service. The lower should look upward, not the higher downward.

It may be admitted that there is a deep-rooted popular objection to the repeal of the four-year law, and the reason is plain. Federal offices have been used so long as party spoils, and have been so much the subject of contention, that the people have come to regard them as not less important than legislative offices, and to look with as grave distrust upon permanent tenure in the one as in the other. This mistake is not unnatural. These offices are filled by prominent politicians, who, by reason of their election work, have become obnoxious to many of the community. To keep such factious persons in place permanently seems to the public the greatest kind of an evil. But the repeal of the four-year law will not perpetuate this evil; it will abolish it. It will bring into office a different class of men, who will be little in the public eye, and whose energies will be devoted to the public, and not to party interests.

So much for the doctrine of rotation, seriously and tenderly considered. Stripped of its pretensions and misleading verbiage, it means, not the purification of the civil service, but the displacement of one horde of office-seekers by another. It is the cry of foray, not the watchword of reform. It is an excuse, not a reason. It is the sign and symbol of a predatory raid, the rallying banner of landless resolutes enlisted to an enterprise that hath a stomach in it. Looked at in any way, rotation is a perpetual recurring menace to the stability of our government. It is the prop of a falling party and the instrument of fraud. It is a constant temptation to politicians to use public salaries as a fund with which to pay private debts, thus compelling the people to furnish the means for their own corruption and to defeat their own will. It wrecks the lives of tens of thousands of young men by offering, as a bait to cupidity, high wages which outbid the market. It makes idle expectants of the industrious, starves the few it feeds, and lures the mass to vagrancy. It subverts the true ideal of office, transforming public servants into private henchmen, and partisans into camp followers. It degrades skilled labor, and makes the government an almshouse. It breeds parasites, markets citizenship, and suborns public opinion. To sum up, it makes of administration a chaos, of politics a trade, and of principle an interest. Rotation is not an "essential element to secure the perpetuity of free institutions."

Oliver T. Morton.

ROD'S SALVATION.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

"WELL, she ain't shipped for it yet, I reckon," said Captain Case, with a touch of irony, as he removed the pipe from his mouth and leaned back in his stiff chair.

The tobacco smoke was thick in the low room, and unpracticed eyes might not readily have discerned the owner of a voice which came in response from the further corner; but there was no such doubt in the minds of the few silent listeners who sat gravely about, one tipped back against the window-casing, two others leaning on the deal table. They recognized Captain Small.

"Well, no," said the voice, "I don't know as she 's shipped for it, and I don't say as she 's goin' to; but I do say that she may sign the papers pretty blame quick some mornin', and then before she knows it she 's out o' sight o' land. That 's the way with women, — all of 'em."

No one contradicted this statement, and there was a moment's pause in the conversation. The two men by the table shifted the position of their arms, and glanced at each other and at the man in the tipped-back chair, not restlessly, but signifying a readiness to hear further testimony. The pause was due merely to the necessity on Captain Case's part for expectoration.

"Well," he said again, "you can take my affydavit for it, she stays alongshore as long as that cranky brother of hers does, — that 's all."

The listeners had no idea of its being all; they knew Captain Small was not a man easy to worst in an argument, and there was plenty of time before them; it was yet early in the autumn evening. But as Captain Small prepared to give the expected reply, there was a heavy step just outside, a rattling at the latch, and as the door swung open, admitting a breath of the salt, fresh breeze from without, there stepped into the room the sort of man with whom a whiff of salt air seems the natural accompaniment. He was a tall, fine-looking, gray-haired old sailor, with regular features and an expression of sturdy good-nature very pleasant to see.

"Good-evenin'," he said, as he pushed the door behind him, which closed with something of a bang.

"Good-evenin', Cap'n Wheelock." "How are you, cap'n?" "Good-evenin'," came the various greetings, in genuine welcome.

"It 's getting thick outside," remarked Captain Wheelock, moving a chair forward, and sitting down in it.

"Draw up to the stove," urged Captain Case hospitably.

"No stove for me at my age," replied the old man. "It 's all well enough for you boys to get in out of the weather."

"Glad to see you at the Club, cap'n," said one of the men at the table, with a smile and a nod. "You don't get down as often as you used to."

"That 's a fact, — that 's a fact," answered Captain Wheelock genially. "I don't cruise round evenings as much as I did."

"There ain't as much to talk about nowadays," suggested Captain Case, with an elaborate wink addressed to the company in general. "Whalin' ain't what it was."

Captain Wheelock joined in the good-humored laugh at his expense.

"Well, no, it ain't," he affirmed regretfully; "really it ain't."

Then there fell a silence upon the company. The old whaling captain's entrance had been an interruption, albeit no unwelcome one, and there was felt a certain delicacy about taking up the thread of conversation just where it had been broken off. The pause, however, was by no means one of embarrassment or awkwardness. It was very seldom that either of these annoyed society in Seacove. The most polished of social ornaments might well envy the charm found here, in a genuineness and simplicity which was never disturbed because it never dreamed of inequality, and withal an absence of provincial narrowness which comes from the necessarily wide experience of those who go down to the sea in ships.

The men smoked; the dim kerosene lamp flickered and grew dimmer in the clouded room. It was a lamp plucky as most, but it had a good deal against its success in life this evening. The windows rattled now and then, and from outside came the intermittent soft rush of the surf on the sandy beach. Captain Small, with a grave deliberateness which intimated to the room generally that he saw no reason for not going on with the discussion, broke the silence.

"We were talking, Cap'n Wheelock," he said, "as you came in, about your granddaughter there."

"Were you, now?" said the old man, with friendly interest. It was no unusual thing to discuss here the personal affairs of the Club members. It was rather flattering than otherwise, within certain bounds, which were never transgressed by the courtesy of Seacove. "Fayal's a good girl," he added, with the certainty of a friendly response.

"There 's nobody here said anything against that, cap'n," and a man who had not spoken before shook the ashes out of his pipe, and looked about with a little air of defiance, as though he had added, "And I 'd like to see the land lubber who 'd dare say it, too." No one felt himself aggrieved by this attitude of Captain Sash. In the first place, their consciences were clear; and, in the next, Captain Sash's defiances were well understood. He was a small, sandy-haired man, with the proverbial anchor tattooed on his left forearm, a deficiency of reliable teeth, and the best heart in the world. His was not the mould to inspire uneasiness, and so much the better for it, but he looked upon himself as a figure of systematic aggression.

"And not so much about her, either," went on Captain Small, after various nods expressive of entire assent on the part of the company to the previous statements, "as about that young Farnor that 's anchored here for the last two months, and that 's always round after Fayal."

"I don't know as he 's after her," said Captain Wheelock slowly, while an anxious expression crossed his rugged face.

"Well, we don't think he 'll make much headway," struck in Captain Case, "as long as she keeps so close alongside of Rod."

"That 's a fact," and Captain Wheelock's face brightened again. "I guess you 're right, cap'n. There ain't room for any other vessel in *that* port."

"It 's a queer thing," said Captain Small meditatively, "the kind of thing women tie up to."

Captain Small was credited with even more than the sailor's usual devotion to the fair sex, — a circumstance which imparted a shade of melancholy to his general observations thereupon, and caused them to be listened to with great respect. "So it is, cap'n, so it is," assented Captain Sash.

"No, I don't know as Rod is worth it," asserted Captain Wheelock, shaking his head. "Fayal 's a good girl, and I don't say Rod 's worth it."

It was not the first time that Rod's misdemeanors had brought his name into this intimate and sympathetic circle.

"What 's he doing now, Cap'n Whee-

lock?" asked one of the more silent men, with respectful interest.

"Nothing," answered Captain Wheelock gloomily, "nothing, — or else mischief."

The darkness in the room threatened to become impenetrable. The stove door was bright enough, to be sure, but the lamp let its discouragement be seen and began to smoke. Captain Trent set his chair noisily on four legs, and turned up the wick. The increased illumination suggested a change in the tone of conversation, which was growing depressed.

"That Farnor, — where does he come from?" asked Captain Small.

"He 's of Seacove extract," answered Captain Case. "His grandmother was a Wheelock, kind of third or fourth cousin of the cap'n's, and she married a nothing that came down here from the inland, and went away with him. This is the first one of the tribe that 's come back. Ain't that so, cap'n?"

"That 's so."

"And he might as well have stayed away, according to my reckoning," went on Captain Case.

"That 's a fact," assented Captain Wheelock for the second time. Then he roused himself from what threatened to be a fit of abstraction. "What that boy needs," he went on with decision, and a glance around him whose little touch of self-consciousness showed that he anticipated the verdict of his audience, "is a whalin' voyage." He paused, as one who could bring forward corroborative evidence if demanded by the situation, but who forbore to force an opening for it. This opening was instantly afforded by the good breeding of the company.

"Guess you 're about right, cap'n," said Captain Trent. "That 'll take the stiffenin' out of 'most anybody."

"Well, I guess it will," said the captain, while his eyes sparkled, and he leaned forward and knocked his pipe on the table edge. But he waited still for the stimulus of further interest.

"The kind of weather you have up there don't suit land lubbers," remarked Captain Small.

"Weather!" Captain Wheelock exclaimed. "A man that 's been round Cape Horn three times don't have much to say about the weather. When I" — The auditors settled back in their chairs; the lamp flickered, the atmosphere grew more stifling, the sound of the waves on the beach deeper, but the little circle within were in the northern seas with harpoon and grappling-iron.

It was an hour later that Captain Trent, carelessly glancing out of the window at his right, saw approaching swiftly a bright spot on the thick darkness. He said nothing, however, but watched it as he listened, and in a few moments the light of the lantern flashed through the low window, a light step sounded on the doorstone, then a subdued swish of a skirt against the door itself, and a sharp, quick knock on the panels. There was a scraping of chairs. Captain Wheelock suspended his narration, and Captain Case called out, "Come in!"

The door swung back, and in the dark opening, illuminated only by the upward flash of the lantern in her hand, stood a young girl. Even the feeble light of the lamp blinded her, after the cool, soft darkness without, and she paused a moment, a smile on her lips, peering uncertainly into the smoky room. Her short, plain skirt was dull blue, and her blouse waist was like it, with a deep white sailor collar, out of which her graceful throat and head rose like a flower. Her dark hair was twisted into a thick, close knot behind, and she wore a small red cap pulled down almost to her ears. A few dark locks fell over her forehead, under which her starlike eyes looked out brilliantly and fearlessly. Her small nose and charming, smiling mouth made up a singularly beautiful face.

"Good-evenin', Miss Fayal. Come

in! Come in!" rose the chorus, with a hospitable waving of pipes.

"Well, Fay, I guess you've come after me," supplemented Captain Wheelock, with a somewhat shamefaced abandonment of his rôle of narrator.

"Good-evening," said Fayal, stepping into the room, with a laughing nod to the whole group. "Well, grandpa, I guess I have come after you," and she went over to the old man, and laid her hand on his shoulder. There was an absolute unconsciousness of her beauty in her manner, and yet a full, friendly appreciation of the admiring and affectionate glances of the half dozen weather-beaten old sailors that was charming.

"It's time you were home, you know it is. No wonder you looked put by when I came in. Now I know what you were saying," and she looked slowly around the group, who grinned in assenting enjoyment. "Yes, I know, and there's no use in denying it. You were saying, just as I came in, that you did n't believe there was anybody could kill a whale quicker than you could."

The grin deepened into a loud laugh of confirmation, joined in by the old captain with some deprecation.

"Oh, I know you, you old whaler," repeated the girl, nodding and swinging the lantern. "Come along home."

Captain Wheelock rose, and in a minute the two, with a gay "Good-night" from Fayal, left the murky atmosphere of good-fellowship, and stepped out into the damp darkness, lightened by the twinkling lantern and penetrated by the sound of the waves below.

The usual silence of people who are in no haste to express what is in the minds of all followed their exit. Then Captain Sash remarked, "Well, I guess she ain't off her soundings *yet*," and looked defiantly around for somebody to contradict him. Nobody did. Even Captain Small's pessimistic views of the attendant difficulties of woman's career were modified by the vision of the young, beautiful, and courageous creature who had just left them.

II.

It was perhaps twenty minutes later. The conversation had been renewed upon subjects dear to seafaring men. There was another rapid tread outside, the door opened abruptly for the third time, and a young man stepped into the room, whose quick glance had taken in all the occupants before he responded to their deliberate nods of recognition. He was a heavily built fellow, rather good looking in a not particularly attractive way, with overhanging eyebrows, beneath which his eyes looked watchfully forth to see what people were thinking of him. His was a not unintelligent face, though far from intellectual. His manner, gait, and voice were permeated by a sense of his own importance, which restrained within bounds what might otherwise have been a turbulent nature. His passions, naturally strong and tenacious, could be wrought upon only through this medium of self-consideration, which, without concealing their existence from even indifferent observers, usually withheld them from reaching active demonstration or real depth. Yet this armor of Farnor's was not proof against his own carking doubt of the entire success of the impression he made upon others, by which suggestion perfect self-satisfaction is untroubled.

"Come for your mail, Mr. Farnor?" asked Captain Sash. It was noteworthy that no one suspected him of having come for the social advantages of the place.

"Yes, captain," answered the young man, with an attempt at ease and familiarity. "Anybody brought it over?"

"Here you are," and Captain Sash shoved towards him a small pile of letters lying on the table. "Went over myself to-night."

Farnor picked up the pile, and ran them through, laying aside one or two addressed to himself. This was the usual mode of mail distribution at Seacove. The men sat around, smoking silently and watching him.

"Don't see any that belong up my way, or I'd take them along, too," he said, laying down the last letter and picking up his hat.

"Most of 'em been in. Cap'n Wheelock was the last."

Farnor looked quickly at the speaker, and then, with something of an effort, asked carelessly, "So the cap'n's been down this evening, has he?"

"Yes. Left about half an hour ago." There was a pause, somewhat oppressive to Farnor, who kicked the table leg with assumed carelessness. "Him and Fayal," concluded Captain Trent.

"Yes," supplemented Captain Sash. "She came down and towed him home," and he glanced around to see if anybody had anything to say against that.

"Ah, yes?" murmured Farnor interrogatively. "Well, what are the prospects for codfishing, cap'n?"

"Get out to-morrow or next day," was the reply, "if it don't blow too hard."

"I'd like to get a chance to go out with you, some time."

"Plenty of chances before the fishing's over, I guess," was the not too cordial statement.

"Well," and Farnor opened the door, "I'll say good-evening, gentlemen."

"Good-night," answered the two men upon whom generally devolved those social duties of Seacove that no one else cared to attend to.

It struck Farnor that there was more cordiality in their parting salutation than had been in their greeting; and though this was not a reflection that affected his self-esteem, it was something very like an oath that passed his lips as he stepped from the threshold and strode away into the darkness.

Meanwhile, Fayal and her grandfather were walking slowly along the uneven road towards home. They passed through several of the little ten-feet-wide streets, on each side of which the small houses of the fishermen clustered and smiled at each other, and made their way to the Wheelock cottage, which stood a little apart from the rest, at the head of a lane. In one place a footbridge across a deep gully was broken down, and they had to descend and ascend the steep banks on either side; no easy matter, in the darkness, with the loose dirt and rolling stones. But Fayal's foot was as sure as a deer's, and to the old man the way was as familiar as his own sitting-room floor; while the swinging lantern gave the necessary assistance at critical points. Here and there gleamed through the curtainless windows the ray of a lamp right across the narrow footpath, and twice they met a wayfarer, like themselves, whose lantern warned them of his approach, and with whom they exchanged a good-evening. Always in their ears was the tumbling of waves on the beach, just beyond the line of tiny houses which ran along the edge of the steep sand bluff on their right; and above the darkness of land and water were wind-driven mists, and above the mists were the half-veiled stars.

"Why did n't Rod come with you, for company?" asked Captain Wheelock.

"Oh, Rod was studying," answered Fayal quickly, turning on her heel towards her grandfather, whom she was preceding, and walking backwards, as she spoke, over the short green turf which was now under their feet. "He wanted to come with me, but I would n't let him. I thought he'd much better stay where he was."

"Yes, if he was studying, I should think he had."

Fayal was quick to perceive the critical implication.

"Now, grandpa, you know Miss

Round says that there 's no one can get ahead of Rod Grant when he wants to study. And who wants a boy to study during the day? You would n't yourself."

"No," admitted Captain Wheelock. He did not add that there certainly was little danger of such a mistake. He knew his granddaughter's line of argumentative reply by this time.

"I thought perhaps Farnor would have come along with you, if Rod did n't," he resumed.

Fayal turned indifferently on her heel again, and went forward, swinging her lantern, while she answered in a voice out of which all the interest had gone:

"I guess he thought so, too. He asked me if he could come. There was n't much use in saying I did n't want him, so I told him to wait for me at Rose Lane, and I came round by Sash Corner. I guess he 's there now. Any way, he has n't sighted as yet," and Fayal laughed aloud.

"Well, I don't know as I 'd play those sort of tricks with Farnor," said Captain Wheelock a little uneasily. "He does n't seem just the right kind."

"Why, grandpa!" and Fayal swung round again. "I guess you don't want me to be *afraid* of Dan Farnor!"

"Well, no, I guess I don't," said the captain apologetically, as they turned one of the many little corners of the toy village, and found themselves facing the old white house which was home for both. The door opened, and in the doorway stood a charmingly pretty old woman.

"I sighted your lantern when you turned into the lane," said she, as they went in. "Seems to me you took the long way round."

"And what if we did, grandma?" said Fayal, who, depositing the lantern in the corner, put her arm about the old woman and drew her into the sitting-room, which opened directly from the little square place of entrance which could not be called a hall. "I guess you did n't worry about us much, did you?"

"Worry! Land, what 'd I worry about?" said her grandmother, sitting down, and picking up her four steel needles and the dependent stocking. "I never was much of a whittle."

"Where 's Rod?" asked Fayal, with a quick glance about the room.

"Gone to fetch some wood; the fire 's getting kind o' low."

"Oh!" and Fayal tossed off her red cap, and dropped into a rather uncompromising rocking-chair. But it might have been a divan of Oriental luxury, so graceful were the curves of her figure and so suggestive of indolent comfort, as she threw one arm over her head, and looked, smiling, from one to the other of the old couple. Mrs. Wheelock's hair was snow-white, and, parted in the middle, was decorously smoothed back and wound in a knot behind. Her eyes were blue, with that vivid color which we associate usually with youth alone. Her features were regular, and her smile was childishly sweet. The old sea-captain's eyes dwelt upon her with loving satisfaction. He felt he had been away some time, and he was glad to see her again.

"Well?" said she, looking up to meet his eyes with a little nod and smile. It was as pretty as if they had been eighteen and twenty.

"No," said the captain, smiling too. "You were n't ever anything of a whittle; not even in the winters when I was off after whales."

"Oh, *whales!*" said Mrs. Wheelock, with a little toss of mock contempt. Captain Wheelock enjoyed the contempt immensely.

"She used to write me letters," he said to Fayal, with a nod. "She can write a mighty good letter. Used to be a school-marm, you know."

Just then the door opened, and a boy of eighteen came in with an armful of wood. Fayal sprang to her feet, and,

with a smile of pleasure playing about her lips, which dimpled into a laugh at his overloaded appearance, helped him deposit the wood on the hearth.

"Hullo, Fayal; got back, have you?" was the boyish greeting. "Well, grandpa, how was the Club to-night? Did you spin 'em a yarn that knocked Cap'n Sash out of sight?"

"Of course he did," answered Fayal for him; "and he 'd have been spinning 'em yet, if I had n't brought him home."

Fayal had resumed her seat, but her eyes dwelt upon her brother, who tossed a knot of wood into the stove, slammed the iron door, picked up a book, and threw himself on the stiff sofa under the mantelpiece, as if everything he did was of absorbing interest. He was a very handsome boy, and looked much like his sister; but his face lacked the spirit and will that intensified hers, and the coloring was quite different. The eyes, with their long lashes, were blue, like his grandmother's; the mouth was sensitive and willful; and his manner conveyed a hint of constant restlessness, which might develop into activity, and might prove something less desirable. He was sure to find women to condone his offenses, whatever they might be; that much might be easily read in a certain appealing look in his blue eyes, and a general air of irresponsible charm. That he had not hitherto won golden opinions from his own sex was undoubtedly the unfortunate effect of their stormy lives, which unfitted them for the enjoyment of the less sturdy graces.

III.

The next day, Fayal stood on the doorsill, looking out over the intense glittering blue of the sea. Just below her was Rod, and her arm rested on his shoulder. It was a brilliant day. The air at Seacove was remarkably clear; there was none of that distant haze which so often shadows the outlines about a place by the sea. Every low building rose clear and sharp against the sky, and beyond the village stretched the sweep of flat land, clothed in smoky browns and smouldering reds, to the very horizon line; while on the other side expanded

> "the great opaque
> Blue breadth of sea, without a break."

"It 's just the day for it," said Fayal positively. "I 'm sure it 's quite cold enough."

"They went earlier than this, last year," said Rod, "and got a good haul."

Down the lane came a fine-looking woman, with a shawl tied over her head.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Trent!" called out Fayal. "Are they going codfishing to-day?"

"Morning, Fayal. They 're going at eleven o'clock. I just stopped in at Peter Sash's to tell him James thought they might as well try their luck. I told James I 'd bet a shad they would n't get a fish, and he said it was the first time he ever knew a Seacove woman bet awn anything but a certainty. All the same, I 'm reckoning awn fried cod for my supper."

Mrs. Trent was leaning on the palings of the trifling fence, which seemed intended more to keep the house from coming into the road than from encroachments the other way, so close it stood to the low windows. Mrs. Trent had plenty of time this morning; no one was ever in much of a hurry at Seacove.

"Who 's going?" asked Rod eagerly.

"Only two boats, Rawd," answered Mrs. Trent. (This elongation of the letter *o* was characteristic of the place.) "Peter Sash and James in one, and Abel Small and John Mason in the other."

"Good-day, Mary Jane Trent," said Mrs. Wheelock, behind Fayal. Her little shawl was crossed on her breast; she wore a fresh white cap, and the soft

plump outlines of her old face were tinted like a girl's. "So they 're going out to-day, are they?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wheelock, they 're going to see if the fish have come up yet. Where 's the captain? He ought to go and launch 'em."

"He 's cruisin' round," answered the old lady placidly. "I guess he 'll be down about the time they start."

Fayal and Rod had dashed into the house for their caps, and were now on their way to the beach, where already a little group of men stood about two heavy row-boats.

"There 's Cap'n Small now," said Rod, as they drew near, "and Cap'n Trent 's with him."

The men who were to go were clad in oilskin suits, and were packing now a spear and now a coil of rope in their several boats, and answering the questions and the chaff of the bystanders. Two or three women stood about, with housewifely foresight, engaging a share of the possible spoil. As Fayal and Rod drew near, a figure separated itself from the group and approached them. Fayal nodded indifferently, but Rod called out, "Hullo, Dan! Don't you wish we were going too?"

"Not to-day. What 's the fun of it, any way? Beastly hard work, and no fish, probably," answered Dan Farnor, shrugging his shoulders.

Rod looked at him with some admiration; he envied the knowledge of larger excitements that made the stranger so indifferent to Seacove episodes, but at present could not imitate it, and rushed down to the boats, leaving Farnor with his sister.

"That was a nice trick you played me last night, Miss Fayal," said Farnor, stopping short and looking into the girl's face.

Fayal stopped, too, and met his glance fearlessly, though at first in some bewilderment. In the interest of the moment she had forgotten all about the incident of the evening before. Then she broke into a laugh, long and merry, which made the young man's cheek flush deeper with anger.

"You cruised round considerable before you gave it up, did n't you?" she laughed.

"Never mind," he replied shortly. "I 'll pay you up for your tricks yet."

"Did you go into the Club?" she questioned, with renewed amusement. "If you did, I know you hung yourself, — they 'd all be sure to know you came after me."

"They did n't know anything of the sort."

They had walked on again, but though they were quite near the men and the boat their voices were inaudible, for the sound of the beating surf.

"But, Fayal, why do you treat me so?" said the man, in another tone. "You know I love you; why don't you act like any other girl?" There was real passion in his voice, but he kept a close guard on his eyes and manner, that the people near might know nothing of what was going on.

"I don't know much how other girls act," said Fayal coolly. "You know I never cared much for other girls. I had Rod," and she looked up as if sure of sympathy in this her great love.

"And how when Rod begins to care for other girls?" said Farnor, with a sneer.

Fayal's face grew grave suddenly, then brightened again.

"Oh, pshaw!" she answered, "he won't. In the first place, there are not any girls here he would like as much as me, any way."

"And you, — do you mean to say you never expect to care for any man as much as you do for Rod?" exclaimed Farnor, angry at this persistent obtuseness.

"Care as much as I do for Rod!" cried Fayal. "Oh, go along!" and she laughed in sheer amusement at the ques-

tion. "I guess you know you 're not talking sense now. Come on. They 're going to launch her."

The other two salts had arrived while they were talking, and Fayal danced down to the group, followed by Farnor, trying to conceal his chagrin under his usual air of self-importance. The men were dragging one boat to the water's edge. The waves were boisterous, and it seemed to a novice a hazardous undertaking to launch her in the midst of them.

"Good luck, cap'n!" said Fayal, laying her hand in that of Captain Trent, who stood nearest to her. Captain Trent grasped it heartily and shook it, his brawny arm bared above the elbow, with a singularly nice thing in the way of an anchor and lover's knot showing in fine relief. Mary Jane could have told a tale of Captain Trent's devotion to sentiment as therein indicated.

"Good luck to all of you!" and she stood back, as one of the heavy men clambered into the bow and picked up the oars, while the other, assisted by friendly hands, pushed the boat down into the ripple of the receding wave, and waited with practiced eye for the right moment for the final shove. It came at last, and with a cheer from those on shore the craft rode out over the crests of the breakers, with the two men pulling hard at the oars. Fayal's eyes were shining, and she held her breath and clasped her hands in excitement. It was not without its romantic side, this matter-of-fact expedition for codfish, and she was susceptible to shades of emotion.

"Well, now," said Mary Jane Trent, at her side, with what passed for enthusiasm at Seacove, "I do like to see 'em go out like that awn the tawp of the waves, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said Fayal.

They stood and watched the launching of the other boat, which followed immediately, and then the group dispersed; only a few, including Fayal, waiting to see the fishermen become dots on the blue expanse of the ocean. The year's work had begun. Farnor waited because Fayal did, and turned to walk away with her at last.

"You may as well listen to me, Fayal," he said, an obstinate look settling down about his eyes. "I shall tell you every day that I love you. There 's no use trying to turn me off."

"I don't know as I 'm trying very hard to turn you off," said Fayal easily.

"Yes, you are," retorted Farnor. "You are always trying it in one way or another, and, by George! I don't know how I stand it from you! Other girls have n't behaved so with me, I can tell you."

"Why don't you go after one of them, then?" inquired Fayal, with a lack of active interest that must have been trying.

"Because I don't want any of them!" he answered angrily. "Because it 's you that I want. But I don't know how long you expect a man to hang around waiting for you, and making himself the laughing-stock of these old coves around here for proposing to you."

"Oh, I 've kept it private as murder," said Fayal, with some scorn. She was not experienced, but she felt the egotism of the man as keenly as a more subtle analyzer would have done.

"It is n't that I care about," asserted Farnor hastily and untruthfully, "but it 's all-fired hard on a man who is in love with you."

Fayal looked over her shoulder, and then paused. Farnor paused, too, looking into her eyes for a gleam of encouragement. His was an honest passion; it only felt the limitations of his character.

"There he comes, poor boy!" said Fayal, in a tender tone. "He wanted to go with them."

"Who are you talking about?" said Farnor roughly.

"Rod," answered Fayal.

"Damn him!" came from the man's white lips.

Fayal looked at him a moment with eyes flashing anger; then turned, and, leaving him, went back to meet her brother. Farnor's eyes followed her a moment, and then he too went on, with an ugly look about the corners of his mouth.

IV.

It was two weeks after, in the early evening, that Fayal came again into the sitting-room from out-of-doors, and asked, as she had done that other time, with a quick glance about, —

"Where 's Rod?"

This time, however, there was more anxiety in her tone; her eyes, too, were anxious, as she looked at her grandmother, waiting her answer, before she tossed down the cap she held in her hand, and took her usual seat in the stiff rocking-chair.

"Well, Dan Farnor came for him just after you went out," answered Mrs. Wheelock placidly, as usual. "I guess they 're cruisin' round somewhere."

Fayal seated herself wearily, and said nothing.

"I wish he 'd shipped with another mate," remarked the captain.

"Now, you let Rod alone," said Mrs. Wheelock, with a little nod of autocratic decision.

Captain Wheelock smiled broadly. He thought her charming. "I have n't said anything about Rod," he protested. "Have I, Fay?"

"No, grandpa," answered Fayal absently. "You are always very good." It was almost admitting that he might have found something to say. She was absent indeed.

"And why should n't he be?" inquired Mrs. Wheelock. "Why should n't he be, I 'd like to know?"

It was easy to see that the tones of her soft old voice were intended to signify excitement.

"Who 'd he be good to if not his own daughter's children? I 'd like to see him anything but good to 'em! A great rough sea-captain like him!" and she nodded tremendously, and looked at him with a scorn which convulsed the delighted captain. "If he behaved here as he did on board ship, *he* 'd see! *I* 'd manage him!"

"You 'd set me adrift entirely, would n't you, now?" asked the captain, with an air of recognizing harsh facts. "Well, you see, I 'm careful, — I 'm careful. I know her," he added to Fayal. "We 've been married sixty-one years, — kind o' got the run of each other."

Usually Fayal delighted in the coquetting of her grandfather and grandmother, but this evening she could hardly smile in response to the appeals made to her. It was a relief when, at the usual early hour for retirement, they left her alone in the sitting-room by the smouldering fire to wait for Rod. Into her eyes, as she waited, came two slow tears, — those eyes which, until the last ten days, had never looked upon life as anything which brings burdens, in the bearing of which hearts are bowed down and willing steps are made to falter, but rather as a practically limitless opportunity for the enjoyment of sun, health, and affection. To speak nearer the truth, she had never looked upon life at all; she had lived. These two tears were all she shed then; it was not the way of the Seacove women to cry very much over their misfortunes. Nor were these tears of protest or of helpless grief; they were rather a tribute to the loneliness of the present position. She who almost never in her whole life had spent a half-hour alone; she who, many and many an evening, had watched the fire die out, with Rod's curly head close beside her, while they talked of the delightful things they were doing every day, and the brilliant things they would

do some time together; she was sitting alone, while the old clock ticked away one hour, and then another, — alone and lonely, while Rod — Rod was — where? She knew well enough; and a little frown drew together the beautifully penciled eyebrows. Down at the Resort, playing cards with Farnor. No such respectable meeting-place was the Resort as the Club, where Fayal could break in, and, laughing, carry home her brother or her grandfather, as the case might be. Neither would it fairly be considered a den of iniquity. It was the place where the young men of Seacove, not yet fitted by experience or consideration for the solemn conclave of the Club, met to while away the many idle hours of life in a fishing-village, cut off for so much of the year from any active intercourse with the outside world. Whether or not it might have remained a place of entirely innocent amusement must be left to experts in original sin; but, unfortunately, there was not wanting the spirit of temptation existing outside the souls of the younger members. The black sheep of the older population, shut out by social lines from the respectable atmosphere of the Club, or finding there a lack of necessary excitement; strangers, young and old, who, like Dan Farnor, drifted into the village, bearing with them the aroma of metropolitan dissipation, — these and other influences, together with the harum-scarum element existing in any community, made the Resort a place strongly disapproved of by conservative Seacove. Hitherto, Rod had not shown the slightest inclination for the place, and even now his occasional presence there would not perhaps have caused Fayal overweening anxiety; for, with the optimistic philosophy of Seacove in general, and her own youth and temperament in particular, she would not have expected her Rod to imbibe any great harm while under her watchful guardianship.

But to-night she heard again Dan Farnor's words, and saw again the sulky fire in his eyes, when he had last met and spoken to her in the village street; words and look had haunted her, in spite of herself. It was the day after the fishing-boat episode. She was dodging the little irregular houses, on her way to Julia Sash's for some yeast, when, around the corner of one of them, Farnor came towards her. Most of the doorways of Seacove bore the semblance of one or more wonders of the sea perched above them, striking the beholder with a new awe of the possible contents of the gay, glittering element from which such things could be brought as trophies. A special favorite of Fayal's was that over Captain Small's, — a mermaid, of course; such an admirer of the sex could do no less than patronize a mermaid; but it would be a most susceptible mariner who would suffer himself to be decoyed by this wooden representative of siren fascination. She was plain of feature and deficient in outline, but her red waist, suggestive of firemen and a readiness to connect a hose with her native element, was startling of hue, and her green skirt tapered with delicate discrimination and appropriateness of color into a somewhat vague fish's tail. In order that there might be lacking no charm to endear her to the patriot, she bore under one arm the shield of the United States. Her face was turned towards the ocean, and Fayal fancied her longing to ride again at the head of a gallant whaling-ship and greet her companion Lorelei upon the distant rocks. Fayal was pleasing herself with this fancy, and did not see Farnor until he was close in front of her.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Fayal," he said.

"You generally do have," was the nonchalant reply.

"I have to warn you this time."

"To *warn* me!"

"Yes. You think you won't mind, but you will. It seems that no man can

reach you except through your brother Rod; that no man can make you think of him without you think of *him* first. Very well. You shall think of me when you think of Rod! You won't be able to think of him without thinking of me! The next time I tell you that I love you, you'll listen to me. That's all I've got to say to you, Miss Fayal," and he passed on.

He had spoken so rapidly that Fayal could only look and listen, but her look was so fearless that it angered the man more.

"Well, you've laid your course, haven't you?" she called after him indifferently, undismayed by his vehemence, and nodded at the mermaid sympathetically as she went on.

But since that time dismay had grown upon her, nevertheless, though she did not call it by its name. Day after day had seen Rod in the company of Dan Farnor. Evening after evening he had wandered off, now and again to bring up at the Resort. He had been out fishing once or twice, but had come back without his usual enthusiasm. To-night Fayal acknowledged that Farnor had spoken the truth to her that morning. Since then she had hardly thought of Rod that she had not been forced to think of Farnor too; in a shadowy, unacknowledged way, to be sure, like an unimportant guest in the presence of the heart's idol, but there nevertheless. It did not make him the chief figure through angry, indignant, scornful thought of him, as it would have done with some women. This was, perhaps, what he had hoped for; for Farnor fancied himself versed in women's books, and knew that hatred is not too far off from love, both being in the torrid zone, though on opposite sides of the sphere of emotion. No, it was Rod still that she thought of, — Rod and herself; but she knew, too, that there were four of them, two other unimportant people, — Farnor and the mermaid, who had mixed herself up with them, unaccountably, ever since that morning when she had been brought back from contemplation of her by the sound of Farnor's voice. There was a last flicker inside of the stove; the fire had gone out entirely, but the somewhat overheated room was the more comfortable.

Voices were heard from the road. Fayal turned her head to listen. Yes, Rod was coming home, and Dan Farnor with him. It was not necessary that Fayal should go to unbolt the door; bolts and locks were unknown at Seacove. Who would want to come in except people who had business there, and whom there was no object in shutting out? She sat quietly and waited. There was a pause outside, and then Rod entered, and Farnor went on alone. He could not see Fayal as he passed the curtainless window; her high-backed chair concealed her, but he was quite sure that she was there.

"Here I am, Rod," said Fayal, turning her face around with a smile.

"Oh, Fay! What did you sit up for?" he said a little impatiently, as he came forward.

"Sit up!" said Fayal, with grieved surprise. "When did I ever go to bed when you were n't in the house? I'm not sleepy."

"No, of course you're not," said Rod, with some compunction, bending over and kissing her heartily. Not even Farnor's laughing inquiry as to whether his sister was waiting for him with a lighted candle to take up-stairs could make him indifferent to her whose companionship up to this time had been all sufficient.

"Where have you been?" asked Fayal. There was no tone of reproof in her voice; only interest, made a little pathetic by the fact that she found it necessary to ask.

"Oh, playing cards at the Resort."

"With Dan Farnor?"

"Yes. He 's an awfully entertaining fellow, Fay."

"Oh, I know he can talk like Hob."

"Well, he can. I should almost think you 'd take a fancy to him," said Rod boyishly.

"Well, I don't," answered Fayal coldly. Then she sat up, with a sudden sense of grieved humiliation, and, leaning forward, looked down into his eyes as he sat on the floor by her side. "Rod," — there were almost tears in her voice, — "do you want to have me?"

"Oh, no, of course not. Why should I?" he answered carelessly.

Fayal leaned back again, relieved.

"He 's been teaching me a new game," went on Rod, with eagerness. "And he says he never saw such a lucky fellow as I am," and he laughed with pleasure.

"Did you play for money, Rod?"

"Well, yes, but I did n't get out over my head, Fay; you need n't worry," said the boy reassuringly. "It was only just to have something to play for; and you know I earned some money this summer."

"I don't see why you can't play for the fun of it," said Fayal, pulling at the curly rings of his hair.

"Oh, well, it is n't rulable not to play for money in this particular game," said Rod patronizingly. "It does n't make any difference, any way, but I won everything."

"I 'd rather Dan Farnor won your money than that you won his," said Fayal quickly.

"Oh, if that is n't just like a girl!"

"I wish it was like you! It 's like grandpa, too."

"Dan Farnor says that grandpa must be quite well off for a whaling cap'n," said Rod thoughtfully.

"He 's no business to say anything of the sort!" blazed Fayal. "And, Rod, Rod, how can you talk with him about it! What has come over you that you talk with Dan Farnor about your own grandfather?" Fayal had risen, and pushed back her chair.

Rod was startled by her impetuosity. "Why, he did n't mean anything, Fay," he said; "and neither did I, I 'm sure."

"Well, go to bed, any way," said Fayal wearily. "I 'm going. Dan Farnor never says anything that he does n't mean," she added. It was a conviction that had suddenly come to her. "Good-night," and she threw her arms around the boy's neck and kissed him.

There was a dull ache in her throat, and a blinded sensation in her eyes, and a helpless, hurt feeling all over, as Fayal laid her head on the pillow that night. She was all unused to crying herself to sleep.

Annie Eliot.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

VI.

Of course the reading of the poem at the end of the last paper has left a deep impression. I strongly suspect that something very much like love-making is going on at our table. A peep under the lid of the sugar-bowl has shown me that there is another poem ready for the company. That receptacle is looked upon with an almost tremulous excitement by more than one of The Teacups. The two Annexes turn towards the mystic urn as if the lots which were to determine their destiny were shut up in it. Number Five, quieter, and not betraying more curiosity than belongs to the sex at all ages, glances at the sugar-

bowl now and then; looking so like a clairvoyant that sometimes I cannot help thinking she must be one. There is a sly look about that young Doctor's eyes, which might imply that he knows something about what the silver vessel holds, or is going to hold. The Tutor naturally falls under suspicion, as he is known to have written and published poems. I suppose the Professor and myself have hardly been suspected of writing love-poems; but there is no telling, — there is no telling. Why may not some one of the lady Teacups have played the part of a masculine lover? George Sand, George Eliot, Charles Egbert Craddock, made pretty good men in print. The authoress of Jane Eyre was taken for a man by many persons. Can Number Five be masquerading in verse? Or is one of the two Annexes the make-believe lover? Or did these girls lay their heads together, and send the poem we had at our last sitting to puzzle the company? It is certain that the Mistress did not write the poem. It is evident that Number Seven, who is so severe in his talk about rhymesters, would not, if he could, make such a fool of himself as to set up for a "poet." Why should not the Counsellor fall in love and write verses? A good many lawyers have been "poets."

Perhaps the next poem, which may be looked for at the end of this number, may help us to form a judgment. We may have several verse-writers among us, and if so there will be a good opportunity for the exercise of judgment in distributing their productions among the legitimate claimants. In the mean time, we must not let the love-making and the song-writing interfere with the more serious matters which these papers are expected to contain.

Number Seven's compendious and comprehensive symbolism proved suggestive, as his whimsical notions often do. It always pleases me to take some hint from anything he says when I can, and carry it out in a direction not unlike that of his own remark. I reminded the company of his enigmatical symbol.

You can divide mankind in the same way, I said. Two words, each of two letters, will serve to distinguish two classes of human beings who constitute the principal divisions of mankind. Can any of you tell what those two words are?

"Give me five letters," cried Number Seven, "and I can solve your problem! F-o-o-l-s, — those five letters will give you the first and largest half. For the other fraction" —

Oh, but, said I, I restrict you absolutely to *two* letters. If you are going to take five, you may as well take twenty or a hundred.

After a few attempts, the company gave it up. The nearest approach to the correct answer was Number Five's guess of *Oh* and *Ah: Oh* signifying eternal striving after an ideal, which belongs to one kind of nature; and *Ah* the satisfaction of the other kind of nature, which rests at ease in what it has attained.

Good! I said to Number Five, but not the answer I am after. The great division between human beings is into the *Ifs* and the *Ases*.

"Is the last word to be spelt with one or two *s*'s?" asked the young Doctor.

The company laughed feebly at this question. I answered it soberly. With one *s*. There are more foolish people among the *Ifs* than there are among the *Ases*.

The company looked puzzled, and asked for an explanation.

This is the meaning of those two words as I interpret them: —

If it were, — *if* it might be, — *if* it could be, — *if* it had been. One portion of mankind go through life always regretting, always whining, always imagining. These are the people whose backbones remain cartilaginous all their lives long, as do those of certain other

vertebrate animals, — the sturgeons, for instance. A good many poets must be classed with this group of vertebrates.

As it is, — this is the way in which the other class of people look at the conditions in which they find themselves. They may be optimists or pessimists, — they are very largely optimists, — but, taking things just as they find them, they adjust the facts to their wishes if they can; and if they cannot, then they adjust themselves to the facts. I venture to say that if one should count the *Ifs* and the *Ases* in the conversation of his acquaintances, he would find the more able and important persons among them — statesmen, generals, men of business — among the *Ases*, and the majority of the conspicuous failures among the *Ifs*. I don't know but this would be as good a test as that of Gideon, — lapping the water or taking it up in the hand. I have a poetical friend whose conversation is starred as thick with *ifs* as a boiled ham is with cloves. But another friend of mine, a business man, whom I trust in making my investments, would not let me meddle with a certain stock which I fancied, because, as he said, "there are too many *ifs* in it. *As* it looks now, I would n't touch it."

I noticed, the other evening, that some private conversation was going on between the Counsellor and the two Annexes. There was a mischievous look about the little group, and I thought they were hatching some plot among them. I did not hear what the English Annex said, but the American girl's voice was sharper, and I overheard what sounded to me like, "It is time to stir up that young Doctor." The Counsellor looked very knowing, and said that he would find a chance before long. I was rather amused to see how readily he entered into the project of the young people. The fact is, the Counsellor is young for his time of life; for he already betrays some signs of the change referred to in that once familiar street song, which my friend, the great American surgeon, inquired for at the music-shops under the title, as he got it from the Italian minstrel,

"Silva tredi mondi goo."

I saw, soon after this, that the Counsellor was watching his chance to "stir up the young Doctor."

It does not follow, because our young Doctor's bald spot is slower in coming than he could have wished, that he has not had time to form many sound conclusions in the calling to which he has devoted himself. Vesalius, the father of modern descriptive anatomy, published his great work on that subject before he was thirty. Bichat, the great anatomist and physiologist, who died near the beginning of this century, published his treatise, which made a revolution in anatomy and pathology, at about the same age; dying soon after he had reached the age of thirty. So, possibly the Counsellor may find that he has "stirred up" a young man who can take care of his own head, in case of aggressive movements in its direction.

"Well, Doctor," the Counsellor began, "how are stocks in the measles market about these times? Any corner in bronchitis? Any syndicate in the vaccination business?" All this playfully.

"I can't say how it is with other people's patients; most of my families are doing very well without my help, at this time."

"Do tell me, Doctor, how many families you own. I have heard it said that some of our fellow-citizens have two distinct families, but you speak as if you had a dozen."

"I have, but not so large a number as I should like. I could take care of fifteen or twenty more without having to work too hard."

"Why, Doctor, you are as bad as a Mormon. What do you mean by calling certain families *yours?*"

"Don't you speak about *my* client? Don't your clients call you *their* lawyer? Does n't your baker, does n't your butcher, speak of the families he supplies as *his* families?"

"To be sure, yes, of course they do; but I had a notion that a man had as many doctors as he had organs to be doctored."

"Well, there is some truth in that; but did you think the old-fashioned family doctor was extinct, — a fossil like the megatherium?"

"Why, yes, after the recent experience of a friend of mine, I did begin to think that there would soon be no such personage left as that same old-fashioned family doctor. Shall I tell you what that experience was?"

The young Doctor said he should be mightily pleased to hear it. He was going to be one of those old-fogy practitioners himself.

"I don't know," the Counsellor said, "whether my friend got all the professional terms of his story correctly, nor whether I have got them from him without making any mistakes; but if I do make blunders in some of the queer names, you can correct me. This is my friend's story.

"'My family doctor,' he said, 'was a very sensible man, educated at a school where they professed to teach all the specialties, but not confining himself to any one branch of *medical* practice. Surgical practice he did not profess to meddle with, and there were some classes of patients whom he was willing to leave to the female physician. But throughout the range of diseases not requiring exceptionally skilled manual interference, his education had authorized him to consider himself, and he did consider himself, qualified to undertake the treatment of all ordinary cases. It so happened that my young wife was one of those uneasy persons who are never long contented with their habitual comforts and blessings, but always trying to find something a little better, — something newer, at any rate. I was getting to be near fifty years old, and it happened to me, as it not rarely does to people at about that time of life, that my hair began to fall out. I spoke of it to my doctor, who smiled, said it was a part of the process of reversed evolution, but might be retarded a little, and gave me a prescription. I did not find any great effect from it, and my wife would have me go to a noted dermatologist. The distinguished specialist examined my denuded scalp with great care. He looked at it through a strong magnifier. He examined the bulb of a fallen hair in a powerful microscope. He deliberated for a while, and then said, "This is a case of *alopecia*. It may perhaps be partially remedied. I will give you a prescription." Which he did, and told me to call again in a fortnight. At the end of three months I had called six times, and each time got a new recipe, and detected no difference in the course of my "alopecia." After I had got through my treatment, I showed my recipes to my family physician; and we found that three of them were the same he had used, familiar, old-fashioned remedies, and the others were taken from a list of new and little-tried prescriptions mentioned in one of the last medical journals, which was lying on the old doctor's table. I might as well have got no better under his charge, and should have got off much cheaper.

"'The next trouble I had was a little redness of the eyes, for which my doctor gave me a wash; but my wife would have it that I must see an oculist. So I made four visits to an oculist, and at the last visit the redness was nearly gone, — as it ought to have been by that time. The specialist called my complaint *conjunctivitis*, but that did not make it feel any better nor get well any quicker. If I had had a cataract or any grave disease of the eye, requiring a nice operation on that delicate organ,

of course I should have properly sought the aid of an expert, whose eye, hand, and judgment were trained to that special business; but in this case I don't doubt that my family doctor would have done just as well as the expert. However, I had to obey orders, and my wife would have it that I should entrust my precious person only to the most skilful specialist in each department of medical practice.

"'In the course of the year I experienced a variety of slight indispositions. For these I was auriscoped by an aurist, laryngoscoped by a laryngologist, ausculted by a stethoscopist, and so on, until a complete inventory of my organs was made out, and I found that if I believed all these searching inquirers professed to have detected in my unfortunate person, I could repeat with too literal truth the words of the General Confession, "And there is no health in us." I never heard so many hard names in all my life. I proved to be the subject of a long catalogue of diseases, and what maladies I was not manifestly guilty of I was at least suspected of harboring. I was handed along all the way from *alopecia*, which used to be called baldness, to *zoster*, which used to be known as shingles. I was the patient of more than a dozen specialists. Very pleasant persons, many of them, but what a fuss they made about my trifling incommodities! Please look at that photograph. See if there is a minute elevation under one eye.'

"'On which side?' I asked him, for I could not be sure there was anything different on one side from what I saw on the other.

"'Under the left eye. I called it a pimple; the specialist called it *acne*. Now look at this photograph. It was taken after my acne had been three months under treatment. It shows a little more distinctly than in the first photograph, does n't it?'

"'I think it does,' I answered. 'It does n't seem to me that you gained a great deal by leaving your customary adviser for the specialist.'

"'Well,' my friend continued, 'following my wife's urgent counsel, I kept on, as I told you, for a whole year with my specialists, going from head to foot, and tapering off with a chiropodist. I got a deal of amusement out of their contrivances and experiments. Some of them lighted up my internal surfaces with electrical or other illuminating apparatus. Thermometers, dynamometers, exploring-tubes, little mirrors that went half-way down to my stomach, tuning-forks, ophthalmoscopes, percussion-hammers, single and double stethoscopes, speculums, sphygmometers, — such a battery of detective instruments I had never imagined. All useful, I don't doubt; but at the end of the year I began to question whether I should n't have done about as well to stick to my long-tried practitioner. When the bills for "professional services" came in, and the new carpet had to be given up, and the old bonnet trimmed over again, and the sealskin sack remain a vision, we both agreed, my wife and I, that we would try to get along without consulting specialists, except in such cases as our family physician considered to be beyond his skill.'"

The Counsellor's story of his friend's experiences seemed to please the young Doctor very much. It "stirred him up," but in an agreeable way; for, as he said, he meant to devote himself to family practice, and not to adopt any limited class of cases as a specialty. I liked his views so well that I should have been ready to adopt them as my own, if they had been challenged.

The young Doctor discourses.

"I am very glad," he said, "that we have a number of practitioners among us who confine themselves to the care of single organs and their functions. I

want to be able to consult an oculist who has done nothing but attend to eyes long enough to know all that is known about their diseases and their treatment, — skilful enough to be trusted with the manipulation of that delicate and most precious organ. I want an aurist who knows all about the ear and what can be done for its disorders. The maladies of the larynx are very ticklish things to handle, and nobody should be trusted to go behind the epiglottis who has not the *tactus eruditus*. And so of certain other particular classes of complaints. A great city must have a limited number of experts, each a final authority, to be appealed to in cases where the family physician finds himself in doubt. There are operations which no surgeon should be willing to undertake unless he has paid a particular, if not an exclusive, attention to the cases demanding such operations. All this I willingly grant.

"But it must not be supposed that we can return to the methods of the old Egyptians — who, if my memory serves me correctly, had a special physician for every part of the body — without falling into certain errors and incurring certain liabilities.

"The specialist is much like other people engaged in lucrative business. He is apt to magnify his calling, to make much of any symptom which will bring a patient within range of his battery of remedies. I found a case in one of our medical journals, a couple of years ago, which illustrates what I mean. Dr. ——, of Philadelphia, had a female patient with a crooked nose, — deviated *septum*, if our young scholars like that better. She was suffering from what the doctor called reflex headache. She had been to an oculist, who found that the trouble was in her eyes. She went from him to a gynecologist, who considered her headache as owing to causes for which his specialty had the remedies. How many more specialists would have appropriated her, if she had gone the rounds of them all, I dare not guess; but you remember the old story of the siege, in which each artisan proposed means of defence which he himself was ready to furnish. Then a shoemaker said, 'Hang your walls with new boots.'

"Human nature is the same with medical specialists as it was with ancient cordwainers, and it is too possible that a hungry practitioner may be warped by his interest in fastening on a patient who, as he persuades himself, comes under his medical jurisdiction. The specialist has but one fang with which to seize and hold his prey, but that fang is a fearfully long and sharp canine. Being confined to a narrow field of observation and practice, he is apt to give much of his time to curious study, which may be *magnifique*, but is not exactly *la guerre* against the patient's malady. He divides and subdivides, and gets many varieties of diseases, in most respects similar. These he equips with new names, and thus we have those terrific nomenclatures which are enough to frighten the medical student, to say nothing of the sufferers staggering under this long catalogue of local infirmities. The 'old-fogy' doctor, who knows the family tendencies of his patient, who 'understands his constitution,' will often treat him better than the famous specialist, who sees him for the first time, and has to guess at many things 'the old doctor' knows from his previous experience with the same patient and the family to which he belongs.

"It is a great luxury to practise as a specialist in almost any class of diseases. The practitioner has his own hours, hardly needs a night-bell, can have his residence out of the town in which he exercises his calling, — in short, lives like a gentleman; while the hard-worked general practitioner submits to a servitude more exacting than that of the man who is employed in his stable or in his kitchen. That is the kind of life I have made up my mind to."

The teaspoons tinkled all round the table. This was the usual sign of approbation, instead of the clapping of hands.

The young Doctor paused, and looked round among The Teacups. "I beg your pardon," he said, "for taking up so much of your time with medicine. It is a subject that a good many persons, especially ladies, take an interest in and have a curiosity about, but I have no right to turn this tea-table into a lecture platform."

"We should like to hear you talk longer about it," said the English Annex. "One of us has thought of devoting herself to the practice of medicine. Would you lecture to us, if you were a professor in one of the great medical schools?"

"Lecture to students of your sex? Why not, I should like to know? I don't think it is the calling for which the average woman is specially adapted, but my teacher got a part of his medical education from a lady, Madame Lachapelle; and I don't see why, if one can learn from a woman, he may not teach a woman, if he knows enough."

"We all like a little medical talk now and then," said Number Five, "and we are much obliged to you for your discourse. You are specialist enough to take care of a sprained ankle, I suppose, are you not?"

"I hope I should be equal to that emergency," answered the young Doctor; "but I trust you are not suffering from any such accident?"

"No," said Number Five, "but there is no telling what may happen. I might slip, and get a sprain or break a sinew, or something, and I should like to know that there is a practitioner at hand to take care of my injury. I think I would risk myself in your hands, although you are not a specialist. Would you venture to take charge of the case?"

"Ah, my dear lady," he answered gallantly, "the risk would be in the other direction. I am afraid it would be safer for your doctor if he were an older man than I am."

This is the first clearly, indisputably sentimental outbreak which has happened in conversation at our table. I tremble to think what will come of it; for we have several inflammable elements in our circle, and a spark like this is liable to light on any one or two of them.

I was not sorry that this medical episode came in to vary the usual course of talk at our table. I like to have one of an intelligent company, who knows anything thoroughly, hold the floor for a time, and discourse upon the subject which chiefly engages his daily thoughts and furnishes his habitual occupation. It is a privilege to meet such a person now and then, and let him have his full swing. But because there are "professionals" to whom we are willing to listen as oracles, I do not want to see everybody who is not a "professional" silenced or snubbed, if he ventures into any field of knowledge which he has not made especially his own. I like to read Montaigne's remarks about doctors, though he never took a medical degree. I can even enjoy the truth in the sharp satire of Voltaire on the medical profession. I frequently prefer the remarks I hear from the pew after the sermon to those I have just been hearing from the pulpit. There are a great many things which I never expect to comprehend, but which I desire very much to apprehend. Suppose that our circle of Teacups were made up of specialists, — experts in various departments. I should be very willing that each one should have his innings at the proper time, when the company were ready for him. But the time is coming when everybody will know something about everything. How can one have the illustrated magazines, the "Popular Science Monthly," the psychological journals, the theologi-

cal periodicals, books on all subjects, forced on his attention, in their own persons, so to speak, or in the reviews which analyze and pass judgment upon them, without getting some ideas which belong to many provinces of human intelligence? The air we breathe is made up of four elements, at least: oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid gas, and knowledge. There is something quite delightful to witness in the absorption and devotion of a genuine specialist. There is a certain sublimity in that picture of the dying scholar in Browning's "A Grammarian's Funeral:" —

"So with the throttling hands of death at strife,
Ground he at grammar;
Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were rife;
While he could stammer
He settled *Hoti's* business — let it be —
Properly based *Oun* —
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
Dead from the waist down."

A genuine enthusiasm, which will never be satisfied until it has pumped the well dry at the bottom of which truth is lying, always excites our interest, if not our admiration.

One of the pleasantest of our American writers, whom we all remember as Ik Marvel, and greet in his more recent appearance as Donald Grant Mitchell, speaks of the awkwardness which he feels in offering to the public a "panoramic view of British writers in these days of specialists, — when students devote half a lifetime to the analysis of the works of a single author, and to the proper study of a single period."

He need not have feared that his connected sketches of "English Lands, Letters and Kings" would be any less welcome because they do not pretend to fill up all the details or cover all the incidents they hint in vivid outline. How many of us ever read or ever will read Drayton's "Poly-Olbion?" Twenty thousand long Alexandrines are filled with admirable descriptions of scenery, natural productions, and historical events, but how many of us in these days have time to read and inwardly digest twenty thousand Alexandrine verses? I fear that the specialist is apt to hold his intelligent reader or hearer too cheap. So far as I have observed in medical specialties, what he knows in addition to the knowledge of the well-taught general practitioner is very largely curious rather than important. Having exhausted all that is practical, the specialist is naturally tempted to amuse himself with the natural history of the organ or function he deals with; to feel as a writing-master does when he sets a copy, — not content to shape the letters properly, but he must add flourishes and fancy figures, to let off his spare energy.

I am beginning to be frightened. When I began these papers, my idea was a very simple and innocent one. Here was a mixed company, of various conditions, as I have already told my readers, who came together regularly, and before they were aware of it formed something like a club or association. As I was the patriarch among them, they gave me the name some of you may need to be reminded of; for as these reports are published at intervals, you may not remember the fact that I am what The Teacups have seen fit to call The Dictator.

Now, what did I expect when I began these papers, and what is it that has begun to frighten me?

I expected to report grave conversations and light colloquial passages of arms among the members of the circle. I expected to hear, perhaps to read, a paper now and then. I expected to have, from time to time, a poem from some one of The Teacups, for I felt sure there must be among them one or more poets, — Teacups of the finer and rarer translucent kind of porcelain, to speak metaphorically. Out of these conversations and written contributions I thought I might make up a readable series of

papers; a not wholly unwelcome string of recollections, anticipations, suggestions, too often perhaps repetitions, that would be to the twilight what my earlier series had been to the morning.

I hoped also that I should come into personal relations with my old constituency, if I may call my nearer friends, and those more distant ones who belong to my reading parish, by that name. It is time that I should. I received this blessed morning — I am telling the literal truth — a highly flattering obituary of myself in the shape of an extract from "Le National" of the 10th of February last. This is a bi-weekly newspaper, published in French, in the city of Plattsburg, Clinton County, New York. I am occasionally reminded by my unknown friends that I must hurry up their autograph, or make haste to copy that poem they wish to have in the author's own handwriting, or it will be too late; but I have never before been huddled out of the world in this way. I take this rather premature obituary as a hint that, unless I come to some arrangement with my well-meaning but insatiable correspondents, it would be as well to leave it in type, for I cannot bear much longer the load they lay upon me. I will explain myself on this point after I have told my readers what has frightened me.

I am beginning to think this room where we take our tea is more like a tinder-box than a quiet and safe place for "a party in a parlor." It is true that there are at least two or three incombustibles at our table, but it looks to me as if the company might pair off before the season is over, like the crew of Her Majesty's ship the Mantelpiece, — three or four weddings clear our whole table of all but one or two of the impregnables. The poem we found in the sugar-bowl last week first opened my eyes to the probable state of things. Now, the idea of having to tell a love-story, — perhaps two or three love-stories, — when I set out with the intention of repeating instructive, useful, or entertaining discussions, naturally alarms me. It is quite true that many things which look to me suspicious may be simply playful. Young people (and we have several such among The Teacups) are fond of make-believe courting when they cannot have the real thing, — "flirting," as it used to be practised in the days of Arcadian innocence, not the more modern and more questionable recreation which has reached us from the home of the *cicisbeo*. Whatever comes of it, I shall tell what I see, and take the consequences.

But I am at this moment going to talk in my own proper person to my own particular public, which, as I find by my correspondence, is a very considerable one, and with which I consider myself in exceptionally pleasant relations.

I have read recently that Mr. Gladstone receives six hundred letters a day. Perhaps he does not receive six hundred letters every day, but if he gets anything like half that number daily, what can he do with them? There was a time when he was said to answer all his correspondents. It is understood, I think, that he has given up doing so in these later days.

I do not pretend that I receive six hundred or even sixty letters a day, but I do receive a good many, and have told the public of the fact from time to time, under the pressure of their constantly increasing exactions. As it is extremely onerous, and is soon going to be impossible, for me to keep up the wide range of correspondence which has become a large part of my occupation, and tends to absorb all the vital force which is left me, I wish to enter into a final explanation with the well-meaning but merciless taskmasters who have now for many years been levying their daily tax upon me. I have preserved thousands of their letters, and destroyed a very large number, after answering most of them. A few inter-

esting chapters might be made out of the letters I have kept, — not only such as are signed by the names of well-known personages, but many from unknown friends, of whom I had never heard before and have never heard since. A great deal of the best writing the languages of the world have ever known has been committed to leaves that withered out of sight before a second sunlight had fallen upon them. I have had many letters I should have liked to give the public, had their nature admitted of their being offered to the world. What struggles of young ambition, finding no place for its energies, or feeling its incapacity to reach the ideal towards which it was striving! What longings of disappointed, defeated fellow-mortals, trying to find a new home for themselves in the heart of one whom they have amiably idealized! And oh, what hopeless efforts of mediocrities and inferiorities, believing in themselves as superiorities, and stumbling on through limping disappointments to prostrate failure! Poverty comes pleading, not for charity, for the most part, but imploring us to find a purchaser for its unmarketable wares. The unreadable author particularly requests us to make a critical examination of his book, and report to him whatever may be our verdict, — as if he wanted anything but our praise, and that very often to be used in his publisher's advertisements.

But what does not one have to submit to who has become the martyr — the Saint Sebastian — of a literary correspondence! I will not dwell on the possible impression produced on a sensitive nature by reading one's own premature obituary, as I have told you has been my recent experience. I will not stop to think whether the urgent request for an autograph by return post, in view of the possible contingencies which might render it the last one was ever to write, is pleasing or not. At threescore and twenty one must expect such hints of what is like to happen before long. I suppose, if some near friend were to watch one who was looking over such a pressing letter, he might possibly see a slight shadow flit over the reader's features, and some such dialogue might follow as that between Othello and Iago, after "this honest creature" has been giving breath to his suspicions about Desdemona: —

"I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
"Not a jot, not a jot.
. . . . . .
"My lord, I see you 're moved."

And a little later the reader might, like Othello, complain, —

"I have a pain upon my forehead here."

Nothing more likely. But, for myself, I have grown callous to all such allusions. The repetition of the Scriptural phrase for the natural term of life is so frequent that it wears out one's sensibilities.

But how many charming and refreshing letters I have received! How often I have felt their encouragement in moments of doubt and depression, such as the happiest temperaments must sometimes experience! If the time comes when to answer all my kind unknown friends, even by dictation, is impossible, or more than I feel equal to, I wish to refer any of those who may feel disappointed at not receiving an answer to the following general acknowledgments:

I. I am always grateful for any attention which shows me that I am kindly remembered. — II. Your pleasant message has been read to me, and has been thankfully listened to. — III. Your book (your essay) (your poem) has reached me safely, and has received all the respectful attention to which it seemed entitled. It would take more than all the time I have at my disposal to read all the printed matter and all the manuscripts which are sent to me, and you would not ask me to attempt the impos-

sible. You will not, therefore, expect me to express a critical opinion of your work. — IV. I am deeply sensible to your expressions of personal attachment to me as the author of certain writings which have brought me very near to you, in virtue of some affinity in our ways of thought and moods of feeling. Although I cannot keep up correspondences with many of my readers who seem to be thoroughly congenial with myself, let them be assured that their letters have been read or heard with peculiar gratification, and are preserved as precious treasures.

I trust that after this notice no correspondent will be surprised to find his or her letter thus answered by anticipation; and that if one of the above formulæ is the only answer he receives, the unknown friend will remember that he or she is one of a great many whose incessant demands have entirely outrun my power of answering them as fully as the applicants might wish and perhaps expect.

I could make a very interesting volume of the letters I have received from correspondents unknown to the world of authorship, but writing from an instinctive impulse, which many of them say they have long felt and resisted. One must not allow himself to be flattered into an overestimate of his powers because he gets many letters expressing a peculiar attraction towards his books, and a preference of them to those with which he would not have dared to compare his own. Still, if the *homo unius libri* — the man of one book — choose to select one of our own writing as his favorite volume, it means *something*, — not much, perhaps; but if one has unlocked the door to the secret entrance of one heart, it is not unlikely that his key may fit the locks of others. What if nature has lent him a master key? He has found the wards and slid back the bolt of one lock; perhaps he may have learned the secret of others. One success is an encouragement to try again. Let the writer of a truly loving letter, such as greets one from time to time, remember that, though he never hears a word from it, it may prove one of the best rewards of an anxious and laborious past, and the stimulus of a still aspiring future.

Among the letters I have recently received, none is more interesting than the following. The story of Helen Keller, who wrote it, is told in the well-known illustrated magazine called "The Wide Awake," in the number for July, 1888. For the account of this little girl, now between nine and ten years old, and other letters of her writing, I must refer to the article I have mentioned. It is enough to say that she is deaf and dumb and totally blind. She was seven years old when her teacher, Miss Sullivan, under the direction of Mr. Anagnos, at the Blind Asylum at South Boston, began her education. A child fuller of life and happiness it would be hard to find. It seems as if her soul was flooded with light and filled with music that had found entrance to it through avenues closed to other mortals. It is hard to understand how she has learned to deal with abstract ideas, and so far to supplement the blanks left by the senses of sight and hearing that one would hardly think of her as wanting in any human faculty. Remember Milton's pathetic picture of himself, suffering from only one of poor little Helen's deprivations: —

> "Not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
> But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
> Presented with a universal blank
> Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
> And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Surely for this loving and lovely child does

> "the celestial Light
> Shine inward."

Anthropologist, metaphysician, most of all theologian, here is a lesson which can teach you much that you will not find in your primers and catechisms. Why should I call her "poor little Helen"? Where can you find a happier child?

South Boston, Mass., *March* 1, 1890.

Dear Kind Poet, — I have thought of you many times since that bright Sunday when I bade you good-bye, and I am going to write you a letter because I love you. I am sorry that you have no little children to play with sometimes, but I think you are very happy with your books, and your many, many friends. On Washington's Birthday a great many people came here to see the little blind children, and I read for them from your poems, and showed them some beautiful shells which came from a little island near Palos. I am reading a very sad story called "Little Jakey." Jakey was the sweetest little fellow you can imagine, but he was poor and blind. I used to think, when I was small and before I could read, that everybody was always happy, and at first it made me very sad to know about pain and great sorrow; but now I know that we could never learn to be brave and patient, if there were only joy in the world. I am studying about insects in Zoölogy, and I have learned many things about butterflies. They do not make honey for us, like the bees, but many of them are as beautiful as the flowers they light upon, and they always delight the hearts of little children. They live a gay life, flitting from flower to flower, sipping the drops of honey-dew, without a thought for the morrow. They are just like little boys and girls when they forget books and studies, and run away to the woods and the fields to gather wild-flowers, or wade in the ponds for fragrant lilies, happy in the bright sunshine. If my little sister comes to Boston next June, will you let me bring her to see you? She is a lovely baby and I am sure you will love [her]. Now I must tell my gentle poet good-bye, for I have a letter to write home before I go to bed.

From your loving little friend,

Helen A. Keller.

The reading of this letter made many eyes glisten, and a dead silence hushed the whole circle. All at once Delilah, our pretty table-maid, forgot her place, — what business had she to be listening to our conversation and reading? — and began sobbing, just as if she had been a lady. She could n't help it, she explained afterwards, — she had a little blind sister at the asylum, who had told her about Helen's reading to the children.

It was very awkward, this breaking-down of our pretty Delilah, for one girl crying will sometimes set off a whole row of others, — it is as hazardous as lighting one cracker in a bunch. The two Annexes hurried out their pocket-handkerchiefs, and I almost expected a semi-hysteric cataclysm. At this critical moment Number Five called Delilah to her, looked into her face with those calm eyes of hers, and spoke a few soft words. Was Number Five forgetful, too? Did she not remember the difference of their position? I suppose so. But she quieted the poor hand-maiden as simply and easily as a nursing mother quiets her unweaned baby. Why are we not all in love with Number Five? Perhaps we are. At any rate, I suspect the Professor. When we all get quiet, I will touch him up about that visit she promised to make to his laboratory.

I got a chance at last to speak privately with him.

"Did Number Five go to meet you in your laboratory, as she talked of doing?"

"Oh, yes, of course she did, — why, she *said* she would!"

"Oh, to be sure. Do tell me what she wanted in your laboratory."

"She wanted me to burn a diamond for her."

"*Burn a diamond!* What was that for? Because Cleopatra swallowed a pearl?"

"No, nothing of that kind. It was a small stone, and had a flaw in it. Number Five said she did n't want a diamond with a flaw in it, and that she did want to see how a diamond would burn."

"Was that all that happened?"

"That was all. She brought the two Annexes with her, and I gave my three visitors a lecture on carbon, which they seemed to enjoy very much."

I looked steadily in the Professor's face during the reading of the following poem. I saw no questionable look upon it, — but he has a rather remarkable command of his features. Number Five read it with a certain archness of expression, as if she saw all its meaning, which I think some of the company did not quite take in. They said they must read it slowly and carefully. Somehow, "I like you" and "I love you" got a little mixed, as they heard it. It was not Number Five's fault, for she read it beautifully, as we all agreed, and as I knew she would when I handed it to her.

I LIKE YOU AND I LOVE YOU.

I LIKE YOU met I LOVE YOU, face to face;
The path was narrow, and they could not pass.
I LIKE YOU smiled; I LOVE YOU cried, Alas!
And so they halted for a little space.

"Turn thou and go before," I LOVE YOU said,
"Down the green pathway, bright with many a flower;
Deep in the valley, lo! my bridal bower
Awaits thee." But I LIKE YOU shook his head.

Then while they lingered on the span-wide shelf
That shaped a pathway round the rocky ledge,
I LIKE YOU bared his icy dagger's edge,
And first he slew I LOVE YOU, — then himself.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SOME RECENT VOLUMES OF FRENCH CRITICISM.[1]

THE first thing which strikes a foreign reader, at a random glance through several volumes of French criticism of the day, is the activity of mind displayed in this department; the perennial interest in questions of art, of workmanship, of literary truth; the variety of topics upon which an equal curiosity, minuteness of examination, and vigor of intelligence are brought to bear; and the number of agile minds employed at one moment in the consideration of the same subject. We perceive that among the things which they order better in France is this ancient problem of the making of many books; that they find stimulus rather than weariness in much study, and, failing a creative atmosphere, are incited by the rush of the printing-press to literary effort. The phenomenon next in evidence is that passion for system which Mr. Dowden has justly pointed out in his admirable article on French criticism in a recent number of the Fortnightly Review. Each critic waves a banner in his preface, or unfurls it be-

[1] *Le Théâtre et les Mœurs.* Par J. J. WEISS. 3me. ed. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Impressions de Théâtre. Par JULES LEMAÎTRE. Quatrième Série. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

Figures Littéraires. Par PAUL DESCHANEL, Député. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Lamartine. Etude de Morale et d'Esthétique. Par CHARLES DE POMAIROLS. Paris: Hachette et Cie. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

fore he has covered many pages of his course. The literary conscript in France may be enrolled under the naturalistic, the psychological, the physiological, the analytic, or the poetic symbol; he may plant his own colors and fight lustily in their defense; but to be without a badge in the buttonhole is to confess a bosom void of conviction. If a critic wishes to note simply the qualities and defects of the book before him, or if he is moved, like M. de Pomairols, to pay a tribute of loyal admiration to the memory of a great poet, he erects this laudable desire into a system designed beforehand to prove the error of any rash inquirer who may presume to examine the subject from a different point of view. M. Hennequin, the "scientific critic" by profession of faith, set out with a mission to discover the man in the author; M. Brunetière engages on behalf of fact to prove not alone the tolerably obvious futility of searching in the Odyssey for a psychology of Homer, but the less apparent uselessness of endeavoring to disentangle the personality of Rabelais, Molière, or Bossuet from their respective works. M. Taine studies the author in the epoch, and both in an historical medium of his own invention. M. Weiss laments that in gauging the passion and instincts of an author, or determining the quantity of his talent and intellectual power, both the scientific and historical schools "consider it idle to inquire to what degree the use which he has made of this talent and power is a legitimate one. This is because, for these empirical observers, there does not exist a type of perfection, relative to each art, which at times has been reached, and to approach which as nearly as possible should be the end of all effort." M. Weiss therefore takes his stand upon pure criticism. It is an admirably definite position; it is one of great authority and of opportunity for innumerable niceties of detail; and if human achievement does not always receive its exact due by his system of measurements, if genius is now and then so awkward as to get in the way of the machinery, "so much the worse for the coo." Even the seductions of Madame Bernhardt, appealing as they do to his finest perceptions, do not move him a hair's breadth from the line of critical conviction.

"But leaving aside the supposition *that she knows neither the rhetoric nor the grammar of her art*" (M. Weiss is in the midst of an appreciative notice of "the glorious and victorious Sarah" in her rôle of Fédora, and the italics are not his own), "what a sense she has of its eloquence and its poetry! How she loves her rôle when she does love it! How she pours it into the very tissues of her soul and into all her fibres! She no longer exists apart from it. The whole universe, for her, is compassed in a few feet of boards, where she is living the drama which she is supposed to be acting. The most subtle, the finest, the most daring inspirations that the genius of her sex could conceive burst from her, the other evening, at every moment; simplicity, precision, audacity, she had them all. . . . It is an inexhaustible series of incomparable trifles."

It is interesting to inquire into the nature and principle of an art of which Madame Bernhardt is suspected of knowing "neither the rhetoric nor the grammar." Let us hear M. Weiss on her American tour, which he watched through a telescope of Parisian construction: "The other day — was it in Chicago, or was it Nebraska?" (he knows, this knowing M. Weiss, that it was nearer the Atlantic coast, but he makes no allusion either to Quakers or terrapin) — "Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt was to play Adrienne Lecouvreur. The hour arrives, and a full house. All the seats disposed of at a fancy price, and not one empty. Unfortunately, two of the artists cast for the play are missing, being kept from their engagement by some detention on the railroad. The announcement is made

to an enthusiastic house that Phèdre will be substituted for Adrienne. For my part, I should have rubbed my hands at the change. I should have made a mistake. The American was not to be thus deceived; with entire unanimity" (the unanimity is such a smooth and even touch of exaggeration) "he took back his money and returned to his fireside."

The conclusion drawn by M. Weiss is that the admiration for Madame Bernhardt in this country is a tribute to her personal grace rather than to her art, and that to us "she appears accomplished, not because she is an actress, but because she is no longer acting;" in short, that we like best the part in which she has least to assume. Not that the Sardou-Bernhardt combination of situation and temperament, in which the rôle is fitted to the actress as a dress to a form, is considered inartistic in France. On the contrary, M. Lemaître has devoted to the analysis of its charm one of the cleverest chapters of Les Contemporains; M. Weiss, too, is fully sensible of its spell, of its artistic points. But apart from the inspirations even of genius, there is in the background of his criticism an art of acting, abstract, severe, and codified. The true actor, according to M. Weiss, is he "who has patiently studied the effects which he aims to produce, and who produces varied and dissimilar ones by a perfect knowledge of the laws by which they are governed." And the enjoyment of the spectator, like the skill of the actor, gains from a recognition of these laws.

A noticeable feature in the literary portion of the books before us is the preponderance of topics which are studies of yesterday. The constant comparison of the present with the past, the perennial readjustment of standards, is always a feature of French criticism, and the frequent reprints and theatrical revivals serve as texts for research, and do much for the preservation of intellectual standards; but the space given to bygone writers and literary creeds in these books of 1889 show that it was not a year of new inspirations. Le Théâtre et les Mœurs is put forth as a volume of reminiscence, and is preceded by an entertaining preface, in which autobiography and history are combined in a way that would hardly occur to a native of any other country. The Frenchman hitches his private wagon to the star of politics; public events rank among the crises of his own life; his self-analysis or introspection shades into study of his environment, which is the mirror of his soul; and the state of society is felt and noted by him like a personal mood. France and *la vie* are personalities half identified with his own. The tie between author and reader is an intimate one in France, and the literature of the country is also in a peculiarly close sense a part of its history. M. Weiss's collection of newspaper articles is a review of the nineteenth century. His material is grouped under the two dates 1830 and 1852. They are those of romantic and Second Empire literature, and are separated by a very sharp line of demarkation, the transition having taken place, according to M. Weiss, in a period of ten days following upon the *coup d'état*. The literature of the eighties falls under 1852, for M. Weiss recognizes no innovation in naturalism of a destructive and epoch-making character; it is to him the ancient sentimental romance in a new guise, not the revival of Flaubert and Balzac nor the appearance of a new realism. M. Weiss was young in 1848, mature in 1852; nothing has happened since.

His romantic souvenirs attach themselves, not to Hernani, but to Henri III., and his outline of the career and influence of this play, his hearty sympathy, may be compared with the attack upon it of that latter-day sinner M. Jules Lemaître, whom the Saturday Review accuses, with evident justice, of overlooking on this occasion the "historic element."

When it comes to Hugo, M. Weiss's reign of law is in accord with M. Lemaître's caprice. The former demonstrates critically, with his eyes lifted to Racine, what the latter has already declared in Les Contemporains on the ground of personal preference and a livelier interest in younger bards, — that there is *ennui* in the *boum-boum* of the great poet. They both expend considerable pains to upset the primacy accorded to Hugo, and to prove that he ranks as a poet, "*though* not first in the very first line," where warmer admirers than Messieurs Weiss and Lemaître may be content to leave him. M. Weiss is right in his insistence upon the fact that in French literature no one figure stands out as does Shakespeare in English and Goethe in German literature. The solidarity of French letters is such that every writer is one of a troupe, and those who revolt against the traditions are like priests who unfrock; they carry the mark of the system into their freedom. Hugo lacked one of the most precious qualities of French literature, one which emanates perhaps from its solidarity, — that of intimacy, *l'intime*. But take any complete French anthology, and compare its selections one with another: there will be a touch of primacy everywhere in his favor, and the most perfect examples of lyrical expression will bear the old autocratic signature.

Dumas fils is also discussed by both critics, with free doses of blame administered in a spirit of admiration. M. Weiss scrutinizes keenly the use made of a talent for which he, like all his country, feels a tenderness that seems to be a lesser and modernized form of the Musset *culte*. Among M. Weiss's most recent subjects are Sardou, whose dramatic machine he takes to pieces with triumphant deftness, and M. Edouard Pailleron. His article on this poet and dramatist of the salons — written before Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie, but just as applicable afterwards — is a delicate example of M. Weiss's *métier* of pure criticism. His recognition of the talent and opportunity of the poet, his regret that they are not reinforced by effort, his clear statement of the firmness of hand required for the production of delicate trifles, and his summing up, that "one may be half a Scribe or half a Sardou, but one cannot be half a Musset or half a Marivaux," is a clever bit of writing, and a morsel of literary truth as well.

In speaking of a number of bygone themes discussed in the books before us, we did not intend to give the impression that M. Lemaître had donned the scholastic cap and gown. True, he begins with Æschylus, by way of giving a few points to the Porte St. Martin, and he serves Racine and Molière with Sarcey sauce, but he does not neglect Gyp nor harden his heart to the opéra bouffe. His writing is almost a marvel in its unflagging vivacity and ingenuity, its audacity and restraint; he is past master of the art of saying things, and his certificate of personal critic authorizes him to say what he pleases, the selection being, however, made with deliberation and knowledge of his world. He has not very exacting standards, but he has a set of critical tentacles of considerable delicacy, and their touch is everywhere a fine one, though his element, like that of the asteroid, is not in the deepest waters. His critical method is of the pictorial order. He reproduces a book or a play with vividness and color; manipulating it a little in accordance with his own views, bestowing upon it a series of caressing touches or a running comment of irony, and producing a result which is clever, entertaining, and perfectly homogeneous. His liveliest sallies never take him out of his course or break the texture of his writing. His wit goes from high to low; it discovers Shakespearean affinities in Barbe Bleue and a spice of Tartarin in Voltaire; it finds reasons for the admission of Meilhac and

Halévy by St. Peter into the French Academy, and produces arguments for the claim to success of M. Jules Lemaître's drama of Révoltée. Perhaps the *moi* employed is not in this instance quite the *moi public*, which is the title claimed by M. Lemaître for that of the personal critic.

There are no airs of cosmopolitanism, at all events, about M. Lemaître. He sees a play adapted from Dostoïevsky, Crime and Punishment, and gives an appreciative analysis of its motive; but he returns in a moment to Paris, to the Goncourt novels, which stir in him "a compassion that reaches from the particular suffering described to the great human misery beyond, and thus takes on a religious character, — as well as if the text were a translation from the Russian," — and to Gyp, who calls for no compassion, and to whose genius he surrenders himself "*pieds et poings liés.*" There is plenty of *esprit* in this article on the Théâtre des Marionettes, and the clever woman who is its inspiring genius. Critic and subject are here in accord, and the result ought to satisfy any reader who demands of his French literature that it should have what is generally recognized as the true Gallic flavor.

M. Lemaître closes a volume begun with Æschylus with an obituary of Victorine Demay, a prima donna of the *cafés chantants*, who stands out on the canvas as she stood before her audiences, "large and cordial, opulent and gay, — her whole plenteous person compounded of enjoyment." Critical curiosity and a *penchant* for contrasts led M. Lemaître to bring about a meeting between Madame Demay and M. Renan, who addressed to her a polite remark, indicating that her fame as a singer had reached his ears; to which, duly impressed with the fact that a great man stood before her, and wishing to acquit herself with distinction, she replied, "And I, monsieur, know all about you!"

Madame Demay makes the transition from M. Lemaître's vivacity to the serious papers of M. Deschanel, which open with M. Renan. If the critics of the literary philosopher do not know all about him, it is not for want of assistance on his part; from the Breton-Gascon key of his temperament, furnished by himself, to the latest phase of his thought, they have all the materials. Perhaps there is not much that is novel left to be added, at this date, to contemporary criticism of him, and M. Deschanel is not a writer who attempts the impossible; his book exhibits no marked cleverness or keenness of vision, but it is written with intelligence and moderation of tone, and with a sympathy which is that of conviction for the serious and aspiring element in French literature. His Figures Littéraires, who are more or less philosophic figures as well, stand to him for a certain hardihood and independence of thought, though M. Brunetière would not allow him Rabelais on that ground, and the portrait of M. Paul Bourget might appear at first sight a curious pendant to that of Edgar Quinet. It is the solemnity of M. Bourget rather than his decadence that attracts M. Deschanel, who attributes the latter feature to the absorption by an impressionable and imitative nature of ideas already aired and in print, and concludes that "it is the very vivacity of his feeling and of his imagination which gives him the appearance of being old at heart." The picture of young France, with which the interesting paper on M. Bourget is concluded, would inspire more confidence if the catalogue of its virtues did not have the air of being drawn up by the deputy rather than the critic, though no one can doubt the existence of some such hopeful element of reaction; and it could hardly find a better programme than that furnished by M. Deschanel, in which the clause recommending resignation to the conditions of a private and insignificant existence strikes one as specially imbued with *bon sens.*

If the critical signs are inauspicious for the fame of Victor Hugo, even at the height of his popularity, the mild star of Lamartine, on the contrary, which seemed almost to have disappeared, is now in the ascendant. Lamartine staked his poetry with his politics, and lost; he is now having a political and poetical *revanche*. The tone of disparagement and indifference in regard to his work, which was perhaps natural enough, though manifestly exaggerated and unjust, has died away of late, and a reaction "has set in with its usual severity," as Horace Walpole said of the spring. It is not one or another trait of Lamartine which is held up to us to-day for reverence and admiration, but the man and the poet, his entire person washed and made whole, his cherished wings plumed and restored. After being attacked as a *poseur* and a chanter of sentimental measures, he is cited as sincere, fresh, inspired; after despising his vanity and lack of independence, his compatriots are touched by his disinterestedness, and by the pathos of an outstretched hand to which his country owed so much and which it left empty.

There are not many reputations which could bear a stronger light than Lamartine's, and his admirers could well afford to mix a little more scrutiny with their adoration. A stricter criticism will hardly be able to dispose, as M. de Pomairols does, of his vanity by an occasional allusion with absolution, to wrap it in a rose leaf and set it aside. But neither egoism nor the sentimental nature of his poetry, which was both a personal trait and a necessary feature of his moment, could injure his sincerity. The feeling of his verse is as genuine as its harmony, and even his vanity had an ethereal quality, like the perversions and errors of Shelley.

M. de Pomairols's Study in Morals and Æsthetics is not a general treatise on these subjects, but exclusively a study of the moral and æsthetic aspects of Lamartine's life and poetry. There is something a little naive and wanting in perspective in the entire absence of any reference to other writers, interests, or ideas; but this method, if it be a method, is not unsuited to the treatment of Lamartine, and brings out strongly the singleness of his nature, the simplicity of his ideal, and the unity of his achievement. "Les ombres," said Lamartine, "n'ajoutent rien à la lumière." This was his poetic creed and the conviction of his life; it was the source or the explanation of his religious inspiration and of the pellucid loveliness of his verse; it was also his great mistake, as any painter could have told him. Not only have strong literary effects been produced by contrast, but the writers who have sounded the human mind and given the truest pictures of human life have looked fearlessly into the shadow as into the light.

No reality, however, could have been a more grateful element in French literature, or have had a stronger or more immediate effect, than this absolute idealism of Lamartine. Matthew Arnold relates somewhere that he once remarked to Sainte-Beuve that Lamartine appeared to him an unimportant poet, to which the French critic replied, "He was important for *us*." Whether there was in this answer a suave suggestion of the difficulty of determining the values of a literature from the standpoint of a different language and environment, or whether it referred merely to the relations of life and literature in France, it is certain that, for a foreign eye, it is easier to overlook the importance of a poet like Lamartine than to exaggerate or even appreciate it. M. de Pomairols takes us back to the France of 1820, nourished on the ideas of the eighteenth century, but with the intellectual force that had inspired them already gone; with a mechanical and arid poetry still dominant amid the new enthusiasm stirred by the prose of Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël. Into this at-

mosphere the melody and tenderness of the first Méditations fell like summer rain. It was an infusion of new life rather than a new literary form. There were fragments of eighteenth-century expression here and there; and, in fact, Lamartine's poetry belongs to the legitimate line of French verse rather than to the romantic school; but its unlikeness to what had preceded was striking, and its freshness unmistakable. It is an almost impalpable essence of poetry, borrowing nothing, as M. de Pomairols shows, from the plastic arts, suggesting "no medium save poetic speech, the direct expression of the soul. . . . His essential spirituality is rendered by an entire immateriality of style. Never were words more completely freed from weight; he chooses always the airiest and most translucent, and herein, perhaps, resides the secret of their harmony. His lines are not hammered out by a firm hand working upon resistant metal; they are the breathings of a spirit." M. de Pomairols's whole analysis of the poems, which is not confined to a general review of the style or argument, but enters minutely into discussion of the verse and seizes the most elusive traits, is an instance of what French criticism aims at and accomplishes, not alone in technical study, but in sympathy and delicacy both of perception and expression. There is a little overfine writing of this sort in the book, and a good deal that is sifted too fine for the enjoyment of any save enthusiastic amateurs of poetry; but it must not be forgotten in this connection that M. de Pomairols is himself a poet as well as a critic.

The impersonal nature of Lamartine's poetry, everywhere apparent in his selection of feelings common to humanity as the theme of his verse, and in the affiliation of his own love or sorrow to the universal, comes out no less clearly in the circumstance, noted by M. de Pomairols, that in the retrospection so frequent in his poems Lamartine's regret is never for his own former self, but always for those whom he loved. His affections were very strong. The friends of his boyhood, none of whom was distinguished or to the world at large specially interesting, were not only loved by him to the last, but loved with the old idealization and eagerness.

As regards the relative estimate of his work, we cannot agree with M. de Pomairols in placing the Harmonies above the Méditations; and we do not find its rightful supremacy accorded to "l'incomparable Lac," as Sainte-Beuve calls it, though perhaps this most perfect of sentimental poems is rather taken for granted in M. de Pomairols's survey. Jocelyn is the fullest expression of Lamartine's genius, the most successful instance of that usually unsuccessful form, the novel in verse; and while M. de Pomairols's characterization of it as "the greatest, perhaps the only poem in our language," though it finds support in the critical pages of M. Lemaître, sounds tolerably sonorous, this idyl of passion merits at least the tenderness here bestowed upon it. M. Brunetière has wittily said of the banquets by which his country loves to do honor to the memory of its great authors, "Ils ont pensé pour nous, et nous mangeons pour eux;" and it is pleasant to find that there is still — or shall we say again? — a feasting in homage to Lamartine.

STORY'S CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO.

THE versatility of Mr. Story's mind, which is illustrated by the variety of his talents, finds an admirable means of expression in the informal talk upon many topics which he has thrown into his last volumes.[1] Prose dialogue is a literary form difficult to manage, and instances of success in it in English books are rare; but one who has a well-stored mind and an educated interest in many subjects can scarcely find a form offering such freedom and ease. Mr. Story has but one interlocutor with himself, and as he has not endeavored to make him the mouthpiece of views opposed to his own, he escapes the danger of creating only a man of straw. In fact, there is no discussion, properly speaking, in the work; there is only talk such as would take place between sympathetic friends of the same tastes and education without any friction of the mind. The matter of the conversation, also, is not such as would arouse any very serious feeling, but is largely that mass of fact, theory, and opinion upon artistic or literary subjects which is the common property of men of scholarship and taste. The writer reminds us of the principles of art and poetry, and recalls anecdotes of the history of past times and famous men, and occasionally communicates some out-of-the-way piece of information, such as a wide-ranging reader may gather from curious books; and he binds the whole together in a natural way by his fiction of the hour in the studio. There is nothing energetic in thought or exacting of attention; all is very easy reading; but the intelligence and mental alertness of these rambling discourses lend them value and make them attractive; the curiosity of the reader is quickened and satisfied, and at the end he finds he has been pleasantly and instructively entertained.

One trait of the work is a certain cosmopolitanism natural to its Roman setting, but also belonging of right to the author himself. The ancients seem like contemporaries in such an atmosphere, and they come often and quite without ceremony upon the stage; but besides this scholarly neighborliness with the Greeks and Romans, there is an equal closeness to Goethe and Shakespeare, to Paris fashions, and of course to Italy with all its range; nor does the criticism fail to glance at the characteristics of Mr. Story's countrymen. The leading subject in all this is properly art, its theory and practice and history; and although there is little new in the thought or fresh in its expression, it is interesting to listen to a sculptor upon his own profession, and to hear from a poet what pleases him in the great masters. Mr. Story is an idealist, and consequently finds much to criticise in modern works of painting and sculpture, and takes pains to justify his own convictions, and to set forth the defects of naturalism or realism, of photographic representation, of unorganized detail, of mere effects of sensation or of technical power, and the like; and, on the other hand, to speak of the beauty behind nature, the type in the individual, the poetical and philosophical temperament of the great writers, and, in general, to defend idealistic treatment both in the fine arts and in literature. Only a small portion of his conversations, however, deals with such abstract matter; his usual method is concrete, and his main purpose seems often to present striking facts. One of the freshest of these conversations, for example, is that which deals with the luxury of the ancients,

[1] *Conversations in a Studio.* By WILLIAM WETMORE STORY. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

and particularly with the extraordinary prices paid to artists and sculptors of classical times for their works. Art was then, according to this account, a remarkably lucrative profession. The prices now paid either to the most eminent of living artists or for the works of the old masters which occasionally come into the market, enormous as they seem to us, were exceeded in the days of Greece and Rome; one artist reached such a degree of wealth and also of vanity that he declared no money could pay for his productions, and therefore he gave them away to cities or princes. Mr. Story cites a large number of instances of these prices from the ancient authors, and supports his view with ample illustrations. This profusion, in Rome at least, was equaled in other departments of luxury, examples of which he furnishes. He compares with this the low prices prevailing in the Italian Renaissance, and thus affords a broad summary view of the financial side of artistic history. In another chapter he treats of the much-vexed question of Latin pronunciation, in which he argues plausibly and in detail in favor of the Italian system. The continuance of many of the old Roman proper names in familiar and unbroken succession down to the last period supplies him with one noteworthy point in the question, and the Italian lengthening of the consonantal sounds suggests a peculiarly apt explanation of a rule of quantity. The history of the Italian alphabet and the evidence of some ancient inscriptions are also made to do service in behalf of his position. Altogether, this subject becomes almost a monograph, under his skillful handling. The canon of proportion in sculpture, as practiced by the ancients, is a third most interesting classical theme, and is treated in an original way.

Not all of Mr. Story's topics, nevertheless, are of this severe sort. The talk about literature, whether German, Italian, or English, is admirably light in touch and sound in criticism. He is more appreciative than rigorous in his remarks upon the poets, but his quotations are usually happily selected examples of the minor excellences of really good verse. Shakespeare, naturally, holds a foremost place everywhere, and his versification is well discriminated and illustrated. Shelley comes scarcely behind the great dramatist as a favorite poet, and the descriptions of Italian scenery, so wonderfully direct and truthful, are often cited on the page. Few writers have perceived so clearly how much Shelley owed to Italian landscape for that peculiar charm and atmosphere which is diffused about his later verse. Wordsworth is the third greatest name which recurs with frequency to Mr. Story's memory, and to him he does full justice. Contemporary poetry, however, is hardly mentioned, and there is no familiar reminiscence of the poets the author has known excepting Landor, of whom a sympathetic but rather pitiful portrait is drawn in his old age. Mr. Story appears throughout as a generous and tolerant lover of poetry, — as one into whose life it has entered; and perhaps the best of his conversations on this subject consists rather in the unconscious illustration of this intimacy of poetry in a life than in any express criticism of it. Of Goethe he usually speaks disparagingly, as a mechanical and too self-possessed poet, with too much of platitude and attitude in his work; and for his criticism of English literature, particularly the famous analysis and improvement of Hamlet, Mr. Story has no mercy. This is but one of several signs which an attentive observer may note of a decrease in the reputation of Goethe among the English. In his strictures, Mr. Story will have the sympathy of many who have not been able, in these latter days, to reach the degree of enthusiasm for the chief of the Germans which was aroused

by the eulogy of Carlyle and his early followers.

The variety of these volumes, however, is hardly indicated by mention of these greater separate subjects on which the conversation turned at one or another point. The mere list of the topics which are touched on just sufficiently to yield interest without weariness would fill a long paragraph. There is a good deal of the "curiosities of literature" scattered through the pages, much piecemeal learning, occasionally a humorous story or fine saying. Magic and the powers of memory; old age, with an account of famous centenarians; the pedigree of the dress-coat and its unfortunate influence; the fate of the corpses of the Medici family; the early exhaustion of Raphael; the genius of Michael Angelo; the population of ancient Rome; the patriotic verses of Robert Treat Paine; American mispronunciations and solecisms; the characteristics of Roman statues; the obligation of the sculptor to his assistant who does the mechanical work, are a few of the more prominent matters to which some pages are given. In fact, Mr. Story does not write all this now for the first time; but he has gathered here, with some recasting, much that he has written from time to time upon special topics, so that we have a considerable portion of his occasional literary work in the shape which he desires it to wear. The knowledge of a cultivated man, his wealth of allusion and literary or artistic anecdote, his final convictions about art and its great historical memorials, are all laid under tribute in these pages for our entertainment; and though there is a good proportion of seeming paradox, and the freshness of idea is not always quite unworn, yet one finds the volumes useful as well as charming resources for leisure. There is, too, through all of the conversations a geniality of feeling and a refinement of intellectual interests, a tone of friendliness and good-nature, even in those portions which distribute the mild blame in which the author sometimes indulges himself, that win the reader to cheerfulness, and give the work that companionableness of feeling which it ought to have. Mr. Story's literary faculty is not beneath such work as this, and there is something of the same quality here as in his older books about Roman life which have delighted lovers of Italy. One misses only the local coloring which might have been looked for in conversations which are represented as taking place in his Roman studio, and the occasional ripple of Italian breaking in on the English text does not entirely make up for this lack. It is not markedly an Italian work, therefore, but there is something of Italy in it; and one feels this mainly in the cosmopolitan manner which characterizes it, and which we began by speaking of. Those who are interested in the things of culture will give it welcome, and others may be led to liking of such pleasures by reading it.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Paul Jones's Funeral.

IT is just a hundred years since Paul Jones entered on the fifth act, a mute and inglorious one, of his life drama. He arrived in Paris in the winter of 1789–90. In the previous year he had gone to St. Petersburg. There he was introduced by Ségur, the French ambassador, a fellow-member of the order of Cincinnatus, to the Empress Catherine, and was appointed

rear-admiral in the Russian navy, much to the annoyance of the English officers, who were with difficulty deterred from resigning. He was sent out of their way to the Black Sea, where he helped to defeat the Turkish squadron. On his return to St. Petersburg, Russian jealousy led to a girl being suborned to accuse him of immorality; he was forbidden the court, and was boycotted by fashionable society. The truth soon came to light, and Jones received full reparation; but he had had enough of a country where a man's reputation could be thus blasted, and, receiving ostensible leave of absence, together with a pension, he went in the autumn of 1789 to Vienna. There, however, he found no opening, for Austria had no navy to speak of, and he went on to Paris. But he had no sympathy with the Revolution, nor the Revolution with him, and in lieu of the ovation which greeted him in 1780 he found himself ignored. He died July 18, 1792. Gouverneur Morris describes his illness and death, but neither Morris nor any biographer gives the funeral register. The original document was destroyed in 1871, when the Commune set fire to the Hôtel de Ville, with all its records of Parisian interments; but, fortunately, a copy of it had been taken by Mr. Charles Read, a French antiquary of Scotch extraction, and published by him in the Correspondance Littéraire of 1859. It reads as follows: —

"This day, 20th July, year 4 of liberty, at 8 o'clock in the evening, conformably to the decree of the National Assembly of yesterday, in presence of a deputation from the said Assembly, consisting of MM. Brun, president of the deputation, Bravet, Cambon, Rouyer, Brival, Deydier, Gay-Vernon, episcopal vicar of the department of Loir et Cher, Caulier, Petit, Le Josne, Robeaume, and another deputation from the consistory of the Protestants of Paris, consisting of MM. Marron, pasteur, Perreaux, Binard, Monquin, and Empaytaz, elders, was buried in the cemetery of foreign Protestants *John Paul Jones*, native of England and citizen of the United States of America, commodore in the service of the said States, aged 45 years, deceased the 18th of this month, at his house situate Rue de Tournon No. 42, in consequence of dropsy in the chest, in the sentiments of the Protestant religion. The said interment was made also in the presence of us, François Pierre Simonneau, king's commissary in that behalf, and commissary of police of the section Ponceau, MM. Samuel Blackden, colonel of dragoons in the service of the United States of America, S. James Col. Mountflorence [sic], ex-major in the service of the State of North Carolina and citizen of the United States of America, Marie Jean Baptiste Benoist Beaupoil, ex-French officer living at Paris, Passage des Petits Pères No. 7, and Louis Nicolas Villeminot, officer commanding the detachment of gendarmerie grenadiers which escorted the deputation from the Assembly, and of other witnesses who have signed with us."

The Sadness of Rural Life.

— A writer in a recent number of The Atlantic concludes a sketch of New England rural landscape with the question if it will have to her readers "a tinge of sadness." Any one who knows something more of country life than appears on the surface to the eyes of the summer sojourners in our pleasant New England villages, must answer to the above query that more than a tinge of sadness is discoverable in the little picture the writer has presented. Wherever she leaves the external scene and touches on anything relating to the life of the people the note of melancholy is apparent. She speaks of the "sorrows and almost undiverted toil" of the inhabitants of the quiet-looking homes; records the loneliness which doubles the pain of long illnesses in one family, and in another the lack of all gladness in the lives of

the children who had learned already "to lift and carry their share of the burdens" of a bereaved and saddened household.

Let me tell something of what I know of life in one little village, — as pretty a one as will be found anywhere. The houses of the more well-to-do are always neat, if not architecturally pleasing; and even the poorer sort, the low, weather-beaten cots set among the straggling phlox and clumps of tiger-lilies of the "front yard," have without a certain picturesqueness, and often within more comfort of a simple kind than their exterior promises. But the lives of the inmates are seldom cheerful ones. Such, at least, is the impression left by the glimpses afforded an outsider.

Of course one must not make the mistake of endowing others with one's own susceptibilities. It is possible, for instance, that the joyless monotony of their existence does not weigh as heavily upon the native villagers as the imagination of it does upon the spectator. And yet tell upon them it does, to some extent, though perhaps unconsciously, and with persons of a certain temperament it must be counted among the burdens daily borne. I have in mind a middle-aged woman, who in youth must have been as light-hearted and merry a girl as one could find. She married into a family of the utmost respectability, and was lifted to as high a social position as the village knew. But trouble came: her husband turned out an amiable good-for-nothing, who, with idleness and conviviality, squandered his father's money; and gradually the good old family sank down in the world, till the roof over them was theirs on sufferance only, and the poor disheartened daughter-in-law had hard work to struggle on under the burden of the aged father's helplessness and the care of the two or three boarders who scarce paid for their keep. She lost hope and energy, as persons of her naturally light and happy temperament often do. Yet she was full of the real New England humor and capacity for pleasure, and no one more enjoyed a little break in the dull jog-trot of her days. I think she never fell into that sort of stupid, spiritless acquiescence in the inevitable miscalled content; and though she did not often complain, I always pitied the good, kindly woman as heartily as I loved her.

There is little pauperism in the village, but much poverty of the proud and independent kind. Our rural population may live in far greater comparative comfort than the same class in other countries; but even if so, there is much to be desired for them. The families of farmers are as a rule rather underfed; and if enough in quantity, the food is not so wholesome and nourishing as it should be. The men are not ruddy nor well fleshed; their wives look pinched and worn. The poverty of mechanic and farmer folk reveals itself to a sympathetic observer by the way in which the life of a younger member of a family is sometimes seen to be quite sacrificed to maintain that of the parents. So in one family I know the father is so aged and the mother so helpless that the daughter's life is wholly spent for the exacting old pair; and she, imagining she owes this excess of duty, scarcely stirs beyond the threshold to gather the few flowers she loves, in her homely little plot, and foregoes altogether the pleasure of church-going and visiting her neighbors. Poor old maid! It is partly her own fault, — the dreary sameness of her existence; but there is wonderful strength in the bands that tie the unselfish to the side of those they labor for.

There is a house in a pretty though secluded spot, a good-sized white building, — far too shady with close-surrounding trees for the feeble old man and the consumptive young one, father and son, who pass their lonely days there. The son, a man of unusual intelligence and refinement, is condemned to this solitary,

and it would seem most melancholy, existence because he would not leave his father if he could, and could not if he would. The old man holds the purse, and, like so many of those who are more well off among the country folk, is inclined to miserliness. He even grudges his dutiful son the price of his medicines. Money is come by hardly, and those who have it are unwilling to part with it. I have known an old woman of eighty, living alone, too niggardly to keep a servant, till in her last illness the relatives who were to inherit her money came and brought her aid and service. These old people often show an indomitable will and fortitude, which is both heroic and pitiful. Directly opposite the house of the person above mentioned is a tumble-down-looking gray tenement, of Revolutionary date, and in it lives — or exists — a woman of ninety or over, blind and deaf. Her nephew lives with her, and does the rougher "chores," but the nonagenarian takes as full a share of the household work as he. She comes of a good stock and has well-to-do relatives, but old lady S—— dribbles out the remainder of her years in a strange, apathetic contentment with her dreary lot.

The more able and enterprising young men of the place go away as soon as possible, to seek their fortune elsewhere. The young women of superior intelligence and refinement have no escape but by marriage, and their very superiority limits their choice.

I have dwelt upon the dark side of country life; and though to me it has been the most apparent, I would not deny that it has also a brighter one.

A Remonstrance.

— I have been wounded in the house of my friends. When Agnes Repplier, who in days past has so often put for me my subtlest, most elusive thoughts into words, so often expressed in one delicately turned phrase the very soul of my delight in something I have read, or just touched with sensitive pen-point the one blemish that annoyed me, — when she, I say, willfully (for how else than willfully can she do it, with her quick feeling, her fine perception?) misinterprets Wordsworth, my heart's love among poets, I cannot refrain from outcry.

That she should call Wordsworth's Lucy "shadowy" I can forgive, for the sake of the accompanying adjective "alluring;" but why shadowy? Is there anywhere in poetry a more exquisite portrait, or one with more distinct individuality and definite charm, than that given us in the lines beginning

"Three years she grew in sun and shower"?

To me, indeed, the comparisons in the little poem from which Miss Repplier afterward quotes convey a very clear picture.

"A violet by a mossy stone."

Mark the word "mossy," and recall the kind of violet that such moist verdure cherishes.

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Do you not see the quiet maiden, softly radiant, serene, large-natured, gracious, in perfect harmony of mind and body?

All this, however, is a mere matter of personal impression. What I cannot forgive Miss Repplier is her apparent inability to estimate aright the poet's grief at Lucy's death. "We cannot endure," she says, "to think of Lucy as he thinks of her, —

'Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.'"

I admit that the idea is not a pleasant one, but is it not true that in the first horror of complete loss this deadness of the beloved body is, more than anything else, what presses upon us with crushing weight?

"No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees."

Yesterday, alive at every pore; to-day, a stock, a stone!

Miss Repplier speaks, too, of the poet as turning from Lucy's "fair image back to a consideration of his own emotions." Surely she fails to catch the true attitude of his mind. The failure seems to me sufficiently serious, for it makes a real appreciation of much of Wordsworth's poetry quite impossible. Some emotions are too strong for words; the very simplicity in which they find expression proves their force. I have always been of the opinion that Wordsworth has, preëminently among poets, the power to make us feel this force. He accomplishes his end sometimes by means of a homely exclamation, —

> "Oh, mercy, to myself I said,
> If Lucy should be dead!"

Again, by an absolutely unadorned recital of some action so commonplace as to be often almost unconsciously performed, and yet so full of meaning that its mere mention thrills our deepest being: —

> "On summer evenings I believe that there
> A long half-hour together I have stood,
> Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies."

And still again, by the half-utterance of a thought that, pursued far enough, would lead one into regions vast and sad as life itself: —

> "I 've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
> With coldness still returning;
> Alas, the gratitude of men
> Has oftener left me mourning!"

The lines Miss Repplier characterizes as written musingly, with a deliberate sadness which "exasperates us by its dispassionate regret, its tranquil self-communing," I should class among these half-utterances. Lucy, pure and fresh as a violet, restful as a star; Lucy, living, loving, his, and his only, is before the poet. Suddenly there seizes him, with that bitter sense of hopelessness which a sorrow takes but at intervals, the knowledge, — ah, no, he knew it before, — the anguish of the knowledge, that this sweetness, this goodness, this tender brightness, all, all are gone, —

> . . . "and oh!
> The difference to me."

Is it not the cry of Sorrow's self?

A Talk about Parsons.

— However it may have been with the world in general, that part of it which we call literary has always found the parson interesting. As a personage he has discovered sharp contrasts to the rest of humanity, and has not been without contradictions in himself which are available for purposes of the novelist's art. Nearly every great writer of fiction has used him as a foil; and when other subjects of ridicule and sarcasm fail, the clergyman remains an ever present resource. As a rule, we do not find him in the drama except in caricature; even Shakespeare creating only the great prelate, the ecclesiastic on the side of his relations to the state. But since the novel has driven the drama out of the literary field, fiction has held the mirror up to every phase of clerical character, from the improvident Vicar of Wakefield, in whom Goldsmith reflected so much of his own personality, to the Dean Maitlands and Reverend Apostates, the Robert Elsmeres and John Wards, of our own day. No one would think of accusing Hawthorne of churchy inclinations, and yet the fact remains that no human product seems to have had the fascination for his mind which he found in that unique individual, the New England minister of a century ago. Even George Eliot, with her secularist tendencies, rarely failed, in a novel, to pay her respects to a profession which must have appealed to her only upon the literary side; nor was her singularly catholic mind wanting in a genuine and tender appreciation of the difficulties as well as the ideal aspects of the minister's work. How, too, Trollope delighted in clergymen, reveling in the petty details of curate existence as if he shared that absorption in their person and function which is commonly ascribed

to women of uncertain prospects and a sentimental turn of mind! And what a hopeless figure that same novelist would have made in a new world like ours, without any religious establishment and a social life conditioned in its mild monotonies!

In the field of actual literary achievement, also, should we not miss that gentle lover of the fields, Gilbert White of Selborne, who knew so well how to serve men in the double capacity of naturalist and pastor? George Crabbe may not be a great poet, but it is pleasant to think of him, after his safe anchorage in the Church, as solacing his own life, if not compelling the attention of after-ages, with the respectable mediocrity of his verse. Who does not like to take the road with preaching, fighting, gypsying George Borrow, whose heart always spoke in Romany, whatever language might be on his lips! Few have done more to enliven our literature than Dean Swift and Sydney Smith, to say nothing of that laughter-loving Mr. Ingoldsby, who was known in the pulpit as Rev. Richard H. Barham. Not every one recalls that the best two drinking-songs in the language were written by clergymen, — The Brown Jug, by Rev. Francis Fawkes, and that Drinking Song by John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells in the sixteenth century, which Warton calls the first *chanson à boire* of any merit in the English tongue. What a saving quality of reaction there is in the humor and playful abandon of such divines as Mather Byles, Norman Macleod, and James Hannington, as if, uncompromising and devoted as they are, their very seriousness made them capable of a boyishness denied to the rest of mankind!

One hopes, moreover, that under the leveling conditions of democracy the type may not be losing somewhat of its variety, and becoming less picturesque and interesting to the unprejudiced observer. The clerical figure seems best projected upon the background of a state church, with its definite social adjustment and its permitted freedom of action. What other religious organization could contain and tolerate at the same time so many differing phases of the genus parson as the English Establishment? And whether he belong to the praying, fighting, drinking, racing, or fox-hunting order, where else is he so certain of commanding the deference due to his cloth? This latitude, allowed him for the institution's sake, has at least tended to keep him up to the mark of manly vigor and that all-round sympathy with life so necessary to his function and office. For when men justify their indifference to religion by recalling the *mot* that there are three sexes, men, women, and clergymen, it is evident that a more than artistic loss has been suffered.

But parsons will be parsons; and, say what we may in their disfavor, the human drama would be incomplete without them. One does not like to contemplate the world with the clerical element wholly left out; but perhaps there is no other way of bringing us to a realizing sense of the profession and the place it occupies in life.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Education and Text-Books. Alpha, a Greek Primer, introductory to Xenophon, by William G. Frost. (Allyn & Bacon.) A very attractive and ingenious little manual, in which the editor has gone, apparently, as far as he dared in making the ancient Greek a living language. The dialogues are clever, and the vocabulary has an interesting feature in the addition to the words, whenever it is possible, of English words which are descended from the Greek. — Gradation, an easy Latin translation book for beginners, by H. R. Heatley and H. N. Kingdon; revised by J. W. Scudder. (Allyn & Bacon.) A well-known English primer, prepared for the American market. A feature of the revision is the introduction of Latin stories leading up to the Latin of Nepos and Cæsar. The same use has been made of the vocabulary as in the preceding volume, to interest the student in derivation. — Principles of Plane Geometry, by J. W. Macdonald. (Allyn & Bacon.) An interesting manual, for the use of teachers who, understanding elementary geometry, have the patience and courage to lead their pupils into a development of the science, instead of employing the easier method of teaching rules and examples. — C. W. Bardeen (Syracuse, N. Y.) has begun the issue of a series of pamphlets entitled Papers on School Issues of the Day, which so far consist of reports of discussions and papers which first saw the light at the meeting of the National Association at Nashville in July last. Some of the titles are, Denominational Schools, The Educational Value of Manual Training, Art Education, The True Industrial Education, Methods of Instruction and Courses of Study in Normal Schools, Pedagogical Chairs in Colleges and Universities, Honorary Degrees as Conferred in American Colleges. The papers are for the most part of more than ordinary interest. — Crusader Programs for the Loyal Temperance Legion, Sunday-Schools, etc. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.) There is no uncertainty about the sentiment conveyed in this little book, which is intended to furnish programmes for the celebration of Christian and patriotic festivals, and to inculcate total abstinence. For those who believe that total abstinence and Christianity are one and inseparable, it will present no difficulties. — Studies in Pedagogy, by Thomas J. Morgan. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.) The work of a man of wide experience in the prevailing systems. We think his estimate of the actual value of Normal Schools and of chairs of pedagogy is unduly high, but he believes plainly in an ideal excellence, and is willing to believe that the schools are working out the problem, not that they have already achieved a full result. The book has some good practical suggestions, but what a world of talk the professional view of pedagogy seems to give rise to! — Thomas Jefferson's Views on Public Education, by John C. Henderson. (Putnams.) Mr. Henderson has taken a great deal of trouble which we fear will not receive sufficient recognition. He has not simply printed from Jefferson's writings such portions as relate to education. Under the several heads, An Admonition to Friends of Civil Liberty, A State should have a University, Jefferson's Ideal University, Our Colored Brethren, and A Jeffersonian Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, he has drawn upon Jefferson's public and private writings for expression of his views, and has set these forth with comments of his own, so as to make continuous papers. The plan assumes an importance attaching to Jefferson's *obiter dicta* which we fear will not be shared by many men; but, curiously enough, the author has used some of Jefferson's vague generalities as texts for admirable practical comment. — A German Reader for Beginners in School or College, with Notes and Vocabulary, by Edward S. Joynes. (Heath.) The plan requires that the exercises should be introductory to an intelligent reading of German, not to an acquaintance with German literature; but the editor has, after all, accomplished both objects in a degree. There is an ingenious series of interlinear introductory exercises. — Laboratory Manual of Experimental Physics; a Brief Course of Quantitative Experiments intended for Beginners. By Albert L. Arey. (Bardeen.) The book is cleverly made up by having a blank or tabular page opposite each set of experiments, upon which to record results. — In Heath's Modern Language Series, recent numbers are Aus dem Staat Friedrichs des Grossen, by Gustav Freytag, edited by Herman Hager; Alexis Piron's La Métromanie, edited by Léon Delbos; and Lamartine's Jeanne d'Arc, edited by Albert Barrère. They are reprints from English publications. The French numbers have the notes conveniently at the foot of the page. Freytag's essay, being annotated chiefly on the historical side, has its notes in an appendix. — Under the title of Public School Music Course, Charles E. Whiting has prepared a series of six music

readers. (Heath.) They form a complete course, both of study and of exercise, up to the High School. The later numbers review the work of the earlier ones, and the higher one goes in the series, the more songs and hymns he has. It strikes us that the plan is almost too elaborately graded for general use, but we are glad of anything which emphasizes the importance of thorough training in vocal music in our public schools. We may yet awake fully to the immense help of both music and drawing in our elementary education. — Luther on Education, including a [sic] Historical Introduction and a Translation of the Reformer's two most Important Educational Treatises, by F. V. N. Painter. (Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia.) Mr. Painter points out the important work done for schools by Luther, and insists that he deserves to be recognized as the greatest, not only of religious, but of educational reformers. There is much that is interesting in this book as to the history of education, but the treatises which are reproduced do not have a very immediate bearing upon current questions in school and state. — The New Arithmetic, edited by Seymour Eaton, with preface by T. H. Safford. (Heath.) A convenient collection of examples and problems arranged in a natural order. The preface is suggestive, and ought to be helpful to teachers, whether they use this particular book or not. — Æschines against Ctesiphon, edited on the Basis of Weidner's Edition, by R. B. Richardson. (Ginn.) The notes enable the student to keep in mind the natural comparison with Demosthenes' oration; and the apparatus generally is such as will both stimulate the student and increase his interest in the theme treated. The text is admirably printed. — State and Federal Government of the United States (Heath) is a chapter from Mr. Woodrow Wilson's longer work on The State, to which we have already referred. It is excerpted so as to serve as a brief manual for schools and colleges desiring to take up the central questions of our administration. — The Elements of Astronomy, with a Uranography, by Charles A. Young. (Ginn.) There is hard work before any High School pupil who grapples with this book, but it is work which will quicken the pulse of the student, and lead him into realms where the imagination, under the guidance of mathematics, will have a fine field.

Biography. The Life-Work of the Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Florine Thayer McCray. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mrs. McCray follows Mrs. Stowe through her life, making the several books written by her stepping-stones with which to keep along the current of her career. She gives a notion of their contents and comments on them, and as Mrs. Stowe's life, after she became famous, was in a measure a public one, it was easy to find material without having recourse to any private sources of information. It should be added that many of Mrs. Stowe's writings are of a half-autobiographical character. — In Saint Teresa of Avila Mrs. Bradley Gilman has found a comparatively fresh subject. At any rate, the point of view is fresh, for the author approaches a saint in the Roman calendar as if she really were a woman, and an interesting woman she finds her. There is a downright, unaffected treatment of the subject which suggests the experiment of translating other mediæval haloed people into persons seen near at hand. — Wilbur Fisk, by George Prentice. (Houghton.) A volume in the series of American Religious Leaders. The interesting manner in which Mr. Prentice starts off leads us to look for more than we get, or perhaps for something different. If Dr. Allen's Jonathan Edwards was lacking in the biographical element, this volume suffers from an excess of this element. No doubt, the co-religionists of Wilbur Fisk will read with full minds, but those outside of the Methodist Church would have been glad if the author had made clearer both the leadership of Fisk and the characteristics of the body in which he was a leader. — A third volume in the same series is W. W. Newton's Muhlenberg. Dr. Muhlenberg stood in an exceptional position. He was at the parting of the ways in the Episcopal Church. In his day it was ceasing to be a parasite of the Anglican Church, and asserting its individuality. No men, perhaps, more than Bishop Alonzo Potter and Dr. Muhlenberg, did more, each in his own way, to emphasize the new departure. About each centred the activities of an aggressive church, but Muhlenberg had a special gift in a sort of prophetic insight, and he was the herald of new movements which found in him both a prophet and an administrator. Mr. Newton's book is a vivid portraiture of a notable man, and it is a study, as well, in the phases of church life of which Muhlenberg was an exponent. — Thiers, by Paul de Rémusat; translated by Melville B. Anderson. (McClurg.) One of the new series of The Great French Writers. Thiers was so distinctly a statesman that the author of this volume has spent himself almost wholly on the historical background of his subject's life, and the book thus affords a capital sketch of the interior history of France; the history, that is, of ideas as expounded in a great political and literary figure. — A Woman's War Record, by Septima M. Collis. (Putnams.) A lively little reminiscence, unpretentious and readable, by the Southern wife of a Union officer. Mrs. Col-

lis preserves, we are glad to see, an interesting, well-told little anecdote of Lincoln, originally contributed by her husband to a newspaper. — The journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, translated by Mrs. M. J. Serrano, has been issued in paper. (Cassell.) — The Boyhood and Youth of Goethe, translated from the German by John Oxenford (Putnam's Sons), makes two exquisite little volumes in the Knickerbocker Nuggets Series.

Fiction. Theresa at San Domingo, a Tale of the Negro Insurrection of 1791, by Madame A. Fresneau; translated from the French by Emma Geiger Magrath. (McClurg.) A somewhat old-fashioned story, with a little the air of having been constructed at second hand, though it is not at all certain that the writer was not familiar with San Domingo. The primness of the narrative removes it a little from the region of reality. — In Thoughtland and in Dreamland, by Elsa D'Estene-Keeling. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.) A volume of scraps, some of them, like Laddie and Lassie, really clever, others rather affected, but all characterized by a little straining after effect. The effect, to be sure, is sometimes gained, and there are several masterly bits of condensed narrative. — Rothermal, a Story of Lost Identity, by Louis Reeves Harrison. (American News Company.) A good deal of pains has been taken with this rather preposterous story, but we wish the author had not been drawn into the wearisome use of the historic present. It is singular how much this device adds to the unreality of the performance. — The Catholic Man, a Study, by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. (Lothrop.) An involved, semi-psychological, semi-sentimental novel, moderately well written, and appealing to a somewhat antiquated state. — Six to One, by Edward Bellamy. (Putnams.) This Nantucket idyl, issued a dozen years ago, is revived under the stimulus of Mr. Bellamy's later fame. — Taken Alive, and Other Stories, by Edward P. Roe. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A collection of short stories, which is prefaced by a kindly written autobiographic sketch. — The History of a Slave, by H. H. Johnston. (Appleton.) Mr. Johnston, the well-known African traveler and geographer, has gathered into an assumed autobiography of an African slave a great number of bits of experience which have come to his knowledge. The form adopted enables him to give a force to the narrative, but it is far from being realistic in the sense of art. That is to say, it is the skin of a black man, but the voice of a white. He has taken on all the external form of a slave, but it is the geographer and traveler who really tells the story. — Sylvie and Bruno, by Lewis Carroll (Macmillan), is a charmingly ingenious story for young folks. It is not quite equal to Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, but it is not given to mortals to write two books as delightful as that.

Sociology and Economics. The Industrial Progress of the Nation: Consumption Limited, Production Unlimited, is the cheerful title of Mr. Edward Atkinson's volume containing articles contributed to The Century and The Forum. (Putnams.) The value of the volume, apart from the results of individual investigations pursued by Mr. Atkinson, is in the comprehensive manner in which he has formulated his belief in what may be called the social morality of true business laws. Statistics take on a most interesting form as treated by him, and it is hard to resist the kindly optimism which runs through the many lines of thought and study pursued in this agreeable book. — Nationalism, by C. S. Griffin (The Author, Boston), is a small paper-covered book, in which the rapid organization of all society into an industrial army is urged as a cure-all for existing evils. Why so hot, my little man? exclaimed Emerson once, on a less urgent occasion, and our friends the nationalists evidently want the mills of the gods to be run by an electro-motor. — Frances Raymond's Investment, or The Cost of a Boy, by Mrs. S. M. T. Henry. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.) A little story intended to show how a mother kept an exact account of what she expended on the care and education of her boy, charging the account with the expense entailed by the saloon. — Problems of Greater Britain, by Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke (Macmillan), is an exhaustive survey of England's possessions in North America, Australia, South Africa, and India. The work is the result of two long journeys, but is in no sense a book of travels; it is a painstaking and elaborate account of the political, social, and material condition of the English colonies, somewhat on the plan of Mr. Bryce's American Commonwealth, though not so well done as that. The reader will find a vast amount of information in these seven hundred closely printed pages; as to its accuracy and the soundness of Sir Charles Dilke's deductions, we are not able to pronounce. — Money, by James Platt. (Putnams.) Mr. Platt discourses of money in its economic aspect, but his mind is always ready to recur to the ethical side of the questions which arise under the consideration of wealth and prosperity.

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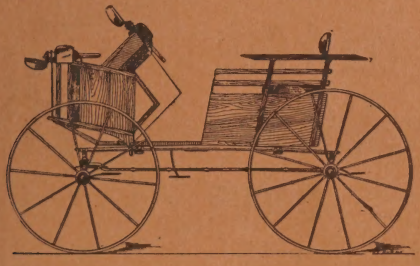

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33 b

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXV.—NUMBER 392

JUNE, 1890

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"Felicia," a Serial Story by Miss Fanny Murfree, will begin in the July Atlantic

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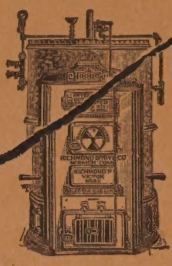

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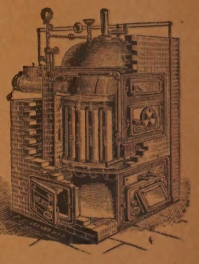

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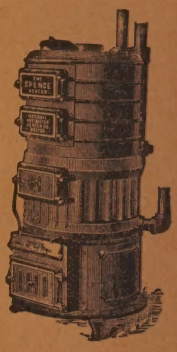

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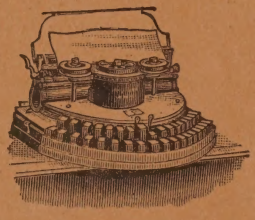

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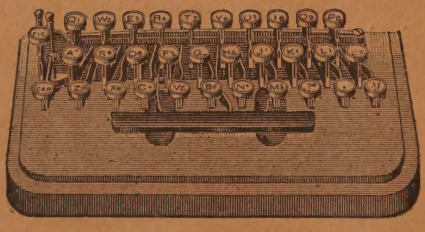

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXV. — JUNE, 1890. — No. CCCXCII.

THE NOVEL AND THE COMMON SCHOOL.

There has been a great improvement in the physical condition of the people of the United States within two generations. This is more noticeable in the West than in the East, but it is marked everywhere, and the foreign traveler, who once detected a race deterioration, which he attributed to a dry and stimulating atmosphere and to a feverish anxiety, which was evident in all classes, for a rapid change of condition, finds very little now to sustain his theory. Although the restless energy continues, the mixed race in America has certainly changed physically for the better. Speaking generally, the contours of face and form are more rounded. The change is most marked in regions once noted for leanness, angularity, and sallowness of complexion, but throughout the country the types of physical manhood are more numerous; and if women of rare and exceptional beauty are not more numerous, no doubt the average of comeliness and beauty has been raised. Thus far, the increase of beauty due to better development has not been at the expense of delicacy of complexion and of line, as it has been in some European countries.

Physical well-being is almost entirely a matter of nutrition. Something is due in our case to the accumulation of money, to the decrease in an increasing number of our population of the daily anxiety about food and clothes, to more leisure; but abundant and better prepared food is the direct agency in our physical change. Good food is not only more abundant and more widely distributed than it was two generations ago, but it is to be had in immeasurably greater variety. No other people existing, or that ever did exist, could command such a variety of edible products for daily consumption as the mass of the American people habitually use to-day. In consequence they have the opportunity of being better nourished than any other people ever were. If they are not better nourished, it is because their food is badly prepared. Whenever we find, either in New England or in the South, a community ill-favored, dyspeptic, lean, and faded in complexion, we may be perfectly sure that its cooking is bad, and that it is too ignorant of the laws of health to procure that variety of food which is so easily obtainable. People who still diet on sodden pie and the products of the frying-pan of the pioneers, and then, in order to promote digestion, attempt to imitate the patient cow by masticating some elastic and fragrant gum, are doing very little to bring in that universal physical health or beauty which is the natural heritage of our opportunity.

Now, what is the relation of our intellectual development to this physical improvement? It will be said that the general intelligence is raised, that the habit of reading is much more widespread, and that the increase of books, periodicals, and newspapers shows a greater mental activity than existed for-

merly. It will also be said that the opportunity for education was never before so nearly universal. If it is not yet true everywhere that all children must go to school, it is true that all may go to school free of cost. Without doubt, also, great advance has been made in American scholarship, in specialized learning and investigation; that is to say, the proportion of scholars of the first rank in literature and in science is much larger to the population than a generation ago.

But what is the relation of our general intellectual life to popular education? Or, in other words, what effect is popular education having upon the general intellectual habit and taste? There are two ways of testing this. One is by observing whether the mass of minds is better trained and disciplined than formerly, less liable to delusions, better able to detect fallacies, more logical, and less likely to be led away by novelties in speculation, or by theories that are unsupported by historic evidence or that are contradicted by a knowledge of human nature. If we were tempted to pursue this test, we should be forced to note the seeming anomaly of a scientific age peculiarly credulous; the ease with which any charlatan finds followers; the common readiness to fall in with any theory of progress which appeals to the sympathies, and to accept the wildest notions of social reorganization. We should be obliged to note also, among scientific men themselves, a disposition to come to conclusions on inadequate evidence, — a disposition usually due to one-sided education which lacks metaphysical training and the philosophic habit. Multitudes of fairly intelligent people are afloat without any base-line of thought to which they can refer new suggestions; just as many politicians are floundering about for want of an apprehension of the Constitution of the United States and of the historic development of society. An honest acceptance of the law of gravitation would banish many popular delusions; a comprehension that something cannot be made out of nothing would dispose of others; and the application of the ordinary principles of evidence, such as men require to establish a title to property, would end most of the remaining. How far is our popular education, which we have now enjoyed for two full generations, responsible for this state of mind? If it has not encouraged it, has it done much to correct it?

The other test of popular education is in the kind of reading sought and enjoyed by the majority of the American people. As the greater part of this reading is admitted to be fiction, we have before us the relation of the novel to the common school. As the common school is our universal method of education, and the novels most in demand are those least worthy to be read, we may consider this subject in two aspects: the encouragement, by neglect or by teaching, of the taste that demands this kind of fiction, and the tendency of the novel to become what this taste demands.

Before considering the common school, however, we have to notice a phenomenon in letters, namely, the evolution of the modern newspaper as a vehicle for general reading matter. Not content with giving the news, or even with creating news and increasing its sensational character, it grasps at the wider field of supplying reading material for the million, usurping the place of books and to a large extent of periodicals. The effect of this new departure in journalism is beginning to attract attention. An increasing number of people read nothing except the newspapers. Consequently, they get little except scraps and bits; no subject is considered thoroughly or exhaustively; and they are furnished with not much more than the small change for superficial conversation. The habit of excessive newspaper-reading, in which a

great variety of topics is inadequately treated, has a curious effect on the mind. It becomes demoralized, gradually loses the power of concentration or of continuous thought, and even loses the inclination to read the long articles which the newspaper prints. The eye catches a thousand things, but is detained by no one. Variety, which in limitations is wholesome in literary as well as in physical diet, creates dyspepsia when it is excessive, and when the literary viands are badly cooked and badly served the evil is increased. The mind loses the power of discrimination, the taste is lowered, and the appetite becomes diseased. The effect of this scrappy, desultory reading is bad enough when the hashed compound selected is tolerably good. It becomes a very serious matter when the reading itself is vapid, frivolous, or bad. The responsibility of selecting the mental food for millions of people is serious. When, in the last century, in England, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Information, which accomplished so much good, was organized, this responsibility was felt, and competent hands prepared the popular books and pamphlets that were cheap in price and widely diffused. Now, it happens that a hundred thousand people, perhaps a million in some cases, surrender the right of the all-important selection of the food for their minds to some unknown and irresponsible person whose business it is to choose the miscellaneous reading matter for a particular newspaper. His or her taste may be good, or it may be immature and vicious; it may be used simply to create a sensation; and yet the million of readers get nothing except what this one person chooses they shall read. It is an astonishing abdication of individual preference. Day after day, Sunday after Sunday, they read only what this unknown person selects for them. Instead of going to the library and cultivating their own tastes, and pursuing some subject that will increase their mental vigor and add to their permanent stock of thought, they fritter away their time upon a hash of literature chopped up for them by a person possibly very unfit even to make good hash. The mere statement of this surrender of one's judgment of what shall be his intellectual life is alarming.

But the modern newspaper is no doubt a natural evolution in our social life. As everything has a cause, it would be worth while to inquire whether the encyclopædic newspaper is in response to a demand, to a taste created by our common schools. Or, to put the question in another form, does the system of education in our common schools give the pupils a taste for good literature or much power of discrimination? Do they come out of school with the habit of continuous reading, of reading books, or only of picking up scraps in the newspapers, as they might snatch a hasty meal at a lunch counter? What, in short, do the schools contribute to the creation of a taste for good literature?

Great anxiety is felt in many quarters about the modern novel. It is feared that it will not be realistic enough, that it will be too realistic, that it will be insincere as to the common aspects of life, that it will not sufficiently idealize life to keep itself within the limits of true art. But while the critics are busy saying what the novel should be, and attacking or defending the fiction of the previous age, the novel obeys pretty well the laws of its era, and in many ways, especially in the variety of its development, represents the time. Regarded simply as a work of art, it may be said that the novel should be an expression of the genius of its writer conscientiously applied to a study of the facts of life and of human nature, with little reference to the audience. Perhaps the great works of art that have endured have been so composed. We may say, for example, that Don Quixote had to create its sympathetic audience.

But, on the other hand, works of art worthy the name are sometimes produced to suit a demand and to please a taste already created. A great deal of what passes for literature in these days is in this category of supply to suit the demand, and perhaps it can be said of this generation more fitly than of any other that the novel seeks to hit the popular taste; having become a means of livelihood, it must sell in order to be profitable to the producer, and in order to sell it must be what the reading public want. The demand and sale are widely taken as criterions of excellence, or they are at least sufficient encouragement of further work on the line of this success. This criterion is accepted by the publisher, whose business it is to supply a demand. The conscientious publisher asks two questions: Is the book good? and Will it sell? The publisher without a conscience asks only one question: Will the book sell? The reflex influence of this upon authors is immediately felt.

The novel, mediocre, banal, merely sensational, and worthless for any purpose of intellectual stimulus or elevation of the ideal, is thus encouraged in this age as it never was before. The making of novels has become a process of manufacture. Usually, after the fashion of the silk-weavers of Lyons, they are made for the central establishment on individual looms at home; but if demand for the sort of goods furnished at present continues, there is no reason why they should not be produced, even more cheaply than they are now, in great factories, where there can be division of labor and economy of talent. The shoal of English novels conscientiously reviewed every seventh day in the London weeklies would preserve their present character and gain in firmness of texture if they were made by machinery. One has only to mark what sort of novels reach the largest sale and are most called for in the circulating libraries, to gauge pretty accurately the public taste, and to measure the influence of this taste upon modern production. With the exception of the novel now and then which touches some religious problem or some socialistic speculation or uneasiness, or is a special freak of sensationalism, the novels which suit the greatest number of readers are those which move in a plane of absolute mediocrity, and have the slightest claim to be considered works of art. They represent the chromo stage of development.

They must be cheap. The almost universal habit of reading is a feature of this age, — nowhere else so conspicuous as in America; and considering the training of this comparatively new reading public, it is natural that it should insist upon cheapness of material, and that it should require quality less than quantity. It is a note of our general intellectual development that cheapness in literature is almost as much insisted on by the rich as by the poor. The taste for a good book has not kept pace with the taste for a good dinner, and multitudes who have commendable judgment about the table would think it a piece of extravagance to pay as much for a book as for a dinner, and would be ashamed to smoke a cigar that cost less than a novel. Indeed, we seem to be as yet far away from the appreciation of the truth that what we put into the mind is as important to our well-being as what we put into the stomach.

No doubt there are more people capable of appreciating a good book, and there are more good books read, in this age, than in any previous, though the ratio of good judges to the number who read is less; but we are considering the vast mass of the reading public and its tastes. I say its tastes, and probably this is not unfair, although this traveling, restless reading public meekly takes, as in the case of the reading selected in the newspapers, what is most persistently thrust upon its attention by the great

news agencies, which find it most profitable to deal in that which is cheap and ephemeral. The houses which publish books of merit are at a disadvantage with the distributing agencies.

Criticism which condemns the common school system as a nurse of superficiality, mediocrity, and conceit does not need serious attention, any more than does the criticism that the universal opportunity of individual welfare offered by a republic fails to make a perfect government. But this is not saying that the common school does all that it can do, and that its results answer to the theories about it. It must be partly due to the want of proper training in the public schools that there are so few readers of discrimination, and that the general taste, judged by the sort of books now read, is so mediocre. Most of the public schools teach reading, or have taught it, so poorly that the scholars who come from them cannot read easily; hence they must have spice, and blood, and vice to stimulate them, just as a man who has lost taste peppers his food. We need not agree with those who say that there is no merit whatever in the mere ability to read, nor, on the other hand, can we join those who say that the art of reading will pretty surely encourage a taste for the nobler kind of reading, and that the habit of reading trash will by and by lead the reader to better things. As a matter of experience, the reader of the namby-pamby does not acquire an appetite for anything more virile, and the reader of the sensational requires constantly more highly flavored viands. Nor is it reasonable to expect good taste to be recovered by an indulgence in bad taste.

What, then, does the common school usually do for literary taste? Generally there is no thought about it. It is not in the minds of the majority of teachers even if they possess it themselves. The business is to teach the pupils to read; how they shall use the art of reading is little considered. If we examine the reading-books from the lowest grade to the highest, we shall find that their object is to teach words, not literature. The lower-grade books are commonly inane (I will not say childish, for that is a libel on the open minds of children) beyond description. There is an impression that advanced readers have improved much in quality within a few years, and doubtless some of them do contain specimens of better literature than their predecessors. But they are on the old plan, which must be radically modified or entirely cast aside, and doubtless will be when the new method is comprehended, and teachers are well enough furnished to cut loose from the machine. We may say that to learn how to read and not what to read is confessedly the object of these books, but even this object is not attained. There is an endeavor to teach how to call the words of a reading-book, but not to teach how to read; for reading involves, certainly for the older scholars, the combination of known words to form new ideas. This is lacking. The taste for good literature is not developed; the habit of continuous pursuit of a subject, with comprehension of its relations, is not acquired; and no conception is gained of the entirety of literature or its importance to human life. Consequently, there is no power of judgment or faculty of discrimination.

Now, this radical defect can be easily remedied if the school authorities only clearly apprehend one truth, and that is that the minds of children of tender age can be as readily interested and permanently interested in good literature as in the dreary feebleness of the juvenile reader. The mind of the ordinary child should not be judged by the mind that produces stuff of this sort: "Little Jimmy had a little white pig." "Did the little pig know Jimmy?" "Yes, the little pig knew Jimmy, and would come when he called." "How

did little Jimmy know his pig from the other little pigs?" "By the twist in his tail." (Children, asks the teacher, what is the meaning of "twist"?) "Jimmy liked to stride the little pig's back." "Would the little pig let him?" "Yes, when he was absorbed eating his dinner." (Children, what is the meaning of "absorbed"?) And so on.

This intellectual exercise is, perhaps, read to children who have not got far enough in "word-building" to read themselves about little Jimmy and his absorbed pig. It may be continued, together with word-learning, until the children are able to say (is it reading?) the entire volume of this precious stuff. To what end? The children are only languidly interested; their minds are not awakened; the imagination is not appealed to; they have learned nothing, except probably some new words, which are learned as signs. Often children have only one book even of this sort, at which they are kept until they learn it through by heart, and they have been heard to "read" it with the book bottom side up or shut! All these books cultivate inattention and intellectual vacancy. They are — the best of them — only reading exercises; and reading is not perceived to have any sort of value. The child is not taught to think, and not a step is taken in informing him of his relation to the world about him. His education is not begun.

Now it happens that children go on with this sort of reading and the ordinary text-books through the grades of the district school into the high school, and come to the ages of seventeen and eighteen without the least conception of literature, or of art, or of the continuity or the relations of history; are ignorant of the great names which illuminate the ages; have never heard of Socrates, or of Phidias, or of Titian; do not know whether Franklin was an Englishman or an American; would be puzzled to say whether it was Ben Franklin or Ben Jonson who invented lightning, — think it was Ben somebody; cannot tell whether they lived before or after Christ, and indeed never have thought that anything happened before the time of Christ; do not know who was on the throne of Spain when Columbus discovered America, — and so on. These are not imagined instances. The children referred to are in good circumstances and have had fairly intelligent associations, but their education has been entrusted to the schools. They know nothing except their text-books, and they know those simply for the purpose of examination. Such pupils come to the age of eighteen with not only no taste for the best reading, for the reading of books, but without the ability to be interested even in fiction of the first class, because it is full of allusions that convey nothing to their minds. The stories they read, if they read at all; the novels, so called, that they have been brought up on, are the diluted and feeble fictions that flood the country, and that scarcely rise above the intellectual level of Jimmy and the absorbed pig.

It has been demonstrated by experiment that it is as easy to begin with good literature as with the sort of reading described. It makes little difference where the beginning is made. Any good book, any real book, is an open door into the wide field of literature; that is to say of history, that is to say of interest in the entire human race. Read to children of tender years, the same day, the story of Jimmy and a Greek myth, or an episode from the Odyssey, or any genuine bit of human nature and life; and ask the children next day which they wish to hear again. Almost all of them will call for the repetition of the real thing, the verity of which they recognize, and which has appealed to their imaginations. But this is not all. If the subject is a Greek myth, they speedily come to comprehend its meaning, and by the aid of the teacher to trace its development elsewhere, to

understand its historic significance, to have the mind filled with images of beauty and wonder. Is it the Homeric story of Nausicaä? What a picture! How speedily Greek history opens to the mind! How readily the children acquire knowledge of the great historic names, and see how their deeds and their thoughts are related to our deeds and our thoughts! It is as easy to know about Socrates as about Franklin and General Grant. Having the mind open to other times and to the significance of great men in history, how much more clearly they comprehend Franklin and Grant and Lincoln! Nor is this all. The young mind is open to noble thoughts, to high conceptions; it follows by association easily along the historic and literary line, and not only do great names and fine pieces of literature become familiar, but the meaning of the continual life in the world begins to be apprehended. This is not at all a fancy sketch. The writer has seen the whole assembly of pupils in a school of six hundred, of all the eight grades, intelligently interested in a talk which contained classical and literary allusions that would have been incomprehensible to an ordinary school, brought up on the ordinary readers and text-books.

But the reading need not be confined to the classics nor to the masterpieces of literature. Natural history, generally the most fascinating of subjects, can be taught; interest in flowers and trees and birds and the habits of animals can be awakened by reading the essays of literary men on these topics, as they never can be by the dry text-books. The point I wish to make is that real literature for the young, literature which is almost absolutely neglected in the public schools, except in a scrappy way as a reading exercise, is the best open door to the development of the mind and to knowledge of all sorts. The unfolding of a Greek myth leads directly to art, to love of beauty, to knowledge of history, to an understanding of ourselves. But whatever the beginning is, whether a classic myth, an Homeric epic, a play of Sophocles, the story of the life and death of Socrates, a mediæval legend, or any genuine piece of literature from the time of Virgil down to our own, it may not so much matter (except that it is better to begin with the ancients in order to gain a proper perspective), — whatever the beginning is, it should be the best literature. The best is not too good for the youngest child. Simplicity, which commonly characterizes greatness, is of course essential. But never was a greater mistake made than in thinking that a youthful mind needs watering with the slops ordinarily fed to it. Even children in the kindergarten are eager for Whittier's Barefoot Boy and Longfellow's Hiawatha. It requires, I repeat, little more pains to create a good taste in reading than a bad taste.

It would seem that in the complete organization of the public schools all education of the pupil is turned over to them as it was not formerly, and it is possible that in the stress of text-book education there is no time for reading at home. The competent teachers contend not merely with the difficulty of the lack of books and the deficiencies of those in use, but with the more serious difficulty of the erroneous ideas of the function of text-books. They will cease to be a commercial commodity of so much value as now when teachers teach. If it is true that there is no time for reading at home, we can account for the deplorable lack of taste in the great mass of the reading public educated at the common schools; and we can see exactly what the remedy should be, namely, the teaching of literature at the beginning of school life, and following it up broadly and intelligently during the whole school period. It will not crowd out anything else, because it underlies everything. After many years of perversion and neglect, to take up the study of litera-

ture in a comprehensive text-book, as if it were to be learned like arithmetic, is a ludicrous proceeding. This is not teaching literature nor giving the scholar a love of good reading. It is merely stuffing the mind with names and dates, which are not seen to have any relation to present life, and which speedily fade out of the mind. The love of literature is not to be attained in this way, nor in any way except by reading the best literature.

The notion that literature can be taken up as a branch of education, and learned at the proper time and when other studies permit, is one of the most farcical in our scheme of education. It is only matched in absurdity by the other current idea, that literature is something separate and apart from general knowledge. Here is the whole body of accumulated thought and experience of all the ages, which indeed forms our present life and explains it, existing partly in tradition and training, but more largely in books; and most teachers think, and most pupils are led to believe, that this most important former of the mind, maker of character, and guide to action can be acquired in a certain number of lessons out of a text-book! Because this is so, young men and young women come up to college almost absolutely ignorant of the history of their race, and of the ideas that have made our civilization. Some of them have never read a book, except the text-books, on the specialties in which they have prepared themselves for examination. We have a saying concerning people whose minds appear to be made up of dry, isolated facts, that they have no atmosphere. Well, literature is the atmosphere. In it we live, and move, and have our being, intellectually. The first lesson read to or read by the child should begin to put him in relations with the world and the thought of the world.

This cannot be done except by the living teacher. No text-book, no one reading-book or series of reading-books, will do it. If the teacher is only the text-book orally delivered, the teacher is an uninspired machine. We must revise our notions of the function of the teacher for the beginners. The teacher is to present evidence of truth, beauty, art. Where will he or she find it? Why, in experimental science, if you please, in history, but, in short, in good literature, using the word in its broadest sense. The object in selecting reading for children is to make it impossible for them to see any evidence except the best. That is the teacher's business, and how few understand their business! How few are educated! In the best literature we find truth about the world, about human nature; and hence, if children read that, they read what their experience will verify. I am told that publishers are largely at fault for the quality of the reading used in schools, — that schools would gladly receive the good literature if they could get it. But I do not know, in this case, how much the demand has to do with the supply. I am certain, however, that educated teachers would use only the best means for forming the minds and enlightening the understanding of their pupils. It must be kept in mind that reading, silent reading done by the scholar, is not learning signs and calling words; it is getting thought. If children are to get thought, they should be served with the best, — that which will not only be true, but appeal so naturally to their minds that they will prefer it to all meaner stuff. If it is true that children cannot acquire this taste at home, — and it is true for the vast majority of American children, — then it must be given in the public schools. To give it is not to interrupt the acquisition of other knowledge; it is literally to open the door to all knowledge.

When this truth is recognized in the common schools, and literature is given its proper place, not only for the development of the mind, but as the most

easily opened door to history, art, science, general intelligence, we shall see the taste of the reading public in the United States undergo a mighty change. It will not care for the fiction it likes at present, and which does little more than enfeeble its powers; and then there can be no doubt that fiction will rise to supply the demand for something better. When the trash does not sell, the trash will not be produced, and those who are only capable of supplying the present demand will perhaps find a more useful occupation. It will be again evident that literature is not a trade, but an art requiring peculiar powers and patient training. When people know how to read, authors will need to know how to write.

In all other pursuits we carefully study the relation of supply to demand; why not in literature? Formerly, when readers were comparatively few, and were of a class that had leisure and the opportunity of cultivating the taste, books were generally written for this class, and aimed at its real or supposed capacities. If the age was coarse in speech or specially affected in manner, the books followed the lead given by the demand; but, coarse or affected, they had the quality of art demanded by the best existing cultivation. Naturally, when the art of reading is acquired by the great mass of the people, whose taste has not been cultivated, the supply for this increased demand will, more or less, follow the level of its intelligence. After our civil war there was a patriotic desire to commemorate the heroic sacrifice of our soldiers in monuments, and the deeds of our great captains in statues. This noble desire was not usually accompanied by artistic discrimination, and the land is filled with monuments and statues which express the gratitude of the people. The coming age may wish to replace them by images and structures which will express gratitude and patriotism in a higher because more artistic form. In the matter of art the development is distinctly reflex. The exhibition of works of genius will slowly instruct and elevate the popular taste, and in time the cultivated popular taste will reject mediocrity, and demand better things. Only a little while ago few people in the United States knew how to draw, and only a few could tell good drawing from bad. To realize the change that has taken place we have only to recall the illustrations in books, magazines, and comic newspapers of less than a quarter of a century ago. Foreign travel, foreign study, and the importation of works of art (still blindly restricted by the American Congress) were the lessons that began to work a change. Now, in all our large towns, and even in hundreds of villages, there are well-established art schools; in the greater cities, unions and associations, under the guidance of skillful artists, where five or six hundred young men and women are diligently, day and night, learning the rudiments of art. The result is already apparent. Excellent drawing is seen in illustrations for books and magazines, in the satirical and comic publications, even in the advertisements and theatrical posters. At our present rate of progress, the drawings in all our amusing weeklies will soon be as good as those in the Fliegende Blätter. The change is marvelous; and the popular taste has so improved that it would not be profitable to go back to the ill-drawn illustrations of twenty years ago. But as to fiction, even if the writers of it were all trained in it as an art, it is not so easy to lift the public taste to their artistic level. The best supply in this case will only very slowly affect the quality of the demand. When the poor novel sells vastly better than the good novel, the poor will be produced to supply the demand, the general taste will be still further lowered, and the power of discrimination fade out more and more. What is true of the novel is true of all

other literature. Taste for it must be cultivated in childhood. The common schools must do for literature what the art schools are doing for art. Not every one can become an artist, not every one can become a writer, — though this is contrary to general opinion; but knowledge to distinguish good drawing from bad can be acquired by most people, and there are probably few minds that cannot, by right methods applied early, be led to prefer good literature, and to have an enjoyment in it in proportion to its sincerity, naturalness, verity, and truth to life.

It is, perhaps, too much to say that all the American novel needs for its development is an audience, but it is safe to say that an audience would greatly assist it. Evidence is on all sides of a fresh, new, wonderful artistic development in America in drawing, painting, sculpture, in instrumental music and singing, and in literature. The promise of this is not only in the climate, the free republican opportunity, the mixed races blending the traditions and aptitudes of so many civilizations, but it is in a certain temperament which we already recognize as American. It is an artistic tendency. This was first most noticeable in American women, to whom the art of dress seemed to come by nature, and the art of being agreeable to be easily acquired.

Already writers have arisen who illustrate this artistic tendency in novels, and especially in short stories. They have not appeared to owe their origin to any special literary centres; they have come forward in the South, the West, the East. Their writings have to a great degree (considering our pupilage to the literature of Great Britain, which is prolonged by the lack of an international copyright) the stamp of originality, of naturalness, of sincerity, of an attempt to give the facts of life with a sense of their artistic value. Their affiliation is rather with the new literatures of France, of Russia, of Spain, than with the modern fiction of England. They have to compete in the market with the uncopyrighted literature of all other lands, good and bad, especially bad, which is sold for little more than the cost of the paper it is printed on, and badly printed at that. But besides this fact, and owing to a public taste not cultivated or not corrected in the public schools, their books do not sell in anything like the quantity that the inferior, mediocre, other home novels sell. Indeed, but for the intervention of the magazines, few of the best writers of novels and short stories could earn as much as the day laborer earns. In sixty millions of people, all of whom are, or have been, in reach of the common school, it must be confessed that their audience is small.

This relation between the fiction that is, and that which is to be, and the common school is not fanciful. The lack in the general reading public, in the novels read by the greater number of people, and in the common school is the same, — the lack of inspiration and ideality. The common school does not cultivate the literary sense, the general public lacks literary discrimination, and the stories and tales either produced by or addressed to those who have little ideality simply respond to the demand of the times.

It is already evident, both in positive and negative results, both in the schools and the general public taste, that literature cannot be set aside in the scheme of education; nay, that it is of the first importance. The teacher must be able to inspire the pupil; not only to awaken eagerness to know, but to kindle the imagination. The value of the Hindoo or the Greek myth, of the Roman story, of the mediæval legend, of the heroic epic, of the lyric poem, of the classic biography, of any genuine piece of literature, ancient or modern, is not in the knowledge of it, as we may know the

rules of grammar and arithmetic or the formulas of a science, but in the enlargement of the mind to a conception of the life and development of the race, to a study of the motives of human action, to a comprehension of history; so that the mind is not simply enriched, but becomes discriminating, and able to estimate the value of events and opinions. This office for the mind acquaintance with literature can alone perform. So that, in school, literature is not only, as I have said, the easiest open door to all else desirable, the best literature is not only the best means of awakening the young mind, the stimulus most congenial, but it is the best foundation for broad and generous culture. Indeed, without its coördinating influence, the education of the common school is a thing of shreds and patches. Besides, the mind aroused to historic consciousness, kindled in itself by the best that has been said and done in all ages, is more apt in the pursuit, intelligently, of any specialty; so that the shortest road to the practical education so much insisted on in these days begins in the awakening of the faculties in the manner described. There is no doubt of the value of manual training as an aid in giving definiteness, directness, exactness, to the mind, but mere technical training alone will be barren of those results, in general discriminating culture, which we hope to see in America.

The common school is a machine of incalculable value. It is not, however, automatic. If it is a mere machine, it will do little more to lift the nation than the mere ability to read will lift it. It can easily be made to inculcate a taste for good literature; it can be a powerful influence in teaching the American people what to read; and upon a broadened, elevated, discriminating public taste depends the fate of American art, of American fiction.

It is not an inappropriate corollary to be drawn from this that an elevated public taste will bring about a truer estimate of the value of a genuine literary product. An invention which increases or cheapens the conveniences or comforts of life may be a fortune to its originator. A book which amuses, or consoles, or inspires; which contributes to the highest intellectual enjoyment of hundreds of thousands of people; which furnishes substance for thought or for conversation; which dispels the care and lightens the burdens of life; which is a friend when friends fail, a companion when other intercourse wearies or is impossible, for a year, for a decade, for a generation perhaps, in a world which has a proper sense of values will bring a like competence to its author.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Among the gorgeous canvases of Rubens which crowd the great galleries of Europe, there is none more memorable, and none surely which better illustrates the superb mastery of the painter, than a certain one in the Belvedere at Vienna, which represents a swarthy man, in the full vigor of middle age, wearing the spiked crown of a Roman Emperor upon his thick, short hair, and accompanied by a group of attendants no less stalwart than himself, and even fiercer in expression. Pressing unitedly and vehemently forward up a flight of steps, at whose head stands a stately mitred figure, they suddenly pause, — arrested, as it would seem, by an almost imperceptible gesture of the prelate's hand, and reluctantly

acknowledging in every tough fibre of their warlike frames the ascendency over mere brute force of the spiritual power by which they are confronted. No need to consult the catalogue for an explanation of this picture. The incident of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, turning back from the doors of the Portian basilica the man who had ordered the massacre of Thessalonica is too picturesque not to have held its place in the least retentive memory, and Rubens has portrayed it once for all. But the vigorous genius of the artist does more than this. It kindles in the gazer's mind a new curiosity concerning the causes and consequences of so dramatic an event. How, after all, did it come about, this first prostrate submission of the ruler of the world to a mere local dignitary of the Christian Church, and what were its immediate results? The teeming moral chaos of the time, the spirit brooding over the darkling waters, the general inundation and subversion of the old upon the one hand, and on the other the dimly emerging proportions of the new, — these things could hardly, as I think, be better illustrated than by collating the following curious facts. Theodosius was denied by Ambrose the shelter and sacraments of the Church from the April day commemorated in Rubens's picture until the following December; and during this period of excommunication he restored to favor and nominated to the consulate of the following year, 391, Q. Aurelius Symmachus, one of the stanchest as well as ablest pagans of his age, — a man whose religious opinions were notorious, and who had already had more than one *démêlé* concerning them with the Bishop of Milan himself.

Symmachus and Ambrosius were nearly of the same age, and both scions of the old Roman nobility. Whether they were acquainted in boyhood is uncertain, but it is hardly likely that they met before 353, when the death of his father, who had been prefect of Gaul, brought Ambrose back to Rome. With him came his widowed mother, and the sister, already a professed virgin, who is known to the faithful as St. Marcellina, and to whom so many of his subsequent letters are addressed.

The chances are, however, that, belonging as they did to the same social rank, the two youths knew one another at least by sight. The family of Ambrose was Christian, indeed, but he himself was still a layman, and he may well have frequented, along with Symmachus and Hieronymus (afterwards St. Jerome), the lectures of that Victorinus the story of whose long vacillation and final conversion to Christianity may be read, like so much else which helps to vivify that time, in the Confessions of St. Augustine: "Let me tell what I have learned concerning Victorinus, . . . once master of rhetoric at Rome, that illustrious and most erudite old man, an adept in all the liberal sciences, who had read, weighed, and elucidated so many works of the philosophers; who had been the instructor of so many noble senators; who, for the excellent discharge of his official duties, had merited and obtained what the men of this world think a supreme honor, a statue in the Roman Forum, — he to so great an age a worshiper of idols, and partaker of those sacrilegious rites which the haughty Roman nobility of that day, almost without exception, imposed upon the people, . . . now a disciple of Thy Christ and a child of Thy baptism," etc. The passionless yet ever poignant narrative, quiet from the very excess of emotion which underlies it, runs its even course, bearing unintentional testimony of the strongest kind to the state of religious opinion in the middle of the fourth century, in that capital which was still the one *City* to all who spoke the Latin tongue.

That the Christian colony at Rome, now long delivered both from the terror and the stimulus of persecution, was

flourishing and perpetually recruited is made evident, not so much by the vehement assertions of controversial writers as by certain incidental indications. Among these, three may be named as most significant, — the many churches erected or enlarged, the increasing splendor of living affected by the Bishop of Rome, and the considerable number of persons who relapsed to paganism.

The great mass of Christian converts belonged to that sturdy middle class of traders and artisans, by whom Protestantism was fostered in France in the seventeenth century, and Methodism in England in the eighteenth. The *basso popolo* — and very base, for the most part, it was — wavered from side to side in obedience to its material instincts; but when the rites of the Church and the pleasures of the circus came into conflict, the latter usually carried the day. As for the senatorial caste of Rome, with a few noble and familiar exceptions, there is no reason to suppose that any distinct presentiment had at this time visited its members of the complete revolution so soon to occur. Constantine had established religious equality; they shrugged their patrician shoulders and acquiesced. The ceremonies of the old worship were kept up, auspices taken and sacrifices offered, as one necessary part of the ritual of a Roman existence; just as the incessant frequentation of those magnificent baths, doomed also erelong to become a thing of the past, constituted another. It hardly seems that the augurs can have been sufficiently alert of mind, even to smile any longer behind their sheltering hands.

We must remember, too, that the Rome in which the functions of Pontifex and Sacerdos were thus punctually performed lacked nothing as yet of the splendor of that marble city which Augustus had left. Two late cults, those of Mithras and Cybele, had indeed arisen, and had attracted many of the worshipers of the old divinities; but the superb temples of the latter, even when not frequented, continued to exist in all their golden glory, and garden, street, and forum were still thronged with statues.

There is a certain dry enumeration of the principal monuments of the secular city in the middle of the fourth century, which is invaluable to the modern student, for the very reason that it is plainly but the careful and conscientious list of a mere sight-seer who had no point to make. I will copy Publius Victor's catalogue of the edifices which adorned that portion of Rome where modern investigation has been most active: —

Ward VIII. contains: —

The great Roman Forum, the rostra.

The golden genius of the Roman people, and the horse of Constantine.

The little Senate-House.

The hall of Minerva.

The fora of Cæsar, Augustus, and Nerva Trajan.

The temple of the Divine Trajan, his column one hundred and twenty-eight feet high, having within a spiral staircase with one hundred and eighty-five steps and forty-five windows.

Six cohorts for guards.

The Bourse.

The temple of Concord.

The navel of Rome.

The temples of Saturn and Vespasian.

The Capitol with its monuments.

The Golden Milestone.

The temples of Julia, the Castors, and Vesta.

The storehouse built by Agrippina in memory of Germanicus.

Four shrines in the crypt of the temple surrounded by water.[1]

The hall of Cacus.

The street of the ox-herds and perfumers.

The Greek embassy.

The portico of the pearl-merchants.

Elephantum Herbarium.[2]

XXXIV streets, XXIX shrines, XLVIII superintendents of roads and ways, II curators, IIIDCCCLXXX apartment houses, CXXX dwellings, XVIII granaries, LXXXVI baths, CXX ponds, XV bakeries.

[1] *Aquam cernentem IV sacros sub æde.*

[2] This suggests those monsters in clipped yew and box still found in old-fashioned English gardens.

Baffled and bewildered by the attempt to realize all this, the mind retains only a vaguely dazzling impression of unparalleled riches and majesty. Yet the vision has once been depicted almost as conclusively as the humiliation of Theodosius, and the very *Roma aurea* of our dreams — a cloud-capped city, a vista of warm-hued colonnades along a shining river, a suffusion of unearthly sunshine — lives for whoever will seek it out in that most poetic of Turner's classical pictures, The Landing of Agrippina with the Ashes of Germanicus.

When Constantius, the son of Constantine the Great, visited Rome in 356, — that is to say, thirty-five years before the discipline of Theodosius, — and went through with his vain travesty of a Roman triumph, he was simply overpowered by the architectural splendor of the ancient capital. "He went over the whole city," says the faithful historian Ammianus Marcellinus, "both the level parts and the slopes and summits of the seven hills; he visited all the suburbs, also, and every new object which he beheld seemed more glorious than the last; but the temple of Tarpeian Jove transcended all the rest, he thought, as heaven transcends the earth." [1]

Nevertheless, it was Constantius himself, during this very visit, who made the first ominous attack upon the pagan worship in Rome, by ordering the altar of Victory to be removed from its place in the Curia Julia. This altar and the celebrated statue of the divinity by which it was surmounted [2] were both easily portable, and it had long been the custom to set them up wherever the Senate assembled, and, after the burning of incense upon the altar, for the senators there to take their civic oath of fidelity to the Emperor.

"Constantius, of august memory," says Ambrose, in the course of a long letter to Valentinian II. on this exceedingly vexed question, "though not initiated into the sacred mysteries, thought himself polluted by the sight of that altar; he commanded it to be removed, he did not command it to be replaced. His order has the force of an act; his silence does not bear the authority of a precept."

Inasmuch as Julian, the successor of Constantius, had formally reinstated the altar, this seems a little beside the point; nor does Ambrose here mention any strong feeling among the minority of Christian senators concerning this matter. The elder Valentinian was not disposed to trouble himself about the altar, nor indeed about the Senate itself, nor any of the — to him — shadowy concerns of the Eternal City; it was during his reign, however (362–375), that Ambrose and Symmachus began to play the conspicuous parts assigned them at a memorable moment of history.

Both have left a mass of correspondence, of which the major part is unimportant, the remainder of the highest significance. The dates of the letters of Symmachus are especially hard to fix, but the earliest which has come down to us appears to have been written during the urban prefecture of his father, the elder Symmachus, who held that office in the years 364, 365. It runs as follows: "To Flavian, my brother: The valuers of property accused of malversation, whom your Highness ordered

[1] It is impossible to omit here the anecdote of the subtle Persian, Hormisdas, who had come to Rome in Constantius' suite. When asked by the Emperor what gratified him most in Rome, he replied by one of the great epigrams of the world, "The thought that here also men must die."

[2] The statue had been originally brought as booty from Tarentum, and it is to this that Suetonius alludes in his description of the funeral of Augustus: "Also the Senate, in order to give éclat to the ceremony and honor his memory, set about its preparations with such zeal that among many other things they ordered that the funeral procession should be conducted after the manner of a triumph, the Victory which is in the Senate going at its head."

to be brought in from the Abruzzi, have arrived, escorted by a detachment of the prætorian guard. But since the case falls within the jurisdiction of the prefect of the city, my lord, our relative, who holds that office, by virtue of his legal right, and wishing to testify his confidence in yourself, has assumed the charge of these persons and of the whole business. I write this by way of assuring you that no blame should attach to the sergeant who surrendered them to your relative and to the laws."

This letter is noteworthy, not only as a specimen of the concise and courteous official style of Symmachus, but because the Flavian to whom it and many more were addressed played a very prominent part in the last revival of paganism. He was an intimate friend of Symmachus, and probably also connected with him by some tie of blood. But whether this were the case or no, — for both *frater* and *communis parens* were expressions which, in the days of Symmachus, were occasionally applied to mere friends, — the identity of this Flavian is always clear, and he need never be confused with the two other persons of the same name who sometimes figure in the correspondence, one of whom was his own young son, and a great favorite with our Symmachus, the other a gentleman with whom the latter was on extremely formal terms.

About the same time a correspondence begins with Agorius Prætextatus, the most eminent member of the pagan party, and its titular leader up to the time of his sudden and melancholy death, nearly twenty years later. One of these letters alludes to an incident which might have occurred yesterday, so familiar to our thoughts and fears is the tension of feeling between rich and poor which it illustrates. The elder Symmachus had a beautiful palace in Trastevere, which the Roman mob burned down one night, because he had wounded their sensibilities by saying that he would sooner slake lime with his wine than sell it at the low figure then prevailing. The son writes: "To Prætextatus: Pray forgive me if I insist upon telling you something to my own advantage. You must have heard that while my father was in rural retirement, endeavoring to digest his indignation at the loss of his house, the Senate, after passing repeated votes for his recall, paid him the unheard-of compliment of sending an embassy to bring him back. He accordingly embraced the earliest opportunity of returning thanks to the Senate, and he did it with that sober eloquence of his which you know so well. This was on January 1st; and almost immediately after, I had to fulfill an earlier promise, and make public acknowledgment on behalf of the son of my friend Trigetius, who had been elected prætor, thus doing for another what I had not done for my own father, who, however, as I have already told you, had discharged his duty to the Senate in person. So, on the 9th of January, I too spoke at considerable length, and I send you my speech herewith, begging that you will judge it upon its own merits. While awaiting your criticism, I have thought it right to withhold from you the opinion of others, lest I should seem to wish to influence you by their unanimity. Farewell."

The contrast, in this ingenuous letter, between the irrepressible self-satisfaction of the opening sentence and the ceremonious modesty of its conclusion is amusing.

In 368, or somewhere about his thirtieth year, Symmachus went to Germany to perform military duty, and there, at the court of Valentinian II., to which his rank gave him easy access, he met and became warmly attached to Ausonius, the Burgundian poet and tutor of the heir apparent, Gratian. Ausonius was old enough to have been his father, but the two men had many tastes in common, and may well have been a

resource to one another in the Belgian capital and the imperial camp. Symmachus delivered two panegyrics during his residence in Germany, — one of the Emperor, and one of the lad Gratian on the occasion of his investiture with the purple. He had been *corrector* of Lucania before serving his term in the army, and when the latter was concluded he was made proconsul of Africa, and distinguished himself in that office.

At the close of 373 we find him once more in Rome, and already married to that fair Rusticiana whose sympathy with her husband's literary pursuits Sidonius Apollinaris illustrates so quaintly by saying that she held "candles and candlesticks" for him when he worked at night. Orfitus, the father of Rusticiana, was one of the wealthiest of the Roman patricians. He erected a new temple to Apollo, and raised a statue to the great hero of his party, Julian the Apostate. He got statues in return, after his own race was run, and some of their inscriptions yet remain, bearing witness to the sterling qualities of his character and his fervent devotion to the faith of his fathers.

The palace which was burned seems never to have been rebuilt, and later we find the town house of the family of Symmachus upon the Cœlian hill. Villas indeed they had, enough and to spare, in every one of the well-known suburbs, and on the remoter and yet lovelier sites, distinguished by the fashion and adorned by the taste of four hundred years: at Tivoli, Ostia, Formiæ, and Capua, and upon the Bay of Naples. The writings of Symmachus abound in careless allusions to these different country-seats, but we find no elaborate descriptions, like those of which the younger Pliny had started the vogue. In fact, the great quality of the letters of Symmachus is their simplicity. Their language is the clumsy and often obscure Latin of the time, but they are singularly devoid of affectation, whether personal or literary. Take as a specimen the following pleasant note to Flavian, one of ninety odd letters and billets addressed to this friend:

"Your special messenger with letters found me at my little place on the Appian Way. You must know the one I mean, where I put up such a mass of buildings on so narrow a piece of land. I have had a most delightful rest out here; that is to say, if anything can be delightful without you. Now, however, I must hie me home on account of the feast of Vesta;[1] and I don't know yet whether I can come back, or whether I shall have to remain with my fellow-citizens. I am longing to know what you decide to do; really, you have been too long away! But my candidature — please the gods — will bring you back at once. Your presence will give more éclat to my taking of office than that of any other relative or friend whom I have in the world."

The letters of this time are all those of a conservative Roman gentleman, loyally abiding by the traditions, political, social, and religious, of the great days gone by, who notes with sharp regret that "once men filled even their familiar correspondence with the affairs of Rome, now become so insignificant, or rather null."

The worship of Vesta, concerning which our friend was especially punctilious, had a peculiar sacredness for every Roman of the *vieille souche*. Not merely was Vesta the divinity of hearth and home, but her handmaids had charge of the sacred fire, and of those mysterious relics which formed the *fatale pignus imperii*, — the "fateful pledge of Rome's eternal sway." The Vestal Virgins themselves enjoyed infinite privileges and immunities. Their independence of the conventional trammels of ordinary womanhood might have satisfied the soul of any modern reformer of their sex, and how they

[1] Probably that which occurred early in June.

struck a contemporary may be seen from the work of a nameless geographer, of about 374, and known to us only through a Latin translation from the original Greek: —

"So Italy, abounding in all good things, possesses, moreover, this chief good, — the greatest, most eminent and royal city, which shows its quality by its very name of ROME, which they say the boy Romulus founded. Thus it is especially extensive, and adorned with sacred edifices. For every Emperor, whether of former times or of the present day, has desired to build something there, and each of them has left such a work, bearing his own name. If you look for those of the Antonines, you will find numberless things, as, for example, the forum of Trajan, which contains a striking basilica called by his name. The city has a well-situated circus, much ornamented with brass. There are in this same Rome, also, seven ingenuous virgins of noble birth, whose duty it is to insure the safety of the city by caring for the sacred things of the gods, according to the custom of the ancients. These are denominated the Vestal Virgins. Rome has, likewise, a river known to many, the Tiber, which is of use to the aforesaid city, dividing it on its way to the sea; and by means of this, all things which come from foreign parts make their way up a distance of eighteen miles, and so the city abounds in all good things. Moreover, it has a great Senate of rich men; and if you consider its members one by one, you will find they have all been, or are to be, judges, or in some other post of authority, though reluctantly, as men who prefer to enjoy their own possessions in security. Also, they worship certain of the gods, Jupiter and the Sun, and they are said to cherish the rites of the mother of the gods. Certainly, good aruspices are to be found there. So much for Rome."

I have given this extract entire, as affording one more striking illustration of how completely to outward appearance Rome was still the peerless pagan city, serenely unconscious or sublimely careless of the new life which had increased so mightily within her walls, and which was about to make, in the period to which we have now arrived, a tremendous assertion of its vigor.

The chair of St. Peter was at this time occupied by Pope Damasus, known to us chiefly from the testimony of his enemies, but even thus approving himself a man of great and varied ability. He ruled his flock both adroitly and firmly, and was a man of letters also, being the rival of Ambrose as a hymn-writer, and one of the first of his age to discard the learned measures of Greece in favor of the old-fashioned rustic poetry of accent. After carefully trimming between the Catholic and Arian parties, during the alternate bishoprics of the Pope Liberius and the Anti-Pope Felix, he was elected, on the death of the former, in 366, as orthodox Pope, while the choice of the Arians fell on one Ursicinus. Twice, during the month of his election, Damasus came to blows with his rival; and on the occasion of the second of these conflicts, which took place in the Liberian basilica, Sta. Maria Maggiore, one hundred and sixty Arians of both sexes are said to have perished. These unseemly disturbances were finally quelled by Prætextatus, in his capacity of urban prefect. "Ursicinus was exiled," says Ammianus, "and there ensued a time of great quiet, very desirable for the citizens of Rome, whereby the fame of the distinguished ruler who had carried so many wise measures was much increased."

The labors of Damasus in the catacombs, where he "constructed flights of stairs leading to the more illustrious shrines and adorned the chambers with marble, opening shafts to admit air and light where practicable, and supporting the friable tufa walls with arches of

brick and stone work,"[1] show plainly enough how far past was the day when Christian rites needed the shelter of secrecy. The anecdote is perhaps not perfectly authenticated which represents Prætextatus as saying jestingly to Damasus, with reference to the luxury of the latter's establishment, that if he could be Bishop of Rome he would not himself mind turning Christian; but Ammianus bears his dryly impressive and always trustworthy testimony to the curious contrast between the pontiff's way of living and the hardships of his provincial clergy.

The year 374 was the last in which the title of Pontifex Maximus was borne by a legitimate Roman Emperor, and we know to whom that title ultimately fell; but the same year was even more memorable to the Christian Church, as being that of the elevation of Ambrose to the bishopric of Milan.

Already famous as an advocate at Rome, Ambrose had gone to Milan about four years earlier under the patronage of the prefect Anicius Probus, — a nominal Christian like himself, but probably like himself, also, still unbaptized. When the then Arian Bishop of Milan came to die, it fell to Ambrose, as a civil magistrate, to attempt to quiet the violent disturbances attending the election, extremely popular in form as then conducted, of his successor. The great advocate was addressing a sort of mass-meeting in the metropolitan church, which occupied the posterior part of the present cathedral, when a child's voice was heard to pipe the words, "Bishop Ambrose!" The cry was caught up by the crowd; Catholic and Arian swelled the shout, and the Roman lawyer was chosen bishop by acclamation. Feeling himself profoundly unfit for the solemn charge so strangely thrust upon him, Ambrose made strenuous efforts, first to decline the honor altogether, and then to defer the time of its acceptance, but without avail. Heaven was believed to have spoken; and Ambrose, though his traditions were orthodox, being as yet unpledged to either of the warring parties in the Church, considered that the "enemy and the aggressor" would surely be "stayed" by the inspired proclamation of the babe in the basilica. The Emperor, when heard from, highly approved, and Probus was naturally gratified at the signal fulfillment of his own parting words to Ambrose, when the latter was leaving Rome: "Farewell, and conduct yourself like a bishop rather than a judge."

But it required miracles not only in Milan, but at Rome, where he paid a visit shortly after his election, fully to convince Ambrose of his own episcopal vocation. His position would have been difficult enough in any case in a capital where pagan influences were still as predominant as at Milan, but it was yet further complicated by the presence in the city of that extremely clever woman the Arian Empress Justina, together with a large following who shared her opinions and were devoted to her person. She was the second wife of Valentinian I., and upon that Emperor's sudden death, having caused her four-year-old boy, who bore his father's name, to be proclaimed co-ruler with his half-brother Gratian, she herself acted as regent and guardian, and continued, so long as she lived, to afford efficient protection to the Arian sect.

From this time on, it becomes doubly curious to compare the letters of Ambrose the Bishop and Symmachus the Pontifex Major. The identity of their social habits and traditions causes them to use precisely the same tone and language about trivial affairs.

"Thanks for your splendid mushrooms," says the former; "they were amazingly big. Not wishing, as the proverb says, 'to hide such a gift in my bosom,' I shared with my friends, and

[1] Roma Sotterranea, Northcote & Brownlow. Compiled from Rossi. pp. 97.

kept only a part. But do not fancy that by this seductive offering you are going to propitiate my righteous wrath against you for staying so long away from your friends," etc.

"Your exploits in the hunting-field," Symmachus writes to two young sportsmen of his acquaintance, "are a sufficient proof that you are in robust health. Allow me, then, first to congratulate you on being able to enjoy field sports, and then to thank you for your gift of game. It is thought a suitable compliment even to the gods to consecrate the horns of stags, and fasten the teeth of boars to our doorposts. How much more, then, to offer to a friend the spoils of the forest!" etc.

But the moment public matters are broached, the enormous difference in the point of view of the two dignitaries becomes evident. Thus there came before each of them for adjudication the painful case of a *virgo devota* accused of having broken her vow of chastity. The one culprit was a Christian nun, the other a Vestal Virgin. Ambrose, though distressingly prolix, reiterating the evidence for and against the culprit, and examining the subject from all possible points of view, is yet merciful and tender to the unhappy girl. Symmachus, in the case of the Vestal, is brief, dignified, and absolutely pitiless. It is the difference between the piety of the new world and the virtue of the old. In purely religious matters the contrast is, of course, yet more striking.

"As a true citizen, born for the good of the state," writes Symmachus to Prætextatus, "you desire the very latest intelligence concerning our harassing affairs. I thought I had good reason for supposing that all was going well. Then came a time of suspicious silence, followed by disquieting rumors. I never propose to distress myself about anonymous reports, but I am made exceedingly anxious by the fact that, although sacrifices of all sorts have been offered again and again by all the authorities, no efficient atonement has yet been made in the public name for the portentous occurrence at Spoleto. The eighth victim seems hardly to have propitiated Jove, and the eleventh sacrifice to the goddess of the Public Fortune has produced no result, notwithstanding the unusual number of victims. You see what a state we are in. It is now proposed to call a meeting of all our colleagues" (the Pontifices Majores), "and if the gods give any signs of relenting I will assuredly let you know."

Beside this grave bulletin from one perturbed statesman to another we will set a letter of Ambrose to Marcellina: —

"To my lady sister, dearer than life and eyes, her brother: Since it is my custom to keep your holiness apprised of all that goes on here in your absence, I beg now to inform you that we have found some holy martyrs. For when I was in the act of dedicating the basilica, I was interrupted by a great and general cry of 'Dedicate it as you did the Roman one!' 'I will do so,' I replied, 'if I find any relics of martyrs.' And all at once I felt within me the glow of a strong presentiment. To be brief, God granted me this very grace. For, in spite of the alarm of the clergy,[1] I caused the earth to be opened in front of the altar rail of SS. Felix and Nabor, and there I found the accustomed tokens. Moreover, while they were bringing in people for me to lay my hands upon them, the holy martyrs began to work so powerfully that, before a word had been spoken, an urn[2] was seized and

[1] Owing to penalties lately enacted concerning the disturbance of graves.

[2] Several able commentators have held that *urna* must be a corrupt reading for *una*, and that it was a woman possessed by an evil spirit who was seized and thrown down. But surely the sort of commotion involved in the displacement of the urn has always been one of the accepted modes of spiritual manifestation.

flung prostrate upon the sacred sepulchre. We then found two male bodies, of that extraordinary size which was customary in ancient times. Their bones were all intact, and there was a good deal of blood. For two days there was an immense concourse of people. But not to enlarge, we arranged the remains in perfect order, and carried them at nightfall to the Faustan basilica. There we kept vigil all night, and there was some laying on of hands. The next day the relics were taken to the basilica which they call the Ambrogian,[1] and a blind man was healed during the translation. I addressed the people as follows."

The sermon of St. Ambrose is too long to quote, even if it were not too polemical in tone to be altogether agreeable reading. The strife of Catholic and Arian was then at its bitterest at Milan, but the invention of these relics of the saints, Gervasius and Protasius, gave the orthodox party an immense popular lift, and after the death of the Empress Justina their ascendency was confirmed.

We will now resume the thread of those public events which were destined to bring into sharp collision our two representative Romans. When the death of Valentinian I. had been followed, four years later, in 379, by that of his brother Valens, Emperor of the East, Gratian, as is well known, raised to the throne of Constantinople the great Spanish general Theodosius, assigned to his boyish half-brother, Valentinian II., the Italian peninsula and a portion of the Illyrian coast, and reserved to himself the kingdom of the West. It was the last wise act of Gratian's brief and ineffectual reign, but it is Ambrose who must be held chiefly responsible for the unfortunate reversal of his religious policy.

Perfect liberty of worship had been the law of the Roman Empire since the conversion of Constantine, in 325; and now, after fifty years of rest, recuperation, and marvelous growth, the Christians were beginning to clamor for permission to become persecutors in their turn. They had their way in the East sooner than in the West, and both the orthodox and the pagan subjects of the Arian Emperor Valens had to suffer severely for their religious opinions. Valentinian, however, continued, so long as he lived, to deal out to all parties a rough but even-handed justice, and Gratian, on his first accession, not merely confirmed the edicts of toleration, but even suffered his father's apotheosis, after the pagan fashion. The imperial youth was probably, for the moment, still swayed by the ideas of his free-thinking and never properly converted tutor, Ausonius; but the time was approaching when the influence of Ambrose would become paramount with him. Already, in 379, Gratian had written to the Bishop of Milan expressing his willingness to receive religious instruction, and the bishop had forwarded to the Emperor five doctrinal treatises of his own. In 381, Gratian made a considerable stay in Milan, and it was in August of this year that he published his first edict restricting liberty of worship and forbidding heretics to preach their false doctrines. Another deprived relapsed Christians of the right to testify in the courts, and in 382 a law was promulgated which struck at the very heart of paganism. It was enacted that the fateful altar of Victory should be definitively removed from its place in the curia, while a considerable proportion of the income of the pagan priesthood, including all provision for the worship of Vesta and the support of her handmaids, was alienated to the imperial treasury.

It was unlikely that this edict should have been meekly received at Rome, and we are not surprised to find Symmachus at Trèves shortly after, as head of an embassy, come to remonstrate with Gratian against the injustice of the new laws. This mission failed signally, and it is but natural that the usurpation of

[1] Still known as San Ambrogio.

Maximus and the fall and death of Gratian in the following year should have been complacently regarded by the pagan party. To Ambrose, however, the blow was a severe one. He went at once in person to Maximus to beg the body of Gratian; and though his petition was as curtly refused as had been that of Symmachus concerning the desecrated altar, he seems to have succeeded, by means of his unalienable personal prestige, in binding over Maximus to keep a species of peace, which lasted for three years.

The letters of Ambrose at this period abound in eulogies of the murdered youth and lamentations over his untimely end; nor can the name of Gratian be quite kept out even of his strictly religious writings. His disquisition on the sixty-first psalm is thus prefaced, probably by another hand: "In treating of this psalm, Ambrose the bishop severely censures the impiety and bad faith of the tyrant Maximus, who dared by wiles and fraud to compass the death of his lord the Emperor Gratian, which Emperor, he tells us, doth now dwell in the tabernacle of God and on his holy hill." On the other hand, Zosimus, the pagan historian, affirms roundly that Gratian was slain by the gods for his insults to the pontiffs, and the Arian Philostorgus finds a striking similarity between his character and that of Nero.

So the year 384 appeared, upon the whole, to open with favorable auspices both for the Arians at Milan and the pagans at Rome. Our friend Symmachus was prefect of the city, the illustrious Prætextatus was prætorian prefect of Italy and consul designate for the ensuing year, and between these two, so united in sentiment and aim, was maintained a brisk interchange of letters, which curiously remind one, in their careless frankness and pithy informality, of the correspondence of Count Cavour, in the last pregnant years of his life, with the Marchese d'Azeglio in London.

Symmachus, on assuming office, had first of all to provide for the grain supply, rendered dangerously scanty by the bad harvests of the past two years in Italy and the failure of the African crop. He is very anxious for a time concerning this matter, and pleads eloquently with the Emperor Theodosius to order the shipment of grain from abroad; then, when he has won his point, he pours out his feelings of relief to one Ricomer, a pagan general in the army of Theodosius, of whom we shall presently hear more: —

"Your letter found me snatching a little rest at my suburban farm.[1] For why, indeed, should one stay in Rome when you have left it? The estate in question overlooks our Tiber, and runs for some distance alongside the river, so that I have an excellent view of the daily arrival of grain in the Eternal City, whereby the harvests of Macedonia are feeding the storehouses of Rome. For we were, as you may remember, on the very brink of a famine, owing to the failure of the African crop, when our most gracious Emperor, born for the public weal, came to our assistance by ordering foreign supplies. The first of several fleets has just cast anchor in our port, and we are completely reassured. May all manner of good everywhere attend this excellent prince! I have written both that you yourself may be a sharer in our common joy, and that you may inform the master of the world of the results of his bounty."

This letter bears no date, but it must have been before the close of this autumn of 384, which had seemed to begin so cheerfully, that pagan Rome sustained a crushing calamity in the sudden death of Prætextatus.

The leadership of the conservative party devolved, as a matter of course, upon Symmachus, and it also became his duty officially to announce the death

[1] On the Vatican hill, which was considered much cooler than the city proper.

of the prætorian prefect at the seats of government. We have his dispatches to the Emperors of Constantinople and Milan; none to Maximus has been preserved. I quote from the first of these:

"To the ever divine Theodosius and the ever divine Arcadius" (lately created associate Emperor by his father), "Symmachus the Consular, Prefect of the City: —

"I could have wished that I might be the bearer of good news to your august Majesties, but the obligations of my public office impose on me a sadder necessity. Your servant Prætextatus, a man clothed in honor, a champion of the old-time probity, adorned with every public and private virtue, has been snatched away from us by sudden death. It will be no easy matter for your eternity, admirable as are the selections which you have made hitherto, to find a man to fill his place. He has left a great void in the republic, a great anguish in the hearts of well-disposed citizens. As the bitter rumor gained credence in Rome, the people forsook the solemn amusements of the theatre, bearing testimony by acclamation to the noble character of the dead, and heavily accusing that fate which had robbed them of the good gift of our illustrious princes. He indeed has obeyed the law of nature; but I, who was associated with him both by inmost sympathy and by your appointment, am so confounded by the blow I have received that I beg to be allowed to retire. There are other reasons which help to make the prefecture intolerable to me, but of these I say nothing now. The loss of my colleague is enough in itself to justify my prayer," etc.

What these other reasons were is explained more fully in a second letter to "their eternities" at Constantinople. Theodosius had issued an edict, in the time of Prætextatus, forbidding the spoliation and defacement of public edifices; that is to say, forbidding the Christians to lay violent hands on the statues, altars, and other hated emblems of a, to them, idolatrous worship, — a grievance demanding incessant legislation. A counter-complaint was then laid before Theodosius that the urban prefect Symmachus was proceeding, under cover of this edict, to torture and imprison the Emperor's Christian subjects, whereupon Theodosius wrote very sharply to Symmachus, ordering him to release his captives without delay. The prefect replied by an indignant denial of the charge, respectfully worded, but very much to the point, and inclosing a written statement of Pope Damasus to the effect that no one of his flock had been subjected to the slightest annoyance.

"Since, therefore, the excellent bishop officially denies that any one of his subjects has been put either in chains or prison, I am at a loss to understand who the individuals may be whose release is so strenuously commanded. A certain number of persons are in confinement, accused of various crimes, but I have fully ascertained that no one of these cases has anything to do with the mysteries of Christian law.

"It is my desire implicitly to obey the commands of your eternity, and I therefore beseech you to repudiate the false accusation which has disturbed the calm of your divine mind to the extent of inducing you to put forth so severe an edict. I am fortified against the malice of my enemies by the assurance that an accusation once proved false can thereafter find no access to your sacred ears. Should there be any attempt to renew these calumnies, I demand a trial. My accusers, though unable to prove me guilty, will at least find me patient under the Emperor's decision."

In the ensuing year, 385, Symmachus was once more *aux prises* with Ambrose. Going to Milan, at the head of a deputation of senators, probably to present the Emperor with his quinquennial money tribute, it seemed a good opportunity to press the claims of the pagan

party by laying before the young prince, who was at least no orthodox Christian, and whose position for the moment was far from assured, a fresh complaint concerning the altar of Victory. The address of Symmachus upon this occasion is preserved both in his own correspondence and in that of Ambrose, and it contains a statement of the pagan case, at once full, temperate, and forcible. A few extracts will give an example of its quality. After a brief preamble, the orator comes boldly to the point: —

"Our prayer is that you will restore those religious conditions which for so long a time proved beneficial to the republic. . . . Grant, I beseech, that what we received in youth we may transmit as old men to our descendants. The love of ancient custom is a mighty thing. The innovations of the divine Constantius were transitory, and deservedly so. It is for you to shun a course of action which experience has proved to be futile. I beseech your eternity to care for your own fame, for your own future divinity, and to take heed that coming ages find no fault of yours to censure. Where, I ask" (if that altar be removed), "shall we swear obedience to your own laws and precepts? What sense of things divine shall withhold the deceitful soul from bearing false witness? Truly, I know that all things are full of God, and that there is no safe refuge anywhere for a perjured man. Nevertheless, the actual presence of a sacred object has great power to overawe a delinquent. And this altar subserves the harmony of all, while confirming the faith of each. That which gave the decrees" (of the Senate) "their paramount authority was ever their attestation by this solemn witness. A profane spot would be an invitation to perjury, and will our illustrious rulers, now protected by the public oath of allegiance, judge it worth while to offer such? It is urged that the divine Constantius did the selfsame thing" (remove the altar), "but there are other deeds of that prince which are worthier of imitation, and even he would have committed no such aggression if he had had previous example to guide him. I mean because the error of a predecessor serves always as a warning, and amendment is born of the condemnation of another's guilt. It may have been that your clemency's illustrious relative had no thought of incurring odium by an act then wholly unprecedented. But no such excuse can avail ourselves, if we do what our own consciences disapprove.

"I prefer, however, to invite your eternity's attention to other and worthier deeds of the prince in question. By him the holy virgins were shorn of no privilege: he conferred the priesthood upon nobles only; he granted the customary supplies for the expenses of the Roman ceremonial, and, following the rejoicing Senate through the streets of the Eternal City, he mused upon the shrines of the gods, he read their names engraved thereon, he inquired into the origins of the temples and expressed his admiration of their builders. Himself professing another faith, he defended in his empire the exercise of this. Every man has his own practice, his own ritual. The divine spirit has given each city into the hands of its own keepers. As souls are distributed to men at birth, so is its own genius awarded unto every people. . . . Therefore we ask peace for the gods of the country, the gods of the soil. Surely, that which all men worship must be one. We look up to the same stars, we have a common heaven above us, one universe enfolds us all. What matters it by what method a man seek truth? *It is impossible that all should arrive at so great a secret by the same road.* But these are perhaps idle speculations."

He then makes one more earnest appeal on behalf of the despoiled Vestals, to whose wrongs he is inclined to attribute the late famine, and concludes: —

"May the unknown guardians of all the sects, even those whom we worship, defend your clemency from harm as they defended your ancestors, . . . and, for the sake of your own fame in coming time, rescind those measures which are so palpably unworthy of a prince."

To this address of Symmachus Ambrose replied in two celebrated letters, examining point by point, and technically demolishing the arguments of the prefect with all the ingenuity of an acute and experienced lawyer, as he was. If the forensic style of these epistles, only one of which was composed before the Emperor's decision was made known, be a little less congenial to the ordinary reader than the straightforward earnestness of Symmachus, the bishop, on the other hand, makes a powerful appeal to our sympathies in a passage like the following: —

"We glory in shedding our blood; they are troubled by questions of expense. That which they regard as injury is victory to us. They never did us a greater service than when they caused us Christians to be scourged, proscribed, and slain! Religion made a reward of what was intended as torture. Noble creatures, truly! We have thriven upon insult, penury, and persecution. They cannot even keep up their ceremonies without asking alms."

But the next sentence chills us a little: "He" (Symmachus) "clamors for the restoration to the Vestals of their immunities, — naturally, since he cannot believe in such a thing as gratuitous virginity. They tempt with lucre where they dare not trust to virtue. And after all, how many virgins have they secured by their rich promises? Barely seven! Just so many, and no more, have been persuaded by their veils and their fillets, their purple-dyed garments, the pomp and circumstance of litters accompanied by crowds of attendants, the fattest emoluments, the largest immunities, and finally a limited period of virginity!"

Now, though Ambrose may very easily have carried the Milanese court with him when he proceeded to offset against the aristocratic pretensions of these pampered maidens the humility and devotion of the meek multitude of Christian nuns, he knew perfectly well, of course, that from time immemorial the number of Vestals had been limited by law. First four were permitted, then six, never at any time more than seven. Again, is he quite ingenuous when he says, a little later, that Christian priests are not allowed to receive private legacies? The law only forbade the acceptance of *bequests from widows and unmarried women;* and that such an enactment was required in defense of family rights is made clear by the remark of St. Jerome: "I am not complaining of the law, but I am sorry that we should have needed it." We are with Ambrose entirely, however, when he brings a little plain common sense to bear on the supposed supernatural origin of the recent famine.

The Empress Justina had no love for the orthodox Bishop of Milan, but her mouth, as has been intimated, was shut by the fact that a certain proportion of the confiscated revenues went straight into the privy purse of her son; and the end of it all was that the petition of Symmachus was refused, and he had to retrace the weary stages of his ten days' journey, arriving at Rome ill in body and sad at heart, but by no means as yet despairing.

But the lawyer-bishop, though triumphant in this case, had his own experience of defeat. Two years later, that is to say in 387, in the summer of the year in which he had baptized St. Augustine at Easter, Ambrose, who had already made one unsuccessful expedition to the court of the usurper Maximus at Trèves, was again present as a petitioner there, and he tells with great animation to Valentinian II. the story of his second discomfiture: —

"The day after I arrived at Trèves, I presented myself at the palace. A certain Gaul, a chamberlain and royal eunuch, received me, and when I demanded an audience he asked me whether I had your clemency's commission. I said that I had, and he then informed me that I could be heard in the consistory only. . . . I remarked that such a tribunal was unworthy of my office, but that I must acquit myself of the charge which I had received. . . .

"When, therefore, I entered the consistory where he" (Maximus) "was sitting, he rose, as though to give me the kiss of peace. I, however, kept my place among the members of the consistory, some of whom advised me to go up the steps. Finally, he himself invited me. My answer was, 'Why should you kiss one whom you do not acknowledge? For, if you had acknowledged my credentials, you would not have seen me in this place.' 'Bishop,' he replied, 'you are excited.' 'Not at all,' I answered. 'I am only outraged at being summoned to appear in a place that is unfit for me.' 'But you appeared in the consistory on the occasion of your first mission.' 'It was no fault of mine,' said I, 'but that of him who summoned me.'"

There was a good deal more of this verbal sparring, with his own share of which the bishop seems tolerably well satisfied, the end of it all being that Maximus consented to treat.

"But when," concludes the high-spirited yet not intolerant ambassador, "he found that I would not communicate with bishops who had administered the communion to him, or who had put any — even heretics — to death, he got very angry, and ordered me to be off without delay. I was willing enough to go, even though the common opinion was that I should certainly fall into some sort of ambush. My greatest distress was for the aged Bishop Hyginus, now almost at his last gasp, who had been driven into exile. I was pleading with the guards not to suffer this old man to be driven forth without a robe to cover him or a pillow to lay his head upon, when I was myself thrust out. Such is the report of my mission. Farewell, Emperor, and be on your guard against one who hides warlike designs under the cloak of peace."

The warning came none too soon. Within a year Maximus had thrown off the mask, and crossed the Alps at the head of a formidable army. Valentinian, with his mother and sisters, was in flight, and the hopes of the pagan party rose high. Symmachus is known to have delivered a eulogy on Maximus, which has, however, been lost; but even the bold Ambrose preached submission, from the episcopal chair of Milan.

The episode proved a brief one. The great Theodosius came from the East, Maximus was defeated and slain at Aquileia, Justina died, and the first of January, 389, saw the nominal restoration to Valentinian II. of his insignificant bit of royalty.

Personally, the youth, still only eighteen years of age, was completely overshadowed by Theodosius, who became from this time the ruling spirit of the peninsula. Once, and once only, as this history began by saying, he acknowledged in the person of Ambrose an authority mightier than his own.

Theodosius passed more than two years in Italy, setting in order the affairs of his young colleague, now his brother-in-law; for the conqueror, being a widower, had fallen captive to the charms of Justina's beautiful daughter Galla. The summer of 389 was passed by the two Emperors in Rome. They entered the city in triumph; and with them came Honorius, the son of Theodosius' former marriage, who then witnessed those gladiatorial games which twenty years later he definitively suppressed.

Symmachus received an official pardon for the crime of *lèse-majesté* in-

volved in his panegyric of Maximus, but made haste once more to compromise his position with the party in power by introducing into his address of congratulation to Theodosius a few additional words concerning the altar of Victory. For the scene which followed a controversial writer of the next century is, so far as I know, the only authority:[1] —

"To this prince, whom he knew for a Christian, one Symmachus, a man marvelously instructed and endowed, but a pagan, suggested, in the course of a panegyric, delivered in the consistory with all the eloquence of which he was master, that the altar of Victory should be restored to the Senate. But Theodosius drove him straightway from his presence; and having been thrust into a cart without cushions, he was ordered to come no more within an hundred miles of Rome."

Whether or no he were treated with the personal indignity here described, it is plain from the correspondence of Symmachus that he remained for more than a year in deep disgrace with the powers that were. Take as an example of the letters of this period of eclipse one more of the many addressed to his friend Flavian: —

"I know that you are both a lover of justice and very fond of me, and I am afraid that you will get into trouble and bring odium upon yourself by attempting to defend my reputation in my absence. I do therefore entreat you to keep quiet. I shall probably have an opportunity some time of representing the truth to the eternal prince, our lord, Theodosius, whose former favor to me was in fact the cause of this invidious attack. I do not think my case can be as bad in these peaceful times as it was under the tyrant," etc.

Symmachus appears to have lived in wholly dignified retirement, mostly in the house of his married daughter at Bauli, on the Bay of Naples; and he soon regained so large a measure of the Emperor's favor as to be inaugurated at the beginning of 391 into the office of consul.

But what a change, and from the consul's point of view what a woful one, had passed over the face of affairs since he held the office of urban prefect, six years before! In that interval the tide had turned; the brilliant imperial visit of 389 had at length brought Christianity into fashion among the remnant of the Roman nobility. "Under the influence of Theodosius," says Prudentius, "the patricians, the noblest lights of the world, were to be seen exultant; the assembly of those venerable Catos rejoiced in a whiter toga, laying aside their pontifical vestments, and putting on the snowy robe of piety;" while the city flocked as one man "to the tomb under the Vatican hill where sleep the ashes of our beloved progenitor, or thronged to the Lateran church and brought back the sacred banner anointed by the king."

This is the language of poetry, so called, but St. Jerome bears substantially the same testimony. Sorrowfulest of all, to Symmachus, must have been the fact that the edict which closed the temples of Rome and its environs arrived during his consulate.

Yet, though the ultimate issue was no longer doubtful, the cause of paganism at Rome was to have one last sparkle of revival. There is no proof that Symmachus was privy to the conspiracy of Arbogastes, but he wrote two letters to the Frankish general Ricomer, recommending to his notice a grammarian named Eugenius; and he must thus be held responsible for the first introduction to public life of the singular puppet whom, after the murder of Valentinian II. in 392, it pleased Arbogastes to invest with the purple.

The nominal Christianity of the pseudo-Emperor did not prevent his putting himself at the head of the pagan party,

[1] Lib. de Promiss. et Prædict. Dei, incerti Auctoris; a nonnul. S. Prosp. Aq. attrib.

and restoring for a brief interval most of its abrogated privileges. His standard bore a figure of Hercules in place of the *labarum;* he placed the mountain passes, where he knew he would have to meet Theodosius, under the protection of Jupiter Tonans; and he uttered the vaporous boast that when he should have entered Milan in triumph, its basilicas should become stables and its clergy common soldiers.

That triumphal entry, as we know, never took place. The army of Eugenius was ignominiously routed, the usurper slain; Arbogastes, his patron, and Flavian, his chief lieutenant, the *frater* of Symmachus, committed suicide. It was Theodosius who triumphed at Milan; but the fatigues of the function cost him his life.

His sons, who now divided the empire of the world, found it easy to be merciful to the shadowy remnant of an opposition which had forever ceased to be formidable. Even the son of Flavian received pardon, and recovered a part of his father's attainted property. Symmachus, who plainly felt his own position to be quite secure, wrote many letters on the youth's behalf, both to Ambrose and to the renowned general Stilicho, then just emerging into prominence. The ex-consul had retired altogether from public affairs; he had, in fact, survived his party. But he was at no pains to conceal the bias of his own sympathies, nor to disguise the satisfaction which he derived both from the death of Valentinian and the brief ascendency of Eugenius.

The policy of Ambrose was more ambiguous, and his deferential attitude towards the upstart Eugenius has been sharply criticised by some writers,[1] and is regretfully admitted even by so passionless a writer as Beugnot. "Beaucoup de chrétiens," he says, with simplicity, "avaient sans difficulté reconnu l'autorité de l'usurpateur, et malheureusement il faut placer Saint Ambroise à leur tête." It is certain, however, that Ambrose remonstrated with Eugenius for reopening the pagan temples; and if his address upon this occasion also evinces rather the subtlety of the ingenious pleader than the self-abandonment of the willing martyr, we must never forget that Ambrose had been trained for the bar, and that it is not possible for a man ever wholly to divest himself of the habits of mind and the style of reasoning which he has assiduously cultivated until forty years of age. Such as the celebrated Bishop of Milan was, with his qualities and his defects, his character and career remain one of the beacon lights of what is perhaps, upon the whole, the darkest and stormiest passage in the history of man, on this planet. The rest of his life and his death belong to the general history of the Christian Church, while the circumstances of Symmachus' departure, when and how he finally faded out of the world which had grown so strange to him, are unknown.

After the fall of Eugenius the pagan party never again raised its head, though it was long before life was quite extinct in that herculean frame. Curiously enough, however, the statue of Victory, the goddess of that altar which, by common accord, had been made the gage of battle and the touchstone of division, makes one more triumphant appearance in history. It has been claimed that the poet Claudian is merely elaborating a poetic image, but I myself cannot doubt that he alludes to a visible fact, and one to his own profoundly pagan heart most thrilling and uplifting, when, in the act of describing the triumphal entry into Rome, not many years later, of the all-conquering Stilicho, he uses the fiery words of which I give a necessarily feebler version: —

[1] Not, however, by Gibbon, who might be expected to lead the cry, for he says, "The inflexible courage of Ambrose alone had resisted the claims of successful usurpation."

"What shouts of our nobles, in jubilant chorus,
Went up to the hero, while over his head
Inviolate Victory, bodied before us,
Wide, wide to the ether her pinions outspread!
O guardian goddess of Rome in her splendor,
O radiant palm-bearer, in trophies arrayed,
Who only the spirit undaunted canst render,
Who healest the wounds that our foemen had made!
I know not thy rank in the heavenly legion,
If thou shinest a star in the Dictæan crown,
Or art girt by the fires of the Leonine region,
Or bearest Jove's sceptre, or winnest renown
From the shield of Minerva, or soothest in slumber
The War-god aweary when battle is o'er,
But come all the prayers of thy chosen to number,
Oh, welcome to Latium! Leave us no more!"

H. W. P. and L. D.

THE PATHLESS WAY.

"A shipwrecked sailor buried on this coast
Bids you set sail.
Full many a gallant ship, when we were lost,
Weathered the gale."

THEOCRITUS.

WHY, shipwrecked brother, bid'st thou me set sail?
The morn is dark, the stormy winds still blow;
Why bid me to succeed when thou dost fail?

Who shall control the whirlwind in his wrath?
How shall a man the force of waters know?
How, through the pathless way, to find his path?

"Man cannot know! Behold where buried lie
My body and the treasure I had gained;
But lo! my deathless joy can never die."

Joy in a struggle where the prize is death?
Joy in a rising glory quickly waned?
Faint as a sigh and fleeting as a breath?

"Question no more, but hoist thy tardy sail;
Ask not the fickle wind nor adverse wave:
Some other shall succeed, though I must fail.

"Think thou, O mariner, on the deathless joy
Of voyaging toward a beacon that shall save
Both thee and me, nor any death destroy!"

Annie Fields.

SIDNEY.

XVII.

Mrs. Paul's face was white when Mrs. Jennings left her, and her hands shook. She could not bear excitement very well, she admitted, impatient at bodily weakness. She smiled a little, and frowned, and said, tremulously, to herself that it was outrageous that such an affair should have been brought to her ears. But by the time Davids, full of carefully concealed curiosity, returned from ejecting Mrs. Jennings to inquire if his mistress were ready for lights, he found her calm and almost agreeable.

"When Mr. John comes in, say to him that I wish to see him, Davids," she said pleasantly; and Davids, who knew perfectly well that Mrs. Jennings' visit "meant something," pursed up his shaven lips, and went out to the kitchen to say to Scarlett, "She 's too polite to be safe, — poor Mr. John!"

But it happened that John Paul was late, and his mother had no opportunity for conversation with him before tea. He found her at the table, and glanced at her with some interest; for Davids had had a word with him before he entered the dining-room.

"If you please, sir," the man had ventured, standing with a napkin over his arm, gravely watching John pull off his overcoat, "Mrs. Paul wished to speak with you, sir; but that was when she thought you would be in, in good season for tea, Mr. John."

The words were simple enough, but there was a significant look, which John had known from boyhood. However, the threatened storm was not of enough importance to think about, and he merely had a moment of surprise at finding his mother quite good-natured. Indeed, had he come a little earlier, this would have been more striking. She was beginning to remember something that the shocking old woman had said, which was neither amusing nor interesting, — something about a person called Townsend. This hint had begun to assume annoying proportions by the time John arrived. He had been going to see this young woman, had he? Who was she? The name was familiar, but a music teacher? Johnny was always a ploughboy! However, as he entered, she banished all that, and said her clever and unkind things in a really friendly way. Her son took the trouble to be glad of this eccentricity, for he had planned to tell her that night of his intentions for the future. The matter of his interest in a newspaper of the great city of his State had been concluded, and he was to leave Mercer by the middle of May, and, for the first time in his life, go to work. He was full of enthusiasm, and full of hope too, for the step which was to follow this, but of which, of course, no one could know until he had Katherine's promise.

John Paul knew quite well that the breaking his purpose to his mother would not be an agreeable business, so it was a comfort to find her less irritable than usual. He only hoped that her amiability would last until they reached the drawing-room; but it never occurred to him to hurry through his supper, that he might assure himself of her mood. Supper was far too serious a matter to John Paul to be disturbed by anything so unimportant as his mother's temper. Mrs. Paul bore his delay with a patience which confused Davids, who was standing behind her chair, and watching John with an expression of the deepest solicitude.

"There 's something pretty bad up," he said to Scarlett, when he went out to the kitchen for another plate of toast, —

in his sympathy for his master, his eyebrows quite lost their supercilious arch upon his narrow forehead, — "something pretty bad. Maria Jennings don't come here and talk about *him*, and get put out, for nothing; and *she* ain't so smooth for nothing, either. But, law! I 'm glad he can eat. It 's hard to stand a woman's tongue on an empty stomach."

"The toast is getting cold," Scarlett observed. As usual, she kept her opinion to herself.

"Like a woman!" Davids thought bitterly, with a man's inconsistency in regard to the mothers of the race. His curiosity was really anguish when, later, he was obliged to shut himself out of the room, leaving the mother and son together. He invented a dozen excuses to go back again, but his common sense stood firmly in the way, — and Scarlett would not hazard a single guess, or even look interested! Davids gnashed his teeth. "Women!" he said. "The world would be a sight better if there was n't a woman in it!"

Scarlett turned her passive face towards him, and looked at him.

"See the trouble *she* makes for Mr. John," the man hastily explained.

But in spite of Davids' anxiety and sympathy, John Paul was not at all troubled, although towards the close of supper he felt that there was something unusual in the air. His mother's face had grown harder; she spoke with an increasing sharpness; there seemed to be a deliberate preparation for anger; yet, oddly enough, he could not rid himself of the idea that, beneath it all, she was more than ordinarily good-tempered.

They were no sooner in the drawing-room, where a little fire was burning on the hearth, and where the air was heavy with fragrance from the pots of hyacinths in the south window, than Mrs. Paul began with great bitterness to reproach her son for having been late to tea; John, meanwhile, silently calculating how soon he could escape into the fresh night, and take a turn in the garden with his cigar. The thought struck him that, according to Katherine's doctrine, he ought, in order to teach his mother a lesson in unselfishness, to refuse to play at draughts in a room which was made insufferable by a fire and by the heavy sweetness of flowers. But he shook his head, and laughed under his breath. Heat, and perfume, and interminable checkers were better than the possibilities in that voice. Yes, very likely he was a coward in such matters, but at least he had no shrinking from greater things. Now that the final moment had come, he had not the slightest disinclination to tell his mother of his plans, and he was really glad when Davids, having brought the footstool and arranged the fan-shaped screen, left him alone with his opportunity.

"Now!" said Mrs. Paul. "Davids dawdles so over his work, I really thought he meant to spend the evening with us. No, don't bring the checker-table, — your intolerable lack of punctuality has lost me my game, — for I have something to say to you, and you are too selfish to stay with me later than nine. One would think I had plenty to entertain me, instead of sitting here alone for hours. Though to-day, thanks to you, I have had a diversion, — a most unpleasant, a most shameful interruption. I am astounded, sir, at your conduct!" She struck her clenched hand on the arm of her chair, and John, sitting opposite, noted, lazily, how her rings sparkled. "Of course you know what I mean?"

Her son had been so heedless of her words that his face was quite blank.

"I don't pretend," she said, "that you are a pattern of virtue, though you are a fool; but at least you might keep such affairs from your mother's ears, and not subject me to what I have endured this afternoon."

"What in the world is the matter

now?" thought John Paul. He yawned furtively in his beard, and wished that he might begin his own story. If it had not been for a curious feeling that his mother was in a good humor under all this fierceness, he would not have noticed her railing; he observed that she addressed him as "John," with a hint of respect in her voice, which he could not understand; he watched her, faintly interested.

Mrs. Paul polished her glasses delicately with her handkerchief, and then put them on and looked at him.

"It is scandalous that I should know of it, — that you should have permitted that abominable old creature to come here about her daughter." John sat up straight, in sudden attention. "I do not propose to interfere in such a matter" (her son leaped to his feet, with an unspoken word upon his lips); "of course I deplore it, and all that, but it is n't my affair, and I only refer" —

John cried out, with a sharp gesture, "Not your affair? Oh, mother!"

She frowned at his interruption. "Let me proceed, if you please. You should know enough to silence her mother's tongue, and prevent her from coming here — to *me* — to ask for my interference, or aid, I don't know which. It is outrageous."

"What are you talking about?" said John Paul, very quietly.

"You know perfectly well; the girl's mother has been here. It appears that you have made her jealous. And I have to listen to that, too, — *I*, your mother!"

"My mother," John repeated. His face was white. John Paul had borne many things from this handsome woman; he had been railed at, and snubbed, and neglected ever since he was a child. He had never shown her the affection which she apparently despised; perhaps he had never stopped to see whether he had any affection; but beneath his indifference had been always the instinct of the child for the parent. Once he had rested on her heart, she had carried him in her arms, he had slept in her bosom; she was his mother. And now it was his mother who said that the evil life which she believed he led was no affair of hers. John caught his breath in something like a sob. Then he said, "Who is this person whom you have seen?"

Mrs. Paul shrugged her shoulders. "I do not care to discuss it. I have merely mentioned it to insist that you shall keep such matters from me, and — and to say how such conduct distresses me — of course."

"I must insist upon the name of your informant."

His mother made an impatient gesture. "Be good enough to drop this affectation."

"I have no intention of defending myself to you," John answered. "I only desire to know who has said these things; then I will drop the subject."

"Really?" said Mrs. Paul. "But I certainly shall not tell you, my friend, for you know perfectly well. One thing, however, I will say: it is shameful that you should permit such a creature to gossip about you. You should know better than that, at least. This person who has made her jealous, apparently, this Miss Townsend" —

"Silence!" cried John Paul. "What do you mean? Who has dared to speak her name?"

His calm white face suddenly blazed with passion, and he stammered as he spoke. Mrs. Paul felt as though caught in an unexpected hurricane; she was breathless for a moment.

"You — you — use that tone to me? *I* dare! I accuse you. I say plainly that I am astounded at your stupidity — and your low ways."

"Have you finished?"

"No, sir, I have not! This Townsend girl that" —

"You will leave Miss Townsend's

name out of this discussion," interrupted her son. He was standing before her, his arms folded, so that the grip of restraint in his hands was not seen.

"What? There is something in that, is there? You do go to see this person, do you, this — school-teacher? And perhaps she does think you are going to marry her? The old woman knew what she was talking about, it appears."

"I don't know what you are talking about, and I don't know what you mean by your 'old woman,'" John answered slowly. "I have no idea to what absurd and lying scandal you have listened, nor do I care to inquire further into it, unless some damnable gossip has dared to use Miss Townsend's name without reverence; in which case, she will answer to me. I ask you once more, what is the name of this person?"

Her lip curled into a short laugh. "You may ask me as often as you wish. I shall not tell you; you know perfectly well. Unless, indeed, there are" — ("Oh, hush, hush!" John said. "Oh, mother!") "As for this Miss Townsend, I want it distinctly understood that I shall not permit such a thing for a moment."

"Permit what?"

Anger and shame had transformed John's face; it seemed to have grown years older.

"You — to marry her. Your friend informed me that the girl had some such expectation; but you had better make her understand that I will not allow it, and that if you choose to disobey me you shall not have one cent of my money. Not one cent! Do you hear me?"

"I hear you perfectly; and now, if you please, you will hear me. I have too much respect for my father's wife to deny to my mother such an accusation as has been made, though I do ask you for the name of the person whom you permit to slander your son. But for this other matter, I have the honor of informing you that Miss Townsend is to be my wife."

"Go on," said Mrs. Paul.

"I had also intended, this evening, to tell you that I shall end my connection with the warehouse on the first of next month."

"Go on."

"I have nothing more to say."

"Then listen to me!" cried his mother. "If you marry a beggar, you can live like a beggar. Do you understand what that means? Answer me."

"Yes, it is what I have done all my life. It is what comes to an end when I cease to eat your bread."

Mrs. Paul choked with rage. "I will not have you marry her!"

John did not speak for a moment; then he said, under his breath, "How terrible, how terrible!"

"Ah, you are coming to your senses, are you? You are wise to reflect upon the husks that the swine do eat, rather than to try them. I warn you that the rôle of the prodigal son shall never be played in my house. If you disobey me once, it ends everything. Forgiveness is weakness. I never forgive."

"We shall be married very soon," John said, looking away from her, almost as if he had not heard her. "You may do what you please with your money; it is nothing to us. But oh, I wish you could see Katherine, — I wish you could see her! It must make a difference." His voice softened as he spoke. "I have been a coward; I see it now. I have helped to make this possible in you. Forgive me. And yet — and yet — I think I shall never forgive you."

Mrs. Paul, staring at him, dumb with anger, and struggling to see some meaning in his words, suddenly shrank back into her chair, and put her hands before her eyes. "You look — like your father!" she said, in a whisper.

John, turning on his heel, glanced back at her. "My poor father!"

He did not stop to call Scarlett or Davids, but went at once out into the heavy darkness of the moonless night. An intent purpose blotted out even the anger in his face, but his hands were clenched, and he breathed quickly between his teeth, in unconscious rage.

When he reached Katherine's door, he stood with an impatient hand upon the knob, waiting the answer to his ring, and a moment later pushed past the mournful Maria without a word; for he saw Katherine in the parlor, standing by the bookcase, absorbed in the volume in her hand. John was so intent upon his own thoughts that he would scarcely have noticed it had the room been full of people. As it was, there was only Ted, curled up in the big armchair, reading Mother Goose, like a wise baby.

John went at once to Katherine's side, taking the book and her hands in his. "Katherine," he said, "we must be married at once, dear."

"Very well," she answered. She drew a quick breath and bit her lip, and then the tears came into her eyes.

"John," observed Ted, putting down Mother Goose, "why do you and Kitty look at each other so funny? Why don't you do something?"

Katherine laughed tremulously, but John's face was stern with the greatness of the moment. He lifted her hand to his lips. "I will try to be a good man, Katherine. God bless you!"

Ted did not see why he should have been taken in his sister's arms, nor why she should have kept her face hidden so long in his little thin neck; nor did it seem reasonable that he should have been sent to bed just "as John is here, and we could 'a' gone and played with the pups!" It was hard, to be sure, so Mr. Paul promised to come earlier the next time.

After that, there was a very long talk, — very long and very happy. It seemed to John, watching Katherine with worshiping eyes, as though each moment showed him more clearly how great, and sane, and beautiful life was. He had not meant to do it, but he told her, briefly, that he had had a scene with his mother. "I shall never forgive her, Katherine, and — she is my mother!" he ended.

"Yes, dear, yes," she answered, — he had heard that tenderness in her voice before, but it had always been for Ted or her sisters, — "you will. I think you do already, John, in your pity and your own regret."

But John Paul shook his head.

Katherine's eyes had blazed with sudden understanding at the mention of "some old woman and her daughter," but she offered no explanation. How much her silence was kindness towards poor little silly Eliza, and how much that absurd anger which she had felt when she had learned the milliner's harmless secret, she did not try to understand.

"When can we be married?" John insisted, after many plans had been made and many things explained. "In a week, Kate, surely?"

She laughed, with a rippling gladness on her face that was not a smile, but light in her eyes and tenderness about her lips. "Why, you have never asked me to marry you, John! We've never been engaged. I have just thought of it."

"Have n't we?" John said, frowning, joyously. "It seems as if we had been, always. But that does n't make any difference, you know; only it's queer it did not strike me when I told my mother that we were to be married. I think we take the best things for granted! Now, Katherine, when?"

XVIII.

The next morning, Sidney, walking up and down between her garden borders, heard her name called, and saw Mr. John Paul coming down the path. These spring mornings filled Sidney Lee

with that strange joy which is quite apart from personal experience, and has nothing to do with reason, but which leaps with the sap in a lily stalk, and guides the frolics of the young sheep in an upland pasture, or brings a prayer upon a man's lip and tears to his eyes.

Sidney could forget the sad world outside her garden walls as easily as she could forget that Miss Sally was busy in the kitchen, and that another pair of hands would have made her aunt's work lighter. She had been singing softly to herself; singing was like breathing, in this sunshine, and soft wind, and scent of growing things. She stopped when she saw John, and smiled, shielding her eyes from the fresh glitter of the sunshine with one hand, and giving him the other.

"Sidney, my dear," John said, keeping her hand in his big grasp, "look here; will you do me a favor?"

"I 'll be glad to." His face was so serious that she added, "Is Mrs. Paul ill?" At which he scowled so blackly that Sidney felt she had said something wrong, and was puzzled, but waited for him to explain; like her father, she did not ask many questions.

"I want you to do me a favor," John began again. "I want you to go and see Katherine Townsend, and ask Miss Sally to go, too. She knows her; Miss Townsend is Robert Steele's cousin, you know. I believe you were n't at home either time she came to call on Miss Sally?"

"No, I have n't seen her," Sidney answered, wondering at the color which had come into Mr. Paul's face. "I 'll go with pleasure;" and she waited to be told why.

But John suddenly became aware of the observing windows of his mother's house, and hurried his companion into the evergreen alley that ran across the garden from the green door in the wall, on one side, to the fence that shut off the lane, on the other. The alley widened in the middle of the garden into a little circle, where a sun-dial stood; but the path was always in the shade, and the dial did not mark the quiet hours on its stained copper face. The branches were so thick that the alley was quite dark, and the black earth was damp, and faintly green with mould, and powdery with white streaks about the roots of the trees. (There was no danger that Mrs. Paul could see them here; but before they turned into the pleached walk she had had a glimpse of her son calmly pacing up and down by Sidney's side. That sight had been like wind upon a fire; after an instant's breathless silence, she called out to Scarlett with furious fault-finding, and even made as though she would strike the woman with her stick.)

"I 'll tell you what it is, Sidney," John was explaining in the evergreen alley. "Miss Townsend, she 's — she 's going to marry me. And my mother — well, she is n't willing, you see. And though, of course, it does n't make any difference, it is sort of unpleasant for Kate. So I want some of my friends to be nice to her. I knew Miss Sally would go to see her, she 's so good; but I thought, perhaps, if you would go — you are nearer her own age — you know?"

Sidney, with parted lips, stood quite still, and looked at him.

John blushed. "I know I seem old to you, Sidney, and I 'm sure I wish she 'd taken me ten years ago, twenty years ago; only I did n't know her until last fall. Oh, Sidney, she is — really, I don't speak in any personal way — I mean I am unprejudiced, entirely unprejudiced — but, by Jove, Sidney, she 's — she 's — a very remarkable woman!"

Sidney drew a long breath. "I will go, of course; and aunt Sally will, too; but I — I don't understand!"

"You will love her," John declared, following his own thoughts, and blind to Sidney's confused look. "We are not going to be married until August. Kath-

erine won't have it a day sooner, I 'm afraid. Miss Sally is to be married then, too, is n't she? "

Sidney nodded, frowning a little.

" We shall not live in Mercer," John proceeded. " I am going into the office of The Independent Press. The major takes it, does n't he? "

" But Mrs. Paul," Sidney said, scarcely hearing his reference to the newspaper, — " what will she do? "

John's face darkened savagely. " Sidney, you don't understand these things, more 's the pity. But listen to me. If a man and woman care for each other, nothing in heaven, or earth, or the waters under the earth has a right to part them. Do you understand? They belong to one another. See? Why, it would be wicked to let anything interfere. There is," declared John Paul, " no such thing as duty to any one else (even if a — a mother deserved it) that should keep two people apart who — care, you know, at least who care as *we* do. The only thing in the world to be considered, Sidney, is love, my dear, love! " John lowered his voice, and looked up at the drift of white clouds above the swaying points of the cypresses. Sidney caught her breath. It was wonderful, this illumination in his good-natured face. " And so," he continued cheerfully, " there 's nothing to be said about anybody's wishes but just our own." Then he fell to talking in the frankest way of his plans, and economies, and many practical things.

There was gladness in his face, to be sure; but rent? and the size of a house? and whether it were better to be on the line of the steam or horse cars? Sidney felt as though dropped suddenly from a height.

" I will go," she said slowly; " only, if you please, I would like to tell Mrs. Paul."

John looked uneasy. " I don't think it is necessary."

But Sidney was determined. " I will surely go," she insisted, smiling. " I want to." And with that he had to be contented.

She watched him closely as he spoke again of Katherine; he was certainly very happy. She looked up at the soft blue of the April sky, and at the snowy clouds stretching across the east like a flight of cherubs. She shivered a little and seemed about to speak, but could not. " Does he forget death? " she thought. After he left her, with this new joyousness in his eyes, which made his step lighter and his face younger, Sidney still walked up and down the shadowy alley.

Perhaps, for the moment, John Paul's indifference to his mother and her wishes was the most forcible comment he could have made upon the power of that new emotion which so transformed him. Sidney's very instincts were her father's; disobedience had never been a temptation, because it was an impossibility. Of course she knew that, outwardly, John's relation to his mother was quite different, but — she was his mother. That was the first wonder at what love could do, but the greater wonder came.

There was an old wooden bench near the sun-dial, curved like an irregular crescent; it had stood here so long that its paint had flaked and worn away, and its four thick posts were mossy green and stained with the rust of lichen. In summer the slats of the back were hidden by a tangle of vines, but now only leafless stems and brittle tendrils twisted in and out between them; crocuses grew close about the bench, and, opening their white and purple cups, filled the damp, warm air with that fresh earth-scent which belongs to spring. Sidney sat down here, and leaned her chin in her hands.

" Death, death! " she said to herself, — " he can forget it; he never thinks of anything but happiness. Perhaps that is because it is all new; perhaps as soon as he gets used to it he will begin to

be afraid?" She watched, with absent eyes, a brown butterfly flicker along the shadows of the path into the open light of the circle; then, with a start, she remembered that she must tell Miss Sally. Did Alan know? she wondered. Sidney's mind was in a tumult. Never in her calm, self-centred life had she been so stirred. Miss Sally's little love affair? She frowned as she thought of it. Yet to stop to talk about rents and steamcars! What did it all mean?

She told her aunt in the briefest way that Mr. Paul was to marry Miss Townsend, but she did not wait to listen to the little spinster's delighted surprise. To have Miss Sally, with a ladle in her hand, fall into a chair, and gasp, and exclaim, and laugh with pleasure through twinkling tears, seemed to the girl profane; she wished she could get away from it all. A strange dislike and passionate interest clamored in her mind.

When she went to see Mrs. Paul, the scolding of the older woman was almost a relief. It was something tangible and easily understood. "I thought I ought to come," she announced in her calm way, "to say that this afternoon I am going to see Miss Townsend. Mr. Paul asked me to."

Mrs. Paul was so angry, so dismayed, so unwilling that Sidney should see her discomfiture at her son's defiance, that for a moment she did not know how to reply.

"I am very sorry to hear it," she said, — "very sorry and disappointed in you. This Miss Townsend has some foolish infatuation for John which I do not at all approve of, — not at all. I am very sure that she is not a proper person for you to know. I suppose, though, like every other young person in these impudent days, you set yourself up to know more than your elders, so I need not expect you to be guided by me when I say that you ought not to see her; but at least I can insist that you do not call upon this very offensive young woman without your father's permission. Your aunt knows you are going? As though Sally had the slightest sense in such matters! I have no doubt she would think it proper to visit her washerwoman!"

"But," said Sidney gently, "Miss Townsend is Mr. Steele's cousin, Mrs. Paul."

Mrs. Paul was astounded, but not for a moment dismayed nor softened. "What, the girl whose mother was a Drayton? I remember; some one told me. More shame to her, then, for her conduct in running after a rich man, — at least a man with a rich mother. I am perfectly disgusted with those Steeles and every one connected with them. I would n't have had you look at young Steele for worlds, though it 's plain enough why he took Sally. You very properly repulsed him."

Sidney looked at her with faint curiosity.

"This Townsend girl is shockingly forward," continued Mrs. Paul, her voice shrill and her hands unsteady. "No well-brought-up young woman would try to marry a man against his mother's wishes. I should think you would know better than to want to see her. It 's this talk of love and marriage that pleases you; you are like all the rest of them, in spite of Mortimer Lee's fine theories. But there shall be no wedding gayeties, — I can tell you that, miss!"

Another girl, with quick consciousness, would have disclaimed interest in such subjects; but Sidney only looked with puzzled surprise at the fierce old woman, whose eyes blurred once as though with terrified tears. Sidney was stinging with interest, and painful interest; it did not occur to her to deny it.

"It shall not be!" cried Mrs. Paul, forgetting that she was betraying her own fear. "Johnny knows his interests; he won't throw away his bread and butter, I can tell you!"

But Sidney was too much absorbed in

her own wonder to care for Mrs. Paul's dismay. She did not stay very long; she was impatient to see the girl who was going to take love into her life. Perhaps, without being aware of it, this experience of another woman was the greatest reality which Sidney had ever known; for her love for her father was so much a part of herself she was almost unconscious of it.

It was evident, from the confusion of her thoughts, as she walked out to Red Lane this April afternoon, that, whether she knew it or not, the slumber of her mind, which had followed an accepted opinion, had been rudely broken. She was beginning to live as she opened her eyes to the power of love.

Life was very bewildering to Sidney Lee. First, her calm and almost beautiful egotism (there is a certain beauty in anything which is perfect) had been touched faintly by Miss Sally's timid happiness. It was as though a hesitating knock had fallen upon the outer gates of a sleeping palace, only loud enough to make the contented dreamer within stir impatiently. But now had come a clamor upon the very door of her heart. She must hear Life! Its importunate gladness banished dreams, even though she barred the door and refused to look upon its glowing face.

She went over and over in her mind John Paul's words and looks. "It isn't just because he is happy in caring for her," she thought, "but because he has imagined a heaven for his happiness. And there is no heaven! Oh, that isn't what I should suppose he would imagine, for it doesn't seem to me that heaven would be enough to make up for the years that may come and stand between them. Time is like death, in a way; but if they were sure that their God knew what it all meant, — love and death in the same world, — *why* they lived and *why* they suffered, I should think they could bear to be without their heaven. But it is immortality, not God, apparently, that excuses love. Oh, *I* should imagine — Some One who knows!" Then she fell to thinking of a certain wise man who left a field untilled for many years, that he might observe how it was altered or affected by the earth-worms below the surface. "If the worms could only have known," she thought, intent upon this reality which had pressed upon her dreaming eyes, "if they could have guessed why their field suffered those conditions, and why they were living their poor, dark lives, it would have been worth while. Oh, if there were only any great reason above all the little reasons and ignorances, I could understand that people might be patient to suffer!"

Katherine Townsend saw Sidney coming, and, guessing who it was (for John, taking every opportunity to send a note to Red Lane, had announced that she would call), opened the door herself, and took the girl's hand in her cordial grasp.

"You are Sidney Lee?" she said, leading her into the parlor. "I am so glad to see you." She looked at her with keen, friendly eyes. "John told me you were coming."

Sidney was far more embarrassed than Katherine; but it was not shyness nor any unworldliness, in the sense of what was unaccustomed; only the wonder of the dreamer who has been unaware of any other landscape than the blurred world of sleep.

Katherine's charming tact was for once at a loss. The weather, and the fresh, sweet skies, and the bird singing in the rain under her window the day before; Miss Sally, and Robert Steele's good fortune in winning her, and how kind, and gentle, and unselfish Katherine thought the little spinster; Ted and the pups, — all in vain! Sidney answered quite sweetly and briefly, with a little dignity in her manner which held Katherine very far away. Yet there was an eager, wistful look in her eyes

that seemed a shadow of trouble in their placid depths.

Katherine drew a sigh of relief when her guest rose to go, but, with a simplicity which was born of her great content, she held Sidney's hand a moment as she said good-by.

"I wish," she declared, "that everybody could be as happy as I am."

"Oh!" cried Sidney, with a half-sobbing breath.

Katherine looked at her, surprised and not understanding. Long ago John had told her of this young girl's destiny as Major Lee had planned it, but to the very practical and warm-hearted woman it had been too absurd to remember.

"Are you happy?" Sidney asked, almost in a whisper.

There was something in the way in which Katherine said, looking frankly at her questioner, "Yes, indeed I am!" that gave Sidney Lee a pang. The tone was too glad. "How can she say it?" would have been her thought, had she known enough to put it into words; it was exactly the same feeling she had had when Mr. Paul talked of rent and steam-cars.

The question brought back to Katherine the strange thing John had told her, and, with that common sense which hid amusement under the kindliest manner in the world, she added, smiling, "Don't you think I ought to be?"

"But" — Sidney said, and then waited a moment — "*death?*"

That word touched the glad content upon Katherine's lips, and left her silent.

"Forgive me!" Sidney cried. "I had no right to say that, but oh, I do not understand!"

"Why" — the other began. It was towards dusk, and the room was full of shadows, but she could see the strained look in Sidney's face. "Oh, Miss Lee!" She had no words.

"Are you not afraid — every moment? I have no right to ask you, but it all seems so strange, so terrible."

"No, I am not afraid," Katherine answered. "Death? Yes, of course, but life first; and life is so rich and so beautiful; and after that — heaven."

"If — if," Sidney protested hurriedly, "there were not any heaven, then would the beauty and the richness be worth while?"

Katherine was flung into a seriousness which afterwards greatly surprised her. She put her hands up to her eyes for an instant; then she shook her head. Katherine Townsend was too well satisfied with the comfort of her religion ever to have invited any doubts of it by subjecting it to the scrutiny of her intelligence, and therefore she did not feel the dismay which might have shaken some persons with the memory of a forgotten terror. Although not aware of her mental processes, Katherine had curtailed her perceptions to fit her creed, knowing, without having taken the trouble to reason about it, that she could not stretch her creed to contain her perceptions. As a result, she was quite happy, and found the endeavor to live up to her religion far more comfortable than would have been the endeavor to understand it. But Sidney's words showed her a shuddering possibility. "No," she said, "oh, no, it would not be worth while, — not without another life." But her composure was shaken only for a moment. "My dear Miss Lee, I know what you think, — John told me; but you won't feel so when you care for some one. Indeed, indeed, you are all wrong. The good Lord meant us to love each other, and death does not end all, — it only begins it."

Sidney smiled sadly; it seemed to her very pathetic. "Of course you could not love unless you thought that."

"I *know* it!" Katherine declared.

"How?"

The two women looking into each other's faces had forgotten convention-

ality; the tears were upon Katherine's cheeks, and Sidney's eyes threatened her for an answer. It was a cry for the unknown God.

But Katherine could only give her that longing of the human soul for compensation for the pain of life. "Oh," she exclaimed, "because life would be too terrible if it were not true! It must be true!" She sobbed as she spoke; she was very tired, — nervous, she told herself afterwards, not remembering the fierce demand in Sidney's young face, — or this would have been impossible.

"I hope," Sidney said, in a low voice, "that you will not be unhappy."

"I shall be — heavenly happy!" cried Katherine, half terrified. Then she put her hand on the girl's shoulder and kissed her. "I hope you may be, too. And — and, Miss Lee, we have Christ and his promises, — the Resurrection and the Life. Oh, do think of that?"

As for Sidney, she went home with a certain equilibrium of mind asserting itself. This love which could be indifferent to grief, because it hugged a fallacy to its heart, was not beautiful nor great. It deliberately refused to think of the coming of sorrow, or it even forgot sorrow; and forgetfulness may be another name for cowardice.

"If she had said 'yes,' she knew that death would come, and that she had no imagined heaven, but that love was worth while, anyhow, it might seem great. But that would need — what?" Sidney had no words except that vague *Some One who knows*. Ah, with that! But she shook her head, with a wild instinct of freedom. She exulted, even while she pitied Katherine and felt the terror of life.

"And to talk of promises," she thought, the old contempt coming back, — "promises! Oh, how strange it is that these Christians are not satisfied with their idea of God! Why do they belittle it by their creeds and promises and their non-human man? I should think a God would be enough. But they hang all these little thoughts about the one great thought until they almost hide it. I suppose one could cover a mountain with lace!" She smiled; perhaps there is no conceit so arrogant as the conceit which follows a conviction of emancipation. Still, the mystery and wonder lingered in her eyes, and did not escape Major Lee. He watched her closely at their silent tea-table, that evening, and, later, he asked her what her afternoon had been.

They were sitting by an open window in the library, for the day had been very warm. The spring twilight, full of the scent of the sun-warmed earth, came in from the garden, and hid their faces from each other as Sidney told her story.

Major Lee's astonishment made him put down his cigar. "John Paul! Is it possible that he found words enough to ask a lady to marry him?"

His face lighted as she told him of Katherine, and of that strange talk, and of her own conclusions. "Yes, it is always so; the young woman has the prodigality of youth in promising what does not belong to her. She can talk about this life, perhaps, although her experience is not large; but her suggestions of another life are pathetic or amusing, as one looks at it. The way in which persons who want to excuse or to explain a position wrench a statement from their imaginations, and then label it a fact, is amazing. But John Paul? He seemed to me a young man of a fair amount of intelligence. Ah, my darling, 'we are the men, and wisdom will die with us'!" He laughed a little; the major felt more cheerful than for many a day. Sidney had seen it for herself.

XIX.

John Paul's engagement produced an astonishment in the small world upon the hill, second only to that felt when

Miss Sally and Robert declared their passion; and in this case, as in the other, the most astounded and angry person was Mrs. Paul. John's laconic note announcing that he was to be married in August, and repeating his intention of leaving the warehouse, gave her a pang of more personal pain than she had felt for a very long time; perhaps, indeed, she had never felt that kind of pain before. The smothered and forgotten instinct of maternity was wounded, although not deeply enough to rouse anything but anger.

The major was annoyed that Sidney should have to see more of "this sort of thing," and somewhat disappointed in John Paul, but otherwise indifferent. Miss Sally was frankly delighted; she soon grew very fond of Katherine, and chattered about her incessantly to Robert; repeating the bright and pretty things his cousin had said, and laughing so heartily herself that she scarcely noticed the forced and tired smile on her lover's face. Robert had no heart for Katherine's gayety; he was absorbed in his own perplexities. When that storm of anger and determination in which he had left Mrs. Paul's house had subsided, he was distinctly aware of the ebb of the convictions gained then, and the slow flooding in of the terrible demand of honor: he must tell Miss Sally he did not love her, and be forever a dishonorable man in the eyes of his friends; or fail to tell her, and be dishonorable in his own eyes. How fierce was the alternative: to give her everything he was and hoped to be; to make every day, by tenderness and loyalty, secret reparation for secret robbery; in a word, deceive her so skillfully that she should never detect him, — or, humiliate and wound her!

With this was always the thought of what he owed her, — for surely it had been the will-of-the-wisp of love which had led him out of his slough of despond. He looked back and saw himself holding to her hand, — that poor, silly little hand, which believed (had he not taught it so?) that it was a necessity to him, — saw himself struggling to emerge from the terror of weakness; gaining from her his life, his reason, his very honor. The fact that now, standing on firm ground, in clear sunshine, he could see how foolish was the amiable little soul that his imagination had clothed with every power and virtue could not alter the past conditions. Yet again and again returned the truer and the simpler thought. Was he to delude her, to offer her tinsel which she should accept as gold? Was he to let her take, through ignorance, what knowledge might teach her to reject? What answer could there be but No?

With a nature which demanded sympathy and support, Robert was singularly alone; no one knew of his struggle. Once he thought of going to Mr. Brown for advice, but instantly realized that what he wanted was not man-to-man counsel, but direction which might not be questioned, — the relief of shifting responsibility. It was in this connection that, with blank wonder at his own possibilities, he found himself thinking of the refuge of the confessional. His mother's church beckoned him, offering the allurement of infallible guidance, — the temptation to become as a little child. He said to himself bitterly that when his mother had been taken into the Catholic Church she had left him behind her. He despised his own intelligence, which had deprived him of such peace.

Perhaps, if Alan had been less joyfully absorbed in himself, he might have helped Robert; as it was, the doctor began to be a little impatient with his depression. "Steele is perfectly well," he said to himself, "and there is n't any excuse for depression;" so he shrugged his shoulders and silenced his conscience. "It does n't do to notice that sort of thing," he excused himself, with the instinct of the physician as well as the

conviction of the practical man. It is a curious and not a pleasing experience to discover how much real selfishness and willingness to escape personal annoyance can be concealed beneath that "conviction of the practical man," that morbidness and supersensitiveness must not be noticed, and to learn how often, in dealing with weak and unhappy souls, a little less sense would have been the greater wisdom. Robert was so alive to the doctor's intentional neglect that he had had no impulse to ask his friend's counsel; and yet, one morning, after wandering aimlessly about the streets, he found himself standing miserably at their own door.

"What would Crossan do?" he asked himself.

It was Alan's office hour, — a time so free from interruption that the two friends had amused themselves by regarding it as the part of the day to be devoted to pleasant things. They did some translating together; or Alan practiced — quite faithfully for him — while Robert read. So the unhappy man felt sure of finding the doctor alone. He opened the door of their library, not even looking into the department dignified by the name of office. Alan knew the step, and did not turn as he called out, "Hello, Bob!" He was standing by the window, with an intent look upon his face, stringing his violin. The room had all the comfortable confusion of a bachelor's lodgings, and much luxury as well. There was the smell of chemicals, to be sure, for Alan did some experiments here, so there was a stand with retorts upon it, and traces of blackened ashes, and bottles of salts, and crystals; but the odor of cigar smoke was stronger, and a great bowl of roses stood upon the table, among his books.

"I want to talk to you," Robert said, throwing himself wearily into a big chair.

"Go ahead," responded the doctor, frowning over the strings of his violin.

Robert lifted an illuminated copy of Italian sonnets from the table beside him, and began, absently, to turn the yellow leaves.

"Per esser manco almen, signiora, indegnio
Dell' immensa vostr' alta cortesia,
Prima, all' incontro a quella, usar la mia
Con tutto il cor volse 'l mie basso ingegnio.
Ma visto poi c' ascendere a quel segnio
Propio valor non è c' apra la via" —

He put the book down, as though the words had stung him.

"Well?" Alan interrogated, suddenly noticing the silence, and glancing over his shoulder at his friend.

"John Paul is fairly started, it appears," Robert said. "I saw his name on the editorial page this morning."

"Is that all you have to say?" inquired the doctor. "Ah, confound it! there goes another string!"

"I wonder if his mother has forgiven him yet?" Robert went on, absently.

"I believe not. Sidney told me he did not see her before he started."

The spring wind from the open window blew one trembling chord back into the room. Alan smiled joyously; Sidney's name seemed blended with the music. He drew his bow lightly across the strings, and a burst of sound, like sudden sunshine, flooded the room. Then they talked of many things, in the old pleasant, desultory way; Paul's engagement most of all, with the amused question whether it was the major's theories which had kept him so long unmarried.

"Ah, well," said Alan, with half a sigh, turning round to look at Robert, "the major is right, you know, but not human. Listen; I've set those verses of Henley's to a little air of my own. I want you to hear it." He stopped, and tuned his instrument, and then, lifting his head, began to sing in a musical tenor, which was without that thread of pain that is so often woven into the tenor voice: —

" 'Fill a glass with golden wine,
And while yet your lips are wet
Set their perfume unto mine,
And forget
Every kiss we take or give
Leaves us less of life to live.

'Yet again! your whim and mine
In a happy while have met.
All your sweets to me resign,
Nor regret
That we press, with every breath,
Sighed or singing, nearer death!'

There! is n't that morbid enough for anybody? What do you think of that minor, — 'and forget — forget'?" Robert said something vaguely, but Alan was too pleased with himself to notice his friend's lack of enthusiasm. "Of course," he proceeded, "if there were no love, there would be no sorrow. But what are you going to do about it? Cripple and deform life, to be spared pain? And we can't be spared, anyhow; we 're bound to love, no matter how we fear it. There are really only two conditions in life: one is ignorance and the other is misery. Major Lee undertakes to create a third, — indifference. But it can't be done! The thing to do is to be ignorant as long as you can, — that 's my belief. Yes, it is the only rational plan: live in the present; forget the future. It is intolerable to think of death and love together. The major 's right."

"You are not so great a coward, Crossan," said the other, smiling in spite of his misery.

"My dear fellow," Alan exclaimed gayly, "I am exactly so great a coward. I don't believe I shall have a very long life, with this heart of mine, and shall I refuse to make the most of it?"

"Why do you say that?" Robert protested uneasily. "You are as strong as anybody; you know you are."

Alan shook his head. "Bob, the value of a medical education is, that you can number your days, and apply your heart to whatever seems most worth while. In a word, have a mighty good time, and don't bother with a lot of unnecessary things.

'Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?'

(I think that line is the extent of my Horace!")

"You — you are not in earnest?" Robert insisted, not noticing the careless words, and his voice breaking with fear.

"I am entirely in earnest, but please don't look so dismayed. I am making the most of to-day, and I mean to make the most of to-morrow, trust me! Why, bless you, I may live to be a hundred; only, I may not. But I assure you I intend to be alive as long as possible."

With his easy sympathy, Alan knew quite well the stunned and horrified dismay in Robert's mind, and so, with a touch that was a caress, he put his face against the violin, and hastened to talk of other things. He was sitting on the arm of a chair, swinging his foot with lazy comfort, intent upon enjoyment of the spring day, and the sunshine, and the soft wind which blew his hair about his forehead.

"There, hang it! don't look at me as though this were my last day. I 've a lot of life in me yet, I can tell you, and I mean — I mean to enjoy it."

"But," Robert stammered, forgetting his own pain, "I can't believe it, Alan; it can't be. You must see a specialist, you must" —

"Stuff! Do you doubt my knowledge? And don't I tell you I may live to be a hundred? Drop it, Bob! Don't look so dejected; if there is anything I hate, it is dejection."

All the while, running through his words, was the low and tremulous breathing of the violin; his face, and his careless words, and the ripple of a song somehow blurred this terrible thing he had been saying. Robert drew a long breath of relief. He came back sharply to his own distress.

"Alan," he said suddenly, careful

only to protect Miss Sally, and eager to display his own shameful uncertainty and weakness, "if you 've made a mistake which involves somebody else, what ought you to do?"

"Remedy it. Why?"

Robert got up, and began to walk about the room. The doctor had turned again to the window, and was tightening the strings of his instrument.

"And yet the person might be happier — mistaken?"

"Yes, a delusion is very comfortable once in a while," Alan admitted; "only, unfortunately, we can't delude people to make them comfortable. Look here; ask a straight question, will you? You always go ahead sidewise!"

"I can't," Robert answered hoarsely, "I 've no right to; but I 'll tell you the sort of thing I mean. Suppose that I had learned, after giving it to you in good faith, that that Corot was not an original. Suppose that you could never discover the cheat for yourself. Should I tell you?"

Alan laughed, glancing at the dark canvas framed in a great oblong of dull gold, which made a glimmering brightness on the chimney-breast. "Well, I should be happier to be ignorant, no doubt; but that does n't help you any. I trust this is only an illustration, Robert?"

"You think I should tell you?"

"Why, I don't see how you could do anything else," Alan said, with that interest in a question of ethics which is almost a part of a lazy temperament. "I 'm sorry for you if you 've got to open anybody's eyes, but I 'm sorrier for the other man. You 've no choice, so far as I can see. If you give what you think is a jewel to your friend, and afterwards discover that it is paste, you 've got to tell him, — all the more, that the friend, just because he is a friend, might never know it (only he would; those things always leak out in time); and as for your picture illustration, which is unpleasantly personal, art would be profaned if you called a spurious thing by its name, to say nothing of the lie of silence! Poor Bob!"

He drew his bow across the strings, and there was a rollicking laugh from the violin.

Robert groaned. "But there are things one cannot do, because they are impossible!"

"That does not follow, Steele," Alan said sympathetically, watching his friend's restless walk about the room. ("What in the world has come into his mind now?" he was asking himself. "I wonder if he means to divide his fortune among the stockholders who were pinched, and is afraid to break it to Miss Sally?")

"I know it! I know it!" cried Robert passionately. "Yes, if there is an impossible thing demanded by duty, by God, the impossibility is God's, the duty is ours. Yes, you are right, — you are right; it is to be done."

"But, my dear fellow," expostulated Alan, "glittering generalities are my forte; you must not make my words particular. The first thing I know, you 'll say I have advised you to do Heaven knows what! And look here; I don't believe in examining your conscience in this way. I tell you, Bob, there is a point where concern about right and wrong becomes the subtilest kind of egotism. Yes, sir, you 'd be a better man if you were n't so confoundedly good, — if you had a little more of the devil in you!"

Robert was not listening; he shook his head, with a gesture which meant that all was decided. "I *will*," he said to himself; and yet, oddly enough, as he reached the point where he saw himself capable of his duty, a flash of memory brought back the peace of the conquered dreams, the refuge of morphine. He thrust it out of his mind in an instant; but it had come.

Alan looked at him anxiously. "You

make too much of this thing, whatever it is. If anybody is mistaken through a mistake of yours, it is n't an unpardonable offense; go and explain, and get the thing off your mind. Man alive! it is n't such a great matter. One would think you were a young woman upon the steps of the altar discovering that she did n't love the man."

A strange look came into Robert's face. Alan had a sudden and terrible thought; so terrible did it seem to him that even as it flashed into his mind he banished it, as an insult to his friend. His face burned at his own meanness.

Robert sat down, bending forward, with his hands clasped between his knees. "Alan, the space between a man's ideal and the man himself is his opportunity. But God help the man who hates his ideal!"

"I don't know what you 're driving at?" said Alan cheerfully.

After a pause Robert spoke, and his voice was curiously dull: "I 'm going; you have given me good advice, and I shall take it."

"Oh, now," Alan protested again, "I tell you, I object to giving suggestions in the dark!"

Robert smiled a little, but he had nothing more to say. There seemed to be no alternative now, and that brought a sort of peace.

"It would profane love to call a spurious thing by its name," he thought afterward, going over Alan's arguments, "and silence would be a lie." To hear his own convictions put into words by some one else gave him new confidence in his often broken resolution to tell Miss Sally.

The doctor was puzzled by Robert's abrupt departure, as well as by those confused questions. "I wish he was n't so ridiculously conscientious," he thought. "People don't appreciate it unless they know him well, and it keeps them from liking him, — though it makes them love him!" Then he smiled, and reflected that when Steele saw fit to speak out he would do so, and that it was absurd to feel any anxiety beforehand. Instead, he began to think of Sidney, and later, in the afternoon, he went to Mrs. Paul's, where his hope of finding her was fulfilled. She had come in to read the paper to the fierce old woman, who had grown more bitter and impatient in these last weeks than Sidney had ever seen her. With the new look in Mrs. Paul's face, since her estrangement from her son, had come a new feeling into the girl's heart; it was pity. But she only knew it as a vague discomfort in Mrs. Paul's presence, which she resented; so she kept away from her as much as possible. She would not have been here today, had she not been sent for; although Miss Sally was too busy to come, conveniently, and had thought of asking Sidney to take her place. Miss Sally had developed in the last few months a mild self-assertion, which even Sidney had noticed, not because of what it was in itself, but because of its contrast with the past. However, as Mrs. Paul's message had come, it had not been necessary for Miss Sally to make her request, and Sidney had gone over to the other house in silent reluctance. She did not look at Mrs. Paul in her usual direct way; the pain and perplexity in the face of the older woman were too unpleasant. She made haste to open the daily paper, that she might begin to read at once, but stopped for a moment of surprise at seeing, instead of the broad head-line of The Republican, on which she had been brought up, the smaller Roman letters of The Independent Press. Mrs. Paul actually blushed.

"I 'm told that it is a very decent paper. I am not a person who looks only on one side. I was never unjust in my life. And — my — my son is connected with The Independent Press."

"Yes," Sidney answered, "I heard Mr. Paul talking of it to father, last Sunday."

"Last Sunday? I did not see him

on Sunday — I mean I would not see him. I disapprove of this newspaper folly, and he knows it. Though it won't last, — it won't last! But I am willing to overlook it; he may come in, if he wishes to, the next time he is in Mercer. You might tell him so. Only I'll have no talk of — of that Townsend girl! Just let him understand that!" Her hands trembled as she spoke.

"Mrs. Paul," said Sidney tranquilly, "if you knew Miss Townsend, I think you would like her."

"What!" cried Mrs. Paul. "You would dictate my likes and dislikes, would you? And I can tell you, I know quite enough of her. I know that she meditates marrying my son against my wishes. But how long is it that you have been an advocate of marriage, Sidney? This shows what stuff your theories are made of."

"I think," the girl answered, in a low voice, "that it is a pity they should love each other; but since they do, it would be happier for them if you were friendly."

"Well!" said Mrs. Paul. "But I don't know why I should expect you to be different from the rest of the world; of course you are inconsistent. Your father is the only consistent person I ever knew, and that is because he has no soul. There! don't look at me in that manner; I know more about your father than you do, I can tell you! And what does he think of your passion for this Townsend girl?"

"Why, he admires her himself, — he thinks her charming."

"Mortimer Lee has not the slightest idea what *charming* means," returned Mrs. Paul contemptuously. "Now, remember you are to tell John I wish — or at least that I am willing that he should come here at once. I am tired of this folly."

"Shall I not write a little note," Sidney pleaded, "and say that you want to see him?"

"Certainly not! I don't want to see him unless he can behave himself. Tell him he may come; do you hear me? I am willing that he should come. Put it any way you choose, only don't bother me about it. Just say that he is to come."

It was at this moment that Alan made his appearance, and the subject of John's disobedience was dropped.

Mrs. Paul's past was too vivid a remembrance to her to allow her to feel any surprise that Alan Crossan came so often to see her; but for once she forgot herself in the purpose which had been growing in her mind since that day when she had suggested to Major Lee the possibility which had given him so much discomfort. She was waiting her time to make the same suggestion to Sidney. Indeed, so far as subtile words had gone, she had already done so, but had never yet brought the conscious color into the girl's face. Now, as she saw Alan, she cried out, with a significant look, "She is here, doctor!" Alan's radiant face answered her. That any one should recognize what his heart knew gave it a reality that elated him beyond words. "You are just too late to hear Sidney advocating marriage," she continued. "Did you know that she approves of love?"

Alan dared not look at the young woman at his side; yet he might have done so without giving her an instant's embarrassment.

"No, you misunderstood me, Mrs. Paul. We were speaking of some people who love each other, Alan, and I said it was a pity, — that was all."

Alan walked home with Sidney, tingling with the exhilaration of recognized love, but she was as unconscious of the passion in his eyes as a dreamer is of the sunshine.

Margaret Deland.

THE NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: ITS GROWING INEFFICIENCY AS A LEGISLATIVE BODY.

At the close of the Middle Ages, every effort which had been made in the direction of representative government upon the continent of Europe had come to an end. From that time down to the French Revolution, the English parliamentary system survived as the solitary representative of what is generally known as popular government. Since the overturning in 1789 nearly all the states of continental Europe have organized national assemblies after the model of the English Parliament, in a spirit of conscious imitation. As Sir Henry Maine has stated it, "The British political model was followed by France, by Spain and Portugal, and by Holland and Belgium combined in the kingdom of the Netherlands; and, after a long interval, by Germany, Italy, and Austria." [1] But the typical English national assembly, embodying what is generally known as the bicameral or two-chamber system, was not copied into the continental European constitutions until it had first been reproduced and popularized by the founders of the federal republic of the United States. When the colonial commonwealths in America severed the tie of political dependence which bound them to the mother country, and rose to the full stature of sovereign States, they, with a single exception, organized their several legislatures after the ancient model as it existed in the insular system. The framers of the Federal Constitution of 1787, forsaking the original idea of a federal assembly consisting of a single chamber, adopted the English system of two chambers in the form in which that system had reappeared in the several States. The adaptation of this dual system to the complicated interests of a federal republic gave rise to difficulties in the Federal Convention which at one time seemed to be insurmountable. All who are familiar with the history of the convention know that, upon a resolution offered by Virginia, the fact was settled, as a starting-point, that, however the respective branches of the new legislature might be organized, it should consist of two houses instead of one. As to the composition of the houses themselves, the question which first arose was whether or no the lower house should be organized upon a popular basis, after the model of the English House of Commons. After a debate, in which such men as Gerry, Sherman, Martin, and the Pinckneys expressed grave distrust of the wisdom of the people, the convention was induced by Madison, Hamilton, Wilson, and others to decide that the members of the lower house should be chosen directly by popular election. When this difficulty was removed, the convention was free to grapple with the supreme question before it, — the question whether or no the States in their corporate capacity were to be represented in the new assembly. If the "Virginia plan," which recognized population as the only basis of representation, was to prevail, the smaller States — which, under the Articles of Confederation, were entitled to an equal vote — would be placed at the mercy of their more populous associates. At this stage of the proceedings, as a counter blast to the Virginia scheme, the smaller States, under the lead of William Patterson, brought before the convention the "New Jersey plan," which proposed nothing more than a reformation of the Articles of Confederation. When angry and protracted debate between the opposing parties had brought the convention to the verge of

[1] Popular Government, p. 13.

dissolution, Sherman and Ellsworth suggested the famous "Connecticut Compromise," which proposed that the national principle contended for by the greater States should prevail in the organization of the lower house, and that the federal principle claimed by the smaller States should prevail in the organization of the upper house, or Senate, in whose constitution the elective principle was to take the place of hereditary right. Thus modified by republican and federal ideas, the English bicameral system, in the form in which it had reappeared in the several States, passed into the Constitution of the United States.

The facts which have so far been epitomized as to the adaptation of the English bicameral system to the complicated wants of our federal republic are generally understood. What is not generally understood is this: At the time the adaptation was made, the relations which existed between the English Executive and the Parliament were radically different from what they have since become. At that moment cabinet government in England did not exist. As Mr. Bryce has recently observed, "In 1787, when the constitutional convention met at Philadelphia, the cabinet system of government was in England still immature. It was so immature that its true nature had not been perceived." [1] During the reigns of the first two Georges the foundations of the modern ministerial system were firmly laid, but in the presence of the imperious will of George III. its growth was checked; for a time it passed into eclipse. In the midst of this eclipse the Federal Convention met. The fathers had, therefore, no opportunity to view the working of the English Constitution in its later form; they had no opportunity to witness that perfect accord and cohesion which now exist in England between the cabinet, who represent the dominant party, and the majority of that party in the House of Commons. As the English model was the acknowledged standard for imitation, it was naturally copied in the form in which it then presented itself to the gaze of the convention. In the teeth of the prevailing prejudice against monarchy, it was no easy task to devise an acceptable scheme through which the federal President should be clothed with the constitutional attributes of an English king. Yet that result was substantially accomplished. And here let the fact be emphasized, that the kingship whose constitutional attributes the framers reproduced was not the shadowy kingship of to-day, which reigns, but does not govern. "The figure they had before them was not a generalized English king nor an abstract constitutional monarch; it was no anticipation of Queen Victoria, but George III. himself, whom they took for their model. Fifty years earlier or a hundred years later, the English king would have struck them in quite a different light." [2]

By the Reform Bill of 1832 and the Reform Act of 1867, the actual control of the English House of Commons — upon which the Revolution of 1688 had conferred political supremacy — was transferred from the titled and untitled landed aristocracy to the main body of the English people. By these acts, the House of Commons has been converted into substantially such a representative national assembly as the fathers intended to create when they laid the foundations of our House of Representatives. Mr. Bagehot, in his brilliant review of cabinet government in England, has said: "There are indeed practical men who reject the dignified parts of government. They say, We want only to attain results, *to do business;* a constitution is a collection of political means for political ends, and if you admit that any part of a constitution does no business, or that a simpler machine would do equally as well what it does, you admit that this

[1] Amer. Commonwealth, vol. i. p. 273.

[2] Maine, Popular Government, p. 212.

part of the constitution, however dignified or awful it may be, is nevertheless in truth useless." The House of Commons is the business department, the workshop, of the English Constitution; and its capacity to do business, its capacity to grapple with and dispose of the great and complicated mass of affairs that come before it, grows out of the subtle yet practical relation which it bears to the executive power as embodied in the modern system of cabinet government. As all the world knows, the English cabinet is simply a governing committee, chosen by the dominant party in the House of Commons out of its own ranks, to which the Crown commits the executive power for so long a time as it can command a majority in the popular chamber. The efficacy of this system grows out of the fact that the governing committee, or cabinet, is authorized and expected to take the initiative in all great matters of legislation, to formulate them in the shape of bills, and to present them in the House for acceptance or objection. If the judgment of the House is not accepted as final, an appeal can be taken to the people, who can, in the last resort, in voting for members, pass directly upon the great matters in which they feel the deepest interest. The business part of the English Constitution in its modern form rests, therefore, upon the following principles: first, the governing power in the state is vested in the House of Commons; second, the powers of the House belong for the time being to that political party which can command the votes of a majority of its members; third, the directing power of the dominant party is vested in a committee called the cabinet; fourth, it is the duty of the cabinet to formulate all the great measures of administration and legislation, and to take the initiative in presenting them to the consideration of the popular chamber. The steam power which drives the constitutional machinery is the power of party. The execution of that power the dominant party commits to a board of control, the cabinet, which is composed of the real chiefs of the party. Thus a corporate and impersonal leadership is created, which concentrates and applies the total force of the majority to the solution of every great question with which it is called upon to deal. In the modern English system there is a perfect adjustment between the legislative constitution and the political force which puts it in motion. It is the lack of that perfect adjustment between the driving force and the constitutional machinery which creates the friction and delay in legislation from which we now suffer in the United States. An impersonal and corporate party leadership, armed with the power to take the initiative in legislation, and to apply the total and undivided force of the party in possession of the executive office to the questions of overshadowing national importance, is the desideratum of American politics.

Those who have carefully observed the procedure of our national House of Representatives during the last twenty years can hardly differ as to the fact that it is yearly becoming more and more unequal to the task of discharging the vast and intricate duties which are cast upon it by the ever-increasing wants of our complex national life. That this inadequacy will increase as our domain widens and as our population increases can scarcely be doubted, provided no way can be found to remove the impediments which now choke up the main channel of national legislation. The public generally understands that at every session, after ten thousand or more bills and joint resolutions have been dumped in upon the House, it goes through a protracted period of outward activity, during which it deliberates very little, and legislates less, so far as vital national interests are concerned. The House is thus beginning to be looked upon as a vast graveyard, in which all serious

national business is laid to rest. The conviction is every day deepening that the overshadowing questions touching taxation, finance, the public defense, and the like enter its portals only to perish in a despairing struggle with the elements of political obstruction, which even their urgency has no power to overcome. In this way the House is ceasing to be the workshop of the Constitution; it is degenerating into an expensive and unwieldy machine, which does little or no business of real value and importance. Only a few years ago, the confusion and stagnation became so acute that the House was driven to adopt the humiliating expedient of a "Steering Committee," in the vain hope of extricating itself from the bog created by the inefficiency of its own cumbrous procedure. These well-known facts have for a long time been the subject of satire and of invective, to the detriment of the reputation of the House, both at home and abroad. One of the profoundest and most partial of our foreign critics (Mr. Freeman), after carefully observing the procedure of both houses, wrote not long ago as follows: "I may here quote the remark of an acute American friend, that the Senate is as much superior to the House of Lords as the House of Representatives is inferior to the House of Commons. . . . The Senate seemed truly a Senate; the House of Representatives struck me as a scene of mere hubbub rather than of real debate." However this may be, one thing is certain, and that is that the inefficiency of the House does not grow out of any inferiority of its membership to that of the Senate, but rather out of the cumbersome and unwieldy parliamentary system by which its energies are paralyzed. The root of the evil lies in the absence of an efficient and organized connection between the cabinet and the members of the political party in the House which the cabinet represents; in the absence of the right of the cabinet to appear upon the floor of the House, and to lift up out of the mass of legislations the vital and urgent national questions upon which the legislative mind should be concentrated. There is no effective fighting force in the House, armed with the power to take the initiative and to force the great questions to an issue. The right of initiative in legislation is really reduced to zero by being subdivided among the forty or more standing committees of the House, to which was referred "all proposed legislation," under the old eleventh rule.

The single question which the writer of this article desires to propound is this: Cannot the practical working of the legislative department of our Federal Constitution, *constructed after the English model as it existed a century ago*, be improved in the light of the invaluable changes which have been made in the old machine since that time? In other words, if our fathers were wise enough in their day to adapt to the wants of the new-born republic the very best of everything which then existed in the English political system, should not the present generation be fertile enough in political resources to utilize and adapt to our present needs a most valuable improvement in the old system, which is in successful daily operation before our eyes?

A fortunate thing it is that a growing reverence for the Constitution of the United States is ever present to thwart the empirics who are continually proposing to amend some vital part of its organic structure. But it is one thing to alter the organic structure of a system, and quite another to devise expedients by which the practical operation of that system may be rendered more harmonious. The operator of a Corliss engine, who would shrink from the task of tampering with any of its vital elements, is always striving, by a careful lubrication and adjustment of its parts, to obtain from it the greatest possible

amount of work with the least possible amount of friction. Such is the task and mission of those who are now called upon to operate the constitutional machinery of the United States. The framers of the Constitution wisely left to congressional and party action a wide domain, in which it is practicable to devise, in the light of experience, methods and expedients by which the daily working of the federal system may be rendered more prompt and efficacious. There is no organic defect in the Constitution itself, but there is a lack of cohesion and adjustment between the legislative department and the political force which puts it in motion. Ours is a government of parties, — a system which presupposes compact party organization and efficient party leadership. It is an historical fact that, from the foundation of the government, the politics of the country have been dominated by one or the other of two great political organizations with more or less definite political creeds. In every national contest each party undertakes to formulate its convictions, and to announce them in the party platform which emanates from the leading minds that dominate the convention. Upon these platforms presidential candidates are nominated, and each party pledges itself, in the event of success, to give effect to its policy through practical legislation.

Down to this point our system of party organization works well. The trouble begins when the newly elected President and his cabinet, as the ostensible leaders of the successful party, undertake to give effect to the programme upon which it has triumphed. The fact that the cabinet has neither place nor voice in the popular chamber renders it unnecessary, in fact inexpedient, for the President to form his cabinet council out of the real leaders of his party. Thus, unknown and untried men — sometimes ambitious plutocrats who have simply made large gifts to the party chest — are often for the first time brought to the front as pilots of the ship of state. As the administration has neither place nor voice in either house, it can offer in neither, in its own name, any scheme of legislation designed to carry out a definite policy. In this way, the President and his cabinet are driven to the humiliating necessity of appealing to this or that party leader in the Senate or House to get up something in the way of a bill or bills to redeem the pledges of the party platform. The great magnates thus appealed to do not always agree with the administration even as to what their own party teaches; each one is apt to have his own personal "views," and before long he begins to talk about "my policy." Hampered by this impotent system of personalism, of organized confusion, the party in possession of the executive power soon begins to drift helplessly upon a sea of troubles. If any great party measure is formulated, it must be the work of some self-constituted individual who gives the measure his name; and if by chance it passes all the rocks and shoals in its path, he becomes at last one of the immortals.

The great defect in this eccentric and personal system is that no one can now acquire sufficient personal authority for the end in view. What man in the House to-day, on either side, can demand that it pause and listen to him, while he presses upon it the urgent national questions which should first be disposed of? Here the question may be asked, How is it that we have gone on so well under the old system for so long a time? The answer is that that time has passed; our legislative business has so increased that the time has now come when we must have greater facilities and more efficient methods. There was a time when England had no cabinet, in the modern sense of that term, to take the lead in the Commons, and there

direct and drive the business of the kingdom. But that was when Parliament was little more than the local legislature of Great Britain, and not the supreme council of an empire. The business of our House of Representatives has grown, until it is nearly, if not quite, as vast and complex as that of the House of Commons. Under the pressure of it the primitive system has broken down, and we must now devise new expedients adequate to changed conditions. The practical question, therefore, is this: How can we so change our political and parliamentary methods as to obtain all the real advantages of the English cabinet system? If the end can be obtained at all, it must be through the adoption of two simple expedients.

First. The starting-point should be a bill which would confer upon the cabinet the right to a place and voice in each house, *with the right to offer in each such schemes of legislation as it might see fit to advocate.* Some years ago, Mr. Pendleton took a timid step in the right direction when he offered a bill which proposed to give to the cabinet the right to appear in each house, and to debate pending questions. The fatal defect in that bill was its failure to authorize the ministers to submit to the houses formulated measures of legislation. The end in view cannot be attained unless we vest in the administration the right to take the initiative, so as to force to an issue all the great questions upon which the public mind is divided. It is not necessary that the ministers should have the right to vote; it is only necessary that they should have the right to submit bills and to debate them. Here it may be asked, What practical good would be accomplished if the administration could not command a majority in either house? The answer is that the executive government would possess the power to lift up out of the bog in which they now lie each one of the great questions as to which legislation is most needed; it could then force their consideration upon the House until definite action was had; and then in the first congressional election that followed the people could vote indirectly, in choosing their representatives, upon every question upon which the House had acted or refused to act. When a period of ten years is taken, we have quite as many, if not more, appeals to the people than usually occur in that length of time in England. The trouble is that in these elections the people are not permitted to pass upon definite propositions. Our congressional elections are therefore ceasing to be, what they should be, occasions upon which the people can express their views upon urgent and practical questions. It may also be asked, If the ministers are defeated in the House, should they be forced, as under the present French parliamentary system, to resign office before the constitutional term of the President expires? The answer is that under our Constitution no such provision would be either necessary or desirable. From the history of the Swiss cabinet system, which seems to stand midway between the parliamentary and congressional systems, we learn that a ministry with a definite term works well in practice. In a recent article in The Nation, entitled The Swiss Cabinet, the writer has this to say: "When, however, bills urged or approved by the Council are rejected by the Legislature, the ordinary parliamentary result does not take place. No one feels obliged to resign. The cabinet is elected for a given time, and, being thus established, sudden and frequent crises are avoided. . . . The chief objection to party government — violent and rapid changes of ministries — would seem to be overcome by a compromise which secures both responsibility to the majority in the Legislature and a known tenure of office." The great end to be attained is an investing of the cabinet

with the power to force every great national question to an issue in the House of Representatives, so that the people may pass directly upon the result in the next congressional election. The party that undertook to oppose the measures of the administration would of course be forced to propose better ones in order to maintain itself in the confidence of the people. Issues would thus be clearly defined, definite results would be reached, questions would be settled, and business would be disposed of.

Second. To vest in the cabinet the right to appear in both houses, initiate legislation, and then debate it, would be simply to make of them a dumb show, unless they go armed as the authorized and official representatives of the party to which they belong. The mere right to appear in the houses is a matter of no moment whatever, unless the cabinet can represent, in its corporate person, the political force which alone can make its presence effective. Nothing could be more simple than for each of the great parties, by a resolution of its national convention, to vest in its presidential candidate and his cabinet, in the event of success, the official party leadership, according to the English practice. In that way, the whole vexatious and inefficient system of personal dictatorship could be cut up by the roots, and supplanted by an impersonal system, which would be not only more effective, but more agreeable to the sensibilities of the average American. Nothing is easier for an American party man to understand than that the business and policy of his party are in the hands of a committee in whose selection he has had a voice. No party that has confidence enough in a man to elect him President should be unwilling to entrust to him the selection of the committee which shall shape the conduct of the party during his administration. From this condition of things two good results would follow: first, no party would dare to nominate any but its real chief for the presidential office; second, no President would dare to select any but the real party leaders as his cabinet ministers. The lead in public affairs would thus pass, neither to accidents nor to personal favorites and friends, but to the real leaders of the people.

If a readjustment is ever brought about, upon the lines indicated in this article, between the driving force of the political party in possession of the executive power and the legislative machinery which such force is expected to put in motion, the House of Representatives will of course become, in a sense in which it never was before, the workshop of the Constitution. It will be, more than ever before, a place in which the party which possesses a majority will be expected to enact legislation without unreasonable or vexatious obstruction from the minority. Our whole system of representative government rests upon the principle that the majority, after patiently listening to the minority, shall possess the ultimate power to decide what law or policy shall prevail. For years the two great parties have divided the votes of the House in such equal proportions that it has become the fashion for the minority systematically to pursue such a plan of obstruction as to make all legislation upon contested questions practically impossible. Under this system of obstruction, for which both parties are equally responsible, the usefulness of the House has in a great measure disappeared, and the country is left to suffer the consequences. Although we are groaning under a war-tariff, which both parties admit should be reduced and reformed, no legislation even on that subject is possible. The first mutterings of the storm have been heard. The party now in possession of a scant majority in the House has made a revolutionary effort so to weaken the opposition as to enable it to do business.

Certain rulings of Speaker Reed have no doubt been revolutionary, if a departure from settled parliamentary precedent in the effort to do business can be called revolution. The most significant fact which the pending contest has so far developed is embodied in the statement which Speaker Reed is said to have made to the Associated Press, in explanation or apology for his conduct. The substance of this statement, as reported, is that the members of the House cannot be permitted to stand idly by and draw their pay; that every legitimate resource must be exhausted in the effort to expedite the public business. The public demand is becoming so imperious that the internal contentions of the House, which have for so long hindered and delayed urgent legislation upon a series of great national questions, shall cease, that the dominant party has been compelled to resort even to revolutionary tactics, in the effort to obtain the power to act. If the next congressional election shall put the Democratic party, as it possibly will, in possession of a bare majority, the same deadlock will recur, and the same imperious voice will demand that the majority shall be armed with the power to act. As the grievance which this unfortunate condition of things produces is national, the demand for its removal extends far beyond the limits of party. No reform will come from within until the leaders of both parties in the House are made to understand that there is an imperious popular demand that the lower house must so reform its procedure as permanently to vest in the majority of the dominant party, whichever it may be, the power to act.

It may be claimed that the Republican majority, by the adoption of the new rules, has already accomplished that result. If it has, a starting-point only has been gained. No decided and lasting change for the better can be brought about until there is established a real and practical connection between the working majority in the House and the executive government. The old worn-out congressional system, under which the initiative in legislation is vested in a large number of committees without any common leadership, can never be made adequate to the present wants of the country until it is so remodeled as to vest the initiative in legislation touching great national questions in a single grand committee, the cabinet, which should be clothed with the official leadership of the party which it represents.

Hannis Taylor.

ROD'S SALVATION.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

V.

During the next week things did not grow better. Rod was absent more and more, and had less and less to say about his employments. Fayal was too proud to ask questions, but her misery grew with the silence. He was restless, excited, or discontented, and somewhat sullen; and her eyes, as they followed him about the room, or as he made his hasty exit after supper, were dark with suffering. When, in all the years of their two lives before now, had he gone off without her for a "cruise around," morning, afternoon, or evening? He had not even to call her; she was by his side as a matter of course. They

two, all ignorant of the rarity of it, had known the bliss of perfect, sufficing companionship; and now that it was past, of course it was on one heart that the bitterness of the loss chiefly bore.

The old people saw it all. Do not the old people always? And when youth thinks age irresponsive, weak, submissive, is it not only that it has so often seen it all?

It was at sunset, one clear afternoon, after the early tea, that Fayal threw a shawl over her shoulders and stepped out into the lane, and, nodding to her grandmother at the window, with the smile that had ceased in the last weeks to be brilliant, and become only sweet, walked slowly out towards the open country. The kind old blue eyes watched her till she was out of sight; then Mrs. Wheelock turned around and faced her husband, who was looking out of the window, too, over her shoulder.

"Well?" said she.

"Well?" answered Captain Wheelock, shaking his head.

There was a pause while Mrs. Wheelock went over to her accustomed seat and picked up her knitting.

"She is n't used to it," observed the captain, somewhat apologetically. "It 's been plain sailing up to now."

"Yes," assented the old lady calmly. "This is a voyage to learn."

Then they sat placidly into the twilight, talking now about this little matter, then that, while the girl whom they both loved was absent, "taking her turn at the wheel," as Captain Trent would have said.

It did not take Fayal long to get into the open country. The little spot of houses was soon left behind, and the wandering road, with its divisions of footpaths twisting about in the grass which here and there spilled over the low white fences from the small door-yards, became a yet more wandering guide over the common and undivided land. Captain Trent's house was the last one in this direction, and as Fayal passed Mary Jane came to the open door.

"Good-evening, Fayal Grant," she said. "Have you heard that Susan Whitton's brother, that 's been studying so hard all winter, sickened and died yesterday, over awn the mainland?"

"No," answered Fayal, leaning on the palings. "Why, I 'm so sorry."

"Yes; the news came this forenoon. William brought it over. I meant to stawp in and tell you before, but there 's been a heavy sea awn all day, what with getting the baking done and having Julia Spence to help with the sewing."

"Poor Susan! I 'm so sorry for her."

"Yes, it 's a dreadful thing; and he was a very pretty young man, too."

"Yes, he was."

"And very well educated, too, but you 'd never know it."

Fayal assented again, sadly. Both women recognized that commendation could go no further than this.

"Well, they say he 'll have a very handsome obituary notice in the Seacove paper," declared Mary Jane, with a cheerful confidence that even death may have its compensations, — "a very handsome notice indeed."

"I 'm glad of that. I hope it will be a comfort to Susan." Fayal's voice dropped into a somewhat doubtful intonation as she turned away. Her mind reverted constantly to Susan, as she picked her way over the deep ruts in the grassy roads, to turn out of which put in apparently imminent peril the wheels of any adventurous charioteer as well as his own bones. To have one's brother lying dead in one's sight, — that was terrible! Fayal had had no experience of death; it was as yet only a fact to her, not a reality; but she knew, at least, that it meant strangeness, separation, and silence. It was better even to see Rod loving her less, caring less

for her companionship, than to have him gone, to live without him, — oh, a thousand times better! Poor Susan Whitton!

But Fayal was still too young, too unused to trouble, to find consolation in the knowledge that there were worse things than that she was undergoing; and it was sadly enough that, having reached a point where the sea stretched forth on nearly three sides of her, while on the other the level land was unrolled to the horizon, with only the poor little huddled gray houses of Seacove in the near distance to break the lines of uniformity, she sank down on the dry grass, and looked landward towards the sunset. She heard nothing except the low accompaniment that was never wanting at Seacove, the break of the waves on the beach. As far away from the village as this, even those few sounds that come with twilight were lost, — the tinkling of the cowbells, the shutting of doors and windows, the good-nights of neighbors called to each other across the lanes. There were rarely more strident noises than these in Seacove; it was a singularly quiet place, and the women had low voices. The western heavens were bronze, illuminated with molten gold, and in the midst hung the sun, a globe of crimson fire, with, about it, clouds of yellow and flaming rose. Beneath, the earth itself glowed with a tender color, which was dark only when it touched the radiance of the sky. As her eyes, dazzled by this magnificence, turned to the sea, they saw there a tossing stretch of tinted lights and shadows, and a pink sky over it, the eastern clouds reflecting the western brightness, and the mist in the horizon shimmering with the warmth that lay before its face. Perhaps Fayal was too used to the glory of Seacove sunsets to be much moved by them, but it did not uplift her to-night. The sun sank below the darker earth, the flaming colors disappeared, as she sat there; the blue dropped down over the green and lavender, and the eastern sky lost its pink reflections and grew slate-color before she moved at all; then she turned her head quickly, in response to a voice behind her.

"I have found you at last, Fayal," said Dan Farnor.

Fayal turned slowly away again, and did not reply for a moment. The sky was dark, and the clouds, which had seemed marshaled only to contribute to the splendor of the occasion, showed themselves instead opposing and dangerous forces which threatened to sweep all light from the earth. The sea was a wide-stretching gray waste, shrouded by a mist; no longer a shimmering veil of beauty, but a cold swathing garment, which would make sight and motion impossible.

"I thought you went over to the mainland to-day," said Fayal.

"So I did go, but I've just come back."

"Did you bring Rod with you?"

She spoke with an anxiety which she made no attempt to conceal. She was, however, restraining her impulse to rush home and greet her brother. She had learned lately that this was not always the best thing to do.

"Yes, I brought Rod."

There was a contemptuous carelessness in his voice which filled Fayal with wild anger, but, with instinctive and unusual self-control, she kept silence. She was angry with herself, as well as with him, that she had framed her question in just that way. Farnor seated himself beside her on the ground.

"I knew you did n't want him to stay over there all night," added Farnor.

Fayal said nothing. She was, indeed, glad that Rod was at home again, but she would give this man no thanks for it.

"I guess you have learned that I can bring him home to you about when I want to," he went on.

Fayal flashed an indignant glance at him.

"This seems to be a voyage to learn," she retorted, unconsciously making use of the same quaint phrase that had risen to her grandmother's lips; "and I guess you 've learned that you don't get much thanks for it."

"No, that 's a fact," assented the man; "but they 'll come some time, when you want him worse than you have yet."

Fayal turned towards him again, and swept him with a look of superb disdain.

"You think that I 'll come to you for him, do you?"

"I know you will."

Fayal's form was slighter, her cheeks were paler, and her eyes not so brilliant as when she had thrown open the door of the club-room, three weeks ago, but she looked like a spirited young goddess still, as she said slowly, —

"So you 're threatening me, Dan Farnor?"

"I 'll threaten you or anything else to make you think of me, and acknowledge that I 'm something to you," was the dogged answer.

"So that 's the way the people whom you come from make love, is it? That 's not the way to talk to a Seacove girl, though. We 're used to *men* down here."

The contempt in her voice was so genuine that it touched Farnor as perhaps nothing else would have done, but not as it would have touched a finer man. His self-love was of the sort that could not bear to know that he was underrated.

"And I am used to women," he returned angrily; "and I know there are other ways of making a girl like you than the straightforward way you are used to down here."

It was a foolish boast, and Farnor's sensitiveness to ridicule made him feel that it was, after he had made it; but he believed it, all the same. Fayal laughed a low, scornful laugh, which she would have been incapable of a month earlier.

"I guess you need n't be afraid of anybody's thinking you 're straightforward," she said.

"I don't care what they think," he rejoined sullenly.

"And as for making people like you, — well, I guess you might as well go at it next time, tilt a bucket, 'the way we do here;' you could n't have worse luck than you 've had." Her mocking laugh and her words were maddening to the man, who, with all his faults, loved her. Moreover, he had made more than one mistake this evening, and the knowledge of this irritated him into making more.

She had risen, and he picked himself up, too, and faced her.

"You will take back every word you have said to me to-night," he asserted angrily.

"Do you think I will?" she questioned contemptuously. "You 've said something like that before. I am going home now," she added.

"Going to find Rod?"

"Yes," she answered defiantly, "to find Rod."

"Fayal, Fayal!" exclaimed Farnor passionately. She was very beautiful, standing there in the misty twilight. "Why do you treat me like an enemy?"

"Because you are my enemy."

"I could be your best friend."

"You will never be my best friend."

"I can bring Rod back to you."

"Rod will come back to me without your help."

She spoke confidently, but she was tired, — tired out. She was utterly unused to emotional crises. She would have left him, but he followed her, and they walked back in an almost complete silence, which he broke at the door of the Wheelock cottage.

"I told you you 'd listen to me, and you have listened to me," he said. "Now I have warned you twice, and it is no use. Next time you 'll talk differently."

His vanity told him that, although he undoubtedly had a good deal of power

in his hands, the advantage of this interview had not been altogether on his side. Certain of her words and looks it irked him to remember; for once the menace in his words failed to rouse her. She scarcely heard him, and certainly gave no heed to what he might or might not be saying; for she had looked into the sitting-room window, and had seen Rod sitting alone in the high-backed rocker, his head on his hand. Quickly she slipped into the house, and, without a word or look at Farnor, shut the door behind her, and left him standing outside in the misty evening. The angry man waited an instant, with the annoying consciousness that his last shot had missed fire, and through the same window saw her enter the sitting-room, toss off the shawl that she had held tightly around her in the chilly evening, and, going up behind Rod, lay her hand softly on his tumbled curls. He waited to see no more, but flung himself away, down the tiny lane. He had taken a path from which all such manliness as was in him revolted; he had risked some money and a good deal of reputation, and had fretted through many a tiresome hour, in this stupid hole, as he characterized Seacove, — forgetting that places where we have met love and revenge and disappointment, face to face, can hardly be called stupid by the most exacting of us. All this he had done, and was doing, for the sake of a woman who forgot his very existence in the presence of a silly boy whose weakness he had made his tool, and who, unheeding even her own danger, left him outside alone, that she might meet this boy with a caress which, he told himself, he would have given half his life to induce her to bestow upon him.

VI.

It was not long before things reached a climax which Fayal, had she been older and wiser, might have foreseen, and, had she been less single-minded in her devotion and a shade or two less truthful, might possibly have prevented.

One night Rod did not come at all. As usual, Fayal sat up long after the old people had gone to sleep, with that apparent indifference which, to her youth and intensity, was a strange and an unnatural thing; but at midnight, an unheard-of hour for Seacove dissipation to prolong itself to, she too, exhausted and miserable, dragged herself out of the big chair and crawled into bed.

With one of those intuitions, strong where love is strong, she felt that he would not come home that night. She was sure that she should not sleep, but trouble and anxiety had not yet so cowed the riotous health that was her birthright that she could be wakeful through the long hours which lead to morning. She slept heavily, but waked early to hear Rod's step outside and his hand on the latch. In a few minutes she was downstairs, and, entering the kitchen, found him building the fire, his usual morning duty. He did not turn to greet her as she came in, but poor Fayal had learned to do without the almost lover-like demonstrations which had formerly been to her as sun and air. Yet it touched her that he had come home in time to save her the trouble of making the fire, as he knew she would have done, rather than let her grandfather suspect his absence. She stepped quickly to his side.

"It was good of you, Rod" — she began.

"Don't!" he interrupted sharply, as if she had hurt him. "I'm not good to do anything! Don't say it." Then he recovered himself, and glanced up at her only to look down again, and resume in an altered voice, "You gave me a start, Fay, coming in like that."

Fayal stood astonished, dismayed, by the change in him. His face was pale and haggard, with purple lines under his blue eyes, and a worried, apprehensive

look strayed about his eyes and mouth. Moreover, there was something else, — indefinable, unmistakable, — something which went straight to Fayal's heart, bringing a feeling of dread; something in his looks and voice which indicated mysteriously that here was no longer the petulance of a boy, but the misery of a man. She sank down beside him, the old protecting feeling strong as ever, but with a certain new helplessness which suggested that this was a trouble from which she might not be able to save him. Her arms about his neck, she said, —

"Tell me, Rod, what is it? Perhaps we can do something."

"What makes you think there is anything to tell?" he said quickly; but he did not push her away, as he sometimes did. Instead, he rested his disheveled curly head against her in a tired sort of way, which was balm to Fayal's heart. It brought him back to her for the moment. In fact, the boy was utterly exhausted; excited, disturbed, exultant, and depressed as he had been for the last weeks, this night's vigil had taken away his remaining strength.

"Oh, Rod, as if I would n't know!" said Fayal softly.

"There is nothing, — nothing," he said, moving his head restlessly, and then relapsing into quiet.

"What has happened?"

"Nothing has happened."

"But just think, — you have been out all night."

Fayal spoke a little timidly. She was so afraid to disturb what seemed like their old affection.

"Never mind. Don't ask questions, Fay," he answered wearily.

Her lips were closed, but her heart cried out against this dreadful helplessness. Rod was in trouble, and she could do nothing for him! In all her young life she had never dreamed of such a catastrophe. His silence continued, and in a few moments they heard the heavy step of Captain Wheelock in the next room. Rod roused himself, and Fayal went about the preparations for the early breakfast. After the meal was over, she stood a moment in the doorway, looking out over the shining sea. Rod was beside her, knocking a nail or two into a loose shingle. He had been on his way out, as usual, when his grandmother had stopped him, and asked him to attend to this small matter. A man's figure turned into the little side lane that led down to the bluff, and thence by wooden steps to the sand below.

"There is Dan Farnor," said Fayal.

Rod turned so suddenly that he almost dropped the hammer.

"Seems to me you can sight him 'most any time of day." She spoke with unconcealed aversion; evidently he was a blot on the face of nature.

"Coming here?" asked Rod.

"Oh, I guess so. He never seems to get time for a longer cruise."

She spoke with more open contempt than was usual with her before Rod. Dan Farnor's name had been practically tabooed of late. This morning, however, her deep resentment got the better of her; besides, in spite of his silence, Rod and she had drawn a little nearer together, though the heavy curtain of dread and anxiety still shut out hope and joy.

"Look here, Fay," — Rod spoke rapidly, and looked straight up into her eyes for the first time that day; "don't go to sending Dan Farnor all adrift, — not till this blow is over, any way."

"He 's a pretty poor mate for either of us."

"Perhaps he is, and perhaps he is n't," answered Rod doggedly. "Anyhow, I 've shipped with him for a while, and I wish you would n't give him the go-by every time he speaks to you," and Rod struck the hammer hard into the wall, so that the whole house quivered.

"My land!" said old Mrs. Wheelock, out of the window. "There 's no

call to knock away the timbers under her just yet."

There was a look of ungracious triumph in Farnor's eyes, as he paused before them and glanced at Rod, who met his look for an instant, and then turned off and leaned his arms idly against the low fence, swinging his hammer, with his back towards the other two.

Fayal stood tall and straight, her hands falling lightly clasped in front of her, looking down, with the scorn which had animated her in their last interview reviving in her eyes, in spite of Rod's pleading. Nevertheless, it was not altogether fearless, this morning. Farnor recognized this with a thrill of pleasure. The fear which had haunted her since her first look at Rod's face, that day, could not be driven out before the man whom she instinctively felt to be responsible for it. His eyes took in her beauty with an intoxicating sense of ownership. He loved her, — he could even be sorry for her; but she should learn not to put him in belittling situations; after she had learned that, she should see how he could love her!

"It 's a nice sailing morning, Miss Fayal," he said.

"Yes," answered Fayal, in an expressionless tone, "I guess it is."

"We 've been having good weather, lately. Let me see; the moon fulls to-night, don't it?" went on Farnor speculatively.

"Could n't tell if I suffered," replied Fayal, with lamentable want of interest.

"I think it does. Suppose you take a walk with me — a little cruise, as you say here — after tea, to-night, and see if it does n't." He spoke with an attempt at easy intimacy which it annoyed him to feel was not altogether successful.

"You need n't take the trouble to say what we say here. Nobody 'll ever take you for Seacove-born," remarked Fayal. This statement from the mouth of a dweller in Seacove was never meant to be flattering.

Farnor's cheek flushed, but he repeated his question quietly. He could afford to bide his time.

"Will you go?"

Fayal's evasive answer had not been without its motive. She hated with all her undisciplined soul to yield in the smallest matter to this detested man, but she had caught a pleading glance from Rod, as, with apparent inattention, he had listened to Farnor's question, and she herself was troubled by a new and strange emotion, — she was afraid. If she had known of what she was afraid, the fear might have vanished. It was not of this man personally, and yet he had the power to inspire her with this mysterious suggestion of dreadful possibilities. She did not know just what saving rope she might be casting from her if she answered as she would fain have done, and so she hesitated, and Farnor repeated his question.

Distrust your first impulses, says Talleyrand; they are almost always true ones.

"I don't know but I will," she answered, carelessly enough for a girl who had no social training, only feminine instincts, to teach her deception. Then she went into the house; angry, helpless, frightened, and contemptuous, she could trust herself no longer. Rod and Farnor exchanged a few words, and then walked away together.

"Well, Fayal," said Mrs. Wheelock, her bright blue eyes scanning the girl with placid deliberation, "I guess you 'd better make you a cap that don't muss your hair like that when you take it off. You certainly do look like split."

VII.

The early darkness had fallen, and the moon was just rising over the sea, as Fayal stepped from the doorway and turned down the lane with Farnor. They took the way through the village towards

the lighthouse on the other side. The air was cool, but there was none of that raw chilliness which breathes through autumn evenings farther inland. The shadows of the little houses lay in black irregularity across the moonlit road. The short turns and windings were so many mysterious paths leading to what might be anything, but which proved to be nothing at all save passages into further grassy moonlit roads, with black shadows checkering their whiteness, and always between them a glimpse of the dancing, gleaming, moonlit sea.

To Farnor there was in this walk the suggestion of a triumphal procession, but he was prevented from enjoying it to its fullest extent by the unapproachable attitude of the girl beside him, whose light steps led her at an even swinging pace over sandy road, trodden bypath, and short-cropped turf alike. Despite the keen weapon he carried, and that she as yet knew nothing of, he could not feel secure of her; there was a firm line in the shutting of the mouth, a haughty turn in the way she held her head, that forbade security.

After they had left the village behind them, their way lay along the edge of the bluff, which here rose steeper, while the sea washed its base. Now and then sand and pebbles, loosened by their footsteps, rolled down the steep slope into the foam. Here and there it was dangerous walking, so close ran a straggling fence to the edge of the bluff, leaving outside it a narrow foothold, in its nature precarious, as it jutted out over the crumbling earth, ready, apparently, to break off under a light footfall. Farnor held out his arm to steady her, as she slipped, with catlike agility, around a not too steady post; but she pushed it aside with a scornful indifference that made it difficult to proffer such assistance a second time.

"There 's no call to dub a Seacove girl going round here," she said. "You 'd better look out for yourself."

Indeed, he found it necessary; and it was not until they gained the open ground beyond, where the straggling fence, having imprudently left the guiding neighborhood of the bluff, lost itself in the thick low growth of grape and huckleberry, that he found conversation practicable. Here they stood together, for Fayal turned and faced him, her slight figure standing dark against the uniformity of low moor and level sea, until in the distance rose the shaft of the lighthouse, with its revolving light throwing broken rays upon the expanse of waters.

"Well, what did you ask me to come out for, Dan Farnor?"

Farnor hesitated; there was a certain pleasure in holding back a moment.

"Is n't it worth while to come out just to see such a sight as this?" he answered, waving his hand towards the sea.

Fayal glanced around her, shrugging her shoulders. She knew every inch of that view, and loved it better than he could; and the assumption that he had come out to show it to her was irritating, but she did not put the feeling into words.

"And, besides, I never see you in Seacove," went on Farnor. "But I suppose you don't think that 's much of a reason, do you?"

"When you get through taking soundings, and know where you are," said Fayal deliberately, "you sing out, and I 'll listen to you," and she walked on a few steps.

"Well, listen, then." Farnor spoke with more decision. "I brought you out here" —

"You did n't bring me; I came," interrupted Fayal contemptuously. "It 'll take a bigger craft than you are to tow me."

Her dread of what he might be going to say impelled her to reckless mockery. She would say what she could to exasperate him now; she might be silenced later.

"To tell you again that I love you; to tell you that this time you shall not escape me; to tell you that you are helpless against disgrace without me; to get you to make me a promise."

"Reminds me of Father Abbey's will," said Fayal, with desperate nonchalance, although her lips were white, and that dreadful word "disgrace" had tightened her heartstrings and made it hard to breathe. "There are so many important things."

"I have come," broke in Farnor brutally, provoked beyond self-control, "to get you to buy your brother Rod out of state's prison by promising to be my wife!"

The blow did its work. Fayal staggered a little, but recovered herself before he could touch her. She knew the worst now, and the worst was bad beyond her half-formed anticipations.

"What do you mean?" she gasped. The moonlit sea had come up to her feet and receded, and the lighthouse had toppled over and righted itself again, before she spoke.

"I mean this," said Farnor doggedly: "that your brother Rod, having gambled away more than all his money to me, has forged your grandfather's name to a check, and that I have it here," and he drew out his pocket-book, and took from it a folded paper. He was half ashamed of his brutality; it was not in just such ways that he usually recommended himself to women, but now that he had begun her eyes commanded him to finish. "Give me the promise I want, and you can have it, — tear it up, give it back to Rod, anything you like; you will never hear of it again from me."

Farnor really thought himself generous in making this statement.

"Let me see it," said Fayal huskily.

He handed her the bit of paper, and she gazed at it blankly, but seeing every word. It might not have been a wise or a safe thing for a man in Farnor's position to do, to place such a perishable bit of evidence in the hands of a desperate woman; but not for a moment did even he misjudge Fayal. There were the unmistakable words, — a promise to pay one hundred and fifty dollars to Daniel S. Farnor or bearer, signed "Amos Wheelock" in a pretty fair imitation of the old captain's cramped hand. One hundred and fifty dollars! Fayal had never seen so much money in her life. Had Rod lost his senses, that he dared to palter with such vast sums?

As the girl stood there with the bit of paper fluttering in her hand, instead of the dark water, and the silver radiance, and the level stretch of gloomy moor, she saw the scene in the cottage as it might be, as it would be! — the scene that, she realized with a thrill of suffering sympathy, must have been before Rod's eyes every hour since he traced those ineffaceable words. "Amos Wheelock," — she looked at the crooked characters again. No wonder the letters were somewhat cramped and wavering. The signature from which they were copied was that of a hand sturdy and weather-beaten, used to hard work, and hard blows if need be, and hard service in icy seas, but which would have shrunk from a touch of dishonesty as quickly as the delicate fingers of a scrupulous woman. What would it be to Captain Wheelock when he knew that his grandson, his daughter's child, had not hesitated at a crime from which unprincipled sinners sometimes shrink? She was too ignorant of business to know that the fraud was too unskillful to be sure of success, or of anything like it. If she had, it would have made little difference; her grandfather's heart would go as near to being broken in one case as in the other. Then her grandmother! She had to the full the placid calm that the sea seems to teach the women who live by it; but Seacove placidity was not proof against an attack of this kind; this was a sort of trouble Seacove women never "shipped for." And Rod! poor

Rod, poor boy! What would life be worth to him if this were known? He would have to go away, of course; and to Fayal going away from her own little corner of the world meant expatriation as much as if it had been a larger one. But where could he go? As for herself, — why, she should die without him! The uncertainty, the anxiety, of these last weeks was killing her, she felt sure. It was too hard, it was too dreadful! Her heart cried out against the truth of it. Her glance fell again upon the bit of paper, and she held it out to Farnor, while her eyes traveled over the silver path beyond the dark waters, and with incongruous recollection she fancied herself the funny, sad little mermaid over Captain Small's door, who longed with all her red, white, and blue soul to be on the sea again. Perhaps somewhere away from here, somewhere, there was a place —

"Well, what do you think about it?" said Farnor's voice, half mocking, half pitying, at her side.

She came back to realities with a throb. "I think you are a coward!" she answered suddenly. So intense was her tone that the words rang through the air as if a bullet had whizzed by his ear.

"You 've said as much before," he replied. "I want to know what you are going to do."

"You mean that if I don't make you the promise you want, you will show that piece of paper — you will" —

"Will take it over to the mainland to the bank; or else, to smooth matters over, I 'll take it direct to Captain Wheelock himself."

Fayal shuddered, as if she had been struck.

"But if we pay you back," she began eagerly, "Rod and I? We can; only give us time."

Farnor made a gesture of impatience. "It is n't the money I want," he said. "I want your promise; and," he added, with a muttered word or two she did not hear, "have it I will, or else that brother of yours will make up to me for it."

The struggle was three parts over. Fayal thought there was but one thing she could not bear.

"Do you want a wife that will hate you every hour of her life?" she demanded, — "that will curse the hour she first saw you?"

"I want you."

"One that will despise you, and will never look at yours when there is another face she can turn to?"

Farnor winced a little. The girl was cruel in her way, too. But he answered again, "I want you, Fayal, whatever you do."

"Do you want a wife that would throw you overboard, and never give you a rope to cling to, for the sake of lightening the ship for Rod Grant?" she went on relentlessly.

"We 'll see about that later," said Farnor sullenly, who could not let pass altogether unnoticed so keen an affront to his vanity. "I want your promise, and I want you."

"So that 's the kind of wives your sort of men want?" said Fayal, with swift scorn. "You want a wife that cares more for her brother's little finger than for your whole body and soul!" she added, as if it were an unimportant afterthought.

Probably Fayal could never know how much Farnor had to bear that night. For a man of sensitive vanity, such unmitigated contempt from the woman he loved could not be easy to undergo, even though he held the winning cards in his hand. But he answered persistently, "You know what I 've said, Fayal, and I stand to it."

The moon was declining towards the west. They had been out a long time. The whole world grew dimmer, for the clouds were coming up from the south, and now and then fluttered across the

face of the moon. The tide was at the full, and broke more noisily below them.

"Then," said Fayal suddenly, her face white, but her eyes ablaze, "I will be your wife! I give you my promise, and I throw it to you as I would a bone to a dog!"

There was a moment's pause. In spite of himself, Farnor was startled by the victory he had gained. It was difficult to feel that there were laurels on his brow, and yet it was a triumph. She had made him the promise, and the fact that she would rather have died did not detract from its value. It was Fayal who broke the silence. She sank down in a little heap on the ground, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Rod!" she cried. "Rod, Rod, I love you so!"

It would have angered her to give way before this man, if she had thought of him. But for the moment even her misery was forgotten, and she remembered only the boy who, she felt, now that she had saved him, might come back to her.

Her tears changed Farnor's mood, as women's tears will change a man's mood one way or the other.

"Oh, Fayal," he said, sinking down beside her, "do not be so hard on me. You have always been so hard! Try and feel how I love you! It will not be anything dreadful to let me love you. I will make you happy, dear. I will indeed. I have done it all for love of you, because you would not let me come near you any other way!"

He would have taken her into his arms, but she seemed more unapproachable than ever, now that she had yielded, and something held him away. She did not heed him, and finally he stopped making incoherent protestations. His knowledge of women, though not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, was still enough to teach him that whatever mitigating influences her spirit might become subject to must be exerted later.

It was not long before she too grew quiet. She raised her head, and, looking into his eyes with an utter absence of consciousness, said wearily, "Well, I guess you have what you wanted. Give me the paper, now."

Had what he wanted! The unconscious mockery of the words fell upon the stormy current of passion, pity, and remorseful triumph that swept through the man's soul. Would he ever have what he wanted? Could this girl ever conceive what the love was that he wanted, for which he had given so much? In the moment of discouragement his vanity came to his aid. Oh, yes, she would learn; he had nothing to do now but to teach her!

"Here it is," he said, holding it out to her for the second time. "It is yours, to do what you like with. Tear it up."

"No," she answered, rising, "I shall keep it, and you shall be paid" —

"I am paid!" he interrupted. "Oh, Fayal, will you not see that it is nothing to me now?"

"But," she went on immovably, "it shall not do the harm you meant it to. Good-by."

"'Good-by'!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by saying good-by now? I'm going back with you."

"No!" she cried, turning towards him, in a burst of fierce impatience. "No, you shall not, — not to-night! I will not bear it! I want to go alone! I want to take soundings," she said, with that seafaring turn of speech never long absent from the lips of Seacove inhabitants, "and I can't do it with you alongside."

Her manner was so vehement that Farnor paused, in spite of himself. The usual plea that she could not be allowed to go so far alone so late at night would be laughed to scorn.

"But suppose anything should happen" — he began.

"What should happen?" she demanded superbly.

Truly, what should happen? He knew enough of Seacove fashions to recognize the fact that Seacove women of all ages went from one end to the other of the primitive little village at all hours, with not so much as a thought of any attendant unpleasantness. Nevertheless, he began another protest. She interrupted him: —

"If you stir from here, Dan Farnor, or try to hail me, till I 've had time to get down past John Small's, you can have your prize money back again, and I 'll have my promise back again, and Rod and I 'll pull through somehow, though the wind is dead ahead!"

It was the old Fayal who flung him this defiance. She threw her head back; her eyes sparkled, and her sweet, strong young voice thrilled with the stress of her anger. She had borne all she could, and the thought of longer companionship with this man whom she hated, and yet whom she had promised to endure, brought a shock of reaction. It warned Farnor not to let victory slip from him at the moment of attainment, and he stepped back in sign of sullen acquiescence.

She turned and walked swiftly homeward, the bit of paper grasped tightly in her hand. She would show it to Rod, tell him that everything was safe, and they would have some happy days together again before they need think of anything else, — anything that shut off into desolate obscurity the after-years of her life. She would not think of that; she would only think that Rod was saved. One such lesson was enough, she was sure; he would never do a second time anything that would bring into his face that terrified, despairing look she had seen there that morning. She had perfect faith that Rod was saved. But as she walked on, in the light of the setting moon, with the surge of the high tide beneath her and the moors stretching away into "undistinguishable gray" at her side, and instead of the friendly rays of the lighthouse only here and there, in the village before her, the faint glimmer of a belated candle, the heavy consciousness of what she had done settled down upon her. Yet she hardly knew what it was. Only she felt dimly that upon the freedom of her life had been placed fetters; that she, to whom affection for others had been as natural as air, had met with something called love, which was a burden and a nightmare; that the man against whose presence her soul revolted had acquired some power over her, which, deepest humiliation of all, she had consented to. She left the broad path along the moor, and followed wearily the narrow little footpath between the fence and the treacherous edge of the bluff. Her eyes were blurred by bitter tears, as, at a place where the path was narrowed to two or three inches, the sandy earth crumbled rapidly away under her feet. She caught at the fence which leaned over the descent, but her hand slipped or she lacked the usual strength, and she did not save herself. Even as she fell she was not much frightened; it did not occur to her to scream; it was a question only of rolling a few feet down the sandy bluff, and she was too tired and confused to make any desperate struggle. But the slope was steeper here than at any other point, and with the smooth round pebbles which rolled noiselessly down, in the sudden collapse of a large mass of the overhanging edge, were some sharp, jagged bits of stone, which had not yet yielded to the friction of the waves; and as Fayal, the force with which she fell increased by her effort to seize the support of the fence, struck heavily almost at the bottom of the bluff, her temple came sharply in contact with such a flint-like edge, and with a little moan of pain she closed her eyes, and, for the first time in her healthy life, sank into utter unconsciousness.

VIII.

There they found her early the next morning.

It was Rod who gave the alarm. He had watched and waited for her to come home, as she so often had done for him; and then had fallen asleep, in the tall, stiff chair, to awake, dazed and frightened, at daylight, to realize that Fayal was not there. His first step had been to find Farnor, who, white as death, shook him roughly by the shoulder and bade him "wake up," when he cried out to him for news of his sister. The man could tell him nothing except that she left him safe and well the night before. Farnor had taken the same way home, but one place was so like another that he had not noticed that at one spot the earth had freshly caved in, and, if he had, would not have dreamed of danger to the swift-footed girl who had so scornfully rejected his offer of help a short time before.

They did not think of looking for her near the path for some time. Farnor and Rod were devoured by a mutual fear that she had run away from what might be disgrace, and was sure to be suffering. It was Captain Wheelock who first saw her red cap, as it lay beside her at the foot of the bluff. He stood a moment looking down, his weather-beaten face drawn and white; then, his voice, which had rung out sturdily in so many fierce blasts and conflicts, feebly hailed Captain Small.

"Come here, mate," the old man called. "Here 's my little girl, — here 's Fayal."

They did not think at first she could be dead, the wound on her temple was apparently so slight and her face so fair and still; but in a few moments they saw what had happened. The sea that Fayal had loved since her birth, the sea of which she had never known fear, had crept up over her head, as she lay there unresisting, and, gently rippling over the beautiful features, had brought her through the gates of unconsciousness into the inner place of death. Then, receding as it had come, it had left her there above the level of the low tide, but, with the capricious friendliness of absolute power, had withdrawn from her grasp the secret she would have hidden, to keep it for her forever.

The bit of paper, the evidence of Rod's guilt and Farnor's intrigue, had been washed from the loosened fingers, and borne away beyond the grasp of human hands, powerless for good or evil; but its purpose was accomplished, — Fayal had rescued Rod. The all-wise power which had decreed that her self-sacrifice should not be in vain touched, through her death, with no uncertain hand the impulses for good which had been temporarily suspended, together with the adoring love which Rod had always felt for Fayal.

Rod and Farnor did not exchange many words before the latter left finally for the mainland. The boy did not know just what had happened that night between the man and his sister, and would never, perhaps, realize how thoroughly Farnor had been his enemy; but some instinct told him that he had nothing further to fear.

"Dan," said he, as he waited with him on the dock for the incoming boat, "I 'll pay you every cent of that money, if I live."

Farnor had been very quiet for the last three or four days, but it was with a burst of savage impatience that he turned upon him.

"Curse you!" he said. "Do you suppose I ever cared for the money or for you, you young scoundrel? What I did I did for the sake of one a hair of whose head was worth more than your whole body; and your miserable life is left you, and hers," — the man's voice broke in spite of himself, — "hers was dragged from her by our accursed self-

ishness, yours and mine! Keep still about the money, can't you?"

Rod stared at him in a hopeless, helpless sort of way. He had believed this man to be his friend, and the truth added another pang to what he was undergoing. He was not wise enough to know that all Farnor's disappointed passion, furious regret, and stinging remorse spoke in that final outburst.

IX.

A week later, at the Club, Captain Sash expressed the general sentiment when he said, —

"She set great store by Rod. I think she rated him 'most too high."

"Women do," said Captain Small, with melancholy intuition. "They never know what sort of vessel carries the best kind of ballast."

"But, after all," objected Captain Trent, "he ain't sailing as close to the wind as he was. It 's done him a pile of good. Fayal" — and Captain Trent, who was a soft-hearted fellow, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand — "would have liked to see it."

"I wish," said Captain Small solemnly, "that she had been married."

There was a pause. Farnor's figure came before the eyes of each one of the group, and they could not coincide with the judgment that would have given their favorite to Farnor.

"Yes," concluded Captain Small, "I wish she could have been married — to a husband."

"Yes," assented one after the other, "that would have been better."

This form of statement removed their objections. Farnor was not the Seacove conception of a husband. He might have been the man Fayal Grant married, but that was all.

Then a stillness fell upon the little group, and the smoke grew denser in the low-ceiled room, and no one broke the silence.

Each one of those weather-beaten old men, hardened to danger and death, trained in rough schools, looking upon vicissitude as the breath of daily life, was longing for the sight of a young figure, which should stand on the threshold, the door swinging open before her with a breath of keen salt air, and, superb in youthful health, radiant in youthful beauty, laugh in upon their deliberations.

Fayal Grant had been their tropics and their Italy, and now that she came no more their faithful hearts found the old seafaring world a shade the grayer.

Annie Eliot.

CART HORSES.

Everybody who cares for the beautiful or the picturesque, whether or not he be touched by the true hippic passion, must take an interest in cart horses. They are attractive and pleasant to look upon merely as animals, quite apart from the fact that you can put bits in their mouths, and cause them to expend their strength at the will and in the service of man. The generic difference in this respect between cart horses and racers is well indicated by Mr. Hamerton.

"The race horse," he says, "has the charms of a tail coat, of a trained pear-tree, of all such superfine results of human ingenuity, but he has lost the glory of nature. Look at his straight neck, at the way he holds his head, at his eager, anxious eye, often irritable and vicious! Breeders for the turf have succeeded in

substituting the straight line for the curve, as the dominant, expressional line, a sure and scientific manner of eradicating the elements of beauty. No real artist would ever paint race horses from choice. Good artists have occasionally painted them for money. The meagre limbs, straight lines, and shiny coat have slight charm for an artist, who generally chooses either what is beautiful or what is picturesque, and the race horse is neither picturesque nor beautiful."

Certainly there is some exaggeration here. Many thoroughbred horses are good-tempered and affectionate, and not unduly nervous. In the recent Badminton volume on Driving, there is an account of a young thoroughbred mare, that, having never been in harness before, was attached one day to a dog-cart, and driven many miles up and down hill, without showing the least fear or resistance. A thoroughbred of this character commonly has large, luminous eyes, more beautiful than those possessed by any other dumb animal. The delicately cut ear, the round, thin, quivering nostril, and even the smooth and shining coat, — these, again, are surely forms of the beautiful, though not of the picturesque. It must be remembered, too, that among thoroughbred horses there is a great variety of structure and disposition. Many of them are comparatively short in leg, with round body and curved neck. Such was the old type of thoroughbred when the Arab blood from which the present race has chiefly been derived was "closer up," as horsemen say.

In the main, however, Mr. Hamerton's remarks on this point are just, and the typical thoroughbred, especially the typical English thoroughbred, is the nervous, irritable, inartistic animal that he describes.

The cart horse, on the other hand, is a common and appropriate figure in painting.

Among the minor pictures by Turner that are hung in the National Gallery at London, not the least interesting is one which represents a stout gray farm or cart horse, taking his ease in the stable, and eating hay from a well-filled rack above his head. He stands in a wide stall, heaped up with yellow straw and flooded with sunshine, so that the scene is one of equine pleasure and repose, delightful to the human eye on that account, as well as for its harmonious and beautiful coloring.

There is another homespun incident which English artists are never tired of representing. It is that of a string of farm horses, their day's work done and night approaching, that, with the harness still upon their backs, have been ridden or led to drink at a cool, elm-shaded stream, where they stand, fetlock-deep, some slowly and luxuriously slaking their thirst, while others gaze idly about, their heads half raised above the surface of the water. This is one of those familiar though foreign sights, as to which an agreeable confusion is apt to arise in the mind of an American; for he does not always clearly remember whether he has seen them in reality or in a picture, or read about them in a novel, the truth often being that his knowledge has been derived in each of these ways. Of all equine pictures, none, I suppose, is better known than Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair. Her noble Percherons, drawn with fond fidelity, are perhaps the most ideal representations of cart horses in the world, and yet no exaggeration of the reality.

Almost all the accessories of the cart horse, his trappings, the uses to which he is put, the place in which he is kept, the loads that he pulls, are picturesque. Most often one thinks of him as an agricultural character, a true son of the soil, encountered drawing slowly home a huge pile of hay, or found at the plough turning up long, glistening lines of rich earth. There is nothing spick and span about his stable, but, on the contrary, it

is marked by picturesque disorder, — plenty of straw about, the stalls, mangers, and roof tinted a rich brown by the long lapse of time, cobwebs hanging luxuriantly overhead, deep mows of hay, and capacious grain-chests within easy reach to hold his provender.

Nor does the cart horse fail to harmonize with his surroundings in the city, where he receives more grain and more grooming than are obtainable on the farm. His shape, though still round, is here more elegant, his neck takes a prouder curve, and his coat becomes smooth and glossy: fit servant of commerce; solid and substantial as the Bank of England; conscious of his strength, like a merchant of indisputable credit; able to transport the wealth of the Indies from wharves to warehouses, or to draw towering piles of wool from the railroad to the factory. Smaller animals may clatter over the massive pavements of the city, but the cart horse, with his slow, sure, majestic step and proudly bent head, is its proper denizen of the equine race.

Long-established and wealthy firms do not hesitate to borrow splendor from the excellence of their cart horses. Those of the London brewers especially — the twelve Beer Kings, as they used to be called — have a world-wide reputation. Formerly, each brewer had an equine color of his own; and they were "as particular," says a recent writer, "about the colors and matchings of their dray horses as of their own four-in-hands, or the court chariot pairs of their titled wives. One was celebrated for a black, the original dray-horse color; another, for a brown, a roan, a gray, or chestnut team. But at present, such is the demand for horses of this class that they are compelled to be content with any color, and to moderate the old standard of height." The brewers' horses, it may be remarked parenthetically, are fond of beer, but they are allowed to have it only when recovering from illness; at such times it is of service as a tonic. Horses generally take naturally to intoxicating liquors; beer, spirits, and more frequently wine are often administered to trotters in a long-drawn contest, and with excellent results. Champagne and soda-water is the pleasant draught which one famous driver employs on these occasions.

The "city horses" of Boston, used to carry off ashes and garbage, have long enjoyed a high reputation for strength and beauty, and the excellent condition which they almost invariably show testifies to the horsemanship of the official, whoever he may be, having them in charge. There are also, in every city, many particular firms honorably distinguished by their excellent cart horses; such, for example, as a noted patent-medicine house, whose stalwart four-in-hands may be supposed to symbolize the strength of their drugs. Twenty years ago there was a cigar and candy peddler traversing the mountainous region in the northwestern part of Massachusetts, who had a large, gayly painted wagon, drawn by four stout, handsome gray horses, in which he took a proper pride; but one night the whole establishment perished in the flames, the stable where the peddler put up having taken fire, and the team was never replaced.

There is an affinity between the lighter kinds of cart horse, many of whom, such as the Percheron, are very active, and the war horse. The famous Justin Morgan, of whom I have spoken in a former article, founder of the great road-horse family, was not only the best weight-puller of his time, besides being a fast runner, but, though a small animal, was also much in request at musters and other military occasions, on account of his superb carriage and commanding appearance. A horse of this kind, but weighing two or three hundred pounds more, would have made an ideal charger for a knight of the Middle Ages. The knight himself, his armor, and the ar-

mor worn by the horse were estimated at nearly or quite four hundred pounds. In fact, so heavy and cumbersome were the horseman's accoutrements that two squires were often needed to exalt him to the saddle, and, once overthrown, it was difficult for him to rise without assistance. The suffocation of some hapless contestant who had the ill luck to fall upon his stomach was a not uncommon incident of a passage at arms. To carry a knight in full armor required a beast of great size and strength, and doubtless, like the modern fire-engine horse, he was most usefully employed at one of two gaits, a walk or a hand-gallop. The knight did not ride him, as a rule, except when some martial business was on hand. At other times, his squire bestrode the war horse, the knight himself traveling more quickly and comfortably upon his jennet.

By most of the authorities the "great horse," or war horse, of the Middle Ages is identified with the old black cart horse, or shire horse, of England. A recent work by Mr. Walter Gilbey is entitled The Old English War Horse or Shire Horse, thus assuming that they were one and the same; and the late Mr. Walsh was also of this opinion, for he wrote as follows: "From time immemorial this country has possessed a heavy and comparatively misshapen animal, the more active of which [sic] were formerly used as chargers or pack-horses, while the others were devoted to the plough;" and he gives the following unflattering account of him: "In color almost invariably black, with a great fiddle-case in place of a head, and feet concealed in long masses of hair depending from misshapen legs, he united flat sides, upright shoulders, mean and narrow hips, and very drooping quarters." Such was the shire horse, — so called because he was raised almost exclusively in the shires or midland counties. Shire horses are still bred, but they have been improved by crossing with Flemish stallions. The London dray horses are mainly shire horses, and since the shire horse is the only purely English cart horse, — that is, the only one of English origin and raised on English soil, — it is fashionable in England to speak of "shire horses," and never of "cart horses." Nevertheless, when a society was formed in that country, some years ago, to improve the breed of agricultural horses "not being Clydesdales or Suffolks," the name "English Cart Horse Society" was taken. The fact is that hunters, coachers, and race horses are now raised more numerously than cart horses in the shires, and hence the term "shire horse" is inaccurate as well as somewhat vague. The old black cart horse, or shire horse, is now most nearly represented by the black horse of Lincolnshire.

One hesitates to conclude that the beautiful, high-mettled charger of the Middle Ages, as he has been described by poets and romancers, was really a dull, ugly beast, with "misshapen legs," and having "a great fiddle-case in place of a head." Was it such a steed that carried the Disinherited Knight in his encounter with Brian de Bois Guilbert? Sir Walter Scott relates that "the trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts *with the speed of lightning*, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt;" and the charger of the Disinherited Knight is described as "wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing." It is possible that the English shire horse, or war horse, was improved by crosses of Arab blood, for Arab horses might have been brought into England at the time of the Crusades. Isaac of York, it will be remembered, supplied Ivanhoe with the horse and armor which he used when he overthrew Brian de Bois Guilbert, and awarded the crown of beauty to Rowena; and the thrifty Jew exclaimed to Rebecca, as they gazed upon the conflict, "Ah, the good horse that was brought all the long

way from Barbary, he takes no more care of him than if he were a wild ass's colt!"

In this, however, Isaac of York must have been misreported by Sir Walter. No Barbary horse or Eastern horse of any description was ever big or strong enough to carry a knight in armor, although, as I have suggested, it is possible that the native horse of England obtained some beauty, grace, and agility by an infusion of Eastern blood.

Mr. Gilbey, so far as I know, is the only writer who has endeavored to prove, though others have asserted, the identity of the war horse of the Middle Ages with the old black cart horse of England, and he relies almost entirely upon the evidence of coins and other graven representations. But in such figures much must be allowed for the taste or caprice of the artist, and I suspect that Mr. Gilbey's series of coins might be impugned by others. For the period beginning about A. D. 1500 he shows the famous white horse of Albert Dürer, that has indeed the characteristics of a cart horse. But in the College of Arms there is preserved an illustrated roll, known as Tournament Roll, commemorating a grand tournament which took place at Westminster, February 12, A. D. 1510, in honor of Queen Katharine; and the war horse represented by this roll is a much finer beast than Albert Dürer's. He has a beautifully curved neck, a small, well-shaped head, and no long hairs at the fetlock joints. This picture may of course be idealized, but it is as good historical evidence as the coins produced by Mr. Gilbey. The whole matter is one of not very profitable conjecture, but it is worth remembering that the Middle Ages, during which the "great horse" was in daily use, constituted a long period, and it is hardly credible that in this time a true war horse should not have been developed, more active, spirited, and beautiful than the shire horse. One writer, indeed, of a date as early as the sixteenth century, speaks of his high action, — which would be natural in such an animal as I have imagined, but which was never seen in the shire horses.

But, however this may be, the shire horse is a beast of great antiquity, though much improved during the past two centuries. In fact, there are some living members of the breed whose pedigrees can be traced back for at least one hundred and fifty years, and this is more than can be said of any other existing cart-horse family. One reason for the improvement is a mechanical discovery as to the muscular action of the cart horse. It used to be thought that he did his work by perpetually tumbling against his collar, as it were, thus bringing his weight to bear, and consequently that his fore quarters ought to be as heavy as possible; it was no harm if his shoulder bone were straight, and as for his hind quarters, it did not matter much what they were. But this notion has been exploded, and it is now perceived that a cart horse pulls by muscle rather than by weight, and more by the muscles of his hind quarters and legs than by those of his fore quarters. The structure of a cart horse should therefore bear a general resemblance to that of a racer or trotter, except that his legs should be shorter, his shoulder a little less oblique, and his rump not higher than the withers. The Saturday Review once made some excellent observations on this subject, as follows: "There are many points, indeed, which good horses of nearly all breeds share in common. For instance, the following descriptions, taken at random from different newspapers: he is 'thick, level, and strong;' he 'stands on short, well-formed limbs, and, like several good horses, he sports curls of hair on his fetlocks;' 'he is of good substance, deep-bodied, and set off by those powerful yet sloping shoulders,' etc.; 'he has also a deep body, with great muscular devel-

opment in his rump, quarters, thighs, and gaskins,' — although they might equally apply to certain cart horses, were one and all written of race horses. . . . An excellent judge, again, once wrote that horses 'with strong backs and loins, wide hips, and great muscular quarters, with sound and well-shaped hocks, generally win,' — not prizes at agricultural shows, as cart stallions, but races at Ascot."

Another English breed of cart horses, or, in this case, more properly farm horses, was the Suffolk Punch, which once became almost extinct, but has lately been revived in a somewhat different form. These were sorrel horses, smaller and more active than the shire horse, and noted for their docility. They stood low in front, and were disfigured by very upright shoulders; but they were round and stout, and had good heads. Readers of Sandford and Merton will recall the delight of Harry when his father, Farmer Sandford, received the present of a span of Suffolk Punches from Mr. Merton, progenitor of the wicked but repentant Tommy. Harry rushes into the house to announce the arrival of two strange and beautiful horses, whereupon, says the tale, the elder Sandford, who, in all other respects, is represented as a sedate and even phlegmatic person, "started up, overset the liquor and the table, and, making a hasty apology to Mr. Merton, ran out to see these wonderful animals. Presently he returned in equal admiration with his son. 'Master Merton,' said he, 'I did not think you had been so good a judge of a horse. I suppose they are a new purchase which you want to have my opinion upon, and I can assure you they are the true Suffolk sorrels, the first breed of working horses in the kingdom; and these are some of the best of their kind.'" Being undeceived, he at first refused the gift, but was finally persuaded to accept it, to the great content of both Harry and Tommy.

The stanchness of the Suffolk Punches was proverbial, and they would have been called in the language of the modern sale stable "dead-down, true pullers." This quality was often displayed at pulling matches, where the competing teams would fall upon their knees at a given signal (the ground being strewed with straw or sand), and in that position move a great weight. The only account I have ever seen of the origin of this breed states that it was formed by crossing Norman stallions with the Suffolk cart mare.

Perhaps the most popular breed of cart horses now used in England is the Clydesdale. This, as the name implies, is a Scotch family, but its origin is obscure, though tradition ascribes it to a cross made by an unascertained Duke of Hamilton between the draught mares of the country and some Dutch stallions. Clydesdales, with the exception of the Percherons, have more "quality" — that is, finer characteristics and a better bred appearance — than any other cart horses. Their coat is more silky, their ears are smaller, their heads and necks more beautiful, and the whole body is more finely turned. Their faults are a tendency to be too long in the leg, somewhat light-waisted, and, occasionally, a little hot in temper. Their color is bay, brown, or black. Some of these horses are very beautiful, and very large also. In Cassell's Book of the Horse, there is an excellent colored illustration of Prince Albert, a magnificent Clydesdale stallion, standing seventeen hands high.

The only peer of the Clydesdale is the Percheron. This horse, as everybody knows, is usually gray in color, though sometimes black, and, but less frequently, chestnut or bay. The Percheron stands on somewhat shorter legs than the Clydesdale, and is more compactly built, his head and ears being as fine as, and commonly even smaller than, those of his rival. He carries a long, thick

mane, but wears less hair than the latter on his fetlock joints. In England hairy fetlocks are considered a mark of beauty; but they retain both dirt and moisture, and consequently, unless carefully cleaned, produce "scratches."

Nothing is certainly known as to the origin of the Percheron, though some writers assert that he is descended in part, at least, from Arab stock. There is no positive proof of this, and the assumption rests chiefly upon an undoubted resemblance between the Arab and the Percheron, notwithstanding the great difference between them in size and weight. The Percheron has the same intelligent and gentle disposition as the Arab, and, like him, a compact body, an arched neck, large eyes, and a tail well set on. There seems also to be a tendency in the breed to revert to a smaller type; some very fine Percheron stallions stand no more than 15 hands high, and the best of them rarely exceed 16½, or at the most 16¾. This tendency would indicate a derivation from smaller ancestors; and it makes the Percheron a better cross than the Clydesdale, when the object is to obtain a road horse or a light cart horse. The Percheron's trot also is faster than that of the Clydesdale, which constitutes another reason for his superiority in this direction. The Clydesdale, on the other hand, being a more rapid walker than the Percheron, and being unlikely to breed smaller animals than himself, makes the better cross when the object is to produce a heavy cart horse.

Many stories are told of feats performed by Percherons. A pair of them, it is said, once took an omnibus around a mile-track in four minutes.

M. du Hays, equerry to Napoleon III., relates some astonishing performances in France by Percherons, of which the following is the most remarkable: "In 1845, a gray mare accomplished this match: harnessed to a traveling-tilbury, she started from Bernay at the same time as the mail-carrier from Rouen to Bordeaux, and arrived before it at Alençon; having made fifty-five and three fifths miles, over a hilly and difficult road, in four hours and twenty-four minutes."

Another case vouched for by M. du Hays is thus reported: "A gray mare, seven years old, in 1864, harnessed to a tilbury, traveled fifty-eight miles and back on two consecutive days, going at a trot and without being touched by the whip. The following time was made: the first day, the distance was trotted in four hours, one minute, and thirty-five seconds; the second day, in four hours, one minute, and thirty seconds. The last thirteen and three quarters miles were made in one hour, although at about the forty-first mile the mare was obliged to pass her stable to finish the distance."

The finest Percheron that I ever saw was a coal-black stallion, not of great size, high-headed, compactly built, with flowing mane and tail. This fellow had short, quick, smooth action, exactly like that of the Morgan roadster family, and he was said — doubtless truly — to be capable of trotting ten miles an hour with ease. The resemblance between the Morgan and the Arabian horse has often been remarked upon, and it was honestly come by, for the English thoroughbred horse that sired the original Justin Morgan was of Arab descent. In shape, also, as well as in action, there is again a resemblance between the Morgans and the Percherons; and so, on the whole, it seems not unreasonable to infer that the New England roadster and the French cart horse have a common origin, both being descended, not wholly, but largely, from the "primitive horse," as the Arab is sometimes called.

No other breed, except possibly English half-bred animals, equals the Percheron in ability to draw a considerable burden at a fast pace. The post and diligence horses formerly used in France were Percherons. From Boulogne to

Paris the pace was ten miles an hour, although the road was paved all the way. The harness and reins were of rope, and the hostlers in charge of the big gray horses that did the work were women. These animals, before being put to, or after they had been taken out, would often engage in a fight in the inn-yard, biting and kicking each other viciously; and on these occasions the woman-hostler, who was quite equal to the emergency, would quickly appear upon the scene, and, with a few well-directed kicks from her wooden sabots, put an end to the combat. The gray stallions that have for many years drawn the omnibuses of Paris were always of Percheron, or of the kindred Norman stock.

It has frequently occurred to me that a family of superior road, and perhaps coach, horses might be developed by crossing the Percheron with the original Arab breed. Horses thus bred could not fail to be sound, tough, gentle, and, I should think, handsome. Certainly, if the Percheron is really derived from the Arab, such a cross would give size to the latter without introducing any element so foreign as to result in a hybrid, heterogeneous sort of animal. The cross between the thoroughbred and the cart horse does not usually turn out well; occasionally, to be sure, the produce preserves the strength and size of one family with the action and courage of the other, some noted hunters having been bred in this way. More often, however, the half-bred horse of this description is a slab-sided, nerveless beast, of little good for any purpose. But between the Percheron and the Arab there is an affinity sufficient to prevent such a result from their union. In one instance, at least, this has been tried, Mr. Parker, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, having bred a colt by the Jennifer Arabian, out of Rosa Bonheur, an imported Percheron mare. The horse thus bred is described as "a wiry, handsome colt, who was sold to go to Oregon, where he proved a valuable sire."

Large numbers of Clydesdales, and Percherons in still greater abundance, have been imported to this country, but, unfortunately, the demand, especially at the West, has been for very big horses. The consequence is that the Percheron family has been corrupted on its native soil, Flemish and other inferior blood being introduced, in order to get the immense size which was wanted for the foreign, and particularly for the American market. Many of the Percherons exhibited and winning prizes at our horse shows are of this type, — huge, overgrown, lethargic creatures, ungainly, slow, and wanting in endurance. The smaller horses of both the Clydesdale and Percheron breeds, the latter especially, are almost invariably the better. M. du Hays gives the height of the true Percheron stallion as ranging from $14\frac{3}{4}$ to 16 hands, but the height of Percheron and so-called Percheron stallions imported to this country varies from $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 17 hands. In weight they vary from 1400 to 2200 pounds; the average being about 1700. The mares average about 1550 pounds in weight, and range from 15 to $16\frac{3}{4}$ hands in height.[1] The size and weight of the Clydesdale importations are about the same, whereas, if the best and purest of both breeds were imported, the Percherons would be the smaller. Fashion and caprice, instead of knowledge and judgment, are apt to determine the characteristics even of a cart horse. In the West, as I have indicated, elephantine animals are preferred; and in New York the favorite type of cart horse is a big, rangy, high-standing beast. In Boston, on the other hand, shorter-legged, broad-chested, round-bodied, short-backed, quick-moving horses are sought for; and this type is undoubtedly more effi-

[1] I am indebted for these figures to Messrs. Smith, Powells, and Lamb, of Syracuse, N. Y., importers and breeders of Percherons and Clydesdales.

cient and lasting, besides being, as I think, a great deal more picturesque.

Most of the cart horses used in this country are raised at the West, though many also come from Pennsylvania. It is doubtful if they could be bred with profit in New England, but perhaps it would be profitable for farmers at the East to buy Percheron, or half-bred Percheron, or Clydesdale colts at the age of two or three, work them moderately, and sell them again at the age of five or six. Under this system, the horses would come to the market in much harder, better condition than the corn-fed animals of the West, and consequently would bring a better price. Upon the farm, the colt would be able to perform enough labor to pay his way; and the difference between his value at three and his value at six years of age would be clear profit. It is in this manner that Percherons are brought up; the farmers who buy them from the breeders, farmers also, working them moderately until they are of an age to be sold. The enormous shire horses, that are used in London as dray horses, receive their education in the same way. "The traveler," says an English writer, "has probably wondered to see four of these enormous animals in a line before a plough, on no very heavy soil, and where two lighter horses would have been quite sufficient. The farmer is training them for their future destiny; and he does right in not requiring the exertion of all their strength, for their bones are not yet perfectly formed nor their joints knit, and were he to urge them too severely he would probably injure and deform them. By the gentle and constant exercise of the plough he is preparing them for that *continued and equable* pull at the collar which is afterwards so necessary."

In England it is customary to use heavy shire horses on the farm, and they are of an almost incredible slowness; so slow are they, in fact, that William Day[1] seems almost to be justified in his assertion that agriculture in England might be revolutionized simply by increasing the efficiency of the farm horse. In that country, a team of horses and a man are considered to have done a fair day's work if they have ploughed three quarters of an acre, and more than this is seldom, if ever, accomplished. In the United States, on the other hand, the ordinary stint is about an acre and a half: just double what it is in England. Day estimates that in drawing a load of a ton the English farm horse walks at the rate of one mile and a half an hour, whereas a coach horse, in a fast coach, drawing exactly the same weight (but not covering more than nine miles in a day), travels at the rate of eleven miles an hour. A more exact comparison can be made with van or furniture-wagon horses. Four of these will travel twenty-three miles in a day, hauling six tons, at the rate of three miles per hour: just double the speed of the farm horse, that draws one ton instead of a ton and a half, which would be the share of a van horse in a team, and goes fourteen miles instead of twenty-three. In ploughing, the cart or shire horse walks even slower, doing but one and one fourth miles in the hour, and this although the draught is estimated at only three and three fourths hundredweight. "Is it any wonder, then," exclaims the writer whom I have just mentioned, "that we should so often see the poor creatures with staring coats and shivering with cold when dawdling along against this weighty draught, or that the ploughman, wrapped up in a top-coat that might resist the rigors of a Siberian winter, creeps after them, as frigid and benumbed an object as the animals themselves!" He also tells the following incident, vouching for its truth:

"A farmer who lived at Longstock, near Stockbridge, many years ago, was

[1] The Horse: How to Breed and Rear Him. R. Bentley & Son.

one day walking about his farm with a facetious friend. They noticed a plough, with horses and man, in the middle of a field, and the friend suggested that it was standing still. The farmer declared it was moving, and a dispute arose and ran high between them as to which was the case. To settle the question, they hit upon the expedient of getting a fold-shore, and set it up in a line with the horses' heads and some conspicuous object beyond. But the ploughman now observed them, and, suspecting what they were about, became troubled in conscience, and whipped up his horses, which then quickened their pace, so that the fact that they were really moving became obvious; and," says the writer, "we may see examples of the same sluggishness every day of our lives."

In the United States, in the eastern part at least, the farm horse can hardly be called a cart horse, for he is comparatively light in build. It is in the city that we find the cart horse in his noblest form and highest condition, and there he will doubtless continue, until the warehouses crumble to dust and grass grows in the highway. The car horse is fast disappearing; and every lover of dumb animals will rejoice that this is so, for the electric current that invisibly and noiselessly takes his place has no capacity for suffering. The heaving flanks, the tortured mouth, the nervous eye, of the car horse; the excruciating sound of his iron-shod hoofs slipping and clashing over the pavement in a vain attempt to start a heavy load, — these will soon be things of the past; and the animal that was but one of a thousand, that never received a kind word or a caress, that sweated and strained and wore himself out in the service of a heartless and impersonal master, will have been released by Science. He will soon become but a memory in those very streets where the cart horse, more fortunate and more lovable animal, seems destined to walk for centuries yet in proud security.

H. C. Merwin.

ANTINOÜS.

STAR AND FLOWER.

Consummate flower of perfect human grace,
Thou too must close thy starry eyes in night!
But, lo, sublimed to azure deeps of space,
Thy beauty burns, a deathless star of light!

Forever drooped thy beauty's flower-like head,
As some white lotus bends beneath its bloom;
But, lo, thy life-blood dyes the lotus red,
Still throbs thy heart in its impassioned gloom!

No lovely thing of earth is lost or dies;
It leaps to other spheres of life and power.
Beauty turns not to nothingness, but flies
To more ethereal homes in star or flower!

Mary C. Gates.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

THE little home in the wood was well hidden. About its door were no signs of life, no chips from its building, no birds lingering near, no external indication whatever. In silence the tenants came and went; neither calls, songs, nor indiscreet tapping gave hint of the presence of woodpeckers in the neighborhood, and food was sought out of sight and hearing of the carefully secluded spot. No one would have suspected what treasures were concealed within the rough trunk of that old oak but for an accident.

Madam herself was the culprit. In carrying out an eggshell, broken at one end and of no further use, she dropped it near the foot of the tree. To her this was doubtless a disaster, but to me it was a treasure-trove, for it told her well-kept secret. The hint was taken, the home soon found in the heart of an oak, with entrance twenty feet from the ground, and close watching from a distance revealed the owner, a golden-winged woodpecker.

The tree selected by the shy young pair for their nursery stood in a pleasant bit of woods, left wild, on the shore of the Great South Bay, "where precious qualities of silence haunt," and the delicious breath of the sea mingled with the fragrance of pines. One must be an enthusiast to spy out the secrets of a bird's life, and this pair of golden-wings made more than common demand on the patience of the student, so silent, so wary, so wisely chosen, their sanctum. Before the door hung a friendly oak branch, heavy with leaves, that swayed and swung with every breeze. Now it hid the entrance from the east, now from the west, and with every change of the vagrant wind the observer must choose a new point of view.

Then the birds! Was ever a pair so quiet? Without a sound they came, on level path, to the nest, dropped softly to the trunk, slipped quickly in, and, after staying about one minute inside, departed as noiselessly as they came. Their color, too! One would think a bird of that size, of golden-brown mottled with black, with yellow feather-shafts and a brilliant scarlet head-band, must be conspicuous. But so perfectly did the soft colors harmonize with the rough, sun-touched bark, so misleading were the shadows of the leaves moving in the breeze, and so motionless was the bird flattened against the trunk, that one might look directly at it and not see it.

For a few days the woodpeckers were so timid that I was unable to secure a good look at them. The marked difference of manner, however, convinced me that both parents were engaged in attending upon the young family; and as they grew less vigilant and I learned to distinguish them, I discovered that it was so. The only dissimilarity in dress between the lord and lady of the golden-wing family is a small black patch descending from the beak of the male, answering very well to the mustache of bigger "lords of creation." In coming to the nest, one of the pair flew swiftly, just touched for an instant the threshold, and disappeared within; this I found to be the head of the household. The other, the mother, as it proved, being more cautious, alighted at the door, paused, thrust her head in, withdrew it, as if undecided whether to venture in the presence of a stranger, and, after two or three such movements, darted in. Always in one minute the bird reappeared, flew at once out of the wood, at about the height of the nest, and did not come down till it reached, on one side, an old garden run to waste, or, on the other, far over the water, a cul-

tivated field. At that tender age, the young flickers received their rations about twice in an hour.

Although the golden-wings were silent, the wood around them was lively from morning till night. Blackbirds and cuckoos flew over; orioles, both orchard and Baltimore, sang and foraged among the trees; song-sparrows and chippies trilled from the fence at one side; bluebird and thrasher searched the ground, and paid in music for the privilege; pewees and kingbirds made war upon insects; and from afar came the notes of redwing and meadow-lark. Others there were, casual visitors, and of course it did not escape the squawks and squabbles of the English sparrow,

"Irritant, iterant, maddening bird."

The robins, who one sometimes wishes, with Lanier's owl, "had more to think and less to say," were not so self-assertive as they usually are; in fact, they were quite subdued. They came and went freely, but they never questioned my actions, as they are sure to do where they lead society. Now and then one perched on the fence and regarded me, with flick of wing and tail that meant a good deal, but he expressed no opinion. With kingbirds on one side, pewees on the other, and the great crested fly-catcher a daily caller, this was eminently a fly-catcher grove, and the robin plainly felt that he was not responsible for its good order. Indeed, after fly-catcher households were set up, he had his hands full to maintain his right to be there at all.

Whatever went on, the woodpeckers took no part in it. Back and forth they passed, almost stealthily, caring not who ruled the grove so that their precious secret was not discovered. Neither of them stayed to watch the nest, nor did they come and go together. The birds in the neighborhood might be inquisitive, — there was no one to resent it; blackbirds scrambled over the oak, robins perched on the screening branch, and no one about the silent entrance disputed their right.

In the first flush of dismay at finding themselves watched, the golden-wings, as I said, redoubled their cautiousness. They tried to keep the position of the nest secret by coming from the back, gliding around on the trunk, and stealing in at the door, or by alighting quietly high up in the body of the tree, and coming down backward, — that is, tail first. But by remaining absolutely without motion or sound while they were present, I gradually won their toleration, and had my reward. The birds ceased to regard me as an enemy, and, though they always looked at me, no longer tried to keep out of sight, or to hide the object of their visits. During the first day of watching I had the good fortune to see a second empty shell brought out of the nest, and dropped a little farther off than the first had been; and I feel safe in assuming that these two were the birthdays of the babes in the wood.

Thirteen days were devoted to the study of the manners and customs of the parents before the hidden subjects of their solicitude gave any signs of life visible from below. Though visits were about half an hour apart, and flicker babies have very good appetites, they did not go hungry, for on every occasion they had a hearty meal instead of the single mouthful that many young birds receive. This fact was guessed at on the thirteenth day, when the concealed little ones came out of the darkness up to the door, and the parents' movements in feeding could be seen; but the whole curious process was plain two days later, when a young golden-wing appeared at the opening and met his supplies half-way. The food-bearer clung to the bark beside the entrance, leaned over, turned his head on one side, and thrust his beak within the slightly opened beak of his offspring.

In this position he gave eight or ten quick little jerks of his head, which doubtless represented so many mouthfuls; then, drawing back his head, he made a motion of the throat, as though swallowing, which was, presumably, raising instead, for he leaned over again and repeated the operation in the waiting mouth. This performance was gone through with as many as three or four times in succession before one flicker baby was satisfied. After the nestlings came up to the door the parents went no more inside, as a rule, and housekeeping took care of itself.

On the fifteenth day of his life, as said above, the eldest scion of the golden-wing family made his appearance at the portal of his home. The sight and the sound of him came together, for he burst out at once with a cry. It was not very loud, but it meant something, and the practice of a day or two gave it all the strength that was desirable. In fact, it became clamorous to a degree that made further attempts at concealment useless, and no one was quicker to recognize it than the parents. The baby cry was the utterance familiar from the grown-up birds as "wick-a! wick-a! wick-a!" From this day, when one of the elders drew near the tree, it was met at the opening by an eager little face and a begging call; but it was several days before the recluse showed interest in anything except the food supply. Meals were now nearly an hour apart, and the moment one was over the well-fed youngster in the tree fell back out of sight, probably to sleep, after the fashion of babies the world over. But all this soon came to an end. The young flicker began to linger a few minutes after he had been fed, and to thrust his beak out in a tentative way, as if wondering what the big out-of-doors was like, any way.

Matters were going on thus prosperously, when a party of English sparrows, newly fledged, came to haunt the wood in a small flock of eighteen or twenty; to meddle, in sparrow style, with everybody's business; and to profane the sweet stillness of the place with harsh squawks. The mistress of the little home in the oak, who had conducted her domestic affairs so discreetly, one day found herself the centre of a mob; for these birds early learn the power of combination. She came to her nest followed by the impertinent sparrows, who flew as close as possible, none of them more than a foot from her. They alighted as near as they could find perches, crowded nearer, stretched up, flew over, and tried in every way, with an air of the deepest interest, to see what she *could* be doing in that hole. When she left, — which she did soon, for she was annoyed, — the crowd did not go with her; they were bound to explore the mystery of that opening. They flew past it; they hovered before it; they craned their necks to peer in; they perched on a bare twig that grew over it, as many as could get footing, and leaned far over to see within. The young flicker retired before his inquisitive visitors, and was seen no more till the mother came again; and then she had to go in out of sight to find him.

As the days went on, the babe in the wood became more used to the sunlight and the bird-sounds about him. Evidently he was of a meditative turn, for he did not scramble out, and rudely rush upon his fate; he deliberated; he studied, with the air of a philosopher; he weighed the attractions of a cool and breezy world against the comforts and delightful obscurity of home. Perhaps, also, there entered into his calculations the annoyance of a reporter meeting him on the threshold of life, tearing the veil away from his private affairs. What would one give to know the thoughts in that little brown head, on its first look at life! Whatever the reason, he plainly concluded not to take the risk that day, for he disappeared again behind a door that

no reporter, however glib or plausible, could pass. Sometimes he vanished with a suddenness that was not natural. Did his heart fail him, or, perchance, his footing give way? For whether he clung to the walls, or made stepping-stones of his brothers and sisters (as do many of his betters, or at least his biggers), who can tell? Often beside this eldest-born, after the first day, appeared a second little head, spying eagerly, if a little less bravely, on the world, and as days passed he frequently contested the position of vantage with his brother, but he was always second.

Mother Nature is kind to woodpeckers. She fits them out for life before they leave the seclusion of the nursery. There is no callow, immature period in the face of the world, no "green" age for the gibes or superior airs of elders. A woodpecker out of the nest is a woodpecker in the dress and with the bearing of his fathers, — dignified, serene, and grown up.

As the sweet June days advanced, the young bird in the oak-tree grew bolder. He no longer darted in when a saucy sparrow came near, and when the parent arrived with food the cries became so loud that all the world could know that here were young woodpeckers at dinner. Now, too, he began to spend much time in dressing his plumage, in preparation for the grand début. Usually, when a young bird begins to dally with the temptation to fly, so rapid is growth among birds, he may be expected out in a few hours. In this deliberate family it is different; indeed, taking flight must be a greater step for a woodpecker than for a bird from an open nest.

Three days the youngster had been debating whether it were "to be or not to be," and more and more he lingered in the doorway, sitting far enough out to show his black necklace. His was no longer the wondering gaze of infancy, to which all things are equally strange; it was a discriminating look, — the head turned quickly, and passing objects drew his attention. On the third day, too, he uttered his first genuine woodpecker cry of "pe-auk!" He had not the least embarrassment before me. I think he regarded me as a part of the landscape, — the eccentric development of a tree trunk, perhaps; for while he never looked at me nor put the smallest restraint upon his infant passions, let another person come into the wood, and he was at once silent and on his guard. All this time he had become more and more fascinated with the view without his door; one could fairly see the love of the world grow upon him. He picked at the bark about him; he began to get ideas about ants, and ran out a long tongue and helped himself to many a tidbit.

When the young golden-wing had passed four days in this manner, he grew impatient. The hour-long intervals between meals were not to his mind, and he began to express himself fluently. He leaned far out, and delivered the adult cry with great vigor and new pathos; he then bowed violently many times, moved his mouth as if eating, and struggled farther and still farther out, until it seemed that he could not keep within another minute. When one of the parents came he forgot his grown-up manner, and returned to the baby cry, loud and urgent, as if he were starved.

He was fed, and again left; and now he scrambled up with his feet on the edge. He was silent; he was considering an important move, a plunge into the world. He wanted to come, — he longed to fly. Outside were sunshine, sweet air, trees, food, — inside only darkness. The smallest coaxing would bring him out; but coaxing he was not to have. He must decide for himself; the impulse must be from within.

The next morning opened with a severe northeast gale.

"It rained, and the wind was never weary."

The birds felt the depressing influence

of the day. The robins perched on the fence, wings hanging, each feather like a bare stick, and not a sound escaping the throat; and when robins are discouraged, it is dismal weather indeed. The bluebirds came about, draggled almost beyond recognition. Even the swallows sailed over silently, their merry chatter hushed.

But life must go on, whatever the weather; and fearing the young woodpecker might select this day to make his entry into the big world, his faithful watcher donned rainy-day costume, and went out to assist in the operation. The storm did not beat upon his side of the tree, and the youngster still hung out of his hole in the trunk, calling and crying, apparently without the least intention of exposing his brand-new feathers to the rain.

Very early the following morning, before the human world was astir, loud golden-wing cries, and calls, and "laughs" were heard about the wood. This abandonment of restraint proclaimed that something had happened; and so, indeed, I discovered, for in hastening to my post I found an ominous silence about the oak-tree. The young wise-head, whose struggles and temptations I had watched so closely, had chosen to go in the magical morning hours, when the world belongs entirely to birds and beasts. The home in the wood looked deserted.

I sat down in silence and waited, for I knew the young flicker could not long be still. Sure enough, I soon heard his cry, but how far off! I followed it to an oak-tree on the farther edge of the grove. I searched the tree, and there I saw him, quiet now as I approached, and plainly full of joy in his freedom and his wings.

I returned to my place, hoping that all had not gone. There must be more than two, though only two had been up to the door, I was sure. I waited. Some hours later, the parents came to their home in the wood, one after the other. Each one alighted beside the door, glanced in, in a casual way, but did not put the head in, and then flew to a neighboring tree, uttering what sounded marvelously like a chuckling laugh, and in a moment left the grove. Did, then, the daughters of the house meekly fly, without preliminary study of the world from the door? Were there, perchance, no daughters? Indeed, had more than one infant reached maturity? All these questions I asked myself, but not one shall I ever be able to answer.

I waited several hours. Many birds sang and called among the trees, but no sound came from the oak-tree household, and to me the wood was deserted.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW AGITATION.

THE agitation of the question of the hours of labor, which has long been going on, and has of late become very active, now seems to be fast proceeding to a crisis. Apparently, a severe struggle is upon us for the establishment of a rule limiting labor to eight hours a day. This result is to be sought either through the agency of law or by means of organized and widespread strikes. Formal notice has been served upon the industrial world that the contest in the United States is to be opened this year, to be continued unceasingly thereafter, not to close until the full "demands of labor" shall have been conceded, east and west, north and south, in the Old World as in the New.

Of course those who are directing this movement would much prefer to bring about their end by law rather than through strikes, not only because the former means of accomplishing their object would be less costly than a hand-to-hand struggle with a powerful and resolute master class, but also because it would be more effectual and conclusive, more comprehensive and permanent. Laws may, indeed, be repealed after they have been enacted; or they may remain upon the statute-book, uncanceled but inoperative. Of this, however, the labor champions are willing to take their chance, having confidence in their ability to prevent the repeal of such a law, should it once be enacted, and to secure at least a tolerable degree of efficiency in its execution through their own political influence. But they fully appreciate that whatever is gained by a strike may at any moment be lost by a lockout, whenever, in the changes of the market, the balance inclines to the side of the employing class; and they will not be satisfied until they see their demands incorporated in the law of the land.

The strikes which, unless all signs fail, will soon be precipitated upon this community are to differ from the strikes of the past largely in this: that they will result from quarrels "picked" for the purpose with reference to a general effect; and will be carried on with not the less but the greater zeal because those who order the men out care little for the object immediately contested, except either to win a victory which shall help the cause elsewhere, or, if a defeat be inevitable, to arouse a deeper and wider feeling throughout the laboring population. For the purposes of the American Federation of Labor, a strike which shall fail in its direct object, but shall leave throughout the members of a trade a more resolute purpose to demand and to obtain a law general to all trades, will be better than would be a strike which, effecting its immediate purpose, should leave those who had taken part in it satisfied with the result in their own case, and indifferent to the further progress of the cause. The industrial contests of the coming season are to be, unlike most of those recorded in industrial history, directed straight upon the end of securing legislation. Freed from the pretentious and cumbrous organization of the Knights of Labor, the men who now deem themselves charged with promoting the interests of the working classes will wield powers greater than the Knights ever possessed, to initiate and conduct a series of strikes which shall essentially be nothing but a mighty agitation of the question of eight-hour legislation. It is, therefore, not of the strikes themselves, but of the proposed legislation, that I shall speak.

And, in the first place, let it be said that there is no fatal objection to the intervention of the state in the contract for labor. The traditional position of the economists in antagonism to such legislation, upon principle, is one which ought never to have been taken, and which cannot be maintained. The factory acts of England, which have become a model to the world, are in themselves a monument of prudent, far-seeing, truly wise statesmanship, which employs the powers of the state to defend its citizenship against deep and irreparable injuries, and truly helps the people to help themselves. Beginning at a time when the condition of the masses was wretched and deplorable beyond the power of language to describe, the factory legislation of England, judiciously combined with laws directed towards fostering the instincts of frugality, towards promoting the spread of intelligence, towards adjusting the burden of taxation to the strength and the weakness of the public body, has done a marvelous work in elevating the masses of the kingdom.

The objection of the economists to

factory legislation was, I have said, not well taken. That objection was based on the theory that whatever interferes in any way with the freedom of contract and of action must, in the end and in the long run, injure the working classes. But what is freedom, so far as practical men are concerned with it? Is it an empty right to do something which you cannot possibly do? Or is it a real power to do that one, out of many things, which you shall choose? If one course gives a man a legal right to do anything, but results in his being so helpless and brings him into such miserable straits that he can, in fact, do but one thing, and that a thing which is most distressing; while another course, although it may keep a man somewhat within bounds, actually conducts him to a position where he has a real choice among many and good things, which course affords the larger liberty?

In the case of a poor, ignorant, and debased population, the absence of factory acts, while it nominally leaves the operative free to go anywhere and do whatever he likes, really results in his staying hopelessly where he finds himself, and doing that which he particularly dislikes. He becomes the slave of the mill, bound fast to the great wheel which turns and turns below. Theoretically, he will not work in any factory where he is not well treated, where the sanitary arrangements are not at least tolerable, where machinery is not fenced to prevent death and mutilation, and where the hours of labor are not kept within the limits of health and strength. Certainly he will not do this if he be really free. Practically, however, in the absence of factory legislation, the operative will have no choice but to work as long as the great wheel turns, be that ten hours, as so generally now, or twelve, or fourteen, or sixteen, as in the days before the factory laws; he will see his companions bruised and mangled by unguarded machinery; he will all the time breathe air deeply laden with poisonous particles or deadly gases. Theoretically, the operative will, under unregulated freedom of movement and of contract, place himself with reference to the comfort of his family and the education of his children for a career happier than his own. Practically, he will, under the pressure of dire necessity, put his children into the mill as soon as he can get them there, even if it be, as in the old hideous days, at ten, at seven, or at five years of age; and in the mill they will stay until they die. This is what will come to most laboring populations in the absence of factory laws. Are such populations really freer than those which are protected by law against gross abuse?

The error of the English economists lay in not seeing that freedom of movement, freedom of action, freedom of contract, are practical matters; and that industrial, like political, systems should be adapted to the needs and wants, the infirmities and evil liabilities, of the populations they are to serve. A crutch acts only by restraint, and to a sound man would be a hindrance and a burden. But is a cripple without a crutch a freer man than a cripple with a crutch? In the case of the latter, does not the instrument correspond to an existing infirmity in such a way that he has a much greater liberty and power of choice and of movement through its help?

But while, thus, the principle of factory legislation is fully vindicated, it does not follow that any law which it may please a given number of persons to demand, or a legislature under popular impulse to enact, will be found beneficial. Restraint can at the best prevent waste. It cannot create force. The fact that a certain degree of interference with the contract for labor has done good, and only good, does not even raise a presumption that further interference will do any good at all. The result may be found altogether the other way.

The presumption is always against the intervention of the law in private actions; and that presumption can only be overcome, in any given case, by strong and direct evidence that it is needed to prevent some deep and irreparable injury.

What are the arguments in favor of a general eight-hour law?[1]

A familiar plea for this measure is that a larger amount of leisure time is the laborer's rightful share in the great increase of productive power derived from the introduction of steam, the invention of machinery, and the discovery of a thousand useful arts and processes. These things have vastly enhanced, and are still every year enhancing, the productive capability of the community, enabling it to produce more in the same time, or as much in a shorter time. Let, then, the working class take out at least a part of the increased dividend which should come to them from this general gain in the form of a greater amount of leisure, a shorter day of labor. Even if this means that they are to forego some part of the enhanced wages which they might expect to realize from working for the old number of hours, with the more powerful auxiliaries and the better tools supplied by science and invention, it is still the right of the working classes to take their benefit in this form, if they elect. If additional time for social enjoyment, for amusement and recreation, for reading and study, for public duties, for politics, if you please, is worth more to them than an additional dividend of food and clothing, they should have it. What may be said in answer to this demand?

In the first place, let me say that I have small sympathy with the views so frequently, and it seems to me brutally, expressed, that the working classes have no need for leisure, beyond the bare necessities of physical rest and repose, to get ready for the morrow's work; that they do not know what to do with vacant hours; and that a shortening of the term of labor would simply mean idleness at the best, and would, in the great majority of cases, lead to an increase of dissipation and drunkenness. Is it our fellow-beings, our own countrymen, of whom we are speaking? It seems to me that this talk about the inability of the working classes to make a good use of leisure, as a reason for not letting them have any; about the hours that might be gained from toil being surely spent in dissipation and riot; about keeping the laborer at work all day in order to keep him out of mischief, is the poorest sort of pessimistic nonsense. It is closely akin to what we used to hear about slavery being a humane and beneficent institution, of a highly educational character. It is akin to the reason given by despots to-day for not enlarging the liberties of the subject.

Work, hard work, and a great deal of it, is good for men. We are made for earnest, strenuous, sustained endeavor; and industry has its rewards, sanitary and moral as well as economic. The state of general repletion amid abundant leisure which Mr. Bellamy has depicted in his Looking Backward would be te-

[1] I shall refer to the arguments more frequently urged in the United States, in support of the demand for the immediate adoption of a general eight-hour law. In England, those who advocate a reduction of the hours of labor are much more conservative and reasonable than with us. Mr. Sidney Webb, one of the best and strongest of the English socialists, in his very able article on The Limitation of the Hours of Labor, in the Contemporary Review for December, 1889, says, "It is not, of course, suggested that a universal and compulsory restriction of the hours of labor to eight per day could possibly be brought about by any one act of Parliament, or even merely by force of law at all. . . . It may be admitted that the hours of labor in any particular industry can only be adjusted by the negotiations of those concerned in that industry, and that any uniform law is impossible." Mr. George Gunton, more than any one else, seems to be put forward by the American eight-hour agitators as their champion.

dious to the last degree; and Dr. Holmes has well said that, in such a state, "intoxication and suicide" would take on the character of popular amusements. But we have no occasion to fear that anywhere, save only in the pages of a novel, shall we find the men of our race excused from any part of the labor that is for their good. The stern severity of nature within our zone, and the general hardness of the human lot, are not likely to be soon relaxed to any dangerous extent, through all the inventions and discoveries of which the human mind is capable.

But while we thus recognize hard work as the general lot of mankind, and rejoice in it, we may well desire that somewhat more, and much more, of leisure and of recreation should mingle with the daily life of our fellows than is now known to most of them. It is a pity, it is a great pity, that workingmen should not see more of their families by daylight; should not have more time for friendly converse or for distinct amusements; should not have larger opportunities for social and public affairs. Doubtless many would always, and still more would at first, put the newly acquired leisure to uses that were lower than the best; were perhaps far from edifying; were even, in instances, mischievous and injurious. But the larger part of this would be due to the fact, not that the time now granted was too great, but that the time previously granted had been too small. Experience of the bitter and the sweet, in this as in most human affairs, would eventually cure the greater part of the evil. Doubtless there would still remain many who, from vitiated tastes or tainted blood, would continue to put their enlarged freedom to a bad use. But such men, who might, it is conceded, become even worse men with more leisure, are not to furnish the rule for the great majority, who are decent, sober, and careful, fearing God and loving their families. And for such, I say more of time released from the grasp of physical necessities is a thing to be desired.

If, at present, this boon cannot be obtained, let us charge it to the general hardness of the human lot, to the severity with which nature presses all the time upon men; but let us not, to keep the working classes quiet, pretend to believe that the object itself is not desirable. For one, I should be very sorry to think that the time would not come when eight hours would be held to constitute a fair day's work in most trades and professions. Within the past forty years there has been a great reduction in the hours of labor throughout the most progressive nations, and the effect thus far has been plainly and largely for good. This might be carried much further, with results ever more and more beneficial. Even without force of law or serious contests with employers, this is likely to go forward of itself, more or less rapidly; changing the hours here from eleven to ten, and there from ten to nine, or possibly from nine to eight, the trades taken for the earliest reductions being precisely those within which, from the character of their membership, the added leisure will be most judiciously, soberly, and temperately enjoyed.

I have said that much has already been gained by the working classes, in this matter of the length of the working-day. There is an unfortunate tendency, on the part of those who especially affect to advocate the interests of the laborers, to misrepresent the facts of the case. They ask, Why, since the productive power of the community has increased so largely, has the laborer derived no benefit therefrom? Let any one read the description which Mr. Hyndman, a socialist, gives of the state of English labor so late as 1842, in his work the Historical Basis of English Socialism, and he cannot fail to be impressed with the reduction which has taken place in the hours of labor since that time. Moreover, the

workman has at least in all the trades covered by the factory and workshop acts, had the advantage of a vast improvement in the conditions under which his labor is performed, as to comfort, decency, health, and physical safety: which, by the way, constitute about the most expensive luxuries known to modern life.[1] Still again, the workman has largely gained in actual money wages. So that, when it is asked why the workman has had no share in the great gain of productive power occurring within the half century, we answer, simply, that he has had a share in it, and no inconsiderable share. He works through fewer hours, in cleaner, safer, healthier factories, for higher wages.

This is not to say that more is not to come. The working classes could have had more already, under the conditions existing, had they understood their interests better, and followed them up more closely and actively.[2] There is no reason to suppose that the possibilities of gain in this direction have been exhausted. As compared with any industrial state that ever has been known, the laborer of to-day has it in his power to do still better for himself, by greater care and pains, higher intelligence, stricter temperance. It is not unlikely, it is indeed most probable, that a part of the gain of the future will take the form of a further reduction of the hours of labor, in many, perhaps most, possibly all, trades and professions.

The second plea which is made for a universal eight-hour law drops the idea that the laborer is to accept a reduction in the length of the workingday as a part of his wages, — the idea that the leisure thus obtained is to be, as it were, one form of his consumption of wealth; he taking this instead of more food, or more clothing, or better shelter, or what not. I say, the new plea for the eight-hour law drops the first notion, and bases itself upon the theory that, on the whole and in the long run, labor continued through only eight hours will yield as great a product, to be divided among the several classes of the community, as labor continued through the present somewhat varying term, from ten hours, say, to eleven or twelve.

Now, this claim is not, on its face, absurd. The rule of three cannot be applied to human labor without respect to conditions and circumstances innumerable. There is little doubt that all the successive reductions in the workingday which have thus far taken place among certain laboring populations have resulted in an immediate gain to production, while they have led to a still further increase of productive power in the generation following. It has probably never occurred that a reduction of working time has been all loss, since a somewhat increased activity, a somewhat enhanced energy, has characterized each part of the time remaining.

Let us take successive cases. Let it first be supposed that a community exists under the sway of a greedy, remorseless tyrant, who compels all the able-bodied members of the community to labor in his fields or shops twenty hours a day, leaving but four hours for sleep, rest, and domestic duties or enjoyments. Now let it be supposed that this ruler is succeeded by a son, to the full as selfish as himself, but more intelligent. Doubtless it would not be long before the new-comer discovered that it was for

[1] The cost of building and maintaining factories in accordance with the demands of modern public sentiment, and even with the requirements of law, including more room to each operative, fire escapes, artificial ventilation, the guarding of machinery, etc., is very great. For most of these things, in private houses, men have to pay a heavy price.

[2] The present writer has for many years maintained the thesis that it is not only for the welfare of the community, but even for the advantage of the employing class themselves, that laborers should actively and urgently assert their own interests in the distribution of the product of industry.

his own interest to reduce the hours of labor to eighteen; and it would require no protracted experience of the new system to demonstrate that more wealth was actually produced in eighteen than had been in twenty hours. We may next suppose that, years later, the grandson of the first ruler is brought, by petition or by threatened rebellion, to consider the question whether he should reduce the number of hours from eighteen to fifteen. He would, at the outset, take this as a proposition to surrender one sixth of his product for the pleasure and comfort of his workingmen, — a proposition to which he would not graciously incline. But if he were as much wiser than his father as his father was wiser than the grandfather, he would soon come to see that this would not be so; that, at the worst, something less than a one-sixth loss would be involved in the change, since, for the fifteen hours remaining, the laborers both could and doubtless would work with somewhat more, perhaps much more, spirit than they could possibly do when worn out in body and mind by the longer day of labor. Should this more enlightened ruler call to his counsels the best physiologists and physicians, his most sagacious ministers, superintendents, and foremen, he would without much difficulty be brought to believe that the proposed reduction of time would involve no loss whatever to production; and trial would soon demonstrate to him and to the most skeptical of his advisers that protracting the hours of labor beyond the capabilities of the human frame had not been a source of gain, but of waste, — hideous, appalling waste.

Now, fifteen hours not unfairly represent the average day of work in European factories and workshops, at the time when the attention of legislators first began to be directed towards the condition of the less fortunate classes, and when those classes began first to stir in their own behalf. It is the general belief of intelligent and disinterested men that every successive reduction in the hours of labor, from that point until the limit of, say, eleven hours a day, in ordinary mechanical pursuits, was reached, effected, not a proportional loss of product, not a loss at all, but a positive gain, especially if not only the present productive power of the body of laborers is considered, but also the keeping up of the supply of labor in full numbers and in unimpaired strength, from generation to generation.

Personally, I should not hesitate to express the opinion that the further reduction from eleven hours to ten had been accomplished in some communities, like Massachusetts, without any appreciable loss to production, and with a clear social and physiological advantage to the community; but here we enter upon disputed ground. In our own highly prosperous country, with a body of laborers generally intelligent and always active in maintaining their interests, armed, moreover, with the ballot, that interval between ten and eleven hours still remains debatable ground. In some States, eleven hours a day is the upward limit of factory labor; in others, lying side by side with these, the limit is ten hours. Both sides of the question as to the effect upon production of a ten-hour restriction are held by intelligent men. There is, however, enough of evidence in favor of the generally beneficial result to make it safe to say that, whenever the great body of laborers in any State now allowing eleven hours of factory labor are fully satisfied that the reduction to ten hours will, on the whole and in the long run, be for their own good, the step will probably be taken, with but little opposition or delay. The fact that there has not been in these States any great, sustained, resolute effort to secure a reduction of the hours of labor from eleven to ten shows clearly enough that the laborers themselves are not yet fully convinced that a reduc-

tion of the daily term of work would be for their own interests.

But the labor champions are not content to win this single step, all within the grounds of a reasonable difference of opinion. Without waiting at this point to secure a general concurrence in a ten-hour limit, and thereupon to collect evidence of the favorable result of such action, they now boldly propose to compel the industries of the country to take all at once the tremendous plunge to eight hours. And this change they propose to effect, so far as political agitation coupled with a series of well-advised and resolute strikes will enable them to do it, in application, not alone to the industries whose products, like those of the building trades generally, are only in a low degree, if at all, subject to competition with the corresponding products of other communities, but in application as well to industries whose products are in the highest degree subject both to interstate and to international competition; in application not more to the industries where hand-tools are used, and where the personal energy and enthusiasm of the individual artisan determine his rate of movement, than to industries where machinery is extensively employed, and where the rate of the operative's movement is determined wholly by the movement of such machinery; in application not to mechanical labor only, but to all labor, if I rightly understand the programme, whether employed in manufactures, in commerce, in transportation, in agriculture, or in personal services.

It is not improbable that there are some trades, especially the hand-tool trades, where the work is naturally severe, and in which the personal energy and enthusiasm of the individual laborer largely determine the rate of his movement, in respect to which the contention that a body of laborers could in the long run do as much in eight hours as in ten might be borne out by trial. Many disinterested and intelligent persons believe that, within these trades, a day of nine hours would be quite sufficient for the most effective labor; and in some cities that rule has already been established, either by mutual consent of masters and men, or as the result of severe and protracted contests. But that an eight-hour day, or even a nine-hour day, could be legally enforced within all occupations alike, or even only within the manufacturing and mechanical industries, without a loss, a considerable loss, to production, is not borne out by any facts that are known or by any reasons which have been advanced. The proposition as yet remains a mere assertion.

We now reach the third plea for a general eight-hour law, namely, that the effect would be to furnish employment to those who, under the existing system, cannot find a chance to work. This is, at present, the most popular and taking argument adduced in behalf of this measure. In order to give the argument greater effect, gross exaggeration is resorted to in stating the number habitually unemployed, which is sometimes placed as high as one fifth or one quarter of the laboring population. One writer speaks of the unemployed as "the reserve army of industry."

The fallacy of this argument lies in its assumption that the reason why a certain portion of the population cannot get work is because those who are employed work as long as they do, say ten hours a day. But what are these persons doing during the ninth and the tenth hour? Each of them is producing goods which are to become a part of the means of paying other laborers for their ninth and tenth hours of work. To prevent any man from working up to the limits of his strength is not to increase, but to diminish, the amount which is available for keeping others at work.

Of course, if, by this plea for a general eight-hour law, it is merely intended to divide up a given amount of employment and a given sum of wages among

a larger number of laborers, there is nothing to be said about it, except that it is a very good-natured proposal, and that its acceptance would indicate an unexpectedly large amount of benevolence on the part of the more fortunate members of the working class. But it is no such self-sacrificing measure which the labor champions propose to their followers. They mean to be understood as promising that the whole body shall be employed at undiminished wages.[1] Now, such an expectation would be utterly irrational, except upon the assumption that laborers are to produce as much in eight hours as formerly in ten. But if they are to produce as much in eight hours as formerly in ten, then the old number of workers will in eight hours produce all the goods for which, according to the economic philosophy of their leaders and teachers, there is a demand.[2] Why, then, should the employers take on any additional laborers? If, on the other hand, less is to be produced in eight hours than in ten, then the additional laborers cannot be taken on to piece out the day's work without a general lowering of wages. When a manufacturer employs a hundred men ten hours a day, it is because he wants *a thousand hours of work*, with which to produce a certain quantity of goods of a certain kind and quality, out of the sale of which he expects to make himself good for wages and materials, for the use of machinery and plant, with at least some small profit for himself. If he is to employ a hundred and twenty-five men for eight hours only, he still gets but a thousand hours of work, for which he can only pay the wages of a thousand hours.

How wide open is the pit into which those who urge this plea for an eight-hour law have stumbled may be seen in the following extract from Mr. Gunton's argument, seriously put forward by the American Federation of Labor as a campaign document. The italics are mine. "The immediate effect of the adoption of an eight-hour workday would be to reduce the working time of over eight million adult laborers about two hours a day. This would withdraw about sixteen million *hours' labor* a day from the market without discharging a single laborer. The industrial vacuum thus created would be equal to increasing the present *demand for labor* nearly twenty per cent." Ought it to surprise us that, after such a demonstration, Mr. Gunton should easily make it out that the proposed measure would actually increase the wages of all laborers? But why Mr. Gunton should be content with increasing the demand for labor by a paltry twenty per cent., when, by allowing laborers to work only one hour a day, he could increase "the demand for labor" nine hundred per cent., it is hard to understand.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, although Mr. Gunton regards the substitution of ten million laborers working eight hours a day for eight million laborers working ten hours a day as increasing the demand for labor by twenty per cent., there is, in fact, no increase whatever in the demand for labor. In either of Mr. Gunton's two cases the demand is for eighty million hours' labor a day; no more, no less.

Whatever may be said for an eight-hour day of labor (and I have conceded that not a little may be urged in favor of a reduction of the workingday in many trades, at least), the plea derived from its imagined effect in setting the unemployed at work is utterly fallacious. The failure of employment for a certain portion of the population is not found at

[1] Mr. Gunton even promises increased wages.

[2] Mr. Gunton speaks repeatedly of "the present normal consumption," as if there were any reason why consumption is as large as it is, outside of the fact that production is as large as it is; as if consumption would not rapidly increase with increasing production or contract with diminishing production.

all in the fact that those who are employed work as long as they do. *The longer and the harder a man works*, within the limits of his strength, *the more work he makes for others*; since with every stroke he is producing that which is to become a part of the means of employing other labor. The reason why, in ordinary seasons, there are any persons unemployed is found partly in the immobility of the laboring population, in the want of general and technical education, in vicious and improvident habits, or in the accidents of life and the general hardship of the human lot. In even greater part, the reason is found in the fluctuations of production and trade, due to the world-wide extension of the division of labor, and the consequent extreme localization and intensification of industry. This is the price which mankind have to pay for the enormous advantages of the extension of the principle of the division of labor.

The evil is not to be cured, in whole or in part, by an eight-hour law. If it were true that only four fifths of the population are employed at ten hours, and if, by an eight-hour law, the other fifth were, as proposed, brought into the factories and workshops, every cause which now operates to produce fluctuations in industry and trade would continue with undiminished vigor; production would still gather itself into great waves, periods of highly excited activity being followed by intervals of deep depression; markets would still at times be glutted, and factories would have to be closed to allow the surplus stock to be cleared off. The spread of intelligence, the general and technical education of the people, the promotion of habits of frugality and temperance, and not eight-hour laws, are the proper means for removing the painful congestions of labor, and for reducing to a minimum the evils of that spasmodic and intermittent production of wealth which characterizes the industrial and commercial world of to-day, and which must continue to characterize the industrial and commercial world until mankind get ready to go back to hand-tools and to the petty neighborhood production of a former age.

I have spoken, I trust not unfairly, of the arguments urged for an eight-hour law applicable to all industries. Let me now offer a few objections which present themselves to my mind.

In the first place, it is a matter of very grave question whether the reduction of the hours of labor, say from ten to eight, even if admitted to be highly desirable, constitutes one of those cases which justify interference by the state; whether, on the other hand, it is not a matter which should be left to debate and decision between employers and laborers: the former retaining their right to grant or refuse the demand; the latter exercising their unquestioned right to refuse, individually or collectively, to work except upon terms agreeable to themselves.

I have expressed no grudging approval of the intervention of the state in bringing down the hours of labor from fifteen or thirteen to eleven or ten. The term of daily work which prevailed at the time when the greed of masters was utterly unrestrained by law meant the degradation and demoralization of the working classes, and produced a hideous mass of disease, vice, and crime, tending always to become congenital. Out of such a slough it is the right and duty of any government to raise its people, by main force, through the strong arm of the law. But when laboring populations have once been placed upon ground firm enough for them to gain a fair foothold and to get a leverage for their own exertions, it is, according to my political philosophy, much better that they should thereafter be left to make progress to successively higher planes through their own strength, skill, and

courage. The state, clearly, should protect its citizens against deep and irremediable injury from forces which they may be powerless to resist; but such social and intellectual advantages as might accrue from a further reduction of the hours of labor will be most fully enjoyed and will be best improved when they shall have been won by the fortitude, patience, and persistent application of the laborers themselves.

Second. In addition to the foregoing, we are bound to take consideration of the rights of the minority in such a matter. If six hundred workingmen are willing and desirous to secure greater leisure at the sacrifice of some part of their wages, have they the moral right, by a mere majority of votes, to refuse to four hundred of their fellows the privilege of earning all the wages they can in a longer day of work, always within the limits of health?

Third. Conceding for the moment the desirableness of a further reduction in the hours of labor, it seems to me a very grave mistake to undertake so long a step at once as that which is proposed, from ten hours, or more, to eight. If the final result is altogether desirable and is to come, it would be far better that it should be undertaken gradually: first, because there would thus be produced less disturbance to industry and trade; next, because the more moderate enterprise would have a better chance; and, again, because, in case of ultimate success, the working classes would, by that time and through those means, have become more fully educated to use the privilege of increasing leisure without abusing it.

Fourth. But would a uniform eight-hour law, applicable to all trades and avocations, be a measure of ordinary justice as between workman and workman? Conceding a considerable reduction in the hours of labor, can one rule ever be applied to all branches of industry? Do not the several trades and avocations differ so widely among themselves, in the conditions under which they may be pursued, as to make any single rule the height of injustice? The term of work — that is, the number of hours a day — is but one of several factors which make up the sum that represents the muscular and nervous exhaustion involved in the pursuit of any avocation. Another factor is the intensity of exertion, which varies and must vary within very wide limits, according to the nature of the industry concerned. Again, the physiological conditions under which labor is conducted are of importance in determining the degree of nervous exhaustion. One industry must of necessity subject its operatives to intense heat or to intense cold. Still others are pursued in an almost stifling atmosphere. Others allow the access of dangerous particles or poisonous gases. On the other hand, there are industries pursued by hundreds of millions of our kind which furnish the most benignant influences, or at least require their laborers to submit to no conditions injurious to life or health.

Still again, the length of the working year varies greatly with different avocations. Some may be pursued steadily for twelve months, alike through summer and winter, seedtime and harvest; others have a working year of but eight or fewer months. Is it then possible, will it ever be possible, so to control the conditions under which labor is conducted as to make it compatible with political justice, or even with ordinary honesty as between man and man, to prescribe the same number of hours per day for all?

Francis A. Walker.

AN ARTHURIAN JOURNEY.

"It is apparent in all histories," says the preface to one of the many editions of Sir Thomas Malory's Morte d'Arthur, "that there were nine most famous and renowned kings and princes, whose for their noble acts and worthy atchievements are stiled the nine worthies, and it is most execrable infidelity to doubt that there was a Joshua, it is wicked Atheism to make a question if there were a David, it is hatefull to be difficult of a sometime Judas Macchabæus; besides there are none of any capacitie but doe believe there was an Alexander. The world is possest with the acknowledgement of the life and death of Julius Cæsar, and the never dying fame of the illustrious Trojan Hector is perspicuous. . . . The magnanimous prince Godfrey duke of Bulloigne . . . and the famous emperor Charlemagne no christian will deny." "And," he proceeds, "shall the Jewes and the Heathen be honoured in the memory and magnificent prowesse of their worthies? Shall the French and German nations glorify their triumphs with their Godfrey and Charles, and shall we of this island be so possest with incredulitie, diffidence, stupiditie and ingratitude to deny, make doubt, or expresse in speech and history the immortal name and fame of our victorious Arthur? . . . As (by the favour of Heaven) this kingdom of Britain was graced with one worthy, let us with thankfulness acknowledge him."

Years before I met with this energetic plea, the doubts and arguments which had arisen in my own mind against the existence of Arthur had given place to a belief that no such figure ever looms up in the traditions of a country, printing his foot on its rocks, setting his name on its landmarks, weaving his deeds into its primitive, unwritten story to become the woof of its earliest tales and poetry, unless it be the transfiguration of a real hero. The time of Arthur is no mythic epoch; the Roman Emperors who fought his forerunners, the saints who preached in the British Isles before his birth, are as well known as the Hanoverian kings or the Protestant Archbishops of Canterbury. The only proof lacking of his having lived is contemporaneous record, — a valid objection which would overthrow equally the most solidly seated effigies of Westminster. The name of Arthur is familiar to the first murmurs of British song, and to those of the kindred Brittany which have passed into the keeping of letters.

The editor of Sir Thomas Malory, while commending his author's "painful industry" in translating and compiling the Arthurian legends from French and Italian sources, admits that "fables and fictions" have been inserted which may be a blemish to the truth of the history, but that "superfitial flaws" should not shake our faith in its substantial authenticity. Neither he nor Sir Thomas could foresee the confirmation his narrative would gain, after four hundred years, from the discovery and publication of Welsh, Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and early English manuscripts to which he had not access, — echoes of Breton rhyme and legend; for Brittany is the birthplace of the Arthurian epic. These are the earliest forms in which the oral traditions and ballads about men and deeds, then not many ages removed, have come down to our day. Some slight study of these authorities,[1] which are now within everybody's reach, brought

[1] The publications of the Early English Text Society and of similar associations, Lady Charlotte Guest's Mabinogion, M. de Villemarqué's Chants de Bretagne, the modernized versions of mediæval French and German prose and metrical romances.

me back to Sir Thomas Malory's Morte d'Arthur for the best summary of the old tales, and to Lord Tennyson as the inspired exponent of them, as they have been handed on through generations and centuries, undergoing the pressure of every period, until they represent, not the modern man, but the modern ideal. It was, therefore, with the Idylls of the King as a guide that I traced the course of Arthur from his mysterious coming to his mysterious passing away.

There is probably not a shire in England and Wales which does not boast of connection with the Flower of Kings. To follow the tangled and doubtful guests to all these localities would be a bootless errand, and the poetry and interest of the subject would be lost in the search. The track is distinct and fairly continuous only in the south marches, where the beginnings of the legend swarm about the soil like bees coming out of the ground. Cornwall, stretching its peninsula far out into the western sea, is invested with an isolation and remoteness befitting the unpenetrated secret of Arthur's origin. It is a region of steep, bare, hog-backed hills, elongating themselves in monotonous succession from coast to coast, divided by deep, narrow vales almost smothered in luxuriant vegetation. There is the extreme of contrast between the close-shorn and never-ending ridges, on which not a bush stands knee-high against the salt winds, with sparse and meagre trees on the lower slopes, and the hothouse wealth of shrubbery and flowers at their feet. The downs have a bloom of their own cowering among the short grass, daisies, buttercups, and a pale little pink flower growing profusely even in the crevices of the rocks, and here and there they are burnished by a touch of gorse; but even under the smile of June the landscape turns to desolation towards the cliffs. The villages and hamlets scattered along the hilly roads have a quaint and quiet charm. The houses, whether one or two storied, are true cottages, and are of brown or gray stone, with slate roofs. They stand in pretty gardens tacked to paddocks and orchard bits. The stables and granges have a solid, half-fortified look, as if built to resist attack. Every such huddle of houses, flowers, and verdure has its inn, temperance or "licensed to sell;" its smithy, the horse waiting at the door, patiently, with his head down, and one or two gossips inside the glowing forge. In many of them clacks a mill, with a big, water-greened wheel turning under the slap of the hurried brook. They have a grave, old-time presence, cheerful enough, especially when animated by the rosy cheeks of the hale workingmen, the handsome women, the chubby children, five out of six showing the type of a race in their long dark eyes, rich coloring, and downward curving features. The abode of melancholy is the church, a low, severe structure, with a square Norman tower and some interior pillar or arch of Saxon times. A stone cross generally stands sentinel before the graveyard, worn from its outline by a thousand years of weather, marking the spot as consecrated by an earlier Christianity than that of the building. The group keeps aloof from the village, in sight of the awful sea, as if doing perpetual penance for the sins of forgotten generations. Between the villages the steep roads are shut in by walls of slate covered with turf, and overgrown at midsummer with ivy, ferns, and dark blue wild hyacinths; forming a foundation for the hawthorn hedges, white with fresh-scented blossoms, and for ramparts of golden furze. But these beautiful barriers shut out every view except the distant stretching spines of the naked hills, and the traveler cannot forget that only the flowers and sunshine save the prospect from dreariness.

It is by a repetition of these serious scenes that the steep road reaches the windy village of Tintagel, whence a

still steeper track leads afoot down a stony glen, shut in between rock walls, through which a bright brook hastens with many skips and jumps. At a turn in the path the sea comes into sight between huge crag-jambs, and to the left a mountainous, cloven headland, girt about the shoulders with the ruins of twin castles. A few yards further, the path branches, on one hand to a quarry, which is no flaw in the grandeur; on the other to the lower ledges of "the island," as the outer half of Tintagel promontory is called in the neighborhood. The path scales the side of the tremendous chasm, into which the sea breaks frantic, and rushes out as if in terror; up and up, by stony scrambles and sharp turns, here and there guarded by a hand-rail, but more fit for a goat than for man, and not wide enough for two goats to pass; up and up, the height more giddy, the dreadful depth, with the waters rushing in and out, deeper and deeper. At length a wooden door in the ruined outworks of the castle is reached, opening on the narrow ledge above the sheer cliff; within are grassy courts, broken battlements, ivied parapets, and a sense of safety. Here is a breathing-place, to sit on the fallen masonry and look about for the footprints of legend. No scene could have been chosen more suited to the prologue of an ancient drama. Here, in the hold of Gorlois, his fallen foe, died Uther Pendragon. Here the wonderful child Merlin first prophesied; and as his prophecies were soon fulfilled, he rose to the sublime importance and influence which he kept until old age. This seaward castle, on the outer side of the headland, was the stronghold of Ygerne, Arthur's mother, in which she was besieged and taken by Uther, who had slain her husband for love of her. The bold span which joined it to the landward castle, above the roaring cleft, is gone, but its piers remain imbedded in the rock. An arched gateway stands firm, framing a different picture from each side; and as castles, like churches and forests, have a tendency to arise on the vestiges of older ones, it may have been the postern by which, according to ancient hearsay, Merlin gave the new-born Arthur into the care of the faithful Antor. At the base of the castle crag is a little sandy cove, where the brook, having reached the foot of the glen, slips off into the sea, — a slim cascade of fifty feet, perhaps, but from the terrible perch over against it looking like a child's slide. This was the beach where, by another version, one stormy night, the waves washed the babe to Merlin's feet, while Uther Pendragon lay dying high overhead in the keep.

But the clearest images which linger in Tintagel are Tristan and Yseult. Her name clings to the shores of her native Ireland in Capelizod (Isolde's or Yseult's chapel), but her memory warms these rocks and ruins like the golden lichen on their dark surface. On her track I took a stiff clamber to the breezy topmost turf, spreading evenly for acres like a tilting-ground, edged by flat rocks which jut over the abyss. The coast, far as the eye can reach, is curved and scalloped into bays, and broken into huge natural piers and moles. The face of the precipice, beetling hundreds of feet above the waves, is sombre; in places there is a warmth as from a more genial under-color; nevertheless, the gloom would be appalling but for the glint of the lichen showing everywhere like half-worn gilding. Green slopes of grass belt the cliff at intervals, smooth as the glacis of a fort; and the look of the slippery sward, to which no living hand or foot could cling, is more cruel than the splintered rock above and below. The lowest stories are worn into caverns and vaulted passages, into which the sea plunges with the sound of muffled thunder, bursting out again, after a short silence, with an explosion like a mine; and the foam gushes up, climbing to the knees of the crags, and the wind blows the flakes

about their ears. At the foot of every headland are flying buttresses, blunt cones, or shapeless masses, which would be called huge on many rock-bound coasts, but which here look like fungi.

In truth it is tremendous scenery, with a formidable, threatening aspect, calling to mind earthquakes, volcanoes, tidal waves, and the force which abides in nature to overwhelm and destroy. Its beauty and harmony, as I saw it, came from the open sea, which was of a bright, tender blue, with a long, smooth swell, on which the wind left soft white paths, and the shadows of the clouds made wandering violet islets. The distant capes and points were dim and dream-like in the summer haze, as if Yseult's reveries brooded over them still. These are the waves that severed her from her green Ireland and from the wild coast of Brittany, where Tristan found his young bride. These are the waves she crossed when the message came that he was dying, and heart-burning, jealousy, wrath, and mutual wrong were merged in lifelong passion, drawing her once more to his side by the chain which had held her since the morning of their days, when the philtre welded it in their veins. Her last voyage, with its tragic ending, is a finer and more fitting close to the story than the surprise and murder of Tristan at Tintagel by her husband, King Mark, "as he sat harping before la belle Isoude." Lord Tennyson could hardly help taking the latter conclusion, as Matthew Arnold had been beforehand with him in choosing the former. It is in every way a pity, for it was not in Mr. Arnold's key; though there are beautiful lines and passages of deep pathos in his Tristram and Iseult, it has not the march, ring, and antique fatality of the old romances, which Tennyson has caught with surpassing power and charm.

The story of these predestined lovers is pathetic and dramatic from first to last, the most imaginative and complete of the Arthurian cycle. It has a singular likeness to the true stories of the troubadours of Provence, with their royal lady-loves, their unhappy, unhallowed passion, their crusading and monastic penances, their distant and often violent deaths. The figure of Tristan, the child of sorrow, is more distinctly drawn, if less imposing, than Arthur or Launcelot. The last has passed through so many hands that the die has lost its sharpness, and has been softened to the pattern of a Bayard or a Raleigh, while the "light and nimble" Tristan, with his harp and hunting-horn, keeps his untempered originality. He was nephew of King Mark of Cornwall; his mother was Elizabeth, "both good and fair," who died in giving him birth, and bestowed on him his sorrowful name. He became the object of a stepmother's hatred, and the first act recorded of him is that he sued for her pardon when she had been detected in an attempt to poison him. He was then sent to France to finish his education, where he acquired many arts and graces, but did not lose the roving, forester tendency of his temperament. There is the same difference between Guinivere and Yseult, who, though a king's daughter and a king's wife, is less a queen than a willful woman. She is but half civilized; the untamed Irish blood heats her cheeks to the end. In the innocent, light-hearted prank which brought doom upon them; in after-years of guilt, of voluntary separation, of effort to forget; in their flight and joyous life together; in their vain repentance; in his self-exile, his lapses into madness; in the perpetual victory of a love which was fate; in their partings; in their death-bed reunion, — these passionate phantoms haunt the ruins and cliffs of Tintagel, and challenge human sympathy by the human nature in their failings.

There are few other sites in Cornwall where the theatre and actors of its primitive tragedy are so vividly descried. "The duchy," as its inhabitants are still

proud to call it, is a chosen field for traditions, but they are so old that their tangible proofs are worn out. It is more empty than any part of Great Britain where I have been of monuments or the fragments of monuments which please or interest the eye. There is not a castle or church which is worth turning aside to see, except for the sake of its name and associations. Along the infrequent lines of travel there are disfiguring industries, — mines, quarries, china-clay works, tin stream-washing; and although some of these are ancient in origin, they are worked by the most modern processes. Away from the great highways the country has a desolation quite its own, wholly unlike the undiscovered aspect of much American scenery, — the desolation of a region long forsaken and forgotten. For the antiquarian it is full of bournes, Druidical remains, miraculous crosses, holy wells, one-story chapels half buried in sand, where Galahad and Launcelot may have stopped to pray. The general configuration is straitened and narrow, as if the never-ending hills were the gaunt vertebræ of an interminable backbone. The loveliness of the valleys in their midsummer bloom and vegetation is a charming relief from the naked hills and the sea-bitten foliage cowering under their lee; but if one could picture the land in its pristine bareness, when those cherished plantations did not fill the interstices, or if all that twelve hundred years of gradual cultivation have done to modify the landscape were brushed off, it would be harsh and crude from the ridges to the coast, rent with fissures by which the salt waves break in to embitter the brooks, and drive them back toward their hilly homes. Even yet it makes a fine frame for solitary heroic figures, for deadly encounters in single combat, for battle-pieces of antique simplicity, for rites of lonely devoutness, for magic barges vanishing into the unknown.

But the glory of Arthur belongs to all England, and the whole southwest coast is especially dedicated to his memory, South Wales and Somersetshire above the rest. Caerleon, on the Usk, was his seat before his supremacy was fully established, and one at which he continued to hold court at stated seasons. Arthur was chosen to the pendragonship by acclamation of a faction of the barons and knights under the influence of Merlin and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who consecrated him at Caerleon at Whitsuntide, where he received seven tributary kings in the following August. There was still so much turbulence and discontent among them, and a whisper of treason, that Arthur escaped from a window in his tower to a safer hold. At this crisis Merlin arrived again in his mysterious pre-eminence, before which all bowed, and the barons went to welcome him, and "led him into a palace upon the river without the town, in a faire meadow, and brought him up to a window aloft, where they might see fair water and great, that goed about the walls of Karlion." They there made their complaints against Arthur, whom they called bastard and usurper. Merlin convened a general assembly, held in state, in presence of the archbishop, at which he promised to satisfy them of Arthur's claims to be their lord paramount. The archbishop opened the ceremonies with a solemn exhortation, but the barons interrupted him: "'Sir, abide awhile untill we have heard Merlin speak, for hereafter ye may us preach at leisure.'" Then Merlin brought forward Antor and Uther Pendragon's letters and seal, and revealed Arthur's royal origin. The princes, still dissatisfied, dispersed, to break out in rebellion. Arthur, by Merlin's advice, collected the survivors of his father's Round Table, and founded his own; formed alliances, among others with King Leodogran, father of Guinivere, whom he married later; put down

the malcontents, after much hard fighting; and thus was confirmed and acknowledged monarch of the realm, and crowned, as one annalist relates, at Stonehenge.

The morning sunshine of a September day was turning the turbid waters of the Severn to gold, as I crossed them from the Somerset shore to South Wales, and it was still bright and early when I reached the town of Newport, with its three strong towers. There the Usk falls into the Severn, scuffling with the tidal flow. Following the former inland through the quiet fields for three miles, it brought me to Caerleon, a little town which stopped growing a great while ago. A circular green mound, a few acres across, deeply hollowed in the middle, is all that remains of Arthur's palace, where the door was kept by that erratic porter who went upon his head to save his feet. The centre of the circuit is so much lower than the sides that they shut out all view except of the sky; it is only near the top that even the church tower on a neighboring hill comes into sight. From the rim the outlook is of no great extent, over a green valley, through which the Usk winds and bends, a muddy stream, sunk between clay banks. The nearer hills are low, the further ones higher and bolder, but no other town, village, country-seat, or even church is to be seen. From the tower of Arthur's palace only,

"Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,
And white sails flying on the yellow sea."

The land is scantily wooded, chiefly pasture; in a new country it would be a blank landscape, but here it has an Old World character, rural and placid, tamed to man's use, long though little inhabited, with nothing to hinder the range of memory and fancy. As it looks now, turning the back on the little town, it may have looked when Arthur's knights went to hunt the white hart in the forest of Dean. That lay, some say, between the Usk and Wye; some, southward, between Caerleon and Cardiff, which are fourteen miles apart. The hills to the south are bolder, and the woodland sweeps over many of them in an unbroken wave. On nearing Cardiff a change comes over the scenery, and the river Taff runs through it, swift and clear, to the sea. There are fine remains of the castle, with its great octagonal keep, in which Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, spent twenty-six years in captivity and blindness. The modern additions are castellated, but extraordinarily incongruous and out of keeping with the character of the original pile. But castle, cathedral, and all that is oldest in the place had Norman builders. The home of Enid and the hold of the Knight of the Sparrowhawk, the port where Arthur embarked on his foreign expeditions, where the broken-hearted Launcelot set sail for his own country, are buried under the ruins of a later antiquity.

Wales, like every part of Great Britain, lays claim to the sites of Arthur's court and many of his battlefields; but Arthur's courts, camps, beds, stairs, stools, and graves are thickly strewn from the English Channel to the Firth of Forth. Carlisle is almost the only northerly place of ascertained identity to which tradition assigns events of importance in the annals of his reign; but some versions do not allude to them, while others place them at Cardoel, or Cardoile, in Wales, which has withdrawn from the scope of latitude and longitude. In some romances, an encounter between Launcelot and Sir Mador de la Porte, of which more hereafter, is related to have taken place at Carlisle.

Arthur held his court at Westminster from time to time, and this explains the geography which finds Shalott at Guildford, in Surrey. To try and fix all the Arthurian localities would be waste of time, and, far worse, loss of illusion. London in its age and vastness has some

of the eternal dignity of Rome; strata on strata of conquest and civilization hide older layers from the eye, but not from the mind. Westminster will always be venerable and historic far beyond the memories of its present bridge and abbey; the sense of beginnings, of mythical preludes to recorded event, is lost only in wonder at the results. But it is very different where new-born industry or vulgarity has trampled the grave of romance out of shape and sight, so let those beware who would look too close.

Winchester is another seat of ancient beauty and dignity which lays claim to having been one of Arthur's abodes and the headquarters of the Round Table, and some of the old romances confound it with Camelot. Wherever he held his court the Round Table must have been set for the time, and all authorities agree in making Camelot his favorite place of sojourn, the starting and rallying point of the guests; and the most learned in our times identify it with the hill fort at South Cadbury, in Somersetshire, sometimes called Queen's Camel.

The nearest railway station to Cadbury is Templecombe, a pretty old village, off the track of travel; but few trains stop there daily, and as the whistle dies away the place loses recollection of them. Here once stood a consistory of the Knights Templars. Some fragments of the refectory are built into a cottage, and the chapel wall, with its fine Gothic window, partly incloses the pigsty. It is seven or eight miles from Templecombe to South Cadbury, by the quietest, greenest lanes, between banks of fern and bluebell crested with hedges hung full of scarlet berries, and past the prettiest hamlets, — four or five thatched, embowered cottages, with rustic porch and garden, planted irregularly about a low gray church with an ivied tower. Trees border the road, and above their tops are seen on all sides hills rolled in foliage. At length, one higher than the rest comes into sight, with straight, clean-cut lines of grassy summit, and this is the old British camp, Cadbury Castle, or "the hill fort." There was a steep, stony lane, up which I had to trudge for about a quarter of a mile, the first stage of the ascent; then came a belt of trees on the edge of a trench; then a wilderness of thistles, briers, nettles, and scrub growth, — a parable of the difficulties one gets into among the confusion and contradiction of the old romances through which lies the way to historic likelihood. The hillsides grew steeper at every step, hardly to be climbed except on all fours; another bank and trench, then a smooth green slope, almost perpendicular, and a final ridge, raised slightly round a circular plateau, — about twenty acres of springy turf, without tree or shrub. Here was the place to sit and pant, and rest the shaking legs, under a blue sky; to listen to the fresh breeze rustling in the trees below, and gaze over the fertile countryside. An undulating succession of hill and dale flowed softly into each other, feathered and fringed with waving woods. Beyond the mounting, billowy uplands, several sharp, isolated peaks cut the clear air; of these, the tallest rose darkly, like a mysterious warning, and it was Glastonbury Tor.

This, then, was Camelot. Within the grassy circle stood Arthur's chief palace, the headquarters of the Round Table. Here he sat in his hall strewn with fresh rushes, and leaned his elbow on a flame-colored cushion, while no porter kept the hospitable doors. Here it was that Guinivere shone supreme among her ladies; here that Sir Bors, Sir Kay, Tor, Gawaine, Balin le Savage, the prudent Dinadan, Launcelot du Lac, paid them worship in the lists and the bower, or went forth on quests and adventures, or followed the king to battle at Badon and Ashdown, or joined with Galahad and Percivale in their sacred search. This is the centre of that enchanted realm in which still are hidden the magic spring, the lake, the isle, the pavilion of plea-

sure, the castle, the mystic chapel, the lawless forest, the hermit's cell. Hither came Tristan of Lyonesse to vindicate the honor of Cornish knights, who were held to be cowards by the Round Table, perhaps in contempt of their king, Mark. He was introduced by Launcelot, his brother in arms; and on his arrival "came Queen Guinivere and many ladies with her, and all these ladies said with one voice: 'Welcome Sir Tristan;' 'welcome' said the damosels; 'welcome' said the knights; 'welcome' said king Arthur, 'for one of the best knights and gentilest in the world.'"

As the loves of Tristan and Yseult belong especially to Tintagel, so do those of Launcelot and Guinivere to Camelot. Although the latter's personality is not so trenchant as Yseult's, it is finely and consistently indicated by the old romances, and Tennyson has perfected the picture by observing the outline. There is always something large and lofty about her even in her whims and humors; she is royal. She bears a bad character in Wales to this day, where, I am told, Ganor, short for Gwenhwyvar, is an ill name for a woman, as Florinda was in Spain after the fall of King Roderick. There is an old Welsh rhyme about Guinivere which means "bad when little, worse when great." But her name is not so eschewed in Cornwall, where it is said to survive in the patronymic of Jennifer; and the prejudice, wherever it exists, rests on the end, not on the beginning, of her story. In Sir Thomas Malory she treads grandly through her ordeals, though the ground was as hot ploughshares under her feet. The bluff Sir Bors, no courtier, though he was of Launcelot's family, declared that "always she hath been large and free of her goods to all good knights, and the most bounteous lady of her gifts and good graces that ever I saw or heard speak of." The ten knights wearing the white armor of her bodyguard, who were wounded in her behalf, had cause to remember her good graces; for she had them laid in a chamber adjoining hers, and tended them with her own hands, day and night, until they were healed. When five kings made war on Arthur and he took the field, he asked the queen to go with him, that her presence might embolden him; and she replied, "'Sir, I am at your command and shall be ready what time soever ye be ready.'" When they were forced across Humber, the river being dangerous, Arthur bade her choose between capture and the risk of drowning, and she answered that she would rather die in the water than fall into the enemy's hands. Her thanks to Sir Kay for his bravery in this strait, and her promise "to bear his noble fame among ladies," are spoken with the same queenly spirit and freedom. Her affection and veneration for the king were strong at first, perhaps to the last; on his departure against the Romans, Guinivere was overcome by grief, and was carried fainting to her chamber by her ladies.

This is the epoch of Launcelot's first appearance at court, so far as the devious chronology can be followed; and if there was already some unavowed love between them, they were so far above even self-suspicion that Launcelot openly professed his admiration for the queen and chose her as his lady, and she accepted him as her knight elect. As their lives go on and their chivalrous relations change, her emotions become more violent; her anger, grief, and jealousy get the upper hand too often, until she turns into something of a termagant. There is a humorous touch of nature in the incidents of her absence, through illness, from a brilliant tournament on Humber, near Launcelot's castle of Joyeuse Garde. It was when Tristan and Yseult had fled together from Cornwall, during an uprising of the people against King Mark, and they were Launcelot's guests. As Guinivere could not preside, Yseult was made queen of the tourney,

though because of her forfeit honor her pavilion was apart from the other ladies'. It was the crowning moment for her and her minstrel knight, and in an outburst of triumphant happiness he sent greeting to Guinivere "that in all the land there were but four lovers, — Queen Guinivere and Sir Launcelot du Lac, Sir Tristram of Lyonesse and Queen Isoud." The queen had much curiosity about these doings, the report of which reached her at a seaside castle where she was getting well, with great praise of Yseult "for her beautie, bountie and mirth," and she broke out with the petulance of convalescence: "'O mercy Jesu! so saith all the people that hath seen her and spoken with her. . . . It misfortuned me of my sickness while that tournament endured, and I suppose I shall never see in all my life such an assembly of knights and ladies as ye had there.'"

Humor is not lacking in many of the Arthurian adventures, and Dinadan, the modern man, is something of a wag; but there is little place for it in the fatal love-tale about which the epic revolves. In the course of years Guinivere's passion for Launcelot outruns caution and disguise, under the trials to which her self-control is exposed by his dangers, absences, captivities, and allurements by other women. Little by little everybody is in the secret except Arthur; and though his mistrust is sometimes stirred, he puts it aside with grand magnanimity. These passages are gathered and summed up by the master hand in Launcelot and Elaine. That touching vision came among the rest, during the long afternoon while I lingered on the hill fort, and I looked far and wide for the river down which her barge floated, and into which the jealous queen flung the diamonds. At last I caught a gleam of water, and made out a little stream — the Camel, no doubt — twisting among the meadows at the base of the hill. Too much has to be allowed for shallowing and shrinking even in over a thousand years for imagination to see the boat and boatman, and the fair corpse, borne down that rivulet. With great unwillingness to shift the scene of so exquisite an episode, I had to fall back on Sir Thomas Malory's assertion that Astolat, or Shalott, was Guildford, in Surrey, and that the Thames carried the lady to London, while Arthur was sojourning at Westminster. The original of Elaine in the old metrical Morte Arthur is a more spoiled and self-willed maiden than the lily maid of Astolat. The ancient poem says her cheek

> "was rede as blossom on brere,"

and the likeness of a wild rose is more in keeping with her untrained bloom and forlorn end. But Tennyson generously gave us the pure and pensive image which could not be spared from her place in the Idylls of the King.

The earlier portion of the Arthuriad, after the preliminary incidents are disposed of and the leading personages have been introduced, is pervaded by a bright freshness as of the breeze and sunshine of morning. The knights and ladies are young; the swords are unworn though not unproved, the shields untarnished; love, faith, hope, ambition, and belief in life are warming the veins and lifting the hearts. There are bursts of joy and recklessness, born of animal spirits and the exuberance of youth. There are springs of tenderness in these dauntless souls, not yet dried by the length and drought of the day. Even King Mark, the meanest and most abject of the throng, finding the bodies of an Irish knight, killed in combat by Balin, and of his lady-love, who stabbed herself on seeing him fall, lays them together in a rich tomb within a beautiful church. The friendship of the brute creation and its part in the life of man give rise to many touching incidents. The most important of them is the adventure of the lady of the white hart and

her knight, who kills Gawaine's hounds to avenge the pet creature's death. "'Why have ye slain my hounds?'" said Sir Gawaine. "'They did but after their kind, and lever had I ye had wroken your anger upon me than upon a dumb beast.'" The death of the hart and hounds brought about the death of the knight and lady, for which Gawaine was tried by Guinivere's court of ladies, and rebuked by his younger brother and squire: "'Ye should give mercy to them that ask mercy, for a knight without mercy is without worship.'" Percivale, on a lone mountain-side, beset with foes and danger, rescues a lion's whelp from a serpent; the lion kills the snake, carries the whelp to a safe place, and comes back to fawn on Percivale like a spaniel. The knight, in the loneliness of his peril, stroked him "on the neck and on the shoulders and gave thanks to God for the fellowship of the beast." The little hound given by Tristan to Yseult plays his humble part in their drama, he alone recognizing his lord through the rags and strangeness of a lately past insanity. Horses and their faithful service are not forgotten. When Launcelot nearly lost his life in an ambush, and his horse was shot under him, the devoted creature followed his master, with forty arrows in his flanks and his entrails dragging, until he fell dead. Even birds have their place in this largely drawn plan of an ideal world. Launcelot got into one of his worst scrapes by climbing a tree to release a falcon entangled in her jesses. "When she would have taken flight she hung by the legs fast, and Sir Launcelot saw how she hung and beheld the fair perigot and was sorry for her." Arthur has the largest share of this compassion, the high-minded, great-hearted king, who was subject to a sacred rage in the fray, was pitiful and courteous to any woman, child, serf, or beast that cried for help.

Woods and flowery fields were favorite resorts of the brotherhood, in the prime of their errantry; they were addicted to sitting by forest wells and springs, a practice so well known of them that a heart-whole fellow, passing where a knight lay watching the bubbles in a fountain, taxed him at once with being of the court and with his lovelorn state. Launcelot's grief after a night of bitter repentance is assuaged by hearing the birds sing at dawn. Feeling for nature, so vehemently claimed as a development of modern sensibility, belongs not only to Sir Thomas Malory, but to the old romances, which abound even more than he does in picturesque details and descriptions. They are sprinkled with little poems in prose on springtime and summer. "The spring returns, the trees are in their bloom, the forest in its beauty, the birds chaunt, the sea is smooth, the gently rising tide sounds hollow, the wind is still. The best armour against misfortune is prayer."[1] Malory has a lovely interlude on May, wherein "true love is likened to summer," as introduction to How Queen Gunever rode on Maying. These softer strains run through the gladsome measures of hunting, tilting, and going to battle. Only the predictions of Merlin rise from time to time, like the chill breath on a cloudless day foretelling a change of weather. Gradually the morning music dies away, and exultation gives place to murmurs, wrangling, recrimination, care, and remorse. Under the changefulness of fortune and the fickle heart of man, the bonds of loyalty slacken, those of love and friendship chafe, the lustre of the Round Table grows dull. In this transition Malory shows his knowledge of life and human nature, as well as his genius; no modern analyst has a finer touch for the intricacies of the heart. Even the nameless bards and romance-writers of the dark ages knew the difference between a light love and a master passion. He and his forerunners

[1] Rev. Evan Evans's Specimens of Ancient Welsh Poetry, 1764.

perfectly understood how to class those temporary bonds which are twisted and loosened by vanity or vexation, and the mortal hold of a love like Launcelot and Guinivere's, Tristan and Yseult's, and that of Yseult's unhappy paynim adorer, Sir Palomides, or the undying wifely devotion of Elizabeth of Lyonesse and the fair Ynid. The proceedings of the lovers and their views of love remind one that there is no new thing under the sun. "'Madam,' said Sir Launcelot" (when the queen hypocritically reproached him with hardness of heart to Elaine), "'I love not to be constrained in love, for love must arise of the heart and not by no constraint.' 'That is truth,' said the king and many knights: 'love is free in himself and never will be bounden; for where he is bounden he loseth himself.'" They wrote to each other, in spite of prudence, and the letters were intercepted, as in later days. Merlin, the sage, after leading his long life with credit and dignity, when he was an old man "fell on a dotage" of the youthful Vivien, with what disastrous result is known. He remains the type and warning of amorous graybeards. When three knights, Marhaus, Gawaine, and Uwaine, or Evan, met three damsels, and agreed to spend a year in their company, seeking adventures, the eldest knight chose the youngest maid; the young squire, who had not won his spurs, took the elderly damsel, who discreetly guided him to renown. The modification of temperament and character by time and circumstance is indicated with consummate skill, yet with absolute simplicity of method.

The art of bookmaking was not understood in those days, however. The prose Morte d'Arthur is a patchy bit of work; the edges of the scraps seldom meet exactly. It is easy to recognize different versions of one story in several adventures which are narrated as happening at distinct times and places. Even by its own system of chronology and geography there are discrepancies and contradictions; it is full of clumsy translation, while the bloodthirstiness of some episodes and the tender chivalry and piety of others show that the original documents must have been of widely different dates. But the same spirit animates the whole book, and that was infused by Sir Thomas Malory.

As natural vicissitude was bringing the court and fellowship to a turning-point, the St. Grail appeared. This had been foretold long before by Merlin, and it came to pass when the youth Galahad saw the vision of the sacred chalice in hall and vowed to follow the summons. The other knights saw it at the same time in different manifestations, and all swore to follow; the gay Gawaine, who was the first to swear, was the first to weary of the search. From this climax there is a change of tone in Malory's recital, which can be explained only by supposing a different and deeper meaning in the old romance whence he took the quest of the Sangreal from those which furnished him with the histories of Merlin and Arthur, and the previous adventures of various knights. It has a strange solemnizing effect on the rest of the story. In the choosing of Arthur as king, in spite of his doubtful birth and humble rearing, and the setting him over the heads of petty kings and powerful chieftains, there is a Scriptural significance, which reappears faintly from time to time during the epic. This, however, may be merely the glimpsing up of eternal moral truths underlying the course of events in history and human life, of which romance and fiction are but rearrangements. But after the quest of the St. Grail is proclaimed, the fabulous color of the adventures gives place to an allegorical one. There is a mystic elevation, a religious fervor, in the moods of the knights and in their pursuits; they vow themselves to the service of Christ instead of to their lady's; their sins find them out and bring them to repentance.

A gentler code prevails in their encounters; they are content to prove their prowess by overthrowing an adversary without slaying him. Hermits and holy women begin to play important parts; white birds and beasts and flowers and white-robed visitants haunt the visions of the knights; the personages themselves become conscious that they are carrying out an allegory, as when the anchorite expounds to Gawaine that the captives in the Castle of Maidens typify "the good soules that were in prison afore the incarnation of Christ." Sir Bors sees a pelican feed its starving young and die, and recognizes it as a symbol. The marvelous is transmuted into the miraculous. Dreams have a spiritual interpretation, temptations are of the same character, and a foreshadowing of the end falls across the minds of the brotherhood. Arthur, more than the rest, is burdened by the presentiment, and it weighs heavily on the queen, who tries to stir up the king to forbid the knights to follow the St. Grail, as they had taken their oath when he was not in hall. He will not interfere, and they set out on the morrow, after hearing mass in the minster with the king and queen, a sad and solemn farewell rite. The knights then armed and rode away, commending themselves to the queen, with a clash, tramp, and sound of departure that reverberates through the blood as one reads. This is one of the very few passages in which Tennyson has enfeebled the old narrative, instead of enriching it and making it more beautiful. His picture of Guinivere riding by Launcelot, weeping and wailing before all the people who had come out, sorrowing, to see the fellowship go forth, lacks the dignity and poignancy of the other version. She was mastered by her emotion, and withdrew to her chamber. Launcelot missed and followed her. "'Ah, madam! I pray you be not displeased, for I shall come again as soon as I may with my worship.' 'Alas!' said she, 'that ever I saw you! but Hee that suffered death upon the crosse for all mankind bee to you good conduct and safetie, and to all the whole fellowship.'"

Day was waning when my retrospect brought this procession before me, and I followed down the steep descent; the echoes of their receding footsteps mingling with the faint, distant voice of labor calling to its children that the hours of work were over and the time for rest had come.

Objects of great antiquity are to be found within the circumference of the hill fort and its eight concentric walls and ditches, for the green mounds cover stone foundations, which, with the natural escarpment, must have made it almost impregnable to early weapons and modes of warfare; but not a vestige of them meets the eye, and the fabled Camelot gains everything by being left without one stone upon another to hinder the dreamer's rebuilding.

The search for the St. Grail altogether exceeds the bounds of terrestrial geography. The greater number of those who undertook it never came back; among these were the pearls of the order, Galahad and Percivale. Sir Bors was the last to return to court, bringing their farewell greetings. Galahad's parting message was, "Salute Sir Launcelot, my father, and bid him remember this unstable world;" and thenceforward Launcelot had a deeper tenderness for his brave kinsman, as the last earthly link with his son; for Galahad was the child of an early adventure, into which Launcelot had been entrapped by an ambitious prince and his daughter. Launcelot, to whom a terrible warning vision of the Grail had been vouchsafed, had spent part of his absence in penitence with hermits. His superiority to his mates was so striking that even the anchorites, in rebuking him, said, as if despite themselves, "For an earthly sinner thou hast no peer in knighthood

nor never shall be, but little thank hast thou given unto God for all the great vertues that God hath lent thee." Notwithstanding these admonitions, and his deep and earnest aspirations, and the fading out of the spirit of delight, which is profoundly felt as the end of the epic approaches, he and the queen were drawn together again, neither of them being of the metal to withstand temptation when exposed to it directly. They strove and struggled, and Guinivere, moved by prudence or compunction, forbade Launcelot the court with some high words, and he left it in wrath. To hide her heaviness of heart, the queen gave a banquet for twenty-four knights, among whom was the volatile Gawaine. A secret foe of his contrived that a dish of poisoned apples should be placed on table, within Gawaine's reach, but it was Sir Patrise who eat and fell dead. On this the knights left the table, in fear that there was a plot to poison them all, in revenge for their gossip about the queen, and Mador de la Porte took up the cause, as next of kin to Sir Patrise. She was accused to Arthur, who, though persuaded of her innocence, could not break the code and appear as his wife's champion, and told her to send for Launcelot or another defender. The queen believed that Launcelot had left the country, and knew not where to turn, as the guests at her feast included the knights of greatest prowess of the fellowship. If not vindicated she would be burnt alive, and in her despair she appealed to the blunt and honest Bors, Launcelot's next of kin, and devoted to him with a doglike fidelity, who promised to take up her battle if no better man should offer. Authorities differ as to whether the lists were marked out and the stake and fagots set up at the forgotten Cardoile in Wales, or at merry Carlisle in the breezy north marches, or, as Malory says, at Westminster. Mador was overthrown in single combat by an unknown knight who rode up at the last moment, and was none other than Launcelot in disguise. He was wounded in the encounter, and when he came to receive the thanks of the king and queen, and put off his helmet, "she wept so tenderly that she sank almost to the ground that he had done to her so great goodness where she showed him great unkindness." But this misadventure was not of a sort to put a stop to gossip. Her anxiety increased; she sent him from court again, and this time chance led him to Astolat.

The flitting of Elaine across the disorder of the court, the surmises to which her sad tale gave rise, by strange and adverse chance brought about the catastrophe for Launcelot and the queen. They had enemies, among whom was the king's nephew, Mordred, bent on usurping the throne, and sowing dissension and dishonor through the court and realm as means to his end. Through him discovery and disgrace overtook them.

The conclusion is prolonged by Sir Thomas Malory with a diversity of magnanimous and affecting incidents, in which the nobility of the chief actors comes to light in a final glow. Launcelot and the queen escape to his castle on Humber; his kinsfolk rally to him; Arthur lays siege to the fortress, and passages of perfect chivalry take place between the mortally aggrieved king and his once best friend and knight. Many of the brilliant order lose their lives; the kingdom is wasted by the strife, and the Pope intervenes, commanding Arthur to make peace under pain of interdict, and to pardon Guinivere and her lover. The king, for the sake of religion and for the good of his realm, yields, and the three meet, in presence of the court and the armies, at Carlisle, where Launcelot had rescued her from peril of death.

They assembled in the green lap of the unbounded Cumberland landscape, — a bold, open country, where the fells sweep skyward with a fine breadth, freshened by strong breezes; clouds and sunshine, ragged rainstorms, thunder and

lightning, chase across them forever; there is no chance for settled weather. In summer the woods are dark and dense; the grassy fields are dotted with haymakers or with grazing sheep; flashing brooks race and brawl round shady bluffs; the banks are truly pied with clover, buttercups, daisies, forget-me-nots, and bluebells, over which glare scarlet poppies, and the tall foxglove — fairy finger by a prettier name — waves its purple flowers. There is a sense of freedom in Cumberland seldom felt in English scenery; there seems to be no bottom land or low ground, and no middle distance; everywhere you stand high, and the eye at once climbs the steep, widespreading fell. The singularity of the landscape is that you are always looking up at it. Helvellyn, Skiddaw, and the jagged peaks and bulks of lesser mountains encircle the view, but do not shut it in; the glance travels to the horizon.

Hither came the queen and Launcelot, "in white samite with silver shredde, ivory saddle and white steed," says the ancient metrical Morte Arthur, accompanied by a hundred knights in green velvet, in which their horses too were trapped to the heels; and every knight wore a green wreath and held a branch of olive in his hand, tokening peace. "And behold and wist you," Sir Thomas Malory relates, "there was many a weeping eye. And then Sir Launcelot alight . . . and took the queen and so led her to where King Arthur was in his seat . . . and then he kneeled down and the queen both. . . . The king sat still and said no word." Launcelot, as in honor bound, maintained Guinivere's innocence, offering to fight any knight alive in defense of her good name. Gawaine, Arthur's nephew, would have taken up the challenge on his uncle's behalf, but it was ruled that even single combat on this score would infringe the Pope's decree.

With this splendid scene the curtain falls on the glory of the Round Table. The queen withdrew to a convent; Launcelot, with his whole family and following, to his own country of France. His sorrow on leaving the land of his adoption, "'most noble Christian realm, whom I have loved above all other realms,'" is deeply moving. To France Arthur and the knights who remained of his broken court and order, Gawaine among them, pursued Launcelot, and besieged him at his castle in Brittany, with a liberal interpretation of the Pope's prohibition, leaving Mordred regent. One of the finest touches of the conclusion is the relentless purpose of Gawaine, once the lightest trifler of the court, yet a true knight and prince, under the tragic stress of the exigency and his vindictive grief for his brothers. He fights and is wounded by Launcelot, and defies him to another meeting as soon as he shall be healed. Meanwhile, however, the news comes of treason, rebellion, and invasion at home, and Arthur and his host are called back to Britain, where Gawaine dies, and Arthur declares that "now all earthly joy is gone from him." All this and much that follows is eminently pathetic, and in place in a romance; but Lord Tennyson's abridgment is at once more poetical and more dramatic. Both he and Sir Thomas Malory lead the way to Salisbury.

Salisbury Plain is endowed with the inalienable grandeur of the Roman Campagna or the Libyan desert. There is nothing else so striking, nothing so strange, in all England. Groups of trees, patches of cultivation, scattered farm buildings, encroach here and there on its wide solitude, but they take nothing from the effect of boundless openness and unrecorded antiquity. As the eye ranges over it, certain details are noted: grassy burrows, the burying-places of prehistoric times, the bright green rings which show where fairies have danced overnight, the outlines of more than one British camp, and the shafts

and trioliths of Stonehenge standing up against the sky. These break the surface slightly, but are lost in the general view of the dull-colored sweep, rising and falling in long, calm swells. In my memory the sky is always lowering, and the sun sends broad beams of dim light through rifts in the clouds. It is a scene of loneliness and desolation not to be surpassed, which seems to belong wholly to times gone by beyond recollection, yet which, even in those furthest bygone times, must have looked the same as now. The Arthurian account of Stonehenge is that Merlin had the huge stones brought by magic, and set up in commemoration of Arthur's triumph; and this is the only adequate explanation which has been given of the way in which they came there.

Where the reiterated rise and fall of the plain breaks into irregularities towards the northeast there is a dell, closed in by two hills and hidden by beautiful trees, through which the small, clear stream of the upper Avon speeds along. Centuries before the monk Austin came from Rome to evangelize England, some of the first saints who brought Christianity to Britain, building churches and religious houses which were to serve as the foundations, spiritual and material, of later and more famous ones, made this peaceful nook a sacred retreat, and called it Ambrosebury. They built some sort of shelter for their meditations and ministrations.

> "A tower by weste
> Was byggyd by a burney's flode,"

the metrical romance says, and in aftertimes two successive Saxon nunneries and a Norman one were erected on the spot; the old name being corrupted first into Almesbury, then Amesbury, which it keeps to this day. Here Guinivere took refuge after the discovery of her guilt, and here came Launcelot, after Arthur's overthrow, to carry her off to his castle in Brittany, and defend her against the whole world.

But repentance had entered into her soul, with an awakening to the magnitude of her sin and the calamities which it had brought upon the realm. She called the ladies and gentlewomen of the convent together, and confessed before them all: "'Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought. . . . Through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed.'" She declared her purpose of devoting the rest of her days to expiation. "'And I trust, through God's grace, that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ. . . . Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that was ever betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee, on God's behalf, that thou forsake my company.'" She further bade him go to his own country, marry, be happy, and pray for her that she might "amend her misliving." "'Now, sweet madam,' said Sir Launcelot, 'would ye that I should return again unto my own country, there to wed a lady? Nay, madam, wit you well that shall I never do.'" Life was ended for him as for her, and, gained by her contrition and exhortations, Launcelot vowed to give up the world and devote himself to prayer. Thus they parted forever, without the last kiss, which he besought in vain, but with such unutterable love and woe that the nuns wept for the anguish of their farewell; "and there was never so hard an hearted man but he would have wept to see the dolour that they made." There is no more tragical or majestic queen in fiction than Guinivere as she appears at the last; there is no page in literature more palpitating with high-wrought passion than Sir Thomas Malory's recital of the parting and death of Launcelot and his royal lady.

Every trace of the convent is gone. A modern mansion keeps the name of Amesbury Abbey, and its walls hold the former stones, — the stones against which

Guinivere laid her golden head, under her husband's sublime rebuke and pardon, and on which she knelt daily for three years of penitence, until she died. Through the weird, lonely tract from which they were gathered to build the first religious house, Arthur traversed the place once made joyous by his coronation, on his mission of farewell and forgiveness. He must so have come and gone, for it is crossed by a Roman road and an old British trackway, by one of which he must have taken his way to Amesbury, and thence to join his army for the final battle on the Cornish coast.

It might be thought that if tradition could keep its hold on one site more than any other of Arthurian story, it would be upon that of the disastrous defeat which alone, of the entire cycle, belongs to the catalogue of historic facts, when the great leader of the native tribes fell before the alliance of domestic treachery with the swarms of invasion, and left Britain without a head, to be overrun by Danes, Saxons, and Normans, until her nationality and even her name were ground off the face of the land. It was assuredly one of the decisive battles of the world, yet the field is as uncertain as any of the Arthurian localities. Cornwall claims it, and places it near Camelford, not far from Tintagel, where there is a second little river Camel, which Drayton says goes hither and thither at random: —

> "Frantic ever since her British Arthur's blood
> By Mordred's murtherous hand was mingled with her flood."

The name of Slaughter Bridge commemorates the catastrophe, as well as a great battle in Saxon times, three centuries afterwards. One tradition says, further, that on that bridge Arthur met his traitor nephew Mordred during the fight, and slew him before getting his own death-wound. The spot is picturesque, and not wanting in romantic suggestion. The long, sharp-backed hills stretch out in bleak uniformity, seamed at irregular angles by the hedge-walls; above them rise two mounts, square-topped, but broken in outline, with a sinister, ominous bearing, like the high places of human sacrifice. They are called Roughtor and Brown Willy, a corruption of Bron Wella, or Beacon-Breast, in Cornish, and are the highest points in Cornwall. Overlooked by these, at the head of the narrow, twisting vale in which Camelford lies, is a low, one-arched stone bridge, spanning a brook half strangled in rushes; a little way off, on one hand, stands a gray mill with a mossy water-wheel; on the other, an old gateway, leading I know not whither, with two tall, rude stone gate-posts surmounted by rough stone balls which might have been shot from a catapult. It is a good site for a duel or any other deadly encounter in past times, but not for a battle; and I left it altogether converted to the theory, adopted by Tennyson, that the battle took place on some more open space in the lost region of Lyonesse.

Lyonesse was the westernmost part of Cornwall, when the peninsula reached thirty miles beyond Land's End, and broke off, not in that unimpressive cliff, a low jetty compared to Tintagel and

> "The thundering shores of Bos and Bude,"

but in the terrible outposts of the Scilly Isles. It must have been a soft summer-land, like the whole south coast; the high ridges having run themselves out into mere craggy partitions between the dells and combes, heavily wooded, as the submerged forest off Mount's Bay still testifies. The low-lying, open country must have been golden with buttercups in the meadows, gorse blazing like bonfires on the banks, with yellow flag-flowers waving in the marshes, and laburnums shaking their golden tresses to the wind under the lee of every gentle slope. A hundred and forty Christian churches are said to have been founded in that blessed region, and no doubt the

missionaries, who were from more civilized countries, taught their converts some of the simple arts of peace, and sheep grazed, orchards bloomed, and wheat ripened in the warm folds of the landscape. It was from this pleasant land that Tristram came, with his harp and the lays and ways of minstrels from across the narrow seas. It was here, most likely, that Percivale and others of the Round Table found the hermitages and monasteries to which they resorted for seasons of prayer and penance, or to close their warlike days in religious meditation. Here, and not in the clefts of Roughtor and Bron Wella, Arthur and the remnant of his knights met Mordred and his heathen allies, and the sound of battle rolled above the rolling of the surf on either coast. During the silent period of English history Lyonesse was engulfed by the sea, either by a tremendous physical convulsion, such as formed the Zuyder Zee, or by gradual inroads, like those which have got possession of the neighboring coast of Wales. The flowery domain, with its churches and castles, its humbler homes and the bleaching bones of the great battlefield, lies fathoms below the waves that roll their long, undulating swell in and out of the caverns at Land's End, and dash in a fury of foam against the fangs of the Scilly Isles, standing up like a shark's teeth, edgewise, against the Atlantic sky-line.

The last station of my pilgrimage was the abbey of Glastonbury, famed centuries before Arthur because of its sacred origin and its miraculous privileges. The way lies through the lovely vale of Cheddar, with the British Channel on one hand, and on the other the Mendip Hills, a high range softly overlaid by turf and trees, breaking off abruptly here and there into steep crags; below the surface there are caves hung with fantastic stalactites, in which have been found human skeletons and weapons. Turning east from the valley, the road crosses a flat stretch, from which is seen a very high hill standing up alone, wooded half-way to the top, and crowned by a ruined tower. This is Glastonbury Tor, with the ruined chapel of St. Michael mounting guard over a quiet little Old World town, which bears the stamp of devoutness on its cruciform ground-plan, with a market cross at the intersection of four compact streets. It meekly wears the ornament of two beautiful old churches, St. John's and St. Benedict's, and owns, without boast, two curious, picturesque inns of remote date: one is the George, the pilgrims' hostelry of former times; the other, the Red Lion, was the gatehouse of the abbey, and keeps the Gothic entrance, and some beautiful fretwork and mullions in certain small chambers where guests may refresh themselves and rest. Many house-fronts in the town are built with fragments of the abbey, but the small place is so sweet and sedate that there seems to be no desecration in putting these sacred stones to domestic use. Glastonbury is a country town in the truest sense. Its streets, paved with cobble-stones and without sidewalks, emerge directly upon open fields. On one hand is the Tor; on the other, a grassy steep named Wearyall Hill, where the legend begins which has hallowed the spot from the lucent time before the dark ages to this day.

> "Sothely Glastonbury is the holyest erth in England,"

says the ancient romance of Joseph of Arimathea, and goes on to relate how our Saviour's latest friend, after roaming about the world, waiting for the voice of the Spirit to bid him stop, heard the intimation as he came down this hillside, and saw the island valley of Avalon at his feet. He paused, and planted his staff, of which he had no further need. Forthwith it took root, and in due time, being a thorn, but of no native species, put out leaves and flowers, and grew into a thick tree,

which blossomed at Christmas, when every English thorn stands black and bare. This prodigy, repeated yearly, had made the tree an object of veneration centuries before the life of Joseph of Arimathea was compiled, which was between A. D. 1300 and 1400, according to Skeat, the authority on early English metrical romances. And an older poem on the same subject refers to a still more ancient chronicle: —

"Then hyther into Brytayne Ioseph dyd come,
. . . as the old boke says."

The pious practice of taking slips and cuttings from the holy thorn, as it was called, has given us living witnesses of its power, though the Puritans rooted out the parent stock as an object of idolatrous worship. They were planted in various parts of England and France, and several remain. One thrives in the episcopal garden at Wells, another within the precinct of Glastonbury Abbey. As all the shoots possess the same privilege, they may still be seen at Christmas in leaf and flower, a yearly prodigy, and a testimony to the marvel of a millennium and a half ago, to put it at the latest. The legend runs that Joseph built a cell and chapel in the heart of the isle of Avalon, said to be the first place of Christian worship in Britain, and preached Christ to the Britons, who heard him gladly, founded a religious house, and there ended peaceful days, and was buried. The chapel of wood or wattles, "wreathed twigs," says Dugdale, in the Monasticum Anglicanum, was preserved as a relic (like the cell of St. Francis Assisi) in the churches which rose, one after another, on the consecrated spot; it went to pieces in the course of a thousand years, and is represented by the lady chapel of the latest edifice, better known as the Chapel of St. Joseph. St. Patrick and St. Benedict were among the early abbots, and the fiery Dunstan, who is credited with building the first stone church there. It was sacred ground to Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, and the burial-place of several of the West Saxon kings. As Mr. Freeman wrote in his Origin of the English Nation, "It stands alone among English minsters as the one link which does really bind us to the ancient church of the Briton and the Roman." It grew in fame and beauty, and spread its dependencies over the neighboring fields, where the abbot's kitchen and barn stand firm, fine specimens of what may be called domestic ecclesiastical building. On the south slope of Wearyall Hill, which keeps the name of the Vineyards, the monks planted grapes to make their own wine.

It is sad to think that the abbey, in its full beauty of holiness, might still give shelter to worship within its thrice-hallowed inclosure, but it is a ruin. The last abbot stood up manfully against the robberies of Henry VIII., and was dragged on a hurdle from his monastery to the top of the Tor, where, before St. Michael's tower, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered. The treasures and revenues of the abbey were taken by the Crown, the fraternity was dispersed, and the exquisite church fell into decay.

The remains are unspeakably beautiful now, in the midst of a grassy, shady space, surrounded by gardens shut in by walls wreathed in ivy and clematis. I was there in one of the few cloudless hours I have known in England. The afternoon was hot and bright; the trees threw cool shadows over the smooth green; the sunshine streamed across the Gothic windows of St. Joseph's Chapel, and through its broken, grass-grown pavement into the very arches of the crypt, which is filled up with shrubs and bushes and graceful creepers. Sad, sad for religion, but better thus for the musing of romance. Under the stones of this crypt, transferred from an older tomb, was found, in Henry II.'s historic reign, a great coffin, encasing the mighty bones of a king and the smaller ones of a woman, whose golden hair had

not yet fallen into dust. It was inscribed, "Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arthurus in insula Avalonia." This happened at the time of founding the exquisite lady chapel, of which the ruins now represent the abbey.

I turned away, possessed by conviction, to climb the steep Tor for my last look at the land of Arthur, — "that man of men," as Drayton calls him. It stands up like a watch-tower above the island of Avalon, which is embowered in trees just about Glastonbury, but spreads out into flat marsh land, covered for miles with stacks and mows of peat cut for use. The Britons called it Glassy Island, from the clearness of its encircling streams, and Avallon from the Welsh *afallwyn*, an orchard, as it once abounded in apple-trees. They have gone, and so have the glassy streams, gradually sucked up by the bog; but within a hundred years of the dissolution of the abbey there were waterways to the sea, by which the abbots went and came in boats. Beyond the flats hills rise, range after range, to the bright line of the Bristol Channel. The abbots of the fifteenth century followed the same course by which the mysterious barge brought the dying Arthur. Was not the myth his undying seclusion, the truth his secret burial in the holy earth of Glastonbury? As I thought this theory out to my own satisfaction, the clouds, which had taken a half-holiday, returned to gather thickly overhead, leaving only a broad band of clear sky above the water; the round red sun was slipping into the waves, and a ship passed slowly before the disk, every spar black and sharp against the parting ruddiness.

And so, with a retrospective portent, the journey ended. It was made between midsummer and Michaelmas, for the Arthurian cycle knows no winter. It belongs to youth and mellow manhood; at the first touch of age the brotherhood fades from sight.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

VII.

THERE is no use in burdening my table with those letters of inquiry as to where our meetings are held, and what are the names of the persons designated by numbers, or spoken of under the titles of the Professor, the Tutor, and so forth. It is enough that you are aware who I am, and that I am known at the tea-table as The Dictator. Theatrical "asides" are apt to be whispered in a pretty loud voice, and the persons who ought not to have any idea of what is said are expected to be reasonably hard of hearing. If I named all The Teacups, some of them might be offended. If any of my readers happen to be able to identify any one Teacup by some accidental circumstance, — say, for instance, Number Five, by the incident of her burning the diamond, — I hope they will keep quiet about it. Number Five does n't want to be pointed out in the street as the extravagant person who makes use of such expensive fuel, for the story would soon grow to a statement that she always uses diamonds, instead of cheaper forms of carbon, to heat her coffee with. So with other members of the circle. The "cracked Teacup," Number Seven, would not, perhaps, be pleased to recognize himself under that title. I repeat it, therefore, *Do not try to identify the individual Teacups.* You will not get

them right; or, if you do, you may too probably make trouble. How is it possible that I can keep up my freedom of intercourse with you all if you insist on bellowing my "asides" through a speaking-trumpet? Besides, you cannot have failed to see that there are strong symptoms of the springing up of delicate relations between some of our number. I told you how it would be. It did not require a prophet to foresee that the saucy intruder who, as Mr. Willis wrote, and the dear dead girls used to sing, in our young days,

> "Taketh every form of air,
> And every shape of earth,
> And comes unbidden everywhere,
> Like thought's mysterious birth,"

would pop his little curly head up between one or more pairs of Teacups. If you will stop these questions, then, I will go on with my reports of what was said and done at our meetings over the teacups.

Of all things beautiful in this fair world, there is nothing so enchanting to look upon, to dream about, as the first opening of the flower of young love. How closely the calyx has hidden the glowing leaves in its quiet green mantle! Side by side, two buds have been tossing jauntily in the breeze, often brought very near to each other, sometimes touching for a moment, with a secret thrill in their close-folded heart-leaves, it may be, but still the cool green sepals shutting tight over the burning secret within. All at once a morning ray touches one of the two buds, and the point of a blushing petal betrays the imprisoned and swelling blossom.

— Oh, no, I did not promise a love-story. There may be a little sentiment now and then, but these papers are devoted chiefly to the opinions, prejudices, fancies, whims, of myself, The Dictator, and others of The Teacups who have talked or written for the general benefit of the company.

Here are some of the remarks I made the other evening on the subject of *Intellectual Over-Feeding* and its consequence, *Mental Dyspepsia.*

There is something positively appalling in the amount of printed matter yearly, monthly, weekly, daily, secreted by that great gland of the civilized organism, the press. I need not dilate upon this point, for it is brought home to every one of you who ever looks into a bookstore or a public library. So large is the variety of literary products continually coming forward, forced upon the attention of the reader by stimulating and suggestive titles, commended to his notice by famous names, recasting old subjects and developing and illustrating new ones, that the mind is liable to be urged into a kind of unnatural hunger, leading to a repletion which is often followed by disgust and disturbed nervous conditions as its natural consequence.

It has long been a favorite rule with me, a rule which I have never lost sight of, however imperfectly I have carried it out: Try to know enough of a wide range of subjects to profit by the conversation of intelligent persons of different callings and various intellectual gifts and acquisitions. The cynic will paraphrase this into a shorter formula: Get a smattering in every sort of knowledge. I must therefore add a second piece of advice: Learn to hold as of small account the comments of the cynic. He is often amusing, sometimes really witty, occasionally, without meaning it, instructive; but his talk is to profitable conversation what the stone is to the pulp of the peach, what the cob is to the kernels on an ear of Indian corn. Once more, do not be bullied out of your common sense by the specialist; two to one, he is a pedant, with all his knowledge and valuable qualities, and will "cavil on the ninth part of a hair," if it will give him a chance to show off his idle erudition.

I saw attributed to me, the other day, the saying, "Know something about everything, and everything about something." I am afraid it does not belong to me, but I will treat it as I used to treat a stray boat which came through my meadow, floating down the Housatonic, — get hold of it and draw it ashore, and hold on to it until the owner turns up. If this precept is used discreetly, it is very serviceable; but it is as well to recognize the fact that you cannot know something about everything in days like these of intellectual activity, of literary and scientific production. We all feel this. It makes us nervous to see the shelves of new books, many of which we feel as if we ought to read, and some among them to study. We must adopt some principle of selection among the books outside of any particular branch which we may have selected for study. I have often been asked what books I would recommend for a course of reading. I have always answered that I had a great deal rather take advice than give it. Fortunately, a number of scholars have furnished lists of books to which the inquirer may be directed. But the worst of it is that each student is in need of a little library specially adapted to his wants. Here is a young man writing to me from a Western college, and wants me to send him a list of the books which I think would be most useful to him. He does not send me his intellectual measurements; and he might as well have sent to a Boston tailor for a coat, without any hint of his dimensions in length, breadth, and thickness.

But instead of laying down rules for reading, and furnishing lists of the books which should be read in order, I will undertake the much humbler task of giving a little *quasi*-medical advice to persons, young or old, suffering from book-hunger, book-surfeit, book-nervousness, book-indigestion, book-nausea, and all other maladies which, directly or indirectly, may be traced to books, and to which I could give Greek or Latin names if I thought it worth while.

I have a picture hanging in my library, a lithograph, of which many of my readers may have seen copies. It represents a gray-haired old book-lover at the top of a long flight of steps. He finds himself in clover, so to speak, among rare old editions, books he has longed to look upon and never seen before, rarities, precious old volumes, *incunabula*, cradle-books, printed while the art was in its infancy, — its glorious infancy, for it was born a giant. The old bookworm is so intoxicated with the sight and handling of the priceless treasures that he cannot bear to put one of the volumes back after he has taken it from the shelf. So there he stands, — one book open in his hands, a volume under each arm, and one or more between his legs, — loaded with as many as he can possibly hold at the same time.

Now, that is just the way in which the extreme form of book-hunger shows itself in the reader whose appetite has become over-developed. He wants to read so many books that he over-crams himself with the crude materials of knowledge, which become knowledge only when the mental digestion has time to assimilate them. I never can go into that famous "Corner Bookstore" and look over the new books in the row before me, as I enter the door, without seeing half a dozen which I want to read, or at least to know something about. I cannot empty my purse of its contents, and crowd my bookshelves with all those volumes. The titles of many of them interest me. I look into one or two, perhaps. I have sometimes picked up a line or a sentence, in these momentary glances between the uncut leaves of a new book, which I have never forgotten. As a trivial but *bona fide* example, one day I opened a book on duelling. I remember only these words: "*Conservons-la, cette noble*

institution." I had never before seen duelling called a noble institution, and I wish I had taken the name of the book. Book-*tasting* is not necessarily profitless, but it is very stimulating, and makes one hungry for more than he needs for the nourishment of his thinking-marrow. To feed this insatiable hunger, the abstracts, the reviews, do their best. But these, again, have grown so numerous and so crowded with matter that it is hard to find time to master their contents. We are accustomed, therefore, to look for analyses of these periodicals, and at last we have placed before us a formidable-looking monthly, "The Review of Reviews." After the analyses comes the newspaper notice; and there is still room for the epigram, which sometimes makes short work with all that has gone before on the same subject.

It is just as well to recognize the fact that if one should read day and night, confining himself to his own language, he could not pretend to keep up with the press. He might as well try to race with a locomotive. The first discipline, therefore, is that of despair. If you could stick to your reading day and night for fifty years, what a learned idiot you would become long before the half-century was over! Well, then, there is no use in gorging one's self with knowledge, and no need of self-reproach because one is content to remain more or less ignorant of many things which interest his fellow-creatures. We get a good deal of knowledge through the atmosphere; we learn a great deal by accidental hearsay, provided we have the *mordant* in our own consciousness which makes the wise remark, the significant fact, the instructive incident, take hold upon it. After the stage of despair comes the period of consolation. We soon find that we are not so much worse off than most of our neighbors as we supposed. The fractional value of the wisest shows a small numerator divided by an infinite denominator of knowledge.

I made some explanations to The Teacups, the other evening, which they received very intelligently and graciously, as I have no doubt the readers of these reports of mine will receive them. In the March number of this magazine, at the end of the fourth number of these papers, were certain lines entitled "*Cacoethes Scribendi.*" They were said to have been found in the usual receptacle of the verses which are contributed by The Teacups, and, though the fact was not mentioned, were of my own composition. I found them in manuscript in my drawer, and as my subject had naturally suggested the train of thought they carried out into extravagance, I printed them. At the same time they sounded very natural, as we say, and I felt as if I had published them somewhere or other before; but I could find no evidence of it, and so I ventured to have them put in type.

And here I wish to take breath for a short, separate paragraph. I have often felt, after writing a line which pleased me more than common, that it was not new, and perhaps was not my own. I have very rarely, however, found such a coincidence in ideas or expression as would be enough to justify an accusation of unconscious plagiarism, — *conscious* plagiarism is not my particular failing. I therefore say my say, set down my thought, print my line, and do not heed the suspicion that I may not be as original as I supposed, in the passage I have been writing. My experience may be worth something to a modest young writer, and so I have interrupted what I was about to say by intercalating this paragraph.

In this instance my telltale suspicion had not been at fault. I *had* printed those same lines, years ago, in "The Contributors' Club," to which I have rarely sent any of my prose or verse,

Nobody but the editor has noticed the fact, so far as I know. This is consoling, or mortifying, I hardly know which. I suppose one has a right to plagiarize from himself, but he does not want to present his work as fresh from the workshop when it has been long standing in his neighbor's shop-window.

But I have just received a letter from a brother of the late Henry Howard Brownell, the poet of the Bay Fight and the River Fight, in which he quotes a passage from an old book, "A Heroine, Adventures of Cherubina," which might well have suggested my own lines, if I had ever seen it. I have not the slightest recollection of the book or the passage. I think its liveliness and "local color" will make it please the reader, as it pleases me, more than my own more prosaic extravagances: —

"LINES TO A PRETTY LITTLE MAID OF MAMMA'S.

"If Black Sea, Red Sea, White Sea, ran
One tide of ink to Ispahan,
If all the geese in Lincoln fens
Produced spontaneous well-made pens,
If Holland old and Holland new
One wondrous sheet of paper grew,
And could I sing but half the grace
Of half a freckle in thy face,
Each syllable I wrote would reach
From Inverness to Bognor's beach, —
Each hair-stroke be a river Rhine,
Each verse an equinoctial line!"

"The immediate dismissal of the 'little maid' was the consequence."

I may as well say that our Delilah was not in the room when the last sentence was read.

Readers must be either very good-natured or very careless. I have laid myself open to criticism by more than one piece of negligence, which has been passed over without invidious comment by the readers of my papers. How could I, for instance, talk about the fisherman baiting his hook with a *giant's* tail instead of a dragon's? It is the automatic fellow — Me-Number-Two of our dual personality — who does these things, who forgets the message Me - Number - One sends down to him from the cerebral convolutions, and substitutes a wrong word for the right one. I suppose Me-Number-Two will "sass back," and swear that "giant's" was the message which came down from headquarters. He is always doing the wrong thing and excusing himself. Who blows out the gas instead of shutting it off? Who puts the key in the desk and fastens it tight with the spring lock? Do you mean to say that the upper Me, the Me of the true thinking-marrow, the convolutions of the brain, does not know better? Of course he does, and Me-Number-Two is a careless servant, who remembers some old direction, and follows that instead of the one just given.

But come, now, why should not a giant have a tail as well as a dragon? Linnæus admitted the *homo caudatus* into his anthropological catalogue. The human embryo has a very well marked caudal appendage; that is, the vertebral column is prolonged, just as it is in a young quadruped. During the late session of the Medical Congress at Washington, my friend Dr. Priestley, a distinguished London physician, of the highest character and standing, showed me the photograph of a small boy, some three or four years old, who had a very respectable little tail, which would have passed muster on a pig, and would have made a frog or a toad ashamed of himself. I have never heard what became of the little boy, nor have I looked in the books or journals to find out if there are similar cases on record, but I have no doubt that there are others. And if boys may have this additional ornament to their vertebral columns, why not men? And if men, why not giants? So I may not have made a very bad blunder, after all, and my reader has learned something about the *homo caudatus* as spoken of by Lin-

næus, and as shown me in photograph by Dr. Priestley.

In accounting for the blunders, and even gross blunders, which, sooner or later, one who writes much is pretty sure to commit, I must not forget the part played by the blind spot or idiotic area in the brain, which I have already described.

The most knowing persons we meet with are sometimes at fault. *Non omnia possumus omnes* is not a new nor profound axiom, but it is well to remember it as a counterpoise to that other truly American saying of the late Mr. Samuel Patch, "Some things can be done as well as others." Yes, *some* things, but not all things. We all know men and women who hate to admit their ignorance of anything. Like Talkative in "Pilgrim's Progress," they are ready to converse of "things heavenly or things earthly; things moral or things evangelical; things sacred or things profane; things past or things to come; things foreign or things at home; things more essential or things circumstantial."

Talkative is apt to be a shallow fellow, and to say foolish things about matters he only half understands, and yet he has his place in society. The specialists would grow to be intolerable, were they not counterpoised to some degree by the people of general intelligence. The man who knows *too much* about one particular subject is liable to become a terrible social infliction. Some of the worst bores (to use plain language) we ever meet with are recognized as experts of high grade in their respective departments. Beware of making so much as a pinhole in the dam that holds back their knowledge. They ride their hobbies without bit or bridle. A poet on Pegasus, reciting his own verses, is hardly more to be dreaded than a mounted specialist.

One of the best offices which women perform for men is that of tasting books for them. They may or may not be profound students, — some of them are; but we do not expect to meet women like Mrs. Somerville, or Caroline Herschel, or Maria Mitchell at every dinner-table or afternoon tea. But give your elect lady a pile of books to look over for you, and she will tell you what they have for her and for you in less time than you would have wasted in stupefying yourself over a single volume.

One of the encouraging signs of the times is the condensed and abbreviated form in which knowledge is presented to the general reader. The short biographies of historic personages, of which within the past few years many have been published, have been a great relief to the large class of readers who want to know something, but not too much, about them.

What refuge is there for the victim who is oppressed with the feeling that there are a thousand new books he ought to read, while life is only long enough for him to attempt to read a hundred?

Many readers remember what old Rogers, the poet, said: "When I hear a new book talked about or have it pressed upon me, I read an old one." Happy the man who finds his rest in the pages of some favorite classic! I know no reader more to be envied than that friend of mine who for many years has given his days and nights to the loving study of Horace. After a certain period in life, it is always with an effort that we admit a new author into the inner circle of our intimates. The Parisian omnibuses, as I remember them half a century ago, — they may still keep to the same habit, for aught that I know, — used to put up the sign "*Complet*" as soon as they were full. Our public conveyances are never full until the natural atmospheric pressure of sixteen pounds to the square inch is doubled, in the close packing of the human sardines that fill the all-accommodating vehicles. A new-comer, how-

ever well mannered and well dressed, is not very welcome under these circumstances. In the same way, our tables are full of books half read and books we feel that we must read. And here come in two thick volumes, with uncut leaves, in small type, with many pages, and many lines to a page, — a book that must be read and ought to be read at once. What a relief to hand it over to the lovely keeper of your literary conscience, who will tell you all that you will most care to know about it, and leave you free to plunge into your beloved volume, in which you are ever finding new beauties, and from which you rise refreshed, as if you had just come from the cool waters of Helicon! The stream of modern literature represented by the books and periodicals on the crowded counters is a turbulent and clamorous torrent, dashing along among the rocks of criticism, over the pebbles of the world's daily events; trying to make itself seen and heard over the hoarse cries of the politicians and the rumbling wheels of traffic. The classic is a still lakelet, a mountain tarn, fed by springs that never fail, its surface never ruffled by storms, — always the same, always smiling a welcome to its visitor. Such is Horace to my friend. To his eye "*Lydia, dic per omnes*" is as familiar as "*Pater noster qui es in cœlis*" to that of a pious Catholic. "*Integer vitæ*," which he has put into manly English, his Horace opens to as Watts's hymn-book opens to "From all that dwell below the skies." The more he reads, the more he studies his author, the richer are the treasures he finds. And what Horace is to him, Homer, or Virgil, or Dante is to many a quiet reader, sick to death of the unending train of bookmakers.

I have some curious books in my library, a few of which I should like to say something about to The Teacups, when they have no more immediately pressing subjects before them. A library of a few thousand volumes ought always to have some books in it which the owner almost never opens, yet with whose backs he is so well acquainted that he feels as if he knew something of their contents. They are like those persons whom we meet in our daily walks, with whose faces and figures, whose summer and winter garments, whose walking-sticks and umbrellas even, we feel acquainted, and yet whose names, whose business, whose residences, we know nothing about. Some of these books are so formidable in their dimensions, so rusty and crabbed in their aspect, that it takes a considerable amount of courage to attack them.

I will ask Delilah to bring down from my library a very thick, stout volume, bound in parchment, and standing on the lower shelf, next the fireplace. The pretty handmaid knows my books almost as if she were my librarian, and I don't doubt she would have found it if I had given only the name on the back.

Delilah returned presently, with the heavy quarto in her arms. It was a pleasing sight, — the old book in the embrace of the fresh young damsel. I felt, on looking at them, as I did when I followed the slip of a girl who conducted us in the Temple, that ancient building in the heart of London. The long-enduring monuments of the dead do so mock the fleeting presence of the living!

Is n't this book enough to scare any of you? I said, as Delilah dumped it down upon the table. The teacups jumped from their saucers as it thumped the board. *Danielis Georgii Morhofii Polyhistor, Literarius, Philosophicus et Poeticus. Lubecæ MDCCXXXIII.* Perhaps I should not have ventured to ask you to look at this old volume, if it had not been for the fact that Dr. Johnson mentions Morhof as the author to whom he was specially indebted, — more, I think, than to any other. It is a grand old encyclo-

pædic summary of all the author knew about pretty nearly everything, full of curious interest, but so strangely mediæval, so utterly antiquated in most departments of knowledge, that it is hard to believe the volume came from the press at a time when persons whom I well remember were living. Is it possible that the books which have been for me what Morhof was for Dr. Johnson can look like that to the student of the year 1990? Morhof was a believer in magic and the transmutation of metals.

There was always something fascinating to me in the old books of alchemy. I have felt that the poetry of science lost its wings when the last powder of projection had been cast into the crucible, and the fire of the last transmutation furnace went out. Perhaps I am wrong in implying that alchemy is an extinct folly. It existed in New England's early days, as we learn from the Winthrop papers, and I see no reason why gold-making should not have its votaries as well as other popular delusions.

Among the essays of Morhof is one on the "Paradoxes of the Senses." That title brought to mind the recollection of another work I have been meaning to say something about, at some time when you were in the listening mood. The book I refer to is "A Budget of Paradoxes," by Augustus De Morgan. De Morgan is well remembered as a very distinguished mathematician, whose works have kept his name in high honor to the present time. The book I am speaking of was published by his widow, and is largely made up of letters received by him and his comments upon them. Few persons ever read it through. Few intelligent readers ever took it up and laid it down without taking a long draught of its singular and interesting contents. The letters are mostly from that class of persons whom we call "cranks," in our familiar language.

At this point Number Seven interrupted me by calling out, "Give us some of those cranks' letters. A crank is a man who does his own thinking. I had a relation who was called a crank. I believe I have been spoken of as one myself. That is what you have to expect if you invent anything that puts an old machine out of fashion, or solve a problem that has puzzled all the world up to your time. There never was a religion founded but its Messiah was called a crank. There never was an idea started that woke up men out of their stupid indifference but its originator was spoken of as a crank. Do you want to know why that name is given to the men who do most for the world's progress? I will tell you. It is because *cranks* make all the wheels in all the machinery of the world go round. What would a steam-engine be without a crank? I suppose the first fool that looked on the first crank that was ever made asked what that crooked, queer-looking thing was good for. When the wheels got moving he found out. Tell us something about that book which has so much to say concerning cranks."

Hereupon I requested Delilah to carry back Morhof, and replace him in the wide gap he had left in the bookshelf. She was then to find and bring down the volume I had been speaking of.

Delilah took the wisdom of the seventeenth century in her arms, and departed on her errand. The book she brought down was given me some years ago by a gentleman who had sagaciously foreseen that it was just one of those works which I might hesitate about buying, but should be well pleased to own. He guessed well; the book has been a great source of instruction and entertainment to me. I wonder that so much time and cost should have been expended upon a work which might have borne a title like the Encomium Moriæ of Erasmus; and yet it is such a wonderful museum of the productions of the squinting brains belonging to the class of persons com-

monly known as cranks that we could hardly spare one of its five hundred octavo pages.

Those of us who are in the habit of receiving letters from all sorts of would-be-literary people — letters of inquiry, many of them with reference to matters we are supposed to understand — can readily see how it was that Mr. De Morgan, never too busy to be good-natured with the people who pestered — or amused — him with their queer fancies, received such a number of letters from persons who thought they had made great discoveries, from those who felt that they and their inventions and contrivances had been overlooked, and who sought in his large charity of disposition and great receptiveness a balm for their wounded feelings and a ray of hope for their darkened prospects.

The book before us is made up from papers published in "The Athenæum," with additions by the author. Soon after opening it we come to names with which we are familiar, the first of these, that of Cornelius Agrippa, being connected with the occult and mystic doctrines dealt with by many of De Morgan's correspondents. But the name most likely to arrest us is that of Giordano Bruno, the same philosopher, heretic, and martyr whose statue has recently been erected in Rome, to the great horror of the Pope and his prelates in the Old World and in the New. De Morgan's pithy account of him will interest the company: "Giordano Bruno was all paradox. He was, as has been said, a vorticist before Descartes, an optimist before Leibnitz, a Copernican before Galileo. It would be easy to collect a hundred strange opinions of his. He was born about 1550, and was roasted alive at Rome, February 17, 1600, for the maintenance and defence of the Holy Church, and the rights and liberties of the same."

Number Seven could not contain himself when the reading had reached this point. He rose from his chair, and tinkled his spoon against the side of his teacup. It may have been a fancy, but I thought it returned a sound which Mr. Richard Briggs would have recognized as implying an organic defect. But Number Seven did not seem to notice it, or, if he did, to mind it.

"Why did n't we all have a chance to help erect that statue?" he cried. "A murdered heretic in the seventeenth century, a hero of knowledge in the nineteenth, — I drink to the memory of the roasted crank, Giordano Bruno!"

Number Seven lifted his teacup to his lips, and most of us followed his example.

After this outburst of emotion and eloquence had subsided, and the teaspoons lay quietly in their saucers, I went on with my extract from the book I had in hand.

I think, I said, that the passage which follows will be new and instructive to most of the company. De Morgan's interpretation of the cabalistic sentence, made up as you will find it, is about as ingenious a piece of fanciful exposition as you will be likely to meet with anywhere in any book, new or old. I am the more willing to mention it as it suggests a puzzle which some of the company may like to work upon. Observe the character and position of the two distinguished philosophers who did not think their time thrown away in laboring at this seemingly puerile task.

"There is a kind of Cabbala Alphabetica which the investigators of the numerals in words would do well to take up; it is the formation of sentences which contain all the letters of the alphabet, and each only once. No one has done it with *v* and *j* treated as consonants; but you and I can do it. Dr. Whewell and I amused ourselves some years ago with attempts. He could not make sense, though he joined words: he gave me Phiz, styx, wrong, buck, flame, quiz.

"I gave him the following, which he agreed was 'admirable sense,' — I certainly think the words would never have come together except in this way: I quartz pyx who fling muck beds. I long thought that no human being could say this under any circumstances. At last I happened to be reading a religious writer, — as he thought himself, — who threw aspersions on his opponents thick and threefold. Heyday! came into my head; this fellow flings muck beds; he must be a quartz pyx. And then I remembered that a pyx is a sacred vessel, and quartz is a hard stone, — as hard as the heart of a religious foe-curser. So that the line is the motto of the ferocious sectarian who turns his religious vessels into mud-holders, for the benefit of those who will not see what he sees."

There are several other sentences given, in which all the letters (except *v* and *j* as consonants) are employed, of which "the following is the best: Get nymph; quiz sad brow; fix luck, — which in more sober English would be, Marry; be cheerful; watch your business. There is more edification, more religion, in this than in all the 666 interpretations put together."

There is something very pleasant in the thought of these two sages playing at jackstraws with the letters of the alphabet. The task which De Morgan and Dr. Whewell, "the omniscient," set themselves would not be unworthy of our own ingenious scholars, and it might be worth while for some one of our popular periodicals to offer a prize for the best sentence using up the whole alphabet, under the same conditions as those submitted to by our two philosophers.

This whole book of De Morgan's seems to me full of instruction. There is too much of it, no doubt; yet one can put up with the redundancy for the sake of the multiplicity of shades of credulity and self-deception it displays in broad daylight. I suspect many of us are conscious of a second personality in our complex nature, which has many traits resembling those found in the writers of the letters addressed to Mr. De Morgan.

I have not ventured very often nor very deeply into the field of metaphysics, but if I were disposed to make any claim in that direction, it would be the recognition of the squinting brain, the introduction of the term "cerebricity" corresponding to electricity, the idiotic area in the brain or thinking-marrow, and my studies of the second member in the partnership of I-My-Self & Co. I add the Co. with especial reference to a very interesting article in a late Scribner, by my friend Mr. William James. In this article the reader will find a full exposition of the doctrine of plural personality illustrated by striking cases. I have long ago noticed and referred to the fact of the stratification of the currents of thought in three layers, one over the other. I have recognized that where there are two individuals talking together there are really six personalities engaged in the conversation. But the distinct, separable, independent individualities, taking up conscious life one after the other, are brought out by Mr. James and the authorities to which he refers as I have not elsewhere seen them developed.

Whether we shall ever find the exact position of the idiotic centre or area in the brain (if such a spot exists) is uncertain. We know exactly where the blind spot of the eye is situated, and can demonstrate it anatomically and physiologically. But we have only analogy to lead us to infer the possible or even probable existence of an insensible spot in the thinking-centre. If there is a focal point where consciousness is at its highest development, it would not be strange if near by there should prove to be an anæsthetic district or limited space where no report from the senses was intelligently interpreted. But all this is mere hypothesis.

Notwithstanding the fact that I am nominally the head personage of the circle of Teacups, I do not pretend or wish to deny that we all look to Number Five as our chief adviser in all the literary questions that come before us. She reads more and better than any of us. She is always ready to welcome the first sign of genius, or of talent which approaches genius. She makes short work with all the pretenders whose only excuse for appealing to the public is that they "want to be famous." She is one of the very few persons to whom I am willing to read any one of my own productions while it is yet in manuscript, unpublished. I know she is disposed to make more of it than it deserves; but, on the other hand, there are degrees in her scale of judgment, and I can distinguish very easily what delights her from what pleases only, or is, except for her kindly feeling to the writer, indifferent, or open to severe comment. What is curious is that she seems to have no literary aspirations, no desire to be known as a writer. Yet Number Five has more *esprit*, more sparkle, more sense in her talk, than many a famous authoress from whom we should expect brilliant conversation.

There are mysteries about Number Five. I am not going to describe her personally. Whether she belongs naturally among the bright young people, or in the company of the maturer persons, who have had a good deal of experience of the world, and have reached the wisdom of the riper decades without losing the graces of the earlier ones, it would be hard to say. The men and women, young and old, who throng about her forget their own ages. "There is no such thing as time in her presence," said the Professor, the other day, in speaking of her. Whether the Professor is in love with her or not is more than I can say, but I am sure that he goes to her for literary sympathy and counsel, just as I do. The reader may remember what Number Five said about the possibility of her getting a sprained ankle, and her asking the young Doctor whether he felt equal to taking charge of her if she did. I would not for the world insinuate that he wishes she would slip and twist her foot a little, — just a little, you know, but so that it would have to be laid on a pillow in a chair, and inspected, and bandaged, and delicately manipulated. There was a banana-skin which she might naturally have trodden on, in her way to the tea-table. Nobody can suppose that it was there except by the most innocent of accidents. There are people who will suspect everybody. The idea of the Doctor's putting that banana-skin there! People love to talk in that silly way about doctors.

Number Five had promised to read us a narrative which she thought would interest some of the company. Who wrote it she did not tell us, but I inferred from various circumstances that she had known the writer. She read the story most effectively in her rich, musical voice. I noticed that when it came to the sounds of the striking clock, the ringing of the notes was so like that which reaches us from some far-off cathedral tower that we wanted to bow our heads, as if we had just heard a summons to the Angelus. This was the short story that Number Five read to The Teacups: —

I have somewhere read this anecdote. Louis the Fourteenth was looking out, one day, from a window of his palace of Saint-Germain. It was a beautiful landscape which spread out before him, and the monarch, exulting in health, strength, and the splendors of his exalted position, felt his bosom swell with emotions of pride and happiness. Presently he noticed the towers of a church in the distance, above the tree-tops. "What building is that?" he asked. "May it please your Majesty,

that is the Church of St. Denis, where your royal ancestors have been buried for many generations." The answer did *not* "please his Royal Majesty." There, then, was the place where he too was to lie and moulder in the dust. He turned, sick at heart, from the window, and was uneasy until he had built him another palace, from which he could never be appalled by that fatal prospect.

Something like the experience of Louis the Fourteenth was that of the owner of

THE TERRIBLE CLOCK.

I give the story as transcribed from the original manuscript: —

The clock was bequeathed to me by an old friend who had recently died. His mind had been a good deal disordered in the later period of his life. This clock, I am told, seemed to have a strange fascination for him. His eyes were fastened on it during the last hours of his life. He died just at midnight. The clock struck twelve, the nurse told me, as he drew his last breath, and then, without any known cause, stopped, with both hands upon the hour.

It is a complex and costly piece of mechanism. The escapement is in front, so that every tooth is seen as it frees itself. It shows the phases of the moon, the month of the year, the day of the month, and the day of the week, as well as the hour and minute of the day.

I had not owned it a week before I began to perceive the same kind of fascination as that which its former owner had experienced. This gradually grew upon me, and presently led to trains of thought which became at first unwelcome, then worrying, and at last unendurable. I began by taking offence at the moon. I did not like to see that "something large and smooth and round," so like the skull which little Peterkin picked up on the field of Blenheim. "How many times," I kept saying to myself, "is that wicked old moon coming up to stare at me?" I could not stand it. I stopped a part of the machinery, and the moon went into permanent eclipse. By and by the sounds of the infernal machine began to trouble and pursue me. They *talked* to me; more and more their language became that of articulately speaking men. They twitted me with the rapid flight of time. They hurried me, as if I had not a moment to lose. Quick! Quick! Quick! as each tooth released itself from the escapement. And as I looked and listened there could not be any mistake about it. I heard Quick! Quick! Quick! as plainly, at least, as I ever heard a word from the phonograph. I stood watching the dial one day, — it was near one o'clock, — and a strange attraction held me fastened to the spot. Presently something appeared to trip or stumble inside of the infernal mechanism. I waited for the sound I knew was to follow. How nervous I got! It seemed to me that it would never strike. At last the minute-hand reached the highest point of the dial. Then there was a little stir among the works, as there is in a congregation as it rises to receive the benediction. It was no form of blessing which rung out those deep, almost sepulchral tones. But the word they uttered could not be mistaken. I can hear its prolonged, solemn vibrations as if I were standing before the clock at this moment.

Gone! Yes, I said to myself, gone, — its record made up to be opened in eternity.

I stood still, staring vaguely at the dial as in a trance. And as the next hour creeps stealthily up, it starts all at once, and cries aloud, Gone! — Gone! The sun sinks lower, the hour-hand creeps downward with it, until I hear the thrice-repeated monosyllable, Gone! — Gone! — Gone! So on through the darkening hours, until at the dead of night the long roll is called, and with the last Gone! the latest of the long procession that filled the day follows its

ghostly companions into the stillness and darkness of the past.

I silenced the striking part of the works. Still the escapement kept repeating, Quick! Quick! Quick! Still the long minute-hand, like the dart in the grasp of Death, as we see it in Roubillac's monument to Mrs. Nightingale, among the tombs of Westminster Abbey, stretched itself out, ready to transfix each hour as it passed, and make it my last. I sat by the clock to watch the leap from one day of the week to the next. Then would come, in natural order, the long stride from one month to the following one.

I could endure it no longer. "*Take that clock away!*" I said. They took it away. They took me away, too, — they thought I needed country air. The sounds and motions still pursued me in imagination. I was very nervous when I came here. The walks are pleasant, but the walls seem to me unnecessarily high. The boarders are numerous; a little miscellaneous, I think. But we have the Queen, and the President of the United States, and several other distinguished persons, if we may trust what they tell about themselves.

After we had listened to Number Five's story, I was requested to read a couple of verses written by me when the guest of my friends, whose name is hinted by the title prefixed to my lines.

LA MAISON D'OR.

(BAR HARBOR.)

From this fair home behold on either side
  The restful mountains and the restless sea:
So the warm sheltering walls of life divide
  Time and its tides from still eternity.

Look on the waves: their stormy voices teach
  That not on earth may toil and struggle cease.
Look on the mountains: better far than speech
  Their silent promise of eternal peace.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A SHORT DEFENSE OF VILLAINS.

AMID the universal grayness that has settled mistily down upon English fiction, amid the delicate drab-colored shadings and half-lights which require, we are told, so fine a skill in handling, the old-fashioned reader misses, now and then, the vivid coloring of his youth. He misses the slow unfolding of quite impossible plots, the thrilling incidents that were wont pleasantly to arouse his apprehension, and, most of all, two characters once deemed essential to every novel, — the hero and the villain. The heroine is left us still, and her functions are far more complicated than in the simple days of yore, when little was required of her save to be beautiful as the stars. She faces now the most intricate problems of life; and she faces them with conscious self-importance, a dismal power of analysis, and a robust candor in discussing their equivocal aspects that would have sent her buried sister blushing to the wall. There was sometimes a lamentable lack of solid virtue in this fair dead sister, a pitiful human weakness that led to her undoing; but she never talked so glibly about sin. As for the hero, he owes his banishment to the riotous manner in which his masters handled him. Bulwer strained our endurance and our credulity to the utmost; Disraeli took a step further, and Lothair, the last of his race, perished amid the cruel laughter of mankind.

But the villain! Remember what we owe to him in the past. Think how

dear he has become to every rightly constituted mind. And now we are told, soberly and coldly, by the thin-blooded novelists of the day, that his absence is one of the crowning triumphs of modern genius, that we have all grown too discriminating to tolerate in fiction a character whom we feel does not exist in life. Man, we are reminded, is complex, subtle, unfathomable, made up of good and evil so dexterously intermingled that no one element predominates coarsely over the rest. He is to be studied warily and with misgivings, not classified with brutal ease into the virtuous and bad. It is useless to explain to these analysts that the pleasure we take in meeting a character in a book does not always depend on our having known him in the family circle, or encountered him in our morning paper; though, judged even by this stringent law, the villain holds his own. Accept Balzac's rule, and exclude from fiction not only all which might not really happen, but all which has not really happened in truth, and we would still have studies enough in total depravity to darken all the novels in Christendom. I have before me now two newspaper cuttings, briefly narrating two recent crimes, which display in one case an ingenuity, and in the other a stolidity, of wickedness quite unparalleled in the regions of romance. The first — which I would like to commend to the consideration of Frances Power Cobbe, who thinks that jealousy is an obsolete vice — is an account of a young Cuban, who revenged himself on a successful rival by mixing the dried virus from a small-pox patient with some tobacco, which he proffered him for cigarettes; the result being the death, not of the victim only, but of his entire household. The other is a history of a poor German farm-hand, who, seeing his mistress attacked by a rabid dog, went bravely to her rescue, and throttled the animal, after having been bitten several times in the hands. His employer ascertained that the dog was really mad, and that hydrophobia might possibly ensue, and then promptly and coolly turned out-of-doors the man who had saved his wife. Alone, friendless, penniless, unable even to speak a word of English, the young fellow was carried to the almshouse, there to have his wounds dressed and to take his chance of recovery. Now, surely, in these two short records we have the extreme expression of two opposite types of cruelty, — the cruelty of malice and of selfishness. Neither villain would have been tempted to the other's sin. The farmer would probably have recoiled in horror from the Cuban's deviltry; the Cuban would have scorned the farmer's black ingratitude. The men are as sharply contrasted in their wickedness as Glossin and Dirk Hatteraick, whom Sir Walter Scott, with the easy prodigality of genius, has revealed to us, hating and despising one another, in the matchless pages of Guy Mannering.

Again, what murder of romance was ever so wanton, so tragic, and so sombre as that which gave to the Edinburgh highway the name of Gabriel's Road? There, in the sweet summer afternoon, fresh with the breath of primroses and cowslips, the young tutor cut the throats of his two little pupils, in a mad, inexplicable revenge for their childish tale-bearing. Taken red-handed in the deed, he met with swift retribution from the furious populace; and the same hour which witnessed the crime saw his pinioned corpse dangling from the nearest tree, with the bloody knife hung in awful mockery around its neck. Thus the murder and its punishment conspired to make the lonely road a haunted path, ghost-ridden, terrible, where women shivered and hurried on, and little boys, creepy with fear, scampered by, breathless, in the dusk; seeing before them always, on the ragged turf, two small, piteous, blood-smeared bodies

and hearing ever, overhead, the rattle of the rusty knife against the felon's bones. The highway, with its unholy associations, discreetly perpetuated in its name, became an education to the good people of Edinburgh, and taught them the value of emotions. They must have indistinctly felt what Mr. Louis Stevenson has so well described, the subtle harmony that unites an evil deed to its location. "Some places," he says, "speak distinctly. Certain dark gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots, again, seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable." And is all this fine and delicate sentiment, all this skillful playing with horror and fear, to be lost to fiction, merely because, as De Quincey reluctantly admits, "the majority of murderers are incorrect characters"? May we not forgive their general incorrectness for the sake of their literary and artistic value? Shall Charles Lamb's testimony count for nothing, when we remember his comfortable allusion to "kind, light-hearted Wainwright"? And what shall we think of Edward Fitzgerald, the gentlest and least hurtful of Englishmen, abandoning himself, in the clear and genial weather, to the delights of Tacitus, "full of pleasant atrocity"?

I was awakened recently to the modern exclusiveness in vice by having a friend complain pettishly to me, in the theatre, where we were watching the snake-like uncoiling of Iago's treachery, that she hated the "heavy villain." I knew the remark to be born of a tremulous discomfort she was susceptible of feeling, but not of appreciating at its value, and that she merely used a current phrase, which, by long handling, has come to have little meaning in our ears, — a term of reproach we fling unheedingly at any mark. But surely it is unmerited by Iago, the lightest of all villains, when we except that true, "laughing devil," Mephistopheles. If Mephistopheles is responsible for all the tragedy of Faust, he gives us, by way of compensation, those fire-flashes of wit which lift our souls momentarily out of the gloom. Something evil within us responds with a shuddering laugh to each wicked, piercing jest. If to Iago is due all the concentrated suffering of two noble souls, it is to him also we owe that flavor of bitter pleasantry which makes bearable the slow approach of a horror forecast from the bright dawning of a nuptial joy. How subtle, how discriminating, how fine, the touch with which he handles his different victims! How absolute, yet half kindly, is his scorn for the poor fool Roderigo! "If thou must needs damn thyself," he urges in friendly protest, "do it in a more delicate way than drowning." Even when the exigencies of the hour impel him to stab his dupe in a midnight brawl, there is no absolute ill feeling in the deed. It is a mere matter of business. The dark vials of his hatred he reserves for other and nobler game. When Cassio, seven times in four short lines, groans out a lament for his lost reputation, what candid contempt in Iago's relieved rejoinder! "As I am an honest man, I thought you had received a bodily wound. There is more offence in that than in reputation." With what positive glee he lays an emphatic stress, on all occasions, upon his one cherished virtue, honesty!

> "Take note, take note, O world!
> To be direct and honest is not safe,"

he cries upbraidingly, when the furious Moor has nearly strangled his last lie in his throat. Even in that sore strait, choked, gasping, and terrified, he can perceive and enjoy the irony of the situation. Christopher North, it will be remembered, pronounced the character of Iago unnatural and unintelligible, because it illustrates the utmost wickedness without the cover of self-deception, and without a strong impelling

motive. It is malice for malice' sake. But if anything can give this prince of villains a claim to our common humanity, it is, first and foremost, that one moment of scornful dignity, that merited rebuke of the disarmed prisoner to his assailant, —

"I bleed, sir; but not kill'd;"

and next, that touch of humor which lightens without softening his baseness, — "La malignité naturelle aux hommes est le principe de la comédie;" and the malignity of Iago affords the faint tinge of comedy as well as the dark and pitiful tragedy of the play. Had he given us nothing but his definition of virtuous womanhood, the smiling generations who listen to its "lame and impotent conclusion" might afford to forgive him many sins.

Repentant villains, I must confess, are not greatly to my mind. They sacrifice their artistic to their ethical value, and must be handled with consummate skill to escape a suspicious flavor of Sunday-school romance. The hardened criminal, disarmed and converted by the innocent attractions of childhood, is a favorite device of poets and story-writers who cater to the sentiments of maternity; but it is wiser to lay no stress upon the permanency of such conversions. That swift and sudden yielding to a gentle emotion or a noble aspiration, which is one of the undying traits of humanity, attracts us often by the very force of its evanescence, by the limitations which prove its truth. But the slow, stern process of regeneration is not an emotional matter, and cannot be convincingly portrayed with a few facile touches in the last chapter of a novel. Thackeray knew better than this, when he showed us Becky Sharp touched and softened by her good little sister-in-law; heartsick now and then of her own troublesome schemes, yet sinking inevitably lower and lower through the weight of overmastering instincts and desires. She can aspire intermittingly to a cleaner life, but she can never hope to reach it. Dickens knew better, when he showed us Ralph Nickleby moved to milder thoughts by the beauty and innocence of his niece, yet refusing to deviate a hair's breadth, for her sake, from his shameful purpose. "If the boy were drowned or hanged, and the mother dead, this house should be her home," is his very moderate acknowledgment of Kate's influence; further than this, his gentler mood is not permitted to lead him. The simple literature of the past is curiously rich in these pathetic transient glimpses into fallen nature's brighter side. Where can we see depicted with more tenderness and truth the fitful relenting of man's brutality, after it has wrought the ruin it devised, than in the fine old ballad of Edom O'Gordon? The young daughter of the house of Rodes is lowered from the walls of the burning castle, and the cruel Gordon spears transfix her as she falls. She lies dead, in her budding girlhood, at the feet of her father's foe, and his heart is strangely stirred and troubled when he looks at her fair childish face.

"O bonnie, bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry were hir cheiks,
And clear, clear was hir yellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

"Then wi' his spear he turned hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan!
He sayd, 'You are the first that eir
I wisht alive again.'

"He turned hir owre and owre again,
O gin hir skin was whyte!
'I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been sum man's delyte.'"

It is pleasant to know that the ruthless butcher was promptly pursued and slain for his crime, but it is finer still to realize that brief moment of bitterness and shame. I have sometimes thought that Rossetti's Sister Helen would have gained in artistic beauty if, after those

three days of awful watching were over, after the glowing fragment of wax had melted in the flames, and her lover's soul had passed her, sighing, on the wind, there had come to the stricken girl a pang of supreme regret, an impulse of mad desire to undo the horror she had wrought. The conscience of a sinner, to use a striking phrase of Mr. Brownell's, "is doubtless readjusted rather than repudiated altogether," and there is an absolute truthfulness in these sudden relapses into grace.

For this reason, doubtless, I find Mr. Blackmore's villains, with all their fascination and power, a shade too heavily, or at least too monotonously darkened. Parson Chowne is a veritable devil, and it is only his occasional humor — manifested grimly in deeds, not words — which enables us to bear the weight of his insupportable wickedness. The introduction of the naked savages as an outrage to village propriety; the summons to church, when he has a mind to fire the ricks of his parishioners, — these are the life-giving touches which mellow down this overwrought figure, this black and scowling thunderbolt of humanity. Perhaps, too, Mr. Blackmore, in his laudable desire for picturesqueness, lays too much stress on the malignant aspect, the appropriate physical condition of his sinners. From Parson Chowne's "wondrous unfathomable face," which chills every heart with terror, to the "red glare" in Donovan Bulrag's eyes, there is always something exceptional about these worthies, to indicate to all beholders what manner of men they are. One is reminded of Charles II. protesting, not unnaturally, against the perpetual swarthiness of stage villains. "We never see a rogue in a play but we clap on him a black periwig," complained the dark-skinned monarch, with a sense of personal grievance in this forced association between complexion and crime. It was the same subtle inspiration which prompted Kean to play Shylock in a red wig that suggested to Wilkie Collins Count Fosco's admirable fat. The passion for embroidered waistcoats and fruit tarts, the petted white mice, the sympathetic gift of pastry to the organ-grinder's monkey, all the little touches which go to build up this colossal, tender-hearted, remorseless, irresistible scoundrel, are of interest and value to the portrait, but his fat is as essential as his knavery. It is one of those master strokes of genius which breaks away from all accepted traditions to build up a new type, perfect and unapproachable. We can no more imagine a thin Fosco than a melancholy Dick Swiveller or a light-hearted Ravenswood.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who has upon all occasions the courage of his convictions, has recently, in one of those pleasant papers, At the Sign of the Ship, given utterance to a sentiment so shockingly at variance with the prevalent theory of fiction, that the reader is divided between admiration for his boldness and a vague surprise that a man should speak such words and live. There is a cheerfulness, too, about Mr. Lang's heterodoxy, a smiling ignorance of his own transgression, that warms our hearts and weakens our upbraiding. "The old simple scheme," he says, "in which you had a real unmitigated villain, a heroine as pure as snow or flame, and a crowd of good ordinary people, gave us more agreeable reading, and reading not, I think, more remote from truth, than is to be found in Dr. Ibsen's Ghosts or in his Pillars of Society." Now to support such a statement would be unscrupulous, to condemn it, dispiriting; but I wonder if the "real unmitigated villain" is quite so simple a product as Mr. Lang appears to imagine. May not his absence from literature be owing as much to the limitations as to the disregard of modern realists? Is he, in truth, so easily drawn as to be unworthy of their subtle and discriminating pens? Is Sir Giles

Overreach a mere child's toy in comparison with Consul Bernick, and is Brian de Bois Guilbert unworthy to rank with Johann Tönnesen and Oswald Alving? A villain must be a thing of power, handled with delicacy and grace. He must be wicked enough to excite our aversion, strong enough to arouse our fear, human enough to awaken some transient gleam of sympathy. We must triumph in his downfall, yet not barbarously nor with contempt, and the close of his career must be in harmony with all its previous development. Mrs. Pennell has told us the story of some old Venetian witches, who were converted from their dark ways, and taught the charms of peace and godliness; but who would desire or credit the conversion of a witch? The potency of evil lies within her to the end; and when, by a few muttered words, she can raise a hell storm on the ocean, when her eye's dim fire can wither the strength of her enemy, or when, with a lock of hair and a bit of wax, she can consume him with torturing pain, who will welcome her neighborly advances? The proper and artistic end of a witch is at the stake, — blue flames curling up to heaven, and a handful of gray ashes scattered to the wind; or, by the working of a stronger spell, she may be stiffened into stone, and doomed to stand forever on some desolate moor, where, underneath starless skies, her evil feet have strayed; or perhaps that huge black cat, her sinister attendant, has completed his ninth year of servitude to nine successive witches, and, by virtue of the power granted him at their expiration, he may whisk her off bodily on St. John's Eve, to offer her a living holocaust to Satan. These are possibilities in strict sympathy with her character and history, if not with her inclinations; the last is in especial accordance with sound Italian tradition, and all reveal what Heine calls "the melancholy pleasurable awe, the dark sweet horror, of mediæval ghost fancies." But a converted witch, walking demurely to vesper service, gossiping with good, garrulous old women on the doorstep, or holding an innocent child within her withered arms, — the very thought repels us instinctively, and fires us with a sharp mistrust. Have a care, you foolish young mother, and snatch your baby to your breast; for even now he waxes paler and paler, as those cold, malignant heart-throbs chill his breath and wear his little life away.

The final disposition of a mere earthly villain should likewise be a matter of artistic necessity, not a harsh trampling of arrogant virtue upon prostrate vice. There is no mistake so fatal as that of injustice to the evil element of a novel or a play. We all know how, when Portia pushes her triumphant casuistry a step too far, our sympathies veer obstinately around to Shylock's side, and refuse to be readjusted before the curtain falls. Perhaps Shakespeare intended this, — who knows? — and threw in Gratiano's last jeers to madden, not the usurer, but the audience. Or perhaps in Elizabeth's day, as in King John's, people had not grown so finical about the feelings of a Jew, and it is only the chilly tolerance of our enlightened age which prevents our enjoying as we should the devout prejudices of our ancestors. But when, in a modern novel, guiltless of all this picturesque superstition, we see the sinner treated with a narrow, nagging sort of severity, our unregenerate nature rebels stoutly against such a manifest lack of balance. Not long ago, I chanced to read a story which actually dared to have a villain for a hero, and I promised myself much pleasure from so original and venturesome a step. But how did the very popular authoress treat her own creation? In the first place, when rescued from a truly feminine haze of hints, and dark whispers, and unsubstantiated innuendoes, the hapless man is proven guilty of but three offenses: he takes opium, he ejects his

tenants, and he tries, not very successfully, to mesmerize his wife. Now opium-eating is a vice, the punishment for which is borne by the offender, and which merits as much pity as contempt; rack-renting is an unpardonable but not at all a thrilling misdemeanor; and, in these days of psychological research, there are many excellent men who would not shrink from making hypnotic experiments on their grandmothers. In consequence, however, of such feeble atrocities, the hero-villain is subjected to a species of outlawry at the hands of all the good people in the book. His virtuous cousin makes open and highly honorable love to his virtuous wife, who responds with hearty alacrity. His virtuous cousin's still more virtuous brother comes within an ace of murdering him in cold blood, through motives of the purest philanthropy. Finally, one of these virtuous young men lets loose on him his family ghost, deliberately unsealing the spectral abiding-place; and, while the virtuous wife clings around the virtuous cousin's neck, and forbids him tenderly to go to the rescue, the accommodating spirit — who seems to have no sort of loyalty to the connection — slays the villain at his own doorstep, and leaves the coast free for a second marriage service. Practically, the device is an admirable one, because, when the ghost retires once more to his seclusion, nobody can well be convicted of manslaughter, and a great deal of scandal is saved. But, artistically, there is something repellent in this open and shameless persecution, in three persons and a hobgoblin conspiring against one poor man. Our sentiment is diverted from its proper channel, our emotions are manifestly incorrect.

"How are you to get up the sympathies of the audience in a legitimate manner," asks Mr. Vincent Crummles, "if there is n't a little man contending against a big one? — unless there 's at least five to one, and we have n't hands enough for that business in our company." What would the noble-hearted Mr. Crummles have thought of reversing this natural order of things, and declaring victory for the multitude? How would human nature in the provinces have supported so novel and hazardous an innovation? Why should human nature out of the provinces be assumed to have outgrown its simple, chivalrous instincts? A good, strong, designing, despicable villain, or even villainess, a fair start, a stout fight, an artistic overthrow, and triumphant Virtue smiling modestly beneath her orange blossoms, — shall we ever be too old and world-worn to love these old and world-worn things?

Agnes Repplier.

GOD IN HIS WORLD.

A SURVEY of the spiritual universe as it affects the being of man gains this advantage from anonymous publication, that the book becomes a voice only, and the reader is not confused by an effort to individualize the authorship. If, besides, the voice, be persuasive in tone and gentle in modulation, if it be not raised in angry impatience or hardened by argumentative temper, and if its sweetness be not the honeyed phrase of a rhetorician, then the absconding of the personality behind it, however much ultimately it may arouse an honest curiosity, does for the time being deepen the impression made by the earnest thought and the reserved passion.

Such, at any rate, we think, is likely to be the reflection of one who lays down a remarkable book[1] which has recently appeared. The temper in which it is written is so fine, its tone is so authoritative without the semblance of dogmatism, and the sweep of its thought is so large and steady that one is fain to receive it as what it claims to be, an interpretation, and so, in the radical sense of the word, a prophecy. Like prophecy in its most universal type, it is revolutionary in spirit, in obedience to an eternal conservatism; and it is only as one moves on through the phases of the evolutionary thought of the book that he fails to be startled by the quiet conclusions with which the author confronts him. If one were to read first the closing passages in which contemporaneous civilization is tested, he would — except that the age has cultivated a complacent toleration — exclaim, Away with this fellow, for he turneth the world upside down!

The three divisions into which the work is cast, bearing the titles From the Beginning, The Incarnation, The Divine Human Fellowship, intimate the scope of the subject treated. It is an attempt on the part of a student of human life to disclose the manifestation of God in nature, in the Christ, and in human society. The key to the revelation is in the words Son of God, Son of man; but the theologian, though he may acquiesce in some of the terms employed, will discover that the author is very indifferent to scholastic definitions, and is constantly escaping, just when the dialectician appears to have him in his toils, into the freer fields of nature. In the first book he passes in review the Aryan faith, the Hellenic development, and, with too brief characterization, the Roman religion. His method can scarcely be called historical or scientific. Rather, he employs his test of pure Christianity to determine the true nature of the phases of spiritual life which preceded the Christian revelation; but inasmuch as his pure Christianity is interchangeable with nature, the test is one not of creed, but of life. In effect, the first book is on the intimations of immortality as discoverable in nature, when the gate of everlasting life had not yet been opened to nature through the death and resurrection of the supreme person in nature; for though the author's use of the term "nature" is never defined, it is impossible to avoid perceiving his intention to regard the entire creation as standing in the word. Possibly most exception will be taken by historical students to his sweeping inclusion of all Roman life under the designation of death. The study of Roman history, he says, "is instructive only as it is a study of death; not simply of the death of Rome, but of Rome as itself the death of the ancient world. It was because of the lack of any spiritual impulse or movement that this death has endured through nearly a score of centuries. For Constantine and the worldly Christianity which followed his standards only prolonged the mortality, which was still further perpetuated in Papal Rome, and which remains to-day in all the forms of Church or State which still retain the similitude of the old worldly scheme. What an inversion of terms was there in the reign of Decius, when death occupied the places of life above-ground, while life was hidden in the places of death, with the Christians in the catacombs!" He might have strengthened his position by a reference to the exacting ritualism of the Roman religion and the fundamental notion of fear in the devotion paid to the gods; but there would remain still the answer to his charge which consigns a vast section of human life to the grave of worldliness, that his own conception of humanity as indestructibly in the image of God for-

[1] *God in his World.* An Interpretation. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1890.

bids this wholesale entombment. It would be more philosophical for him to seek for a village faith corresponding with, and not inherited from, the Eleusinian mysteries, and also to see in the structural genius of the Roman a contribution to the kingdom of heaven no less than to that kingdom of the world with which he seems exclusively to identify it. Certainly it is dangerous, in any scheme of interpretation which aims at universality, to blot out one of the three sentences which repeated the superscription on the cross.

The author is more at home in his treatment of Hellenic, and especially of Pelasgic faith. We leave to scholars the task of scrutinizing his rendering of the Eleusinian mysteries, only surmising that this is one of the cases where a certain mental and spiritual sympathy is liable to make one read into obscure and fragmentary records one's own thought. A similar appropriation of the Vedic hymns intimates a kinship of feeling on the part of our author, who, both by his negative treatment of Roman worship and his positive treatment of Oriental and Hellenic, indicates the bent of his mind. But we may accept this half-mystical attitude as the natural and, we may say, necessary approach to the heart of any profound subject of life; and when we follow this writer into the consciousness of the primitive Aryan poet, we are not taking a long historic journey, but a short cut by the way of intuition.

It is in the second book, on the Incarnation, that the writer shows himself in his greatest strength, since he is able to occupy the theologian's special field without coming into collision with him, and yet without ignoring the questions which are perpetually under debate; for his point of view is so unusual that the mind is drawn away from the crucial tests which it is apt to apply when considering this subject, and is interested rather in the development of fresh thought. The most novel position, we suspect, and one over which the most sympathetic reader will halt the longest, is that which denies to justice any divine attribute; and in the casual returns to this point — for the author plainly feels its significance — there are frequent suggestions made of the inadequacy of the ethical conception of personality and society. "Even in human affairs," he says, justice "has no significance save in connection with the conventional adjustments of a perverted life. Injustice must be manifest before there could be a conception of justice, which is an outward and mechanical righteousness, equity of division, compensation of injuries. In nature equilibrium would mean death; no sooner is it restored than it is disturbed, and both the restoration and the disturbance are through the action of forces, dynamically and normally. No one would think of transferring our term justice to these operations."

Part of the difficulty appears to lie in the limited construction which this author puts upon the term "justice." But the interchangeable use of the words "justice" and "righteousness" in the New Testament points to a more fundamental unity than he appears to understand.

The reader who has begun to apprehend the drift of the writer's meaning enters upon the third and final book, treating of the Divine Human Fellowship, with lively expectation, for here he must look for the interpretation of the gospel as it affects modern society. The strength of the author in this portion lies in his opposition of the divine life to what he succinctly terms the worldly philosophy of the worldly scheme, and he pursues his thought without fear of the practical issue. Practical, we suspect, many will not find it; or, at the best, will look upon it as a vague resolution of all forces into the simple act of human love. Singularly enough, there

has just appeared a little tract[1] by Henry Drummond, which, with the enthusiasm of that single-hearted, spiritual-minded man, is a personal appeal for the foundation of human intercourse and religious belief upon the great law of love. It is a fervent, unconventional, penetrating exposition of the doctrine of charity as set forth by the Apostle Paul in the thirteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians; and the eagerness with which it has been read (our copy is marked "seventieth thousand") is an indication of the response which such an address, in the direct line of this Interpretation, though couched in more popular phrase, finds in the expectant generation of this age. It would be easy to extract long passages from this third book of God in his World, which would show clearly the author's position, but we must content ourselves with two which contain, perhaps, the central idea:

"God worketh in all for salvation, and especially in them that believe, who have a living faith. The children wait upon Him; they behold His work, and, though they know not the way thereof, though it hath for them wonderful surprises, they coöperate therewith. They have no exclusiveness; they stand not aloof from the world, nor do they judge the world; it is only love that is in their hearts, and they follow their Lord whithersoever He leadeth, even away from the temple and among the dark mountains, seeking to find and take to their hearts their shabby, bruised, and captive brethren. They work and watch and pray: to love is to do all these, and they expect, not justification, but only love. It is always this, — love calling unto love. They do not shun the temple, but here also, following their Lord, they seek to drive from it the money-changers, and to warn men against the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees. They would break up images, and restore the love-feasts, and fill the house of God with children singing glad hosannas. They have no contempt for the earthly life, and give themselves not up to austerities and sanctities and penances and mortifications. It is life, not death, which they seek, — a larger, freer, fuller life. And they ally themselves with all who seek to get nearer to Nature's heart, knowing that they who follow her living ways draw nearer to the Lord; and they hail with delight every application of Nature's forces which promises greater freedom to men from their incessant toil, knowing that, though for the moment it may serve the selfishness of the powerful and seem to strengthen the bonds of the weak, yet, in the end, it must serve Love's eternal purpose. Their watchword is not that Knowledge is Power, but they know that there is no true enlightenment that is not from God, and that, however it may for a time be associated with the pride of human intellect, it is more closely linked with His loving purpose; and when they behold men drawing nearer together in space and time through steam and electric communication, their hearts are glad within them, for they see in this, not the immediate result, the corporate abuse and the strengthening of a selfish despotism, but the preparation for the universal brotherhood of God's kingdom."

"The Imagination exhausts its resources in vain, attempting to construct this ideal life. We may suppose that, in place of the desire for mastery and for material possession, the heroism of love and faith is dominant, since our Lord hath said that the meek shall inherit the earth, they who overcome evil with good. This heroism of meekness not only hath in it all that is possible of human courage in the face of life and death, but is reinforced by the divine might. Here is an army whose weapons are drawn from the armory of heaven. We may imagine an array of bright

[1] *The Greatest Thing in the World.* London: Hodder & Stoughton. New York: James Pott. 1890.

angelic forms, supple as Michael's, shining with the health of seraphs, from their radiant brows, beneath which the piercing glance of every eye is like the flash of Ithuriel's spear, to their beautiful feet upon the mountains, upon the vantage-ground of truth; and unto them truth is life, and life is love. They have the wisdom of serpents, the harmlessness of doves, and the strength of God. The whole race of men upon earth becoming such as these, we may picture to ourselves a society in which the natural tradition of impulse and knowledge is perfect and sufficient; — a society without a history and without monuments, and whose intellectual development is in no way separate from its forward-looking life; — a society in which there is a common bond of love uniting all hearts and all activities, so holding to the immediate contact with Nature that there is no monstrous aggregation of human life in cities; — a society without conventional distinctions, all laboring alike and together as one family, and in which, as there would be no drudgery, so, on the other hand, there would be no artificial amusement, — the sharp distinction between work and play no longer holding; — a society without a government for the administration of justice, since the very notion of justice arises only from injustice; without ethical regulation, the spontaneous spiritual impulse having taken the place of binding duty; without charity, since love has removed the occasion for its exercise; without polish, since in the alchemy of this flowing life there is nothing hard enough to take it; without refinement, save as the fire of life refineth; without canons of taste or rules of discipline, since an obligation from within holds, in consistency with perfect freedom, all life to the harmony of spiritual law; — a society having in its constructions and interpretations the original endowment of divination, through the divine wisdom informing the human, so that its progress in art and knowledge is rapid beyond our ability to conceive by comparison with the achievements of what we know as civilization."

It will be seen that our author is a visionary, but his visions are of a different order from those that look to a community in which the centre of selfishness is merely shifted from the individual to the whole mass. His interpretation of Christianity, if it were at once adopted, would shatter the whole order of society, as light shatters darkness; their interpretation of the laws of life presupposes a dynamitic explosion. In his view, reiterated as a sort of watchword, the meek shall inherit the earth; in theirs, the earth shall be parceled out among all in arithmetical proportion. As we intimated at the outset, God in his World is a revolutionary book, and we shall not be surprised if it plant in some minds the seed of a new reading of history and a new criticism of current movements in society, politics, and religion.

WILLIAM MORRIS'S NEW WORK.[1]

Mr. Morris is a long-practiced story-teller, and in the present tale he employs a very perfect art. It is a narrative of the summer campaign between a gathering of Gothic Marksmen and some Roman legionaries who were making a foray into their country. It begins with a pastoral scene, disclosing the

[1] *A Tale of the House of the Wolfings and all the Kindred of the Mark.* Written in Prose and Verse. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1890.

clearing along the river, in which the House of the Wolfings stood, above the meadows and pasture, and hemmed upon the other side by the Wild Wood. Thither comes the tidings of the threatened invasion, borne by the runner with the war-arrow; and immediately the action of the piece commences with the arming of the people, the setting forth of the host, joined by the contingents from other villages, each under its own banner, and the grand folkmote of all the kindreds at the chief meeting-place of the entire clan. There leaders are chosen, and, the reports of scouts and stragglers having given warning that this new enemy, the Romans, is near at hand, part of the host goes out to meet them. The first ambuscade and the first battle are won by the Goths; but the main body of the Romans has meanwhile taken the country on the flank, and, passing the open ways by guides, has fallen on the House of the Wolfings itself. The Goths follow, upon these tidings, and by two lines of march come up with the Romans, after which there is much various fighting, ending in the overthrow and destruction of the entire Roman force in the Wolfing stronghold. This is the material part of the narrative, and the opportunities it affords for scene-painting, landscape, and battle, under conditions strange to us, are fully availed of.

With all this, however, mingles another poetical element. Thiodulf, the war-duke of the host, is loved by a goddess, the Wood-Sun, and by her has had a child, now grown to womanhood, who is the priestess of the people, and called the Hall-Sun, because she cares for the lamp that is kept burning continually under the roof of the House of the Wolfings. The Wood-Sun knows that her lover, Thiodulf, will be slain in these wars, and she has gained by stratagem a hauberk which, wrought by the Dwarfs, will preserve his life if he will wear it; but a curse goes with it, and the warrior will be saved only by the loss of his cause and people. The Wood-Sun does not tell of this, but Thiodulf is fearful of some such charm, and leaves the hauberk with the Daylings, and succeeds against the Romans, until the Wood-Sun again intervenes, and, obtaining the hauberk by disguise, tells Thiodulf there is no harm in it, and persuades him to wear it. The consequence is that in the thick of the battle and at its crisis the chief is overcome with faintness, and loses his opportunity and the day. The Goths, defeated, retire into the Wild Wood. Thiodulf's daughter, the Hall-Sun, who has the second-sight, has now discovered the cause of the trouble, and by her intervention the Wood-Sun confesses to Thiodulf her lie, bids him take off the magic armor, and though seeing the end of their love in his approaching death, yet consents to it. Next morning the storm of attack begins under Thiodulf, now restored to his full faculties, and in the moment of victory he dies. In this portion of the plot lies the ethical element of the narrative, and out of it grows the supernatural element, of which much is made in the characters of the Wood-Sun and the Hall-Sun, through whom the life of the people is brought into relation with destiny and the gods.

We have chosen to give the outlines of the story as the best way of exhibiting to the reader the varied character of the saga; and if he is familiar with Mr. Morris's handling, he will perceive at once that this is a story after the poet's own heart, and that in it wide scope is given for the special traits of his genius. Something must be added, to make the matter clear, concerning the literary style and mould into which the poetry is run. The larger portion is prose, but the speeches are usually given in verse. The prose itself, however, is not ordinary prose, but is written in a peculiar and artificial style, well sustained, but having the effect to remove

the work out of the domain of prose. Though measured, it is not rhythmical to any such degree as to arouse a particular metrical expectation in the reader, and it thus escapes the principal defect of so-called poetical prose. On the other hand, it brings about an illusion akin to that worked by ordinary verse form. It is very beautiful in its general movement and color, and very noble in phrase; its affectation, even, sympathizes with the Gothic element in the work itself. It is such prose as only a poet could write, and it does effect what the poet intended. Those who hold that prose is not the best medium for poetical thought will easily find objections to the poet's method; independently of all that, he succeeds in his aim. The test of his experiment lies rather in the question whether, having chosen this form, he should not have kept to it, whereas, as has been said, he has put the speeches, as a rule, into rhymed verse. The answer seems to us to depend on whether or not the change is natural in its place, and maintains the illusion already obtained by the prose. For ourselves, we must acknowledge that this change appears in each instance arbitrary, and also that at the moment of the transition the illusion is destroyed, and recurs only after an interval, and then in the different form of poetical expression. The poems, so to speak, are as much a change as it would be in an English book to find extracts in French. Not only is continuity broken, but consistency is lost. This, however, is an individual impression, and is apposite rather to the question, which has been raised, whether Mr. Morris may not have illustrated in this work a new literary form of mingled prose and verse, with a future development before it, analogous to the old and now well-worn forms of the epic and the drama. It does not appear to us that this is any other than a hybrid product of art, or that it contains in itself any principle by which the repugnance and incongruity of prose and poetry as modes of expression can be harmonized. Prose has been written in a poetical spirit before now, and has produced the illusion here sought for. This is of a lower intensity and less reality than the illusion of the epic or the drama; and in this work it does not show more power.

Within the limits which Mr. Morris has set for himself by his choice, the work itself is one of extraordinary beauty in detail, and rich both in minute and broad effects. The author's characteristics shine through his words, as must be the case in creative literature; and, most prominent of all, the artistic nature is clear. Each of his chapters becomes, sooner or later, a picture, admirably grouped, lovely or grand in its unity, but with that care for light and shade and posture, even for costume and framework, which discloses the artist: sometimes there is but one figure, sometimes there is a throng; now the scene is under the sunshine of the clearings, often in the shadow of moonlight or the thicket; here a stormy dawn, there a midsummer afternoon; but throughout there is the pencil of the artist. This quality in his work is especially felt in the heightening of the external beauty of the home surroundings of the Goths, in the carving of the woodwork of the House of the Wolfings, in the contents of their chests of precious stuffs and jewels, and generally in the manual decoration of the properties which he has chosen to use. Out of all this come, in part, the singleness of impression and the poetical illusion which are implicit in the narrative, and in part, also, the sense of artificiality and tenuousness of fact, which will be felt even by those who lend themselves most willingly to the poet's magic. A second trait is the strong expression of the social union of the Marksmen as one people, generally most powerfully brought out in the speeches of Thiodulf

as their leader, and of the Hall-Sun as their "soul" (so she calls herself); their tribal self-consciousness, as an evolutionist would say. The delight of Thiodulf in the thought that his life, through his deeds, will live on and become immortal in their destiny as a folk among men springs certainly from a modern feeling, or gains by it; so that the doctrine of the brotherhood of men in races and kindred, and their duty to society as a part of a larger life, has seldom been so nobly and almost triumphantly expressed. The source of this in Mr. Morris is not far to seek. The great shadow of the English race is also cast backward to make this little body of a few thousand warriors loom larger on the confines of our history. So one may detect separately many of the strains that the poet has woven into a tale which is an expression of emotions and beliefs and tastes that are more vital now than they were in the days of the Roman border wars. In one point Mr. Morris has been extraordinarily successful. We have been told in books of the position and character of the women of the Goths, and from these hints he has worked. The Hall-Sun is the idealized type of this womanhood; in the story she does not stand alone, but is surrounded by a throng of companions, unlike other women in poetry, with a kind of heroism, dignity, and serviceableness, which lends a main element of attraction to the narrative.

Criticism, however, does but half its work in making such a volume known, and discriminating between the several elements of which it is compounded. It is a harder task to give any appreciative account of the charm of the story; of its inventive power; its northern sense of life and strength and the delight of action; its simple handling of many adventures; its broad, clear sketches of the borderland of the forest, and of existence in its quiet glades and by the river; the picturesqueness of its trophies and emblems; the aloofness of its gods; the naturalness of its superstitions, and, more particularly, of the phrase and measure in which all this is set forth in color and landscape and the murmur of a people's life. For these we refer the reader at once to the volume, in which he will find, after all criticism, one of the few contributions of our present time to imaginative literature.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Liverpool Glimpses.

An Englishman would say, I suppose, that, of all the towns in England, Liverpool is the most uninteresting. As for Americans, most of our countrymen go as quickly as they can to Chester; and those who have stopped in Liverpool at all remember it as nothing more than a dull, sombre town, first seen in leaden silhouette from the Mersey, and even after the miseries of the landing stage — and they are many — on closer acquaintance proving dreary and forbidding. A few fine buildings in the classic style (including a good picture-gallery), which immediately surround S. George's Hall, and the hall itself, together with the docks, seem to them all that the town has to show. These sights are in no sense typically English; although the never-ending procession of slatternly women and wizened children bearing beer-mugs either filled or about to be filled, which files around a certain corner, near a well-known hotel, leads the beholder to believe himself indeed in the land of Cruikshank and Gilray. For beggary

in its most miserable form commend me to England; for the most sodden and abject of English beggars, to Liverpool.

And yet some delightful hours may be passed in Liverpool, and people do not realize that there are characteristically English sights to be seen there. After all, why wish to be plunged into antiquity? Why, rather, should we not (if I may so speak) wade in by degrees? For just in proportion as we are familiar with a period does it interest us, and we find our colonial homestead, with its two hundred years of familiar history, richer to us in suggestion and greater in interest than the Roman bridge built by a general we never heard of, in some period whose remoteness robs it of any sense of age or reality. It is somewhat for this reason that the small and unimpressive seventeenth-century building styled the Cathedral Church of S. Peter, Church Street, Liverpool, has for me its attractions.

It was a late autumn afternoon when I first saw the interior of this ugly old temple, — a gray, murky day, and all the air of the sanctuary permeated, not with incense, but with the characteristic Liverpool odor of soft coal. A few gaslights dimly twinkled in a halo of brownish haze, near the altar. There seemed to be no color anywhere. All the woodwork — the fronts of the galleries, the stalls, the great carved altar-piece — was black, its polished darkness broken only by thin white streaks, the reflection of the garish light outside through the great plainly glazed arched windows in the galleries. Over the altar was a great window in an anæmic mezzotint, representing S. Peter with his keys, and surrounded with a border of red and blue panes of glass. A modest throne for the bishop rose conspicuous among the stalls of the choir. The organ, in a gallery on the left of the altar, soon began to play, and the choir rapidly filed into the church from a small circular sacristy in the tower. The service was the usual evensong of the English cathedral, not ill performed; and with an anthem full of rills, trills, and quavers, and pleasant parts and harmonies, — not solemn nor devout, but quaint, and just matching the queer old pseudo-classic church whose walls were bathed in its soft melody. It was all so intensely eighteenth-century, so ugly, so homelike, so interesting, that I could but think of Dr. Johnson at S. Bride's, Fleet Street, or else believe him on a visit to this same church, where he would have been placed in a pew devoted to the Corporation of Liverpool, — a pew decorated with two elaborate wrought-iron posts, heavily gilt, upon which stood the civic bird, an ostrich. This same proud fowl figures on a waterspout without, and beneath him, on the said spout, appears the date of the building of the church, which is, I believe, 1611.

Hardly an afternoon passed that I did not find myself at S. Peter's, in the midst of a congregation made up of workingmen, pale clerks, old women and doddering old men, young girls and little children; always a good congregation for a week-day service; always the same indefinable English steadiness and sturdiness about the performance of it, and in the behavior of the people, which is so satisfying after the self-conscious reverence or (what is worse) the unconscious irreverence which are the Scylla and Charybdis of American religious life. As I watched the darkling church, the sense of the immense background of tradition, custom, inheritance, and continuity of faith overwhelmed me. "This," I said to myself, "is to me a strange episode, and yet all over England, in cathedrals and parish churches, this goes on day by day, and I am the chance and transient quantity even here." It vexed me that what to them was so common was to me an event, and that what had been the heritage of the poorest child of the slums was to me a privilege worth recording. I left the church with a sense of having

been in some way defrauded of my birthright, and for the moment wished myself a Briton born.

It was one evening, after a particularly well-sung service, that, as I emerged into the dark street, a little bent man, in a tall hat, a poor faded oddity from Heaven knows where, touched me on the arm, and said, "Parding, sir, but that hanthem, — was n't it beautiful, sir? Oh, sir, I do henjoy them hanthems, sir, — no offense, I hope, sir. Good-night." And he vanished into the darkness. "I think," said I to my friend, "that man must have escaped from — Dickens." Indeed, it was enough to remind any one of Hard Times or Mrs. Gaskell's Mary Barton to see, on certain mornings, the couples waiting in the church to be married. Somehow it seemed impossible that they could be about to take part in a ceremony which the traditions of all lands and all ages surround with joy (or an expensive imitation of it) in so sad-colored and commonplace a manner. No music, no well-dressed crowd, no flowers. It made me long to buy each couple at least a wedding favor; and possibly that good angel of European fiction, the rich American, will some day found a "dole" to supply rice and iced cakes to the lads and lasses who frequent S. Peter's on marriage-days. Old shoes the couples seem to bring with them.

The cathedral stands in an open space, — not precisely the traditional English cathedral close, although its trim parterres, winding paths, and green turf are a pleasant bit of freshness and color amid the dull shops and warehouses about it. It is surely much pleasanter than when I first knew it; for then the entire churchyard was paved with gravestones, — a desert of slate parallelograms, with their inscriptions half obliterated, reminding the beholder of a forgotten set of dominoes, face downwards.

It was across this stony plain that, the first afternoon of my arrival in Liverpool, I wandered in search of adventures. I had nowhere to go and nothing to do, and it was at the precise moment that I had decided that Liverpool had nothing at all worth seeing except docks (about which I am as indifferent as I am ignorant) that, at an angle of the churchyard, an old building in what we should call "colonial" style attracted my attention. It was, in fact, a Blue Coat School, founded by a dead-and-gone Liverpool merchant, in which, a Latin inscription informed me, the youth of Liverpool were to be trained, under the protecting wing of the Church of England, in that fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom. This dignified structure, surrounding three sides of a courtyard, looked its part to perfection. Its gates stood open, and beyond, through the centre door of the school itself, also open, I could see all the little Blue Coats going to prayers. Crossing the court and entering, I found myself in a hall paved with stone, with whitewashed walls and tall arched windows filled with little panes of glass. Two long tables ran up and down the room, set with great blue and white plates and bowls, all with the arms of Liverpool thereon. I could hear the tramp of the little boys going up the staircase to the chapel overhead; and now the little girls, in blue dresses, white handkerchiefs crossed on their shoulders, and caps, were formed in a procession, which presently began to move, and which, respectfully followed, brought me to another hall, of the same size as that first entered, with more tall windows and a large organ. Banks of seats ran up on all sides of the room. The girls were close to the organ, flanked on either hand by the boys, all smug and neat in their long-tail blue coats with brass buttons. At a desk directly in front of the organ stood a peculiarly solemn blonde little boy, who saying in a piping voice, "Let us now sing the 312th hymn to the praise and glory of God," all the children struck up a psalm tune. This

was followed by prayers, read by the same excellent youth in a loud voice and with a manner at once confident and exemplary, great attention being paid to shades of meaning, commas and full stops. At the end of some collects the "youthful quire" again burst forth into an elaborate anthem, of really great beauty, by Barnby, Stainer, or some other English composer, which they performed with great precision and very evident enjoyment. Not the least amusing part of the scene was the assemblage of townspeople, friends of the pupils, who sat patiently on the steep (and extremely hard) tiers of seats, and gazed with kindly pride at the little folks, — honest, good-humored people, proud that "Johnny was being brought up to respect hisself, and was by way of being a credit to the family." Nor must I forget the decorations of the hall, which consisted of a number of immensely tall black wooden tablets (about eight by three feet), upon which were painted in dull yellow letters the amount of the benefactions made to the institution, thus: —

	£ s. d.
Mr. Alderman Round	3 3 0
The Rt. Hon. P. Steen	1 0 0
T. Williamson, Esq.	0 3 0

etc., in the manner of an account-book. This ingenious system of praising the liberal and shaming the churlish still goes on, and — such is British conservatism — having once been begun, no known power could modify the large type or the enormous tablets.

At the close of the anthem I discovered that I was to be "let in" for the Catechism and an address, and also that an unfortunate little boy and an equally wretched little girl were each to repeat a chapter from the Bible, verbatim. Shocked at the prospect of witnessing this ordeal, I fled from the room, but not before I was intercepted by an urchin with the inevitable plate. He was in the hallway, and, I fancy, enjoyed the "gates of Zion" more than what Miss Phelps would call "the beyond."

But to the tired eyes of the voyager over the North Atlantic, wearied with the unutterable dreariness and grayness of its tossing waves, the greenery of the pretty parks without the town is the most grateful of the sights of Liverpool. The rich damp mist, the church towers rising above the masses of foliage, rosy-cheeked children by twos and threes loitering across the commons, all begin to tell us of the real England. Beyond Croxteth Park there is a network of lanes and roads, bordered by suburban houses, — houses buried in deep, dense shrubbery, with vines overunning all bounds and shrouding them in green. We pass these houses, each with its name painted upon the gatepost (and always the most imposing name for the smallest abode), and the roads lengthen out into real highways, bordered with tall, lichen-grown, discolored walls, and at last a turn of the road discloses a distant view. We are at Mossley Hill Church. Below and beyond it the green meadows, the hedge-rows dividing field from field, the elms spreading their branches against the pale luminous blue of the evening sky, a light twinkling up the slope from some farmhouse, a laborer crossing a distant field-path, — all blend in one soft pastoral view full of a peaceful well-being, which, in spite of the discordant notes here and there, makes us forget the black and toiling town behind, and realize that the England we have always dreamed of is at last before us.

A Slip of Coleridge's. — Has any one ever called attention to the extraordinary blunder, in describing natural phenomena, which occurs in the Ancient Mariner of Coleridge? At the moment of the terrific apparition of the phantom ship, we read how

> "The western wave was all aflame,
> The day was well-nigh done;
> Almost upon the western wave
> Rested the broad bright sun."

Then comes the awful game of dice, then the sunset, and then the instantaneous tropical night and the miserable efforts of the steersman, when

> "Clomb above the eastern bar
> The hornèd moon, with one bright star
> Within the nether tip."

But if the moon rose in the east and gradually climbed the sky, she was at or near her full, — opposite the sun. Hence she could not be horned, or have a star within either tip. The crescent moon, with her horns, is of course seen in the west, at or near sunset, and the crescent moon is steadily setting and getting lower in the sky from the instant of its appearance. It may also be crescent in the east at sunrise, but this has no application here.

The significance of this error is twofold. First, Coleridge is one of those authors whom his admirers generally will not allow to be criticised; he is supposed to be justified by a kind of inspiration in anything he ever wrote. In such circumstances, there is some satisfaction for those whose taste is for a wholly different style of composition, and who consider Coleridge a peculiarly proper subject for criticism, to find the sort of mistake in him which, if made by Scott, Byron, or Moore, would have instantly brought down on the offender a swarm of harpies.

But there is a much deeper significance in this mistake. It shows that a poet, of undoubted genius and skill in composition, who has planned and composed a poem with profound thought and care, may in the course of forty lines admit an impossible incongruity, unnoticed by himself, and, as time has shown, unnoticed by three generations of readers. Yet it is precisely such incongruities that cause the various German critics to cut up the Iliad and Odyssey into separate poems, and declare that no one man could have composed either of them. Coleridge tells us himself that he is indebted to Wordsworth for two lines of the poem. Lachmann would undoubtedly argue that one of these two poets must have stopped his hand soon after describing the sunset, and then the other have inserted the description of the moon.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Religion and Philosophy. Footprints of Christ, by Rev. Wm. M. Campbell. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A series of familiar talks, suggested by salient features in the life and ministry of Christ. We cannot greatly praise the offhand manner of the writer, and the matter is not so new nor so impressive as to make one indifferent to the tiresome short sentences which succeed each other in disregard of all effort at continuity. — The Unanswered Prayer, or Why do so many Children of the Church go to Ruin? by Mrs. S. M. T. Henry. (Woman's Temperance Publication Society, Chicago.) A small volume, reciting the experience of a writer who is engaged in the work of the W. C. T. U., but it relates rather to the perils of impurity than of intemperance. — The Continuous Creation, an Application of the Evolutionary Philosophy to the Christian Religion, by Myron Adams. (Houghton.) A fresh, well-considered, and reasonable study in religious philosophy. The writer possibly does not appreciate fully the inhuman aspect of evolution as held by some of its interpreters, but he gives generous reception to the scientific basis, and reads Christianity in its light. — The Evolution of Man and Christianity, by the Rev. Howard Macqueary. (Appleton.) This author treats his subject in a different manner from Mr. Adams, his attempt being to apply the evolution theory to the facts as recorded in the Bible, and to see what is left after the physiologists and psychologists and biologists have had the last word. He strikes us as honest, but as rather blindly obedient to his new masters, and more disposed to accept as final the conclusions of scientists than some of his class are to accept the deductions of metaphy-

sicians and theologians. — The Religious Aspect of Evolution, by James McCosh (Scribners), is issued in an enlarged and revised edition, including a chapter on Final Cause in Evolution. Dr. McCosh's position is well known, and he is not a recent convert to the theory. He does not profess to be a naturalist, but neither are some of the unreligious evolutionary philosophers. — Whither? O Whither? Tell me Where, is the somewhat startling title of a pamphlet by Dr. McCosh (Scribners), in which he plunges into the arena where Dr. Briggs has been riding about with his lance. He does not so much seek to unhorse Dr. Briggs as to gird at some of the ghosts which Dr. Briggs has raised.

History. Alexander: a History of the Origin and Growth of the Art of War from the Earliest Times to the Battle of Ipsus, B. C. 301, with a Detailed Account of the Campaigns of the Great Macedonian; with 237 Charts, Maps, Plans of Battles and Tactical Manœuvres, Cuts of Armor, Uniforms, Siege Devices, and Portraits. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge. (Houghton.) We have copied in full the descriptive title of this important book because it tells so much of the scope of the work. Colonel Dodge has already issued a comprehensive volume of lectures on Great Captains, and now, under the same title, proposes to expand the several subjects. "It is believed," he says, "that when the series of volumes, of which this is the first, shall have reached our own times the entire body of the art of war will have been well covered. This is not a political history. If any errors in the description of the intricate political conditions of Alexander's age have crept in, the author begs that they may be pardoned, as not properly within the scope of the work. Time has been devoted to manœuvres and battles; politics has been treated as a side issue." Colonel Dodge writes as an experienced soldier and military critic for a non-professional audience, and he writes out of so fresh an interest in his subject that he is sure to find interested readers. — In the Story of the Nations Series (Putnams), a recent volume is The Hansa Towns, by Helen Zimmern; a book which is not only readable in itself, but valuable as a commentary upon the insufficiency of a merely commercial league as a basis for nationality. The part which the Hanseatic league played was an important one, and much light is thrown upon the conditions of intercourse in the thirteenth to the fifteenth century; but there is something of a misnomer in calling the book the story of a nation.

Poetry. A Few More Verses, by Susan Coolidge. (Roberts.) The characteristics of this writer's poetry which have attracted readers heretofore reappear in this modest volume: the earnestness, not to say eagerness, of spirit, the friendliness, the perception of beauty in things common, the wholesomeness of tone in things religious, set forth in lines which are often effective, sometimes quaint, and sometimes, also, — shall we say it? — a little hobbly. — The Beautiful City in Song, and Other Poems, by the Rev. Dwight Williams. (Phillips & Hunt, New York.) A volume of sentimental religious verse. — Songs of Help and Inspiration, by Brewer Mattocks. (American News Co.) A species of rude grace, if we may say so, attracts one in these unmelodious verses, a touch of genuineness removes them from the merely commonplace, and one is disposed to think that though there is not much poetry in the verse, there is some in the man who writes the verse. — A London Plane-Tree, and Other Verse, by Amy Levy. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.) The strain of weariness and of expectation of death which runs through these slight poems impresses one as largely physical in its origin. There is an undercurrent of pleasure and delight in beauty which might very likely have become more dominant if this young writer had lived. Her musical power is undoubted. — Annals of the Earth, by C. L. Phifer. (American Publishers' Association, Chicago.) A supplement to Milton's Paradise Lost, but with a protest on the part of the author against some of Milton's positions. The work is annotated with footnotes, and the author draws upon Biblical, classic, and Oriental sources. He rides his poetic horse with a good deal of zeal, and keeps up a steady trot down the centuries.

Travel. A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees, by Edwin Asa Dix. (Putnams.) Mr. Dix's title as ex-fellow in history intimates the nature of his interest in travel. His book is both a picturesque tour and a sketch of the historic points covered in the tour. The writing is pleasing, and if one could have the book in a smaller form, printed on uncalendered paper and without pictures, bound so as to open agreeably, and with a good map, he might read it with great satisfaction. — A Handbook of Florida, by Charles Ledyard Norton. (Longmans.) This is a section of the entire work, and is devoted to the Atlantic coast. Mr. Norton divides his subject by countries, and afterwards takes up special points. He has accumulated a great deal of information, historical, geographical, and industrial, and he has made liberal use of maps. We have no doubt he shares our regret that the maps are so inelegant in style. — Two Years in the French West Indies, by Lafcadio Hearn (Harpers), is the result of a summer trip to the tropics and a prolonged sojourn on the island of Martinique. Mr. Hearn often writes with force and picturesqueness, but he dips his pen in too many

brilliant colors, and his gorgeous pages become a trifle fatiguing at last. The compositor must have had on hand a phenomenal supply of one-em dashes in order so successfully to meet the exigencies of Mr. Hearn's peculiar prose style. — Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition, by A. J. Wauters. (Lippincott.) This book may be taken as a convenient forerunner of Stanley's own narrative. It makes no profession of being a substitute for it, but details with some care the events which led to the formation of the expedition, the incidents preliminary to Stanley's departure from his base, and then, very briefly, the facts which have since come to light regarding Stanley's movements until he rescued Emin Pasha. A good map and a number of process cuts, of varying degrees of goodness, accompany the book.

Science. The sixty-sixth number of the International Scientific Series (Appleton) is Physiology of Bodily Exercise, by Fernand Lagrange. The study is minute and somewhat dry, but the results reached are of value, for the author determines with much justness the conflicting claims of difficult and easy exercise. His final sentence sums the matter as a practical application: "Prescribe fencing, gymnastics with apparatus, and lessons in a riding-school to all those idle persons whose brain languishes for want of work. The effort of will and the work of coördination which these exercises demand will give a salutary stimulus to the torpid cerebral cells. But for a child overworked at school, for a person whose nerve-centres are congested, owing to persistent mental effort in preparing for an examination, for such we must prescribe long walks, the easily learned exercise of rowing, and, failing better, the old game of leap-frog and prisoner's base, running-games, — anything, in fact, rather than difficult exercises and acrobatic gymnastics." The same reasoning would favor light gymnastics for this second class. — The Science of Metrology, or Natural Weights and Measures, by the Hon. E. Noel. (Edward Stanford, London.) The author calls his little treatise a challenge to the metric system. His purpose, however, is not merely critical, for he aims at constructing a system which shall harmonize the English and the metric system.

Sociology and Economics. Emigration and Immigration, a Study in Social Science, by Richard Mayo Smith. (Scribners.) Mr. Smith's book, if not in strictness a pioneer book, is so full and so thorough a treatment of a subject which has been attacked from various sides that it is a positive addition to our social and economic literature. It is a pleasure to find a writer who takes at once a humane and broad view of his subject, and handles his statistics in a scientific way. He treats of the history of migrations, of the relation of immigration to population, the political effects of immigration, the economic gain by immigration, competition with American labor, social effects of immigration, assisted emigration and immigration, and similar topics. We notice that Mr. Smith does not refer at all to the recent discussion on negro emigration. — The Geography of Marriage, or Legal Perplexities of Wedlock in the United States, by William L. Snyder. (Putnams.) A rapid sketch of the complexity of the regulations of the marriage contract, closing with a few pages of suggestion as to the remedy, which is in effect greater uniformity in the laws governing both marriage and divorce. The last third of the book is a digest of the law of marriage in its most important particulars, arranged according to States. — Mr. J. Madison Cutts (Washington) has edited a pamphlet containing the views of the late Stephen A. Douglas on an American Continental Commercial Union or alliance. Its arguments, drawn up a quarter of a century ago, and regarding Canada, Mexico, the West Indies, and Central America, are just as applicable to-day, and may be extended to include South America without impairing their value. — Involuntary Idleness, an exposition of the cause of the discrepancy existing between the supply of and the demand for labor and its products, by Hugh Bilgram. (Lippincott.) A small book, with the conclusion "that an expansion of the volume of money, by extending the issue of credit-money, will prevent business stagnation and involuntary idleness."

Bibliography and Books of Reference. A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of John Ruskin, LL. D., edited by Thomas J. Wise. (Wiley.) This work is to be issued in eight parts, of which two have appeared. It is prepared in the same minute, painstaking manner as Arrows of the Chace, the Index to Fors Clavigera, and other helps to an exact account of Mr. Ruskin's literary work. This author is a boon to the bibliographer, for he has started so many enterprises, made so many sharp turns, recrossed his own steps so frequently, and taken so many *vestigia retrorsa* that to follow him is as exhilarating to the book collector and indexer as a fox-hunt to a fox-hunter. Moreover, Mr. Ruskin himself seems to think the game is worth the candle, and takes a delightful interest in his own footprints. — Handy Lists of Technical Literature. Part I. Useful Arts in General, Products and Processes used in Manufacture, Technology, and Trades. Compiled by H. E. Haferkorn and Paul Heise. (National Publishing and Printing Co., Milwaukee.)

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